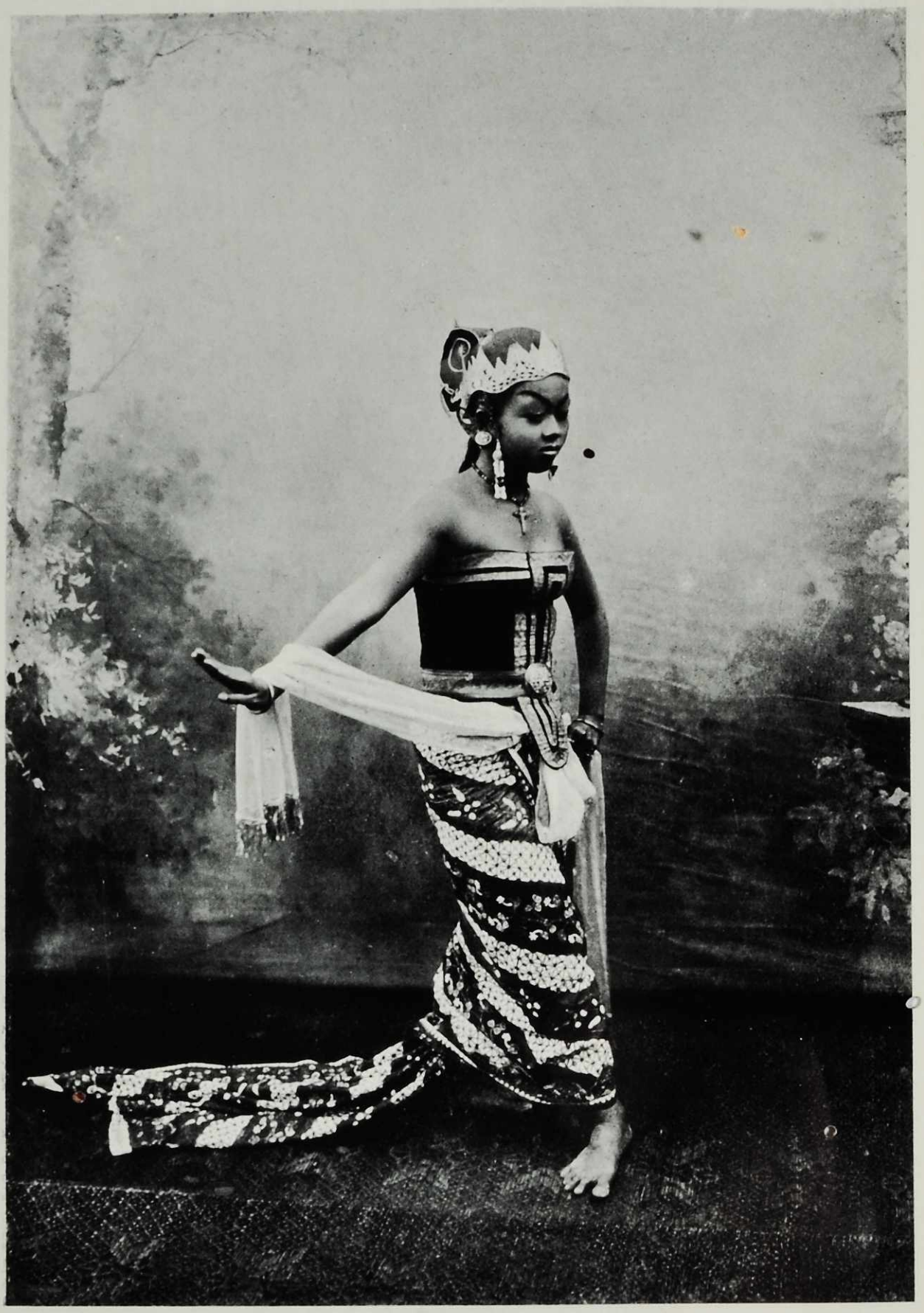
THE DUTCH EAST



A WAYANG DANCE.

[*Frontispiece.*

THE DUTCH EAST

SKETCHES AND PICTURES

BY

J. MACMILLAN BROWN

WITH SEVENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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CHAPTER I

THE KEYSTONE OF INDONESIA

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Java, the most populous large island in the world, with but a small percentage urbanized; richly manured by its volcanoes; rich too with the relics of past empires, which have made organized labour a habit by their discipline. It lies in the eye of all the trade winds, and so has drawn to it migrations and imperial and commercial ambitions from all quarters. Master has followed master and compelled the native to work; but the best of all has been the Dutchman, who has multiplied the population by fifteen. Yet it is feared by merchants and planters that his new humanitarianism, by loosening the yoke, will make native labour idle and futile. If any great power should seize Java, it would at once become a menace to Australia and Australian ideals. Not Japan, but Germany, in seizing Holland for strategic purposes, is to be feared 1

CHAPTER II

THE ISLAND OF ALIEN EMPIRES AND ARTS

Australia *versus* New Zealand in Java. Resemblances between the Hindu monuments in Java and the Central American monuments the source of much illusive speculation. The Buddhists and Brahmins in converting the Javanese, absorbed some of the old native beliefs, which still persist alongside of faded Hinduism in the midst of Islam. The music and drama of Java still retain the marks of Hindu influence. A wayang. The shadow plays . . 14

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A ROMANCE OF RELIGION

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recently stricter than even in India, except in that the high caste men were allowed to marry lower caste women, an exception that indicates how few women came with the Hindu conquerors. There is more Polynesianism in feature and form than Hinduism. The old Polynesian gods in the temples are placed above the Hindu gods. The temples differ wholly from even the old Brahministic temples in Java, and are more like the Maori pa or the Shinto temple of Japan. They show neither megalithism nor pyramid-building. The literature and the language most reveal Hindu influence. Reverence for buffaloes does not prevent this Brahmin people rearing them in large numbers for the slaughter-house in Java and Singapore. They preferred to slaughter men to their gods. The agriculture is evidently very ancient. Opium, following hashish, took command of the courts of the rajahs and still dominates the people 27

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OIL

Balik Papan, the oleopolis of the East, is not to be found in any atlas. It concentrates the oil of Dutch Borneo, and is the chief centre of the great Anglo-Dutch company that is the chief rival of the Standard Oil Company. All the steamers of the Royal Packet Company of Netherlands India have been built these past few years as oil-burners. It is manifest even to the least expert how far oil is superior to coal. Its chief importance for the future is its final riddance of capricious unskilled labour from the stoke-hole. For this generation will see the struggle between brains and mere muscle in the management of industries take its most acute form 41

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The Chinese embarking at Menado for the Sanguir Archipelago are strictly searched for opium. Only in the small groups of islands can its use be prohibited, and it takes eternal vigilance on the part of the Customs to prevent smuggling. The natives, and especially the Balinese, have learned the use of it from the Chinese and substituted it for hashish. When the Chinese farmed its sale under licence the habit bade fair to become uncontrollable, and the Government had to take it in hand; but they had to keep up the old price in the various islands, and the difference in price tempts to smuggling. It has yet to be proved that a deep-seated national vice can be eradicated. But there is a deeper-seated habit amongst the natives, that of borrowing; their thriftlessness made them the natural victims of the Chinese and Arab moneylenders. The Government tried licensing Chinese pawnshops; the policy was found to be disastrous, and it is gradually taking over the pawnshop business of the archipelago; and at the same time it is trying to educate them in order that they may see for themselves the evil of thriftlessness. It is to be hoped that it will succeed . 60

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KING COPRA

The Spice Islands and their products stimulated Portugal to the discovery of the route to the East. Venice had enriched herself on the spice trade and kept the secret. Portugal followed suit; but Holland, the distributor of spices, forced her hand, and founded her oriental dominion, after dividing honours with the English. The great empire of Ternate had spices as well as piracy as the basis of its prosperity. Now it has fallen on evil days; for both its supports have vanished. The refrigerator has given the final coup to the demand for spices. And the tropical product that is taking their place is copra. The dairying countries of the world cannot expect to cope with the growing demand for butter; and the cocoanut will have to supply the deficiency. Plantations of this palm are increased all round Celebes. And the belief is growing that, not goldmining, but copra is the surest way to wealth. It requires less labour and less skill in the labour than rubber or cacao, or coffee or tea, and its price is less fluctuating. Socialism might be adopted in the tropics with impunity, wherever the cocoanut grows well 71

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its romance is in the past, as with Venice and Bruges, whose wealth was, like Banda's, based on spices. The Portuguese excited competition by excessive monopoly prices, and lost the monopoly to the Dutch, who exterminated all the spice trees in the archipelago except in Banda and Amboina. The Perkeniers or Dutch spice-growers in Banda have left their mark on the faces of the mongrel population, as the Portuguese left it in Amboina. Competition and refrigeration have made spices a drug in the market, and the wealth of Banda a story of the past. The Dutch have abandoned the drastic methods of empire that they inherited from their predecessors, and now have gone to the other extreme in an effort to make their artificial empire natural: there is a lurking fear that it may be wrenched from them. If Germany seizes Holland as Napoleon did, then the archipelago may again pass temporarily under the wing of Britain. Some temperate-zone power must protect its people from piracy and decay 84

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The life of the Gulf of Tomini is sparse and supported by copra-growing, dammar-gathering and rattan-cutting. A pile-village of sea-gypsies stands out in the water at Pageimana on the south of the gulf. Fishermen from Ternate come and go with their canoes on board the steamers that pass round the gulf. But the Posso Toradjas on and near it have long been Christianized and tamed. Those north of the Gulf of Boni have been pacified only this century by the destruction of the pirate empire of Boni. Their houses, and especially their storehouses, are marvels of carving. In spite of their recent wildness they need no policing. A visit to the prison in Macassar showed the contrast between them and the

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Malayan peoples of South Celebes. The Spermonde Archipelago, which used to be the haunt of pirates, exhibited in one of its islands great prosperity and ideal conditions, and in another neglect and lack of cleanliness. The two were governed in the same way, and were both Moslem. Islam seems to suit these peoples, as it displaces few or none of the old beliefs, rites or social customs. Even in the islet Eden there was sign of bitter heart-burning. Sirens frequent the reef and entice young fishermen by their beauty, the natives believe 115

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The close of the bird of paradise season on the coasts of Dutch New Guinea is a time of excitement for the Chinese buyers; this was especially the case in August, 1912, when there was a boom in the market. For some unexplained reason they had to pay more than twice the usual price. This was only for one species, which has long yellow plumes stretching from underneath the wings. The Chinese middlemen, as they pay in kind, take the largest share of the profit. It was only in the nineteenth century that the habits of the birds came to be known to Europeans and all the fancies about them vanished. Their voice like that of most of the birds of New Guinea is less attractive than their colours; and it is only the male of four years and upwards that is worth killing. Wealth and food too easily got have demoralized the natives, and, since war ceased, sterilized them 160

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Ansus in the Island of Jobi is one of the greatest markets for the golden-plumed bird of paradise: the men all came out in their outrigger canoes to see the steamer; they looked fat and prosperous, most of them dandies, with hair teased out into a mop; even if they get a small percentage of the price of the birds they are rich. They show in their forms and faces a mixture of negritto and Caucasian, the Caucasian having come probably from the East. In spite of their prosperity there is care on their brows. They will not work: for sago gives them too easy food, and the sugar-palm gives them too easy alcohol, like the people of Halmaheira, Ceram and Bouru. They are too well off and too idle not to fall into vice and sterility, now that war and head-hunting have ceased. The pirates and pirate empires demoralized the race less than this modern humanitarian policy. What they want is something or somebody to make them work 175

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English, like Malay, and unlike Dutch and German, is suited to be a *lingua franca*, because it has shed its grammar, and so the English, like the Malays, seldom learn the languages they come in contact with. The Dutch in the East have, on the contrary, usually three or four languages at their command. One of the reasons is that the inordinate amount of gutturalism in their speech places a bar in the way of learning it; and many of the Dutch ladies as well as gentlemen make this more pronounced, in order, it is said, to impress their commands on native labour,

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which is more often than not negligent and futile. It is this lack of efficient labour that has kept the greater part of the Dutch possessions in the East forested or undeveloped. In the Southern series, and especially in Timor, struggle with the Portuguese has even to the present day stood in the way of development, and along with this the rebellion of the rajahs that had to be put down. To Sumba three returned after five years' exile for stirring up trouble. A few years ago the Rajah of Lombok rebelled and had to be exiled. One of his palaces is now a rest house. Holland has to keep a considerable army in the archipelago, and to send some of her finest talent to manage and develop her empire. And this has been going on for centuries. Half-castes are seen everywhere, generally in offices, but not infrequently in positions of importance. Medical authorities have tried to prove from statistics that these like the whites die out in the third or fourth generation. But the persistence of the Dutch colony in Kissa for two centuries and a half contradicts this. The half-castes and the educated natives always make for the white suit of the European, and laundrying is one of the fundamental trades of the archipelago. Some of them have attained eminence in the sciences, and there is much scope still in the region for original investigation . . 191

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A FORGOTTEN OUTPOST

After leaving the distinctively Malayan region of Java there is evident in the population a strong dash of Europeanism in stature, hair and features amidst the prevailing negrittoism. And this seems to increase as we go eastwards. It is far too persistent and too old to be due to the Portuguese of the sixteenth century. And it differs completely from the Europeanism of the Dutch colony that has been settled in Kissa for two hundred and fifty years, even where this has been crossed with native blood. An outpost sent by the Dutch East India Company in 1665 to guard the entrance to the Banda Sea from the south was left unvisited and unrelieved and settled down to support themselves. Having their European wives with them they kept their blood pure up till recently. They retained their religion, but lost their Dutch. The hard conditions of their life in the dry raised atoll in the droughty zone have kept them virile and fertile. They live to a hale old age and have large families. There was no sago palm to let them live in idleness. Close intermarriage alone has accumulated certain weaknesses. In spite of this they retain the vigorous look and fine physique of their kin in Europe and prove that the Northern Territory of Australia is not a death-trap for white men . . 209

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THE DUTCH EAST

CHAPTER I

THE KEYSTONE OF INDONESIA

Why does Java, the smallest of the three large Malaysian islands, surpass Sumatra and Borneo by far in history, population, and wealth? The question is partially answered by a run through it from east to west. There are lofty mountains, most of them cone-shaped, an occasional range or ridge, and here and there a plateau. But these are so disposed as to give the maximum of plain and valley and cultivable slope possible in a mountainous country. Two-thirds of the journey from Sourabaya westwards reveals the aptness of the name for Java, "the garden of the East." Fields of sugar-cane, tapioca, and maize succeed each other in all stages of culture, from ploughing to reaping, without a break, except the still more frequent rice-fields and terraces. And these gladden and rest the eye everywhere with their rich green and the artistic curves of the banks that divide them and retain the irrigating waters. At the western end

we rise into masses of tumbled mountains, still towards their tops showing the primeval jungle, broken at intervals by new clearings in preparation for culture. Here we pass through great tea and coffee estates, and at times cinchona or rubber plantations. The villages are as a rule hidden in groves of palms, mingled with the hibiscus, with its yellow cup, the teak with its immense leaves, and the tamarind with its feathery foliage and golden blooms. But one can see the bamboo-mat walls right from roof to ground, unlike those of Celebes and the other eastern islands; for these, like the New Guinea houses, are on high stilts. The bread-fruit tree, with its great staghorn leaves, is to be seen, but it is the seeding variety, that is useless for food. The sago-palm, the sugar-palm, the nipa-palm, are there; but they take a subordinate place beside the betel-nut palm and the cocoanut-palm. The plantations of this last seem to take the place next to rice in native culture, and copra one sees drying everywhere in the sun, near mat sheds that replace the open bamboo platforms when it rains.

One can easily believe, after making this journey, the statement that only one-fifth of the surface of Java is uncultivated; and it is clear that that fifth is being rapidly prepared for cultivation. We usually think of Japan when Oriental close cultivation is spoken of; but only one-twelfth of

JAVANESE VILLAGES IN THEIR COCOANUT GROVES.

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the surface of that archipelago is in fields; the rest is in bamboo-grass, unfit for either man or beast to feed on. There is a similar useless grass in Java, the alang-alang, but it has been almost completely cleared off the land. It is not surprising that the island has more than 30 million inhabitants; although it has only one-fifteenth of the area of the whole archipelago, it has above 80 per cent. of its inhabitants; it is not much more than four times the size of Holland, yet it has six times the population of that country; it has a larger number of inhabitants to the square mile than Belgium, the most thickly populated country in Europe. But the most striking thing about it is that only a small proportion belongs to the towns —probably not more than 10 per cent.—whilst there are only four towns that reach the hundred thousand mark.

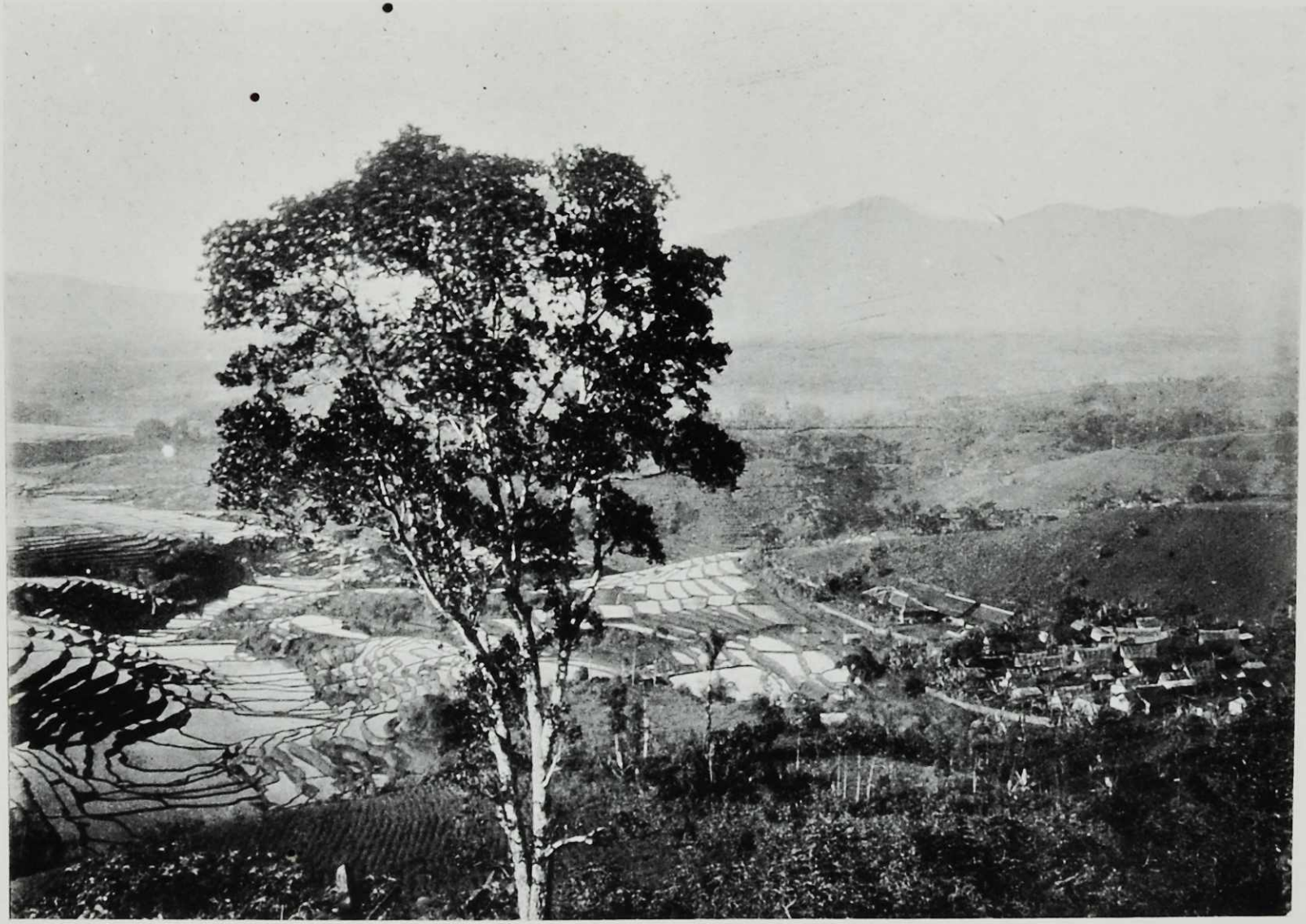
Towns and Race Suicide

It is the casual connection of these two facts that carries the moral for us Occidentals. Urbanisation always sterilises a race. Those who flock into towns soon join in the chase after leisure and pleasure, and the curse of the luxurious falls upon them, however narrow their means; their race soon dies out, whether they will it or not. Our industrial era, with its marvellous evolution of

talent and inventive faculty, has also brought the doom of the white race. Not alone on the gilded palaces and hotels of the plutocrats, as in all ages, is written the legend, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting"; it is as boldly written now on the gin palaces and picture-theatres of the worker. As a town-dweller he has deliberately adopted as his social ideal and political platform the passion for leisure and pleasure which is the surest ruin of races and species. Dispersal of cities, deurbanisation, return to the land—that is the only remedy, so the story of Java teaches. With its almost entirely agricultural population, it has increased tenfold in a century that has not much more than doubled the population of Holland, with all its industry and industrialism. And even from my swift and merely telescopic survey of the people, I would undertake to say that there is far more real prosperity, far less misery, here than in the great flat land that has drawn so many millions sterling from it. Nor would redistribution of wealth or reconstitution of society make any difference to the misery of Holland if the people continued to be concentrated in cities.

The Island of Volcanoes and Empires

But we have not yet fully understood why Java, which has only about one-fifteenth of the

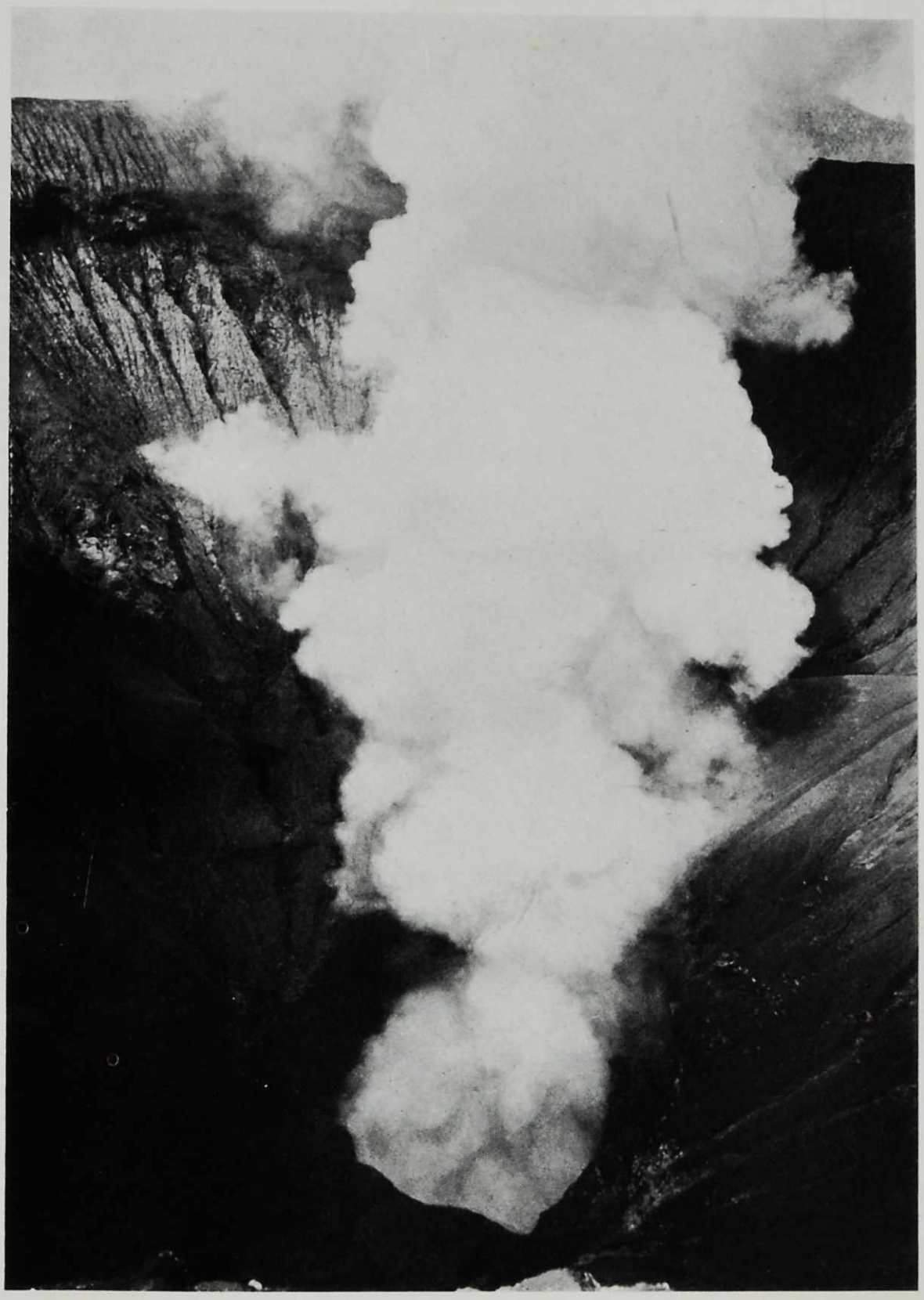


RICE-TERRACING NEAR GARUT.

[*To face page* 4.

land area of the archipelago, has 80 per cent. of its population. The other islands have rich soil and abundant rains; but their forests have never been cleared off as they have been in Java. Some, especially those in the southern series, stretching from Bali to Timor, have never had jungle to clear; they are parklike, as so much of Australia is; for they have Australian climatic conditions, with but a limited rainfall, owing to their proximity to the superheated plains of the centre of that great continent. But none of them except Bali and Lombok can be said to be well populated or prosperous, and none of them but these has ever had a history. The excessive vulcanism of Java will not help us far, though it is the most volcanic island, if not region, in the world; it has 125 volcanoes from east to west, about a score of which are still, or have recently, been active, most with disastrous results. It is the main escape-valve of the volcanic fissure that margins the depths of the Indian Ocean, and its volcanoes belong to human times, beginning to break forth in solitary cones or groups of cones not long after there was bred the apelike man whose calvarium and thighbone were found some 20 years ago at Trinil. It is their ejecta that have enriched the island, and continue to enrich it. The people never need to manure their rice fields; their irrigation channels are perpetually manuring them

with the humus of the great cones. But Sumatra and Borneo have similar enrichment, though not so often renewed. Yet their forests have remained uncleared, and their mountaineers, though brave in their wild patriotism, are but thinly scattered over the great areas. There have been civilisations in Sumatra, Hindu, and pre-Hindu in the mountains, Hindu, Arab, and Malay on the coasts; but they have been sporadic and ephemeral. There is something in the conditions of Java that has always made it an island of thickly-peopled empires and recurrent civilisations. From east to west its plains, slopes, and plateaux are strewn with the ruins of varied types of architecture. Most of them are Hindu of a fairly definite historical date, ranging from the sixth to the fourteeth century of our era, when the Arab traders and missionaries destroyed the empire of Mojopahit, near Sourabaya. But there seem to me, even in the Buddhist and Brahmin architecture, indications of an earlier civilisation. The solid pyramids of Borobudur, of Prambanam, and of the Djeng plateau and Suko, though generally profusely sculptured or otherwise ornamented in the Hindu style, have no prototypes in India or Ceylon. The Brahmin and Buddhist settlers must have accepted the truncated pyramid from pre-existent civilisations; the truncated pyramids of Tonga and Tahiti, flanked by the Peruvian and Central Amerian, seem to indicate



THE CRATER OF BROMO IN THE EAST OF JAVA.

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the central Pacific as the route by which this peculiar architectural form reached this remote isle from the sepulchral mounds of Europe, Siberia, Korea, and Japan.

The Clapham Junction of Ancient Oriental Trade-routes

It is the position of Java in the archipelago that makes it the centre of all its civilisations and the goal of its migrations. It stretches east and west, just south of the equator, in the eye of all the regular winds of the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Ocean. The south-east trades blow three-fourths of the year up from Polynesia, Melanesia, and New Guinea; the north-east monsoon blows on to its shores out of the China Seas without bringing its typhoons; the north-west monsoon carries straight from the east coast of India and Ceylon; the south-west monsoon blows up to it from Madagascar and the coast of Africa. There is no route of commerce or migration to the south or east of Asia but Java lies across it. Sumatra is nearer the Malay Peninsula and India, and shows sporadic immigrations from both; but the Straits of Malacca are difficult to navigate by sail. All the sailing routes of the two great adjacent oceans have their natural termini in Java. And throughout the ages here have concentrated the various migratory influences

of the region, commercial, missionary, or Imperial. The Chinese have come here from early in our era. A proto-Caucasian people spread thither from India or further India. Mongoloids came in before and after this people, and crossed with the aboriginal negritto to make the Malay; Hindu traders and migrants doubtless came from various parts of India and Ceylon even before our era; yet, in spite of the Hindu empires in this island, there is not much evidence in the physique or physiognomy of the Javanese of large Hindu inter-mixture. Last of all came the Arabs in the thirteenth century, followed by the Portuguese in the fifteenth and the Dutch in the sixteenth. But if we are to trust the indications of language, one of the earliest, as well as most continued migrations, was from Polynesia, Melanesia, and Papuasia, before the south-east trades. That none of those influences or migrations brought large numbers is evident in the physiognomy and stature of the natives of Java; both show the Malay cross between the mongoloid and the negritto; the tall stature of the Polynesian or of the Polynesianised Papuan is rare in Java.

Slavery in the Eyes of the Javanese

But the concentration of all these alien influences accounts for the history and development of the island. The Malayan is, by his tropical

BOROBUDUR, THE GREAT HINDU TEMPLE AS RESTORED.

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nature, a man of leisured pursuits, and a few weeks' work would give him all he wanted for the round of the year. What was it that made him in Java, Bali, and Lombok, so steady in his agricultural industry? You have only to look into the eyes of the Javanese and see the everlasting "dodok," or servile squat on the heels before the white man to get the answer. There are thousands of years of servitude revealed in the appealing gaze and pathetic upward glance, as there is too in the patient, though somewhat futile, industry that differentiates him from his kin throughout the archipelago, and makes him the most prosperous, the most civilised, and most prolific man of the East. He was taught by his Hindu conqueror to terrace and irrigate the slopes of his hills and valleys with patient, skilful and artistic engineering. And needing, as this rice-culture does, constant attention, it saved him from the fate of the idle and luxurious—slow but certain degeneracy and ultimate annihilation. You have only to visit the Eastern Islands and the New Guinea coasts to see what the sago-palm does for the Papuan. By a few days' work cutting down this palm and washing its pith he has food for a whole year; the other 360 days he can loaf as he pleases; and so, though he has intelligence far beyond the Malayan, he has never progressed, and but a few scattered tribes possess the country. The tropical is the only zone

in which the ideal of the maximum of play and the minimum of work can be put into practice with impunity; and then it is not with impunity to the race; the sterility of all idleness is upon it, and it will be enslaved, or else die out. Take the fear of starvation from the man of the temperate zone, where nature has no forcing-house for food, and you get the surest form of race-suicide. The only other alternative is enslavement by a conqueror, and the application of the lash, as the stimulus to work. Java has become "the garden of the world," the most populous and yet the most prosperous region on earth, because some master, the Hindu, the Arab, the Portuguese, the Dutchman, has never allowed its people to idle, and that in a zone that incites to idleness. The last has been the best guardian of their interests. He has not allowed their land to pass into the hands of large monopolists; he has compelled them to work; but he has also safeguarded them against famine; he has developed their country and taught them how best to work. The result is that their numbers have risen from two millions in the end of the seventeenth century to thirty in the beginning of the twentieth.

Humanitarianism too soon

I have heard many Dutchmen in Java express fear of the future, because of the humanitarianism

JAVANESE CHILDREN.

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of the existing Liberal Government. Hitherto they have by no means over-educated the native, least of all in Dutch, in order that he might not overstep the boundary between him and his master. But now much is spent on his education ; schools are spreading everywhere ; and the Dutch merchant and planter anticipate trouble from crude notions of European liberty and gross interpretations of European ideals. Already the lesson has begun to work ; for the official has been instructed, they say, to take the side of the native. An example was given me. A planter heard one of his boys mutter the Malay word for scoundrel (bangsat) ; he did not strike him, but went to the magistrate and laid his complaint. The official asked him if the native in uttering the word had looked straight at him. The planter said he could not say that he had. "Well then," said the judge, "I can take no action; for he might have meant 'bangsat' for somebody else." The planter, in going out, turned away his head from the official, and shouted, "bangsat." Recalled by the outraged judge, he explained how he had the best authority for thinking the latter could take no action, inasmuch as, his face being turned away from him, the word "scoundrel" might have been meant for somebody else. Whether exaggerated or not, stories of this sort are told, and there seems a fear amongst many that trouble is brewing such as

has resulted in India from European education of natives.

The Real Menace for the Northern Territory

I mentioned the Japanese menace against the Northern Territory, so often commented upon by Australian journals. The usual reply was an incredulous smile, or a burst of laughter. The smallest foreign element in Java is the Japanese; and in the other islands it is still smaller. If Japan meant ultimate mischief for Northern Australia, she would flood, not New Caledonia, but Timor, with her subjects and spies; and Timor, as belonging partly to Holland, partly to Portugal, and not very effectively occupied by either, might easily be taken, if trouble arose in Europe. But with Java, Saigon, and the Philippines in the hands of friendly Powers, and India, Singapore, and Hong-kong in the hands of England, what chance would Japan have of keeping, even if she seized, the Northern Territory? Being a temperate zone power, she could no more effectively occupy it than England.

The real danger lies in quite another direction. One of the first steps that Germany would take, if her war party succeeded in embroiling her in war with England or France, would, it is generally acknowledged, be to seize Holland and Belgium. If she succeeded in retaining Holland, Java would fall into her hands, and thereafter there would be

no peace for Australia and her unoccupied Northern Territory. When she seized it (and she would have no difficulty in manufacturing a pretext for doing so), she could fill it with Javanese, who would soon flood it with population, and begin to grope their way southwards. The anti-militarists, especially if backed up by the minimum-of-work ideals of the left wing of the Labour party, would soon find themselves as truly slaves as the Javanese would be. It is true that most of the Dutch here vigorously declare that no other European Power than Holland will ever possess Java. But that is based on the certainty that the independence of Holland is essential to England's safety, as the independence of Belgium is essential to that of France. If Australians have any foresight, or any regard for their future freedom, they will do their utmost to help Britain in preventing the seizure of Holland. But I may add that when this subject came up in Dutch company there was a sceptical smile over the capacity as well as the desire of Australia to defend herself; and pressed for an explanation, they generally broke into merriment over the ideals of the Australian Labour party, and many of the methods it proposes to attain them. There is evidently wealth of amused criticism of Australia in other languages than our own. It is a great misfortune that we seldom or never hear it or read it.

CHAPTER II

THE ISLAND OF ALIEN EMPIRES AND ARTS

Criticism of New Zealand

New Zealand, we New Zealanders are all convinced is at one of the ends of the axle of the universe. It is good for us to hear the opinions of those who are at the other end. On board the Dutch steamer coming from Australia there was a German pair, husband and wife, who had been travelling in our North Island. As far as I could gather, their most lasting impression would be the roguery practised on innocent tourists; they had been charged half-a-crown extra for the box-seat on a coach in a bitter soaking rain, and had been told by people on the steamer to Australia that they had been cheated; they had broken a piece of bedroom china in a well-known hotel, and, owning up to it, had been charged one pound for the offence in the bill; and they had bought a rug and found, when they left New Zealand and opened it out, that it was riddled by moths. From my knowledge of New Zealand and human nature I tried to reason the impression away; but I signally

ONE OF THE DAGOTBAS ON THE TOP OF BOROBUDUR UNCOVERED.

THE BUDDHA WITH SNAIL HEADDRESS APPEARS.

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failed. It is no wonder that Germany means to wipe out such wrongs with blood.

In Batavia, a few days ago, I met a Dutchman who had spent a fortnight in New Zealand. Yes, it was well enough, but not to be compared with Java for volcanoes and their kin, for scenery and for climate. That climax was like a blow on the cheek, for I was oozing moisture at every pore, limp from long railway travel through Java, grimy from its lavish dust and coal smoke, and passionately longing for cool artesian water to drink or to dip in. The audacity of the statement took all my remaining breath away, and I was glad to escape from the situation into one of their little rat-ponied shandrydans, in which you sit with your back to the driver's, your only rest, and only safety from being left in the road by the kicking of the half-broken little steeds.

Again, away in the central hills on a rubber plantation overlooking the Indian Ocean, I was called in to arbitrate in a hot debate between some fine young Britishers, and a still finer young Australian, on the perennial question of Australia versus New Zealand, the former upholding our end of the controversy. They were getting badly beaten when I entered; the enemy had full and personal knowledge of the field, besides a fervid patriotism. He was elaborating the argument from the super-eminence of the Australian Rhodes

scholars, and especially of one Rhodes scholar who had scooped the pool of scholarships and prizes at Oxford. I suggested that one swallow did not make a summer, and quoted a recent comparison of Dr. Parkin, the secretary of the Rhodes Trust, of the careers of the scholars from the various regions; the national vanity of the Australian was soothed by the statement that the Australasians were at the head of the poll, though this was off-set by the suggestion that New Zealand more than held its own, in spite of its sending only one scholar a year for Australia's six. He then appealed to the eminent place that Australians abroad had taken; I granted that they had, but advised him to take a course of reading in the New Zealand newspapers, when he would find that New Zealanders took as distinguished, if not more distinguished, places. He confessed that he had not any Australians to set beside Rutherford and Maclaurin, and the debate closed, though, I think, I could have helped him to give me a broadside, if I had wished. I am afraid that as an Arbitration Court I was a failure. The game should have closed with honours easy. But the young Britishers would have been much disappointed; they had got a victory at last. They seem to count New Zealand as a sounder and more representative chick of the mother hen than Australia.

ONE OF THE GATEWAYS AND STAIRCASES LEADING TO THE HIGHEST TERRACE OF BOROBUDUR.

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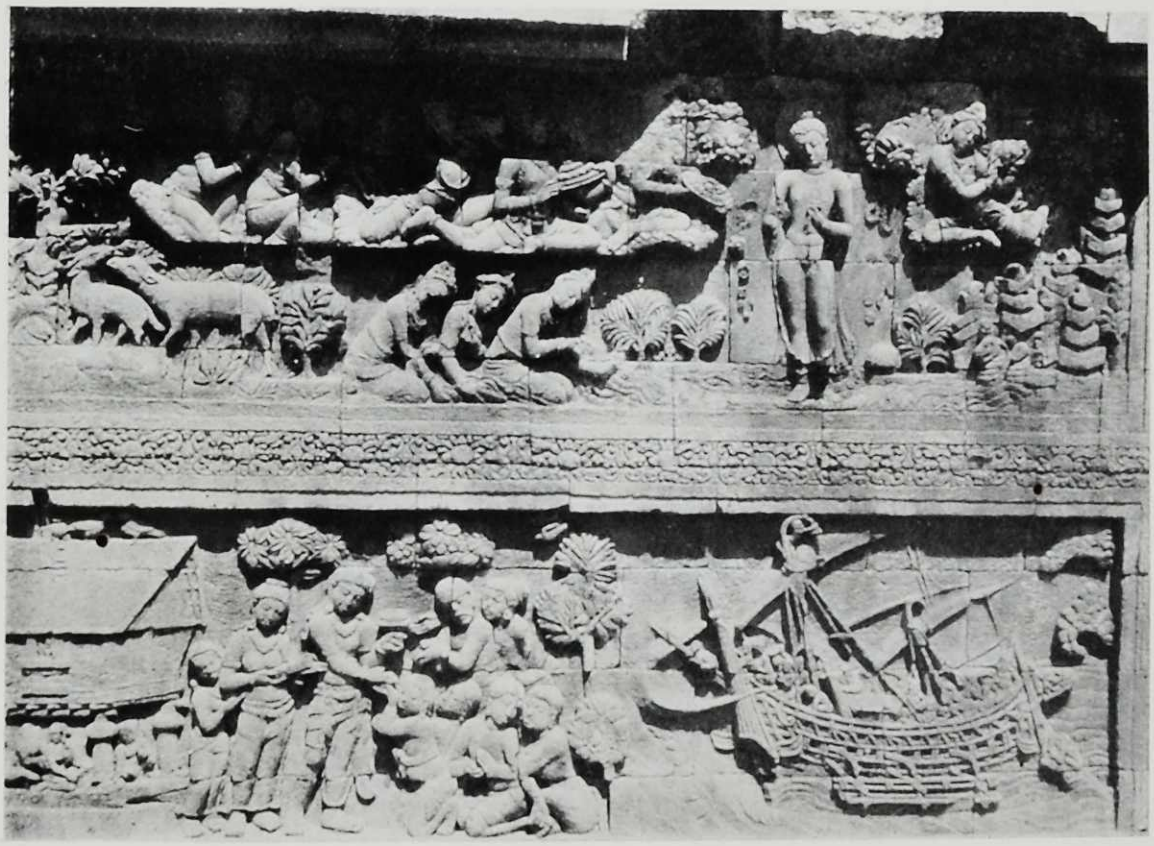
Java and Ancient America—an Illusion

But all acknowledged the excellence of Dutch rule in Java. It might, it is true, be a little less drastic in its rules for planters and a little less lax in its treatment of recalcitrant natives. But on the whole, though it was a beast, like Temple at Rugby, it was a just beast. The increase of the native population under it, from two millions three centuries ago to thirty millions in the twentieth century, was clear enough proof. There had been highly organised empires for centuries before the Dutch had come; but none had ever made the island so prosperous or so thickly populated. The ruins of great cities and temples all over Java testify to the splendour of the Hindu rule. In spite of the Mohammedan hostility to images and the Arab crusade against Hindu architecture, the remains of it are as striking as those of ancient Egypt or ancient Central America. Hundreds of statues of Buddha and of the gods of the Brahmin Olympus, and thousands of minutely carved stone panels still remain to testify to the vast army of skilled workers that the priestly rulers had yoked to the task of building and ornamenting the temples. Part of this preservation is due to the care of the devotees when the empire of Mojopahit was overthrown by the Arabs in the end of the fifteenth century; they covered up some of

their most elaborate and beautiful temples with earth, and trees and herbage grew over the artificial mounds; they seemed nothing but rounded knolls or hills away in the jungle. It was Sir Stamford Raffles, during the brief period of English occupation early in the nineteenth century, who unearthed Borobudur, Prambanam, and others, in the neighbourhood of Djokjakarta; and the weather, aided by the frequent earthquakes, is telling on the sculptures. Nor were the Javanese Hindus, whether Buddhist or Brahmin, any better architects than the temple-builders of Central America; as far as one can see they used no cement, though we have stucco-covered ruins here as in the architectural regions of tropical America. The difference lies in the stones of the Central American buildings being often large, and so employing the cement of gravitation. In these Buddhist or Brahministic temples the stones are oftenest a foot square, unless they are panels for sculpture or images, or bell-shaped dagobas. The result is that they are tumbling to pieces. The only temples that tend to retain their shape are those that are in the form of solid truncated pyramids, either artificial or on hill-tops cut into the terraces like Borobudur. Nowhere in India, or Ceylon, or Burmah, or any other of the Buddhistic countries, do we find the temples solid or in the shape of truncated pyramids; they are generally sculptured caves

A CORNER.



ONE OF THE SHIP PANELS.

THE HOUSE ON PILES BELONGS TO ANCIENT JAVA AND NOT TO MODERN JAVA.

BOROBUDUR.

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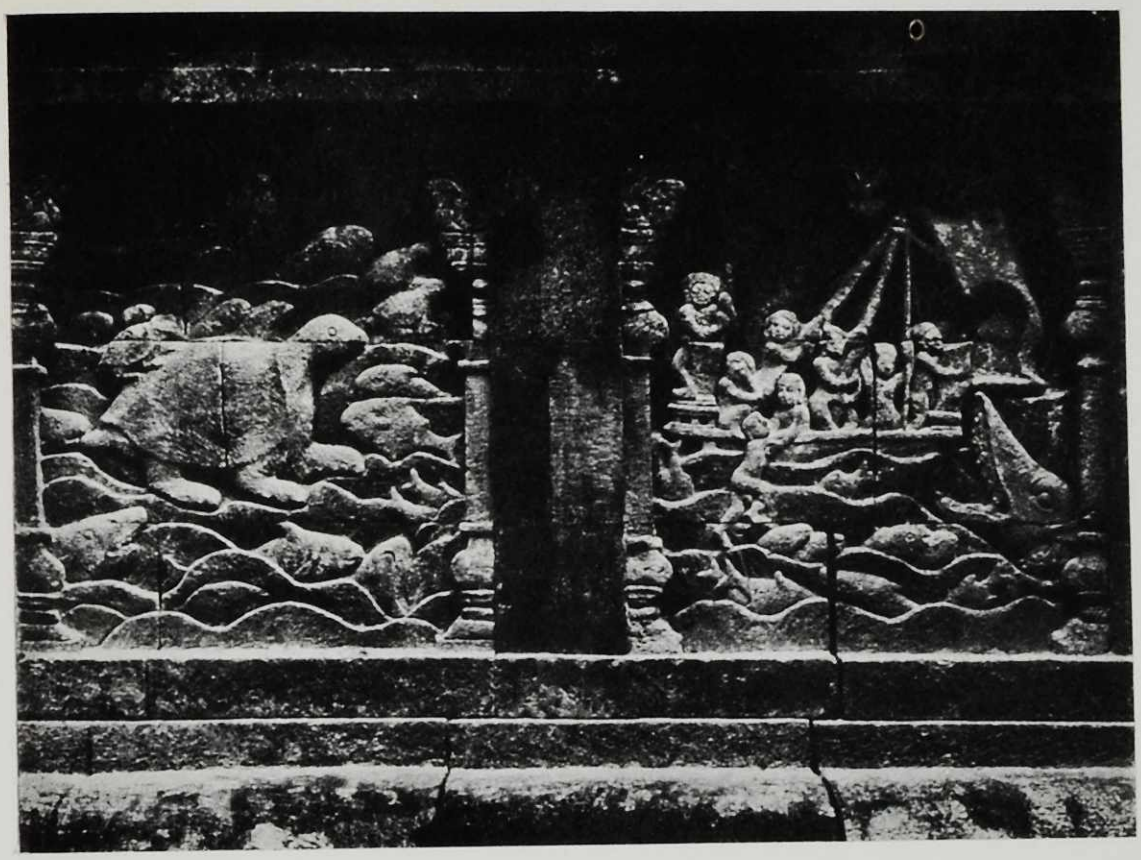
or imitations of caves. And this singular affinity to the Peruvian and Central American monuments has led to endless fantastic speculation; and the statues of cross-legged figures, the worship of the serpent and the turtle, and the great serpent heads with little human figures, often animalised, issuing from them, all common to both, seem to confirm it.

In the train between Surakarta and Djokjakarta I came across an English military officer who had travelled the whole of Bolivia, Peru, and Central America, and was now investigating the Javanese monuments in the interests of such speculation. It was difficult to persuade him that these Hindus were not oceanic navigators, and if they had been, would have left traces of their numerous voyages to Central America on some of the countless resting-places between. The only objection that had weight was the chronological. These Javanese monuments were built between the sixth and the fourteenth century of our era; the megalithic monuments of Tiahuanaco on the Andes, I showed him, go back at least eight thousand years, whilst those of Palenque, in Central America, go back at least four thousand. And that the Mongoloids of the Pacific coast of America should have crossed the ocean and taught their sculptural and architectural arts here seemed to him most improbable. When I mentioned the

use of the truncated pyramid in Tonga as tomb and altar, and in Tahiti as temple, and pointed out the easy voyage before the south-east trades for oceanic navigators like the Polynesians from Tonga to Java, and before the westerlies below the tropics from New Zealand and Easter Island to the coast of Peru, and thence before the southerly winds and currents to Central America, he thought he had found a less fantastic and more fertile line of investigation. The man-killing serpent as a source of fear, and the man-aiding and feeding turtle as a source of liking were common to both regions and gave the cue to worship of these animals, whilst the squatting or cross-legged attitude is common to many peoples, including the Polynesians.

The Old Worships

In spite of the solid natural core the walls and angles of Borobudur are beginning to bulge ominously over the passing tourist as he wanders along the interminable terraces and studies the ancient life in the sculptured panels; and so it is in Yucatan and Mexico, though the larger blocks of stone make the process of decay slower. And as if to emphasise the undying nature of religions, here were Javanese laying flowers and burning incense before the mild-faced Buddhas, though it is



BUDDHA IN THE SHAPE OF A TURTLE RESCUING THE SHIPWRECKED FROM THE WAVES AND THE SHARKS.

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING PANELS.

BUDDHA IN THE FORM OF A TURTLE BEING WORSHIPPED BY THOSE HE HAS SAVED AND OFFERING THEM HIS FLESH TO APPEASE THEIR HUNGER.

BOROBUDUR.

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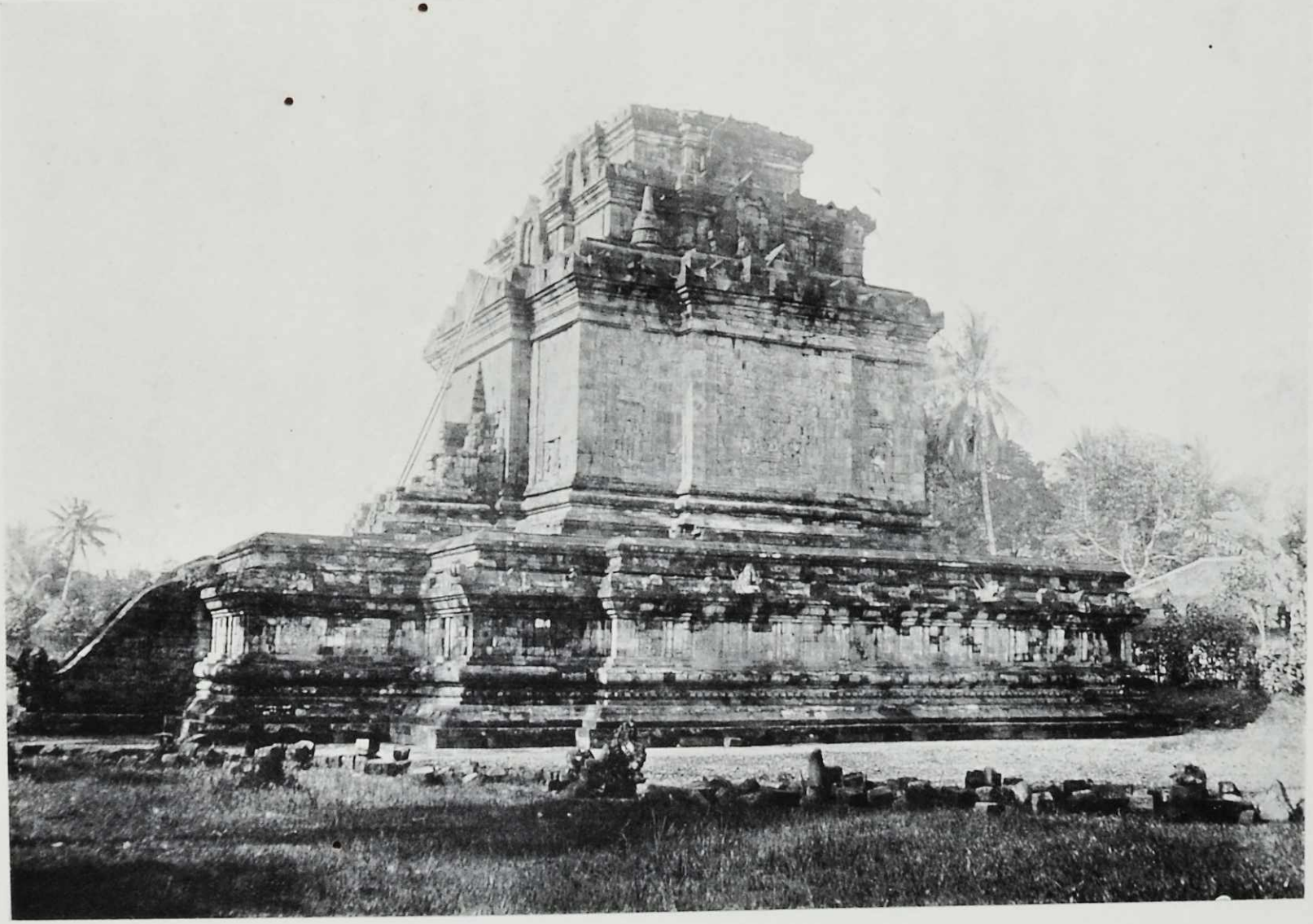
five hundred years since Mohammedanism began to stamp out the Hindu worships. In their heart of hearts the Javanese are still pagans, worshippers of the mountains and the living powers of Nature ; what else could they be with a score of volcanoes belching forth steam and some one of them every generation taking its disastrous toll of human lives? Even the Buddhists had to accept the aboriginal worship of mountains; their finest temples are on the tops of hills or scattered over high plateaux, or at the roots or in the craters of burning mountains. And in the sculptures we see how the old worship of animals was absorbed by the Hindu missionaries. In one panel at Borobudur there is a shipwreck represented, and Buddha in the shape of a turtle taking off the passengers on his back and then offering them his flesh to fill their famished stomachs. One faithful remnant of Sivaites fled to the crater of Tenggir at the east end of Java, and there still keep up the old rites. Bali, the neighbouring island, remains Brahministic, and has tried again and again to force its faith on Lombok.

The Javanese are supposed to be Mohammedans, but their faith sits lightly on them ; they pay little attention to the holy days and have little objection to pork as an addition to their diet. Circumcision is the rite that they make most of, but it appears to have been a custom in the island

before either Hindu or Arab came. To judge by appearances it was Hinduism that left the deepest impression on the Javanese, although the Hadji or Javanese who has travelled to Mecca gives himself great airs, and the Government much trouble; if he is an artificer or booth-keeper he puts the fact prominently on his signboard. The shrivelled old gate-keeper at Mendut, one of the best preserved of the Buddhist temples, with their splendid and huge marble images of Buddha and two Bodisatis, underneath the sharp pyramidal dome, has still great faith in the power of Lord Buddha. A lady told me that when visiting the temple he assured her the deity would grant her any prayer she made to him; she told him she wanted a thousand rupees; he advised her to pray for it and she would get it, so she knelt before the calm-faced marble and prayed. Next time she came she told the old man that her prayer had not been granted: "Ah, that is because we did not burn incense," he replied, and he proceeded to do this essential rite. Why he did not himself pray for wealth when he had such faith it will not do to ask. He was ill-clad, and accepted a small tip with eagerness.

An Ancient Entertainment

On another great phase of Javanese life Hinduism has left as deep an impression. In



THE TEMPLE OF MENDUT AS RESTORED.

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THE BUDDHA IN MENDUT.

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every village where a fair or pasar was being held, one could hear the sweet-sounding, but monotonous music of the gamelan or orchestra of xylophones, gongs and drums, led by a single-stringed viola, or violin. The xylophones are almost all of metal now, probably the introduction of the Hindus. But the most unfamiliar instrument is the angklung, a series of graduated musically-sounding bamboo rattles, hung on a portable frame. As unfamiliar is the bamboo flute, with a bamboo Jew's harp in its wide mouth. Some friends on a rubber plantation kindly got up a wayang, or musical and terpsichorean entertainment, for my benefit. Long before dinner was over we saw lines of torches in the darkness converging from the various villages; they gathered before the house, and to the sound of drum and voice, the clown with rooster head, wings and tail, danced and did bird-like antics as if fighting another rooster. In the middle of the long torch-light procession we went down to the great drying shed, and there the orchestra and the huge audience were already seated. The slim dancing girl came forward, and the gamelan began its monotonous yet pleasing clink-boom. She squirmed and pirouetted with her feet and hands and head, screwing them into what seemed impossible attitudes, often accompanying the music with her own song, which, as chiefly coming through the nose, reminded those of us who had been in

Scotland of the chanter of the bagpipes. She took a sarong in her hand, danced forward to us, and presented it to the manager of the plantation, and he indicated a boy who was to dance for him with the girl; she did the same to me, and one of the cleverest dancers amongst the plantation hands, a Sumatran, took the floor opposite her, and screwed and twisted his wrists and ankles and neck in ways that seemed to ensure dislocation; but he threw his sash hither and thither with gestures that approached the graceful. The two changed places and pirouetted round each other, but never approached. Half-a-dozen dances of this sort sated my curiosity and love of the graceful, and I retired to bed, leaving a present for the dancers. This wayang is undoubtedly Hindu in its origin.

The Shadow-Play

But still more so is the shadow-play, a curious anticipation of the modern film-show. I inspected a complete set of the buffalo-hide puppets, and saw how they were worked by long horn pins from hands and feet. They are made to perform behind an illuminated screen, on which their shadows are thrown, whilst an actor speaks the part of each. They are all manifestly from Hindu mythology and history; there are the Rakshasas

PRAMBANAM.

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with gross ape-like faces and wild gestures, some of them monstrously animal ; these are the aborigines who helped the Sanskritists to conquer India and Ceylon. All the gods and heroes have refined human features, generally with long thin nose and a mouth tapering off into a fine spiral ; the conquering hero, Arjuna, is moulded thus on the most elegant lines. Then there are elephants and buffaloes and apes to join in the processions and marches. All this Hindu mythology and history is localised in Java, and the people patriotically accept it as their own annals. There is no more receptive and absorbent language than the Malay ; and there is no people more saturated with alien elements than the Javanese. One of the most curious instances of this was the truly British hip-hip-hooray with which the procession approached us and welcomed us. On inquiry I found that one of the plantation boys had spent some years in Australia, and it was he who had educated his fellows to this cheer so distinctive of the British.

With all those subjects of study and all those attractions on shore, I was glad to escape from the dust and the sweltering heat on to the steamer for Celebes and the Sanguir Archipelago. And I write this as we steam along the coast of Java with the south-east trade wind blowing along the deck and through the cabins and keeping everything

cool. I can imagine no pleasanter way of travelling than on the *Van Kloon*, over those "summer seas," in the teeth of the trade wind. Coming from Australia we had it aft, and it was unpleasantly hot.

AN ANGKLUNG OR BAMBOO GONG ORCHESTRA.

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A GAMELAN OR JAVANESE ORCHESTRA.

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CHAPTER III

A ROMANCE OF RELIGION

BALI AND JAVA

BALI is an annexe of Java, not only geologically and geographically, but ethnologically. In the Tertiary age, if not also in the Quarternary, it was a part of it, consisting as it does of limestone and sedimentary elevations as its southern bastion overlooking the immediate depths of the Indian Ocean, and of a northern series of comparatively recent volcanoes, and having, at least till man levelled its forests, all the wild animals of the greater island to the west. The tiger still haunts its western forests overlooking the two-mile strait that separates it from the cable station of Banjuwangi, though the rhinoceros and wild ox are extinct. Its people are radically of the same Malayan race as the Javanese, though a mere superficial survey could detect clear distinctions. There is less of the Mongoloid, the cheekbones do not project so far laterally, the eyes are fuller, and the hair is less coarsely straight; there is also less of the Negritto, though they have,

like the Javanese, the small stature and the round head; their faces are not so Negroid, the lips are often thin and the lower jaw rarely projects; but the nostrils, though rarely turned up like the Javanese so as to show the apertures, are more flattened down. There is evidently some primeval alien element in them that subdues both Mongoloid and Negroid; it is undoubtedly Caucasian, and may be partly from prehistoric Polynesian admixture, partly from later Hindu immigration. But there is not much of the Hindu features to be seen; more common are the long and sturdy body and the short and large-boned legs of the Polynesian, with his fine European face and hair. The Dutch Governor of this island and Lombok told me that most Dutch scholars believe Polynesian to be the mother-tongue of Malay, and the Polynesian element to be immigrant. I regretted that I could not accept his kind offer to ride with me over the whole of the south of the island, where the people, free from Javanese admixture and Javanese culture and religion, remain what they were hundreds, if not thousands, of years ago.

Bali Early Visited by Hindus

It seems almost certain that this island was converted to Brahminism long before Java. It had taken such a hold that when the Arabs began

to come thither in the thirteenth century, they were able to make no impression, though they have made all the rest of the islands of the archipelago Mohammedan by the preaching of the Koran or by the sword; and though Buddhism changed the Hinduism of Java greatly from the seventh or eighth century onwards, making its greatest temple, Borobudur, almost purely a representation of Buddha and his life, it seems to have gained almost no footing here. Bali is as solidly Brahmin now as it was a thousand years ago. It is probably what India was in religion and society two thousand years ago, when the Hindu Olympus had evolved and the caste system had crystallised. Everything seems to indicate that it was visited from India and Ceylon long before our era began, certainly long before Sumatra or Java was visited by Hindus. It is more in the eye of the north-west trade winds than they; these bear ships from the Coromandel coast, and even from the south of Ceylon, straight into the Bali Straits, the main entrance even yet for sailors into the Java and China Seas. And though the south coast of Bali is now swampy and malarious, and without available inlet or harbour, it might have had many refuges for sea craft in earlier human times; it is the lofty mountains and the great rainfall on them from the west that have silted up the shallower inlets. Along the southern coast Hinduism had, and has,

its strongest hold, even though, now that the Rajahs are dethroned, the people freshen up the finely-coloured stone carvings of the temples with whitewash. It is only four years since the Rajah of Badung, the southern peninsula, showed the old arrogance of the Balinese rajahs to the Dutch, and had to be punished; a warship was sent down and bombarded his town and palace, and seeing the situation to be impossible, he, with his wives, committed the traditional puputan (an old Polynesian word meaning "to pierce"), and with their krisses did themselves to death.

The Caste System

That ended Brahmin tyranny and arrogance in Bali. There are no more rajahs, and the Dutch Governor, whom I visited in an unpretentious one-storied villa at Singaradja, is now the supreme power in this isle of old-world religious despotism. The peasantry have no longer to throw themselves off their horses and prostrate themselves as the rulers and high caste men approach. It would have cost the Balinese their lives a few years ago had they dared to ride through the towns as I saw them do. The caste system was as iron; there were the usual four, Brahmins, Kshatryas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, and innumerable subdivisions; the first three included only the Hindu immigrants

THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF SANGSIT NEAR BULELENG IN BALI.

THE ENTRANCE.

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and their descendants by native women as well as by any Hindu women that accompanied them. After them came the old Polynesian nobility; and all the aborigines were ranged under the Sudras. Few women would venture over the Indian Ocean, and doubtless most of the priestly caste would have to take native women to wife; if they had condemned the offspring to the lower caste of their mother the rulers would soon have died out. It was only the high caste woman who dared not break caste; if she married a man of lower grade she was burned and her husband drowned. It is little wonder that so little of the Hindu physiognomy and gait appears in the people of the island. The original Hindu blood has grown thin, even though it must have been reinforced again and again from the Coromandel coast as well as from the kingdom of Mojopahit in the east of Java when it fell before the Arabs. Doubtless the native wives would be generally taken from the old noble families, who, as far as one can judge, were of Polynesian descent, and hence the Polynesian faces and figures one sees in the towns and villages, and especially about the temples.

Polynesianism

One of the most significant indications of Polynesian rule before the Hindus was the place

that the old Polynesian deities, the representatives of the powers of Nature, the Rabut Sedana, held in most of the temples; their images moulded by sewing Chinese coins together are placed in a many-roofed house, at the back of the shrine, called Meru, and the Hindu deities of the shrine are supposed to be their Rakshasas or keepers; now in India and in Java the Rakshasas are the representatives of the aborigines. It was natural that the native women should bring up their children to reverence the old gods more than the introduced deities of their husbands. So the Hindu trinity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are reduced chiefly to Durga, the wife of the last, under various names, Kali, the destroyer, of fierce aspect, Uma, the mild, the Devi Danu, or "Lady of the Lake," the lake of the sacred mountain, Batur (Uma probably the same word as "uma" the old pre-Hindu dry rice-culture and the reduction of "ruma," originally "a space cut in the forest," then "space," then "the house erected in it"), and Sri, the goddess of agriculture, the same as the Latin Ceres. So all the Olympus of subordinate Hindu divinities was forgotten or classed under the one term *togog*.

The Temples

The social pyramid erected by the Brahmins on their religion, and the form of the shrines or

THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF SANGSIT NEAR BULELENG IN BALI.

THE COURTYARD.

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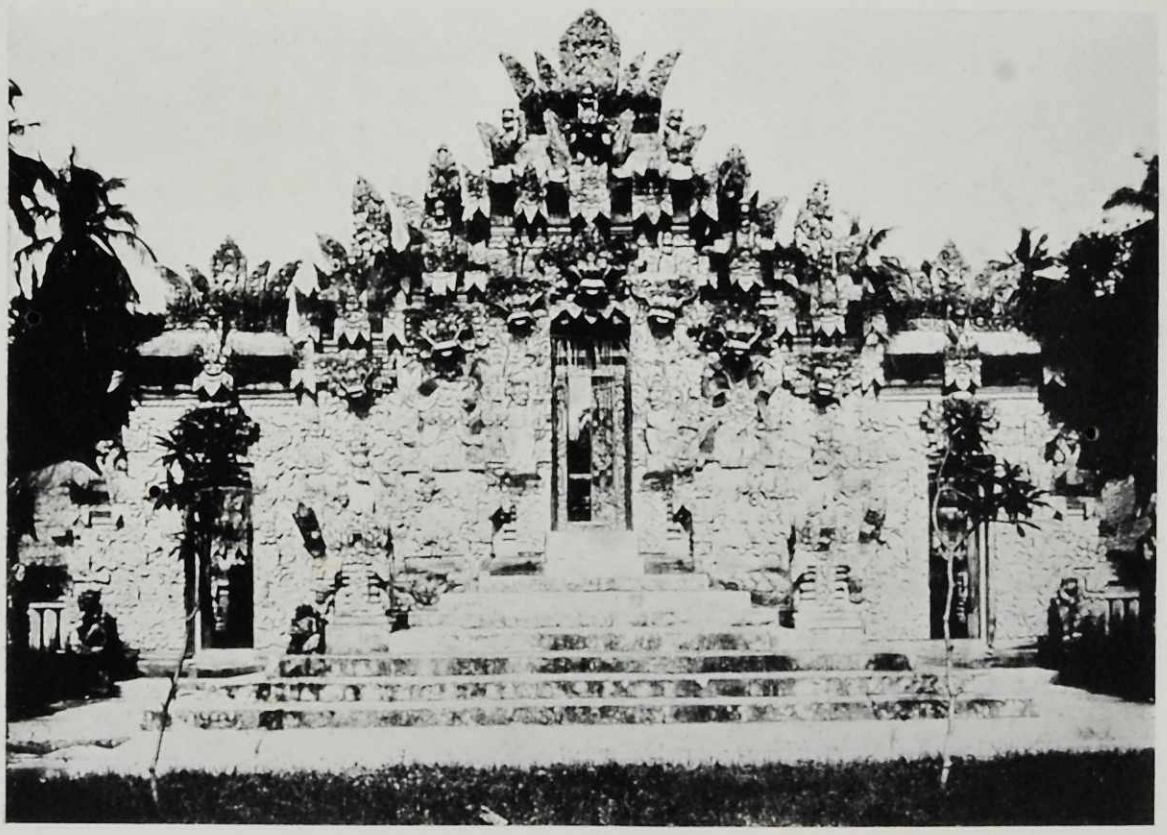
temples alone remain to mark the origin of this immigrant creed. And the former is bound to vanish in time under Dutch administration, although it is assumed to pay strict attention to the old caste laws and restrictions; it prohibits the burning of the errant high-caste maiden and the drowning of her husband, but it banishes them. So has it prohibited suttee or the burning of widows, though it is said that some women faithful to the old customs and to their dead spouse continue to join the latter on his funeral pyre. In the courtyards of the older temples on one side stands the burning platform under a thatched roof and over a brick oven that shows signs of frequent use. The temples are but open courtyards with a gateway flanked by pyramidal posts grotesquely carved and opposite the steps leading to the little shrines that are likewise flanked by fierce-faced carved figures. With their wide spaces open to the sky, surrounded by a low but strong wall and filled with various roofed platforms they remind one of the Maori pa, the Polynesian malae, and the Shinto temple of Japan; all of them have arrangements for the care of the dead as well as the refreshment of the living, along with a reverence for the powers of Nature and for ancestry in the background, in the carved house or shrine. The carved images on the gateways, balustrades, and shrine walls of these Bali temples are generally

terrific like those on the walls of the Maori carved house; and the tongue is often thrust out as in these latter; but the chief mark of divinity seems to be the same as on the mortuary pottery of Peru, two immense tusks out of either side of the mouth, one from the lower jaw stretching over the upper lip, the other out of the upper jaw stretching over the lower. This seems to be a symbol of divine power in countries that are infested with the man-eating tiger. But I have not seen here in the temples I have visited any trace of the great serpent jaws, often with a human being between them, that are so prominent in the Hindu ruins of Java and the religious ruins of Central America; nor was there any trace of the turtle or the elephant so prominent in Borobudur. I fancy the Hinduism of Bali is much older and more primitive than that of Java. Nor is there any appearance of the solid pyramid-temple of Java, Tonga, Tahiti, and the Pacific coast of America, as far as I could ascertain. The pyramid-building megalithic people do not seem to have preceded the Hindus as they did in Java.

The Literature and the Language

One of the most striking arts of this highly-Hinduised island was the literary. The higher castes cherished and daily read a series of books

THE ASCENT TO THE SHRINE.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHRINE.

THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF SANGSIT NEAR BULELENG IN BALI.

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that covered all the departments of letters, history, theology, poetry, drama; and one poem, the Tantrya, is said to contain many of the stories of the Arabian Nights. As in Java, the people enjoy most the wayang or shadow-play, the puppet plays and the masked plays. And as there, the subjects are generally from Hindu mythologies localised. But in these the aboriginals appear as Rakshasas or giants—a contrast to the relationship of the Hindu and the Polynesian gods in the temples.

Outside of one of the temples I visited a performance was going on, dramatic and terpsichorean, to the music of a drum and gong orchestra. The old sacred or Kawi language, filled with Sanskrit words, is still used in the dramatic recitals that accompany these wayang. And much of this appears in the high or court Balinese, still spoken by the priests and learned men. But, as in Java, the Kromo, or high language, is better known to the lower or servile classes than to the higher; for in crouching and answering their superiors they have to use it; whilst the masters have to use the Ngoko or vulgar tongue. The two differ not only in terminations and grammar, but in vocabulary; and I often found Dutch as well as British settlers puzzled by the answers of their servants. This custom of a chiefly as distinct from the vulgar language belongs also to Polynesia, and may be

one of the features of Malaysian life that originated in that region.

Why the Caste System took such Root

The social system that was introduced with the Hindu religion was much more sectional and strict than the society of Polynesia; but each of the Polynesian groups had three or four social divisions that were mutually exclusive, and a community over which Polynesians ruled might easily have grafted on it the Hindu caste system. That is doubtless the reason why this system took such deep root in Bali, whilst the worship of the Hindu Olympus has remained superficial. The people naturally adopted the reverence for the cow and its products, even cow-manure, that the Brahmins brought; for the wild bullock had been domesticated, and the water buffalo had either been tamed or introduced; and without these the intense cultivation of the island could not well go on; the pink water-buffalo, as far as I have seen, seems peculiar to this island; its thin skin makes it very sensitive to heat and insects; but little native boys can do what they like with it, whilst it is recalcitrant and aggressive to Europeans. The Balinese, like the Hindus, will not touch the flesh of these animals or kill them; but they raise them by the thousand for slaughter in Macassar, Batavia,

SCENES FROM THE LAST WAR IN BALI.

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and Singapore. The Armenians, strange to say, have got hold of this cattle traffic, as they have got hold of most of the hotels of Malaysia; the connection between the two is not quite clear.

Pigs for Slaughter and Men

The only flesh the Balinese will use is pork; and one sees little hollow-backed, short-legged pigs running about everywhere, like dachshunds. But the priests will touch it no more than the Mohammedan crosses with the Javanese on the east coast, the Balislam, or the Mohammedan Sassaks of Lombok. Both islands, however, raise pigs in great numbers for export; and the pig steamer whose bow I crossed on the lee side as I went on board my boat for Macassar, justified its name to the nose as well as to the eye; the deck was covered ten to twelve feet deep with little round crates, each containing a live pig.

In spite of this abstention from the shedding of blood, especially of the sacred animal, Brahmin Bali had many occasions on which human blood had to be shed, and that often with great torture; this probably came from the pre-Hindu Polynesian culture, though the torture, especially that of a lingering death of the victim on sharp stakes, must have come from India. The community was evidently an agricultural one when the immigrant

Brahmins arrived; for all round the rice-fields one could see little shrines of bamboo with grass roofs, to which processions are made during harvest time. But the rice harvest on the low grounds is evidently over; for the fields are dry and the stubble is getting burnt preparatory to re-ploughing. The Hindus evidently introduced the irrigation of rice, and away on the slopes of the mountains and in the valleys are seen the same symmetrical and artistic terracing as makes Java so beautiful; silicated hot springs, breaking out on some of those volcanic slopes, would make innumerable permanent artistic works of Nature such as we had in the pink and white terraces of Rotomahana. But the Dutch have not had time to teach the Balinese, as they have taught the Javanese, the value of rotation of crops; they take two, and sometimes three rice crops off in the year, instead of alternating rice with sugar-cane and tapioca or tobacco. They have great groves of cocoanuts round every village, and export much copra, along with their little horses, their cattle, and their pigs.

Opium: The Position of Women

Next to Java, Bali and Lombok are two of the richest islands in the Archipelago; and in 1900 they had between them in their 4000 square miles over a million of people. But at the census a few

SCENES FROM THE LAST WAR IN BALI.

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years ago it was found that the numbers had gone down to half a million. The cause of this exceptional decrease in the Archipelago was partly their defeat by the Dutch taking the heart out of them and laying them open to diseases that are so rife on their swampy coasts and in their insanitary villages. Probably the increase of the use of opium is a cause as well as an effect. It takes the Dutch all their time with a swift gunboat to suppress the mosquito fleet of opium smugglers in Bali Strait. Hashish was their favourite intoxicant and narcotic till the Chinese introduced opium; and it nerved the rajahs and their wives to throw themselves on the bayonets of the Dutch, who had great trouble with insurrections in 1846, 1847, and 1849, and for the last time, with Lombok in 1894, and with Bali in 1908. It was the arrogance of the rajahs and their Brahmins, not only to the people, but to the Dutch, that led in each case to military punishment. Now that the rajahs are gone the people look happier; I have little doubt are happier; they have not the pathetic look of servility and appeal that one sees in Javanese eyes as they crouch down in the dodok; they look one straighter in the face. But there is one feature of their life that augurs less well for their future; it is, the women do the work; one sees them toiling along the roads with immense burdens on their heads, a child across their hip, whilst the men ride or drive. This is

different from the Javanese, who work men and women side by side, in the fields or along the roads. It was a feature that might have come from the primitive peoples that occupied Java, the Bali-aga, many of whom are still Pagan and un-Hinduised ; but it was doubtless emphasised by both Polynesian and Hindu rulers. Now that they are clear of the Brahmin tyranny, let us hope that they will learn to take most of the burden off the heads of their women.

CHAPTER IV

OIL

Balik Papan, Borneo

"Where and what is Balik Papan?" is a question with which I would undertake to puzzle examinees in any country. Yet, it is going to be, if it is not already, the chief source of power and light in the East. It is the true Oriental oleopolis. Here, as we lie at the wharf, less than a degree south of the Equator, our steamer is getting filled with oil at the rate of a hundred tons an hour. Two or three coolies made the connections, and through the ten-inch tube the green fluid, which they used to run into a hole and burn, is silently and inoffensively storing the bunkers of the *Van Kloon*; a steamer of 4000 tons, with enough fuel, not only to take her her two months' round, but to supply other steamers that call at Batavia, but do not call here.

Past and Present

Balik Papan (the k final is silent in Malay) was an obscure native village in a finely protected

bay, unmentioned in charts or time-tables till shortly before the beginning of this century. It is now a town of oil tanks, refineries, and wharfs stretching a mile along the beautiful bay, the largest steamers being able to tie up and fill with fuel from the pipes, whilst in an adjacent bay are the old native village, and the residence of the 8000 coolies—Hindu, Javanese, Bugis, Malays—who do the work of the place, whilst the 200 Europeans superintend them. Just now, at mid-winter point, it is pleasantly cool, as a sea breeze is blowing; but I do not envy the 200 their appointments for the greater part of the year; there are, however, none of the great swamps that make the coasts of Borneo so malarious. It is not a delta of one of those vast rivers that meander south and east and west from the great mountain range in the north-west across the alluvial plains they have filled with their mud. The elevations that fringe the beautiful curves of the bay seem to be upraised coral reefs, and there is deep water close in-shore, so that the wharfs are of no great length out from the shore.

Standard Oil and Shell Transport

Here is the home of the great rival of the Standard Oil Company—the Anglo-Dutch combination that goes under the name of the Shell Transport Company, with a capital of fifty millions

sterling. There is a rumour in the archipelago that its American antagonist is behind another company that is sinking wells. But the Government of Netherlands India has been aided in its tasks too much by its rival to think of granting many concessions to the octopus of the United States. Moreover, the bulk of the dividends goes to the Royal Dutch Company, the main factor in the combination.

There are no wells flowing at this place now, though it was the first place in which an oil well was sunk in the archipelago. Now the oil comes to the refineries from wells fifty miles off through a pipe, and there is a larger pipe eighty miles long being constructed. And here stretch along the beach huge refineries that extract and purify the kerosene, the benzine, the petrol, and the paraffin, and prepare them for the markets of the world; a great candlemaking factory is one of the departments. A Dutchman who is a professional borer, and has put down some big bores in Queensland and Western Australia, urges me to call on the manager with my card, and tell him my nationality and profession. But others who know the company and its management say that they are exceedingly chary of letting strangers go through their refineries; they are always afraid lest an English-speaking stranger may be a spy of Rockefeller's.

One does not need to go into the refineries to see how important and permanent the industry is. One has only to look into the time-tables of the Royal Packet Navigation Company to see that it is now the pivot of its operations. I was much puzzled when I discovered in them that there were more frequent steamers between Macassar and Balik Papan than between Batavia and Sourabaya, the two great ports of Java, though Java has five-sixths of the population of the archipelago, and produces five-sixths of the exports; another puzzle was that the steamers from Australia called at Macassar, whilst those for Australia went straight to Thursday Island, except for an alternate call at Dobo in the Aru Islands. The puzzles were solved when I found that Macassar was a day's steam from Balik Papan, and that all the new boats of the Company burn oil. The Australian steamers take 700 tons of oil on board the day they lie at Macassar, and that serves them their two months' steam.

Oil versus Coal

And little wonder they have substituted the new for the old fuel. A ton of it has 50 per cent. more calories or units of heat-power in it than a ton of coal, and it occupies far less space. The metal of the furnaces and boilers never

rusts; there is, of course, a certain amount of brickwork, through which pass the minute nozzles that, with their revolving needles, spray the oil under forced draught up into the flames. Then they need to have heaters for the oil before it enters the nozzle; and the tanks or bunkers have to be made liquid-tight. And so the machinery in a steamer of this size costs some £4000 more in order to be adaptable to both coal-fuel and oil-fuel. But where the fuel can be supplied as it is here at a pound a ton, a few voyages soon repay that extra cost. And passengers will not complain, for they are free from all the smuts and smoke that even the best coals liberally sprinkle over the decks, and engineers say that the furnaces work more regularly and the machinery more evenly with oil-fuel.

There is, however, an advantage that is patent to the most superficial observer. It is the saving of labour, in storing and in stoking. Firemen could practically be dispensed with; and anyone who has travelled about the coasts of Australia and New Zealand knows how often the thirst of this essential of the coal-driven steamer delays departure. And one can see what a gain it is to have no coal-stoking, quite apart from the point of view of the owner, employer, agent, or captain. Of course the whole of the staff in the stokehole cannot be dispensed with, for the sprayers have to

be watched to see that they do not choke and have to be detached and cleaned. But an efficient engineer tells me that this could be better done by engineer-cadets than by firemen; and, further, the cleaning of the furnaces need be no oftener than the annual refit of the steamer, so little of the fuel is left unburned.

Skill versus Mere Labour

That, even where oil is fairly dear, as in England, the freedom from strikes and labour troubles that accompanies the use of oil, is forcing itself home on the minds of steamship owners is evident from the fact that the great Cunard liners, the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*, are about to be adapted for the use of oil-fuel. The recent coal strikes in England have introduced an element of absolute uncertainty into the use of coal as a fuel. And it is easy to predict that railways and steamers must within the next generation work themselves free from the tyranny of King Coal, if the labour unions cannot negotiate for an advance in wages without resort to a coal strike.

In Australasia I can see, within less than a generation, all steamers and most railways run without coal, because of the improvidence of coal strikes. There is an immense oil-field in New Zealand, and steamers will be built to carry as much oil as will take them to the old world and

back. The past century has been the great coal age. This is going to be the century of oil and petrol. Already steamers of large tonnage are running without funnel and without furnaces. The future is with the internal combustion engine, chiefly because it rids propulsion of unskilled labour and its uncertainty. Skilled labour is provident, and can listen to reason; it can see its own interests involved in those of its employers and their prosperity.

Here, where there is no labour trouble, except its caprice or futility, oil is taking the place of coal though there are excellent coal mines in Sumatra, as well as Borneo. Labour is cheap, but it needs much superintendence. So the steamers and their propulsion are more and more ridding themselves of mere labour, and substituting the more reliable automatic machinery. This indicates the trend of the next century of white civilisation. Java is the only country in the world which has no shortage of unskilled labour. How to increase the power of skilled labour, in other words to saturate it with intelligence, is the problem of the future; and, as a sequel to it, how to make reliable machinery take the place of the unreliable human being. The substition of oil for coal by this large steamship company in a region that has the command of a great quarry of unskilled labour is perhaps as significant an indication of this as anything else we see in the world.

CHAPTER V

THE ARCHIPELAGO OF TEARS

One night at dinner the controlleur (or Dutch monarch) of Sanguir broke off a torrent of Dutch to explain to me in his reluctant English the story he was telling his fellow-countrymen; he knew my Dutch was not equal to his lightning speed. He had gone to establish Dutch authority in the Nias Islands off the west coast of Sumatra, and the islanders afterwards told him their sacred bird had brought him on its wings; they have a great carved bird which they worship whose decisions they accept as revelation. In reply I mentioned the famous Korotangi or weeping dove of the Maoris, and told how from a mascot it had become a bird of evil omen, and had been lost for many generations; hence the tangi or weeping over it. I then glanced at my tutor in Sanguirese, the young Rajah of Siau, and reminded him of the word for weeping he had given me, "sumangis," indicating that it contained as an element the Maori word. Then Mr. Schroeder, a German missionary, whose father had established the mission here in the

middle of the nineteenth century, took up the tale and explained how the name for this archipelago, Sanguir, is a form of this word "sumangis" minus its infix "ma." When his father arrived the people were in constant terror of the Sulu pirates, whose haunts were a little to the north-west; most of them kept away from the coasts and lived in the mountains, in natural fortifications that offered no temptations to the roving sea-brigands; those who clung to the coasts for the sake of the sea food were never sure of their life or liberty for a day, unless their rajah bought off the plunderers by a sufficient bribe. They were at all times at the mercy of the capricious sea rovers. And so they called their string of islands the Weeping Archipelago.

The Socialistic Millennium

The name sounds now the acme of irony. For if there is a group of islands or region in the world that is farthest from the need of weeping it is Sanguir and its neighbours. They approach as near to the millennium dream of the Socialist as is possible in terrestrial conditions. They are covered with cocoanuts from the crown of their volcanoes to their sandy beaches, and this steamer, as it creeps along from port to port and bay to bay, stinks more and more of copra. And the produce of one tree is enough to support a man of these islands a whole

year. There is, therefore, no need of working, and human nature, as in all climes, takes full advantage of its enfranchisement. It is only these restless Dutch masters that keep them from becoming mere vegetables ; they insist on a certain amount of work on the roads and in the plantations every year, and this saves them from the stagnation and sterility that inevitably follow on unlimited leisure and pleasure. Great Sanguir, the largest island, within its mountainous twenty-five miles of length, has 70,000 of a population, and they are increasing at the rate of three per cent. per year. It is about one five-hundredth of the size of Java, and is therefore twice as populous ; in other words, it is the most closely-peopled region in the whole world ; and there is no limit to its further possibilities ; there are millions and millions of cocoanuts now planted on the island, and three will support a full household, leaving out of account the bananas, and yams, and rice, and fish. But if the Dutch authorities and the missionaries allowed them, what is quite practicable in this climate and flora, the ultimate ideal of labour's left wing, all play and no work, full wages from Nature without her usual toll of brow-sweat, then the race would soon vanish, and Sanguir would become the archipelago of silence instead of the archipelago of laughter.

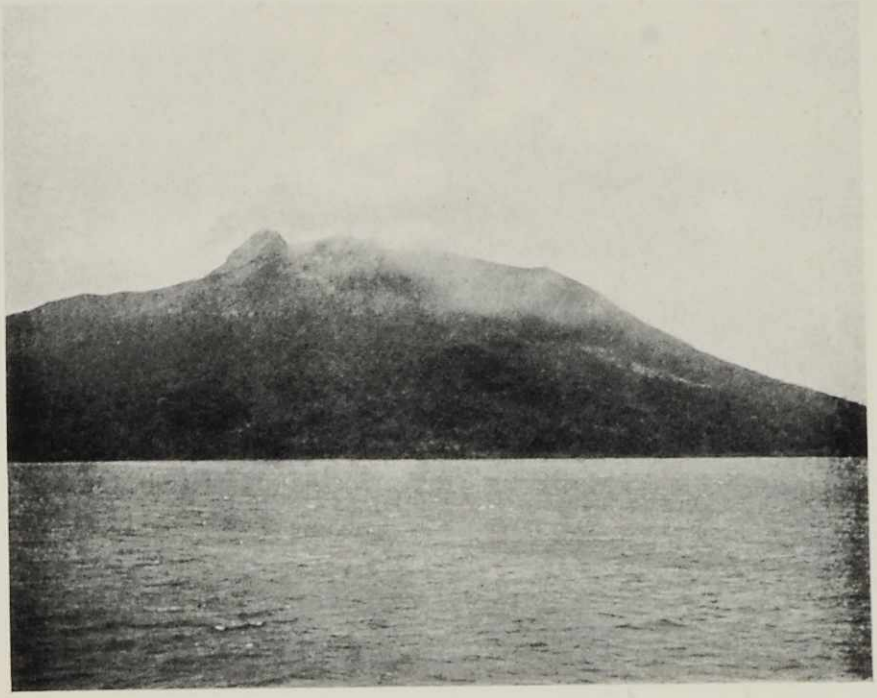
Missions, Cocoanuts, and Gunboats

What has wrought this marvellous revolution and turned this hades of anarchy into "a little heaven below"? It is the Dutch gunboat and the missionary's cocoanut. Old Mr. Schroeder landed in Great Sanguir in the 'fifties of last century, and old Mr. Steller, the Dutch missionary, not long after him, and they at once began to plant cocoanuts and to teach the natives to follow their example. Then they got the Dutch authorities to tackle the pirate question in earnest; they cleared out those "anarchist sans doctrine," those foes of all social organisation and peace, from the Sulu Archipelago, from Banka (near Menado), and from the Spermonde and Xulla archipelagoes. The result has been one of the most marvellous transformations on the face of the earth, from thriftlessness, starvation, and constant fear of enslavement, to peace and plenty and independence under a paternal Government; and for a tropical people there is no alternative between piratical terrorism and rule by a fatherly hand. The missionaries and the missions are prosperous, thanks to the cocoanut and a Government subsidy; but so are the people, thanks to the same. They have practically established a mission dynasty; for Stellers and Schroeders and their relatives by marriage still fill the mission-houses with a numerous progeny who

mostly prepare for the mission field. They flourish and deserve to flourish, like Glasgow, by the preaching of the Word, but still more by the planting of the cocoanut. They have driven poverty and shiftlessness once and for ever from this region. For they have persuaded the Government to prohibit the import of that other great source of slummage and human waste, alcoholic drink. One bottle of arrack a month is allowed each Chinaman in the group, and with that he cannot well make a beast of himself, still less of his fellows. But to balance things he is allowed no opium. Whether the subtle poisons filter in or not in any quantity it is impossible to say; but the Chinese look prosperous and keen, and the natives have manifestly full command of themselves. I cannot say that I have ever seen so universally prosperous and happy a community.

Volcano Worshippers

I have not seen the heathen in the mountains; in spite of missionary efforts they still remain attached to their old pagan worship of the volcano. But I am told that they are as well off as the Christians of the coast. For one of the singular anomalies of this group is that the cocoanut bears the better the farther it is from the coast. A missionary assured me that he got ten to fifteen per



THE VOLCANO OF ROANG.

IN THE CENTRE IS A FISHING BOAT OF SANGUIR BUILT IN TERNATE.

[*To face page* 52.

cent. more and better nuts from his trees far up the slope of the hills. The solution of this anomaly is perhaps that the ejecta from the volcanoes fall more richly on the plateaux and slopes than on the beaches, whilst the steeper faces over the sea have what little falls on them swept away by the tropical deluges of rain. It is not without reason then that the mountaineers keep to their old faith in the fire-mountain ("Awu" is another form of "abu," the Malay word for ashes, corresponding to and probably derived from the Polynesian "rehu," ashes). They build little shrines on its slopes and their priests offer bananas and cocoanuts and other products of the soil to the benevolent deity that enriches their soil for them. It was not out of love of him that their worship began, but out of fear, like so many of the early religions; they can afford to neglect the deity that is kind to them; they cannot afford to ignore the deity that slaughters them or plagues them or terrorises them, the burning mountain, the crocodile, the tiger, the snake. The worship of mountains is widespread throughout the archipelago, as in Polynesia, and along with it goes the fear of evil spirits as the source of all human ills; when a mountaineer is ill the priest makes a toy-canoe and puts in it imitation bananas and other food and sets it adrift on the ocean; it carries away the spirit of the disease which probably migrates to a worse climate, or a better. In 1711

this volcano of Awu destroyed 2000 people, in 1856 nearly 3000, and in 1892 more than 300, crushing in the houses and destroying the plantations. The deity is, doubtless they think, getting less voracious in his appetite for human beings, since they began to feed him with more and better cocoanuts. Away to the south the little island of Tagulandang lost 400 of its small population in 1871 through a seismic wave caused by an eruption of the neighbouring volcano of Roang ; but at the same time the ejecta so manured the islet that it has enormously increased its product of copra. There was another eruption as recently as 1894 ; but it did not work so much havoc. The cone is beautifully shaped, and the lip of the crater is perfect, and from the white patches of ashes that make its lavaplug piebald there constantly float away wreaths of smoke and steam. Yet it is covered with verdure almost to the lip. A little to the north is Siau, with four volcanic peaks, the most northerly still active, the name itself indicating the volcanic character of the islet ; after taking the Malay quasi-article, "si", off, we have "au", which is a mere contraction of "awu", a Sanguirese word meaning ashes.

North and South Affinities

It is little wonder that there is such terrestrial pyrotechny in the string of islets that is the *débris*

of the northward extension of the Menado peninsula of Celebes towards the Philippines; it must have foundered when the ocean sank on either side from a few hundred to several thousand fathoms; for it lies on the north and south Pacific Ocean volcanic fissure that stretches from the Aleutians and Kuriles, through Japan, the Philippines, Melanesia, Samoa, Tonga, and New Zealand to the Antarctic, and took the place of the primeval Pacific fissure which is now filled with coral reefs and atolls, stretching from Japan to Easter Island.

But the flora and fauna are Celebesian rather than Philippino; the much deeper strait between Sanguir and Mindanao, showing that the Philippino connection was geologically ancient. With the human element it is different; here the connection is rather with the Philippine Islands; the common people have a greater resemblance to those of Mindanao than to those of Celebes; whilst their language is akin to both Malay and Tagal, with a larger admixture of purely Polynesian words, like buan (fruit), manu (bird), lima (hand), banua (land), ate (heart), kutu (louse), salei (dance), mate (dead), mata (eye), tali (rope), langi (sky), bawine (wife), angin (wind). These and others have retained their Polynesian form more purely than most of the other dialects of the archipelago.

Polynesian Rajahs

When I saw the young Rajah of Siau, the explanation of the increase of Polynesianism became clear. He had not only the face, but the build of a Maori ; he has none of the slenderness of frame and bone that distinguishes the Malayan race both in Indonesia and the Philippine Islands, none of the laterally projecting cheekbones, or the lank hair. His eyes are full, his face broad, and yet inclining to the oval, his jaw square, his mouth not too large, nor his lips too thick. His nose is straight, and shows nothing of the nostrils as the Malayan's shows. The alae are a little flattened out as in so many Polynesian faces ; but that is the only negroid feature in him, whereas most Malayans are prognathoid. I told him that if he landed in New Zealand he would be taken for a Maori. And when I saw other rajahs in council with the controlleur, I recognised that the old aristocracy was of a different race from the common people ; they were distinctly Polynesians in their face, build and stature. And as they debated with their Dutch official brother the serious question whether they were to be allowed one less attendant than they had, their figurative eloquence and dramatic gestures, so unlike the Malay, took me back to a New Zealand korero. What confirms this indication is the difference in the social system. The common

people have the matriarchate; the elder brother of the mother is the administrator of the family, and not the husband who has to enter his wife's family. The rajah, on the contrary, hands his title and property on to his son, as in the Polynesian patriarchate, though an elective factor may enter in.

Polynesian Affinities

I thought I had also found in their net-fishing canoes a Polynesian connection; they are exactly on the model of the Maori war canoe, with both bow and stern rising high into an ornamental finial and without outrigger, although all the small dug-outs have double outrigger. But I found on inquiry that these large canoes are made in Ternate in the Moluccas and brought over here for sale, and that in fact this is how Islam is spreading in the group; all these Ternate fishermen and canoe-builders are Mohammedan, and, like all Moslems, begin to proselytise the moment they enter a community. The small outrigger dug-outs have a feature that seems inexplicable; from the end of the stem, just below the water, projects a long prong curving upwards like the point of a pair of skates or of a ski. At the stern there is a projection, but very short. In Sourabaya the large praus have what is called a ram just below the water at both bow and stern. There I could see

that they were the frontal and posterior points of the original Polynesian dug-out, into which was clapped the Chinese junk with high stern. Here is an imitation of the Sourabaya prau in the small dug-out; but it has, like most imitations, lost its meaning and run to ornament. The Ternate people, like the people of the New Guinea coast and the Solomon Islands, must have taken the model of their larger canoes from the Maori war canoe, without outrigger,and yet propelled by paddles.

I have not the least doubt but that the conquerors of Sanguir were pirates, like all energetic navigators of the olden times; and it would follow as a corollary that the leaders of the pirate bands, if not the pirate bands themselves, throughout Indonesia were of Polynesian origin.

Peace

Now the rajahs take their monthly allowance quietly from the Dutch Government, and keep their people at peace. They struggle for the retention or increase of their privileges; but the Dutch representative takes few steps without consulting them, and thus gloves the hand of the master in the silk of fraternal debate. No tropical country is governed with less friction and less fuss. The chiefs are contented, though they know they are puppets. The people are contented because they are protected

from all piratical adventures and rule, but most because they have enough and to spare, with the ideal minimum of toil. The Dutch are contented because they have the real power, and their commerce develops at a pace it never approached before. The voyage of this great steamer of 4000 tons round Celebes and through this necklace of islets is sufficient testimony to the last.

CHAPTER VI

OPIUM AND PAWNSHOPS

Before we left Menado for this long-drawn line of volcanoes, the Sanguir Archipelago, every Chinaman who came on board as a passenger was closely searched along with his baggage for opium. For it is strictly prohibited in this line of volcanic islets that stretches from Celebes to the Philippines. Chinamen live in the ports of these cocoanut-clad beacons of the Celebes Sea, and Chinamen will have opium whether prohibited or not, as the Customs authorities in Australia begin to realise. It rarely occurs that a steamer leaves for Sanguir without a haul, being made by the officers, who get two guilders [3*s.* 4*d.*] for every tael of opium they capture. It is always a lively time when a packet leaves Menado for the north. There are always a number of Chinese traders in the second-class who put optional cargo on board, i.e., cargo that may go off at any port as it is sold. And the most lucrative factor in their trade is the opium for their fellow-countrymen, if it escapes the lynx eyes of the Customs men.

It is only in the small islands and archipelagoes that the Government can prohibit the introduction, sale and use of the drug. But even in some of them they find it impossible. In Banka, for example, they stopped the importation; and the twenty-five thousand Chinese coolies in the tin mines promptly struck; they could not work without it; the energy oozed out of them when they could not procure their pill to chew. In this archipelago they prefer it in the form of a pill, and smoke it far less; in the opium dens smoking is the fashion; but these are frequented only by those who have the habit as a disease eating into the vitals. The Chinese merchant takes it in moderation, so he says; he has much business to do; feels nervous and excited; he takes his pill, and then he goes through his work with method and energy. He looks upon it in the same light as the Western merchant looks on his bottle of wine or his whisky and soda.

Hashish and Opium

The misfortune is that the habit is spreading to the natives. The poorest district in Java, Samarang, consumes twenty thousand pounds worth a month. The Javanese find, like the Chinese, that they cannot do their work without their opium pill. But the natives most addicted to it are the

Balinese. Under the old Brahmin *régime* it was hashish, or Indian hemp, that they indulged in. A rajah and his wives, who found that they had put their foot in it, and were in the hands of the Dutch, dosed themselves with this Oriental drug and ran on the bayonets of their conquerors. Now, thanks to the Chinese, opium has taken its place so firmly that captains of steamers, and even the Resident, knew nothing of the Hindoo narcotic habit that it had driven out.

Government Management and Smuggling

Up till a few years ago the Government farmed out the sale of opium to Chinese. But they so abused their privileges, not merely by excessive sale of the drug, but by smuggling it from India and Singapore, that the authorities took the business into their own hands. It is now a Government monopoly, and as I have travelled round I have come across their inspectors of opium, who go to the various districts and inspect the books of the sellers and report how much they have, how much they have sold, and how much each customer has been supplied with. No one is allowed to have more than a certain quantity in his possession, or to sell more than a certain amount to any man. In Bali the two Gusti or Prime Ministers who succeeded the old rebellious rajahs

are allowed to buy what they want of the raw stuff from the Government, but the privilege dies out with them.

It costs the Government two sen (a little less than our halfpenny) a mata, or the one hundred and twenty-eighth of a katti, which is equal to about one pound and a third of our weights, to buy the raw stuff in Calcutta, and to work it up in their factories. They sell it at twenty-five sen in Batavia, at twenty in Sourabaya, but at eight in Bali and Macassar. These were the prices current when they took over the monopoly from the farmers or agents. They propose to raise them gradually; for example, they are about to raise the price in Celebes from eight to ten sen. But the higher the price the more profitable it makes smuggling; and smuggling is already a highly developed and widespread profession in the Archipelago. It involves the keenest ingenuity in the smuggler, and the keenest watchfulness on the part of the authorities. Most steamers that come from Calcutta or Singapore are suspected; a tin of opium is so light, and so easily concealed, and brings such huge profits, that the whole crew from captain to cabin boy is engaged in it. The steamers of one mail line the Customs gunboats accompany from their appearance on the horizon to their moorings. And lest the search should be too thorough, the tins are fixed in bamboos and

thrown overboard, to be fished out by the natives or Chinese. As in Britain during the high tariffs of the eighteenth century, the whole population is involved in the trade and pleased to outwit the officials. Not long ago a junk arrived at Samarang from Singapore, and reported that one of the crew had died. The health officer went on board and reported that this was so. The Chinese prepared a great funeral for the deceased, and sent on board an enormous coffin for him ; there were the usual fireworks and burnings of paper money and furniture, and after a brilliant procession to the Chinese cemetery the coffin was interred. An ingenious and suspicious Customs official scented mischief in the display, and during the night had it disinterred ; the spirit of the deceased had evidently re-incarnated in countless tins of opium, but his body had been committed to the deep. This conflict of wits will increase in subtlety as the price rises.

Is it Possible to eradicate a National Taste ?

One of the most lucrative scenes of this illegitimate traffic is the famous strait of Bali, between that small island and its neighbour Java ; doubtless the cable operators of Banjuwangi could tell tales of it. But one of the first observations of the most superficial observer as he approaches

Buleleng in Bali is the extraordinary number of fishing canoes in the straits; it is commonly called the mosquito fleet, and several gunboats are constantly employed watching it; but the swiftness of the little craft with their triangular sails and the minute knowledge their crews have of the inlets and river mouths enable them oftenest to outwit the watchers. They are ostensibly engaged in fishing, but really in smuggling opium; for the twelve sens difference in the price of the mata between Bali and Java makes it profitable to run all risks in buying in the one island and selling in the other. Between Macassar in Celebes and Java a similar lively trade used to be carried on through the post office by the Chinese, but the postal officials have grown too alert and suspicious to make it at all safe. We are not likely to know how much is made by the smugglers out of the traffic; but the Government already make every year sixteen million guilders, or a little over a million and a quarter sterling. We "whose withers are unwrung" may shake our righteous heads over the traffic and its profit; but I'd like to know how a virtuous Government is going to abolish such a traffic, and if unable to abolish it, how it is going to manage it so as to diminish its evils. The more drastically you attempt to prohibit a widespread taste like that for opium or drink, the higher you raise the premium on the

underground traffic that will continue to gratify it. I anticipate that when Prohibition is carried in New Zealand, not only will all those who are now engaged in making or selling alcoholic drinks be shot, willy-nilly, into the lucrative trade of smuggling, but their ranks will be liberally recruited from the more venturous spirits of the community; and to evade the authorities and their inspectors may become one of the chivalries of New Zealand. Away up here in Celebes, amongst the Bugis, a maiden will not accept a lover who has not shown himself adept in theft and in evasion of the laws. It would not be contrary to human nature if the Prohibitionists, by their complete victory, might make the successful smuggling of liquor the prime test of a New Zealand lover.

"My Uncle"

There is another weakness of human nature that the Government of Netherlands India exploits with excellent financial results. It is the resort to that ancient relative and aid in finance "My Uncle." The pawnshops of the Malay Archipelago are being taken over by the Government. And I can testify from personal observations in several large towns that, to judge by their great and substantial buildings, they are as respectable and

important as their blood-sisters, the banks. No man or woman need feel ashamed as he enters the great gates of these fort-like palaces with the last piece of family jewellery or the last household utensil.

It was the Chinese that drove the Government into this strange business. It had sold them licences to keep pawnshops; and the Chinese are old at the business, as one can testify on seeing the ancient fortifications that tower as pawnshops over Canton. But it found that the Chinese were slowly reducing the natives to slavery by these licences. Tropical man has no providence; "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; here the Socialist will find that accursed vice of the capitalist, thrift, absolutely non-existent; here in the sago islands, where a man can, by cutting down a sago palm and washing its pith, produce in a week what will sustain him for a year, is the paradise and millennium of the Socialist already in working order, and he will find his millennial man enjoying himself with, at most, a string round his middle, while his wife toils for the luxuries of her lord, a hag at thirty.

The Tropics and Thrift

The tropics, then, are the ideal sphere for the pawnshop and the money-lender man. The

millennial loafer has only to have presented before his eyes some luxury that appeals to his inborn tastes, and he is willing to pledge his all for it, his wife, his children, his year's work, nay, his own soul ; to get on credit for a man who has never known what it is to serve the future, is to get a fortune without trouble. And so in every town in the archipelago there are thousands of Chinese and hundreds of Arabs who fatten on this weakness of tropical man. The Arabs are the most merciless, and they push their way everywhere, even amongst the wildest tribes, and slowly enslave them. They have even got into their hands all the finest houses in Batavia and Weltevreden. All mistresses complain that their servants are in the hands of these money-lenders ; they get, or forestall, their wages, and before night is over, it has all gone into the hands of the followers of the prophet. So an old German in Menado told me, when I suggested that these traders were propagators of the faith ; "No, no," he answered, "it is money they are breeders of." An instance of their methods was given me in Sourabaya ; an old woman who sells eatables at one of the bridges got the loan, ten or more years ago, of a guilder from an Arab, on condition that she was to pay him every day three sen ; she is delighted, and has not repaid him the guilder ; and so is he, and will refuse to have it repaid ; she pays him ten guilders a year for the use

of that benevolent guilder. So it is said that many half-caste women in the suburbs of Weltevreden lend native women on their way to market in the morning a guilder, and expect a guilder and a half back from them on their way home in the evening; 50 per cent. per day is not bad business.

When the Government here realised how the Chinese pawnshop-keepers were getting the natives, body and soul, into their power, they had no hesitation about entering into the business and making it profitable to the natives as well as to themselves. They were thrust into the *rôle* of paternal Government by the necessities of the position. And so much are the pawnshops trusted that the rajahs and men of influence and wealth leave in them their valuables, their krisses and jewellery.

Ancient Problems

And yet they are by no means at the end of their troubles as the father of the people; for there are a million and a half Chinese in the Archipelago bent on exploiting the thriftlessness of a tropical race; and the hundred and fifty thousand Arabs are even more pitiless in their exploitation of them. How to checkmate these financial harpies is their problem. They have tried it by means of passports and entrance payments, but without avail; they have tried it by special taxation; that

only delays these Shylocks in the heaping up of wealth. They are now taking another alternative—the education of the native; if he looks into books and is taught to think he may learn the hard-won lesson of thrift which it took thousands of long snowy winters to engrave into the nature of the Teuton, making him thereby master of the world. If to provide for the future can be taught in the tropics by book-learning, the Dutch Government of the Indies is going to make the effort. Let us hope their effort will not end in the fiasco of British Indian education, the inoculation of the infantile Oriental mind with Western ideas of liberty, socialism, and anarchism. These are heroic attempts to cope with world-old problems—how to moderate a vicious taste by careful paternal Government, and how to teach a simple-minded people to protect itself against the wiles of the subtle credit-offerer. If they succeed we shall greatly profit by the success.

CHAPTER VII

KING COPRA

THREE days ago I was in Ternate, a beautiful harbour dominated by two volcanoes that fill their little islands with verdurous cones. Ternate and Tidore were names to conjure with in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Whenever a poet of these periods wished to emphasise the riches and glory of the East he introduced these, and, like Milton, he made them dissyllables instead of trisyllables. In the European imagination of those adventurous times these seemed to concentrate the glories and "wealth of Ormus and of Ind." It was a sudden discovery of the sixteenth century that the spices that used to filter through Asia and the Mediterranean to ancient Rome and medieval Europe, and make the Orient a name to swear by, came from the eastern isles of the Malay Archipelago. In 1522 the remnant of Magellan's expedition, after he was killed in the Philippines, arrived in the bay between these two famous islands, and were supplied by the Sultan of Ternate with cargoes of spices. Ten or twelve

years before Sequeira had seen in Malacca the fleet from the Moluccas laden with spices, and before that an Italian traveller, Varthema, had visited the Spice Islands, and a small squadron had been despatched thither under d'Abreu. But it was the Ternate spices in the two survivors of Magellan's fleet that stirred the cupidity of Portugal to action; and de Brito mastered the archipelago of spices for his country and gave it the monopoly of the spice market in Europe.

It had been Venice that for centuries had drawn from this fountain of wealth, controlling as she had done, the Levantine trade from the East. It was her wealth and power from this source that sent the Spanish and Portuguese discoverers on voyages of investigation after new and maritime routes by southern seas to the Orient, and English discoverers, like Willoughby, after routes by the north or Arctic seas. Portugal and Spain jealously guarded the secret of their new-found roads to wealth for two or more generations, whilst the Dutch and English had to be satisfied with the profits of distributing the spices of the East amongst European markets. But this could not go on for long. The Portuguese towards the end of the sixteenth century raised the price of spices; and the Dutch and English set themselves vigorously to break the monopoly. Cornelius Houtman, when imprisoned in Lisbon, managed to get a

chart of the secret route to the East, and in 1595 he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and thus set Holland on the career that ended in giving her an empire in the Orient only less wealthy than British India. But the English had been before her. Already Drake had followed up his enemies and victims, the Spaniards, round Cape Horn, and keeping in the tracks of Magellan, had reached Ternate in 1573, and secured from the Sultan the monopoly of the spices of his kingdom for England. A century before the Arabs had reached this goal of Occidental ambitions, and Moslemised the extensive empires of Ternate and Tidore. The Portuguese, with their navy and their European guns, were able to wrest it from the Arabs; and the Spanish, in spite of douceurs in the shape of ducats, made repeated efforts to wrest it from them. And now the two great Teutonic sea Powers were on the scene, and after a long struggle the British and Dutch East India Companies agreed to divide the great Oriental domain. The Sultan of Ternate, in spite of his treaty with Drake, agreed in 1613 to give the monopoly of spices to Holland; and by 1681 she had mastered the whole realm of the Moluccas or Spice Islands.

The story lifts the curtain on the European dream of the "Golden Orient." The spice trade, being a monopoly, was to the medieval imagination what the silver of Peru and Mexico was, later,

to Spain, the gold of California to the United States, and the gold of Australia and the diamond mines of Kimberley to England of last century. It was the illusion that led adventurous men to try their luck. Any nation that caught the fleeting phantom was rich, and enriched its people without further effort. As in a lottery, a few are the children of fortune, the rest are her fools, and the community slowly recovers from the exhaustion that follows the race after the phantom.

"How are the Mighty Fallen!"

It took centuries to burst the bubble of the spice trade. For it was a monopoly, and the nation that secured it was the "cynosure of every" envy. Other countries and nations grew spices in time, and the price has fallen to a minute fraction of what it was. In the seventeenth century the Dutch charged for mace eight shillings a pound; now its price is threepence or fourpence. And in Ternate I saw the ground under the nutmeg trees littered with the splitting shells, and no one took the trouble to take the beautiful nuts, covered with their scarlet embroidery of mace, out of them. The glory of Ternate has indeed departed. Its great empire, stretching from the east of Celebes and the Sanguir Archipelago to Humboldt's Bay, in New Guinea, as its neighbour and rival, that of

Tidore, also did, is now a Dutch residency, or province; and though the little town, at the root of the volcano, contains the house of the resident and that of the rajah, its greatness, one can see, is gone. The rajah, a lonely and discontented old man, grumbles at his allowance, in his dilapidated palace, with its flight of stone steps, the last relic of the greatness of his ancestors, the pirate-sultans. We brought about a hundred of his subjects as deck passengers back from the coast of Celebes, with their six fishing boats, which in their build and in the high-rising stem and stern reveal their far-off model and exemplar in the Polynesian war-canoe. These long plank-built craft, like the intermediate copies of their Polynesian originals, the Solomon Island canoes, are quite unfit to meet the great billows of the south-east trades; they are mere shells. Again, we have on board three others from Ternate, with their fishermen, going to the Una Una Islands, in the Gulf of Tomini. Fish has taken the place of spices as the mainstay of these islanders. And three years ago, during the last great eruption of their island volcano, they were all in their canoes, prepared to abandon their ancient home for ever. It was only a Dutch guardship that prevented the flight. The centres of the great empires of Ternate and Tidore were in danger of returning to their primeval solitude. They must have suffered through their whole history from

eruptions and earthquakes; but in the past they had the strength and courage of an imperial people. Now they have lost heart; there are "none so poor as do them reverence."

Spices and Butter

But the cargo of copra that our steamer took on board threw new light on their future and the future of these tropical archipelagoes. Spices have lost their value, because the insipidity of European foods is a thing of the past. As one travels through these archipelagoes, the food is tasteless unless it is smothered in condiments. That is the reason for the popularity of curires in the eastern tropics, and the origin of the highly-spiced hotch-potch of rice and meats and vegetables that is so popular amongst the Dutch here as Reistafel. Till refrigeration brought the freshest foods and fruits and products of all countries to the European markets, only the richest could afford to do without a smother of spices in their dishes. Cold storage has killed the European spice market. But the expansion of the use of bread to all races has created an enormous and rapidly-growing market for butter. And there are not dairy herds or even dairying regions in the world enough to supply the demand. Oleomargarine from tallow and from the dried meat of the cocoanut has to

take the place of the product of the bovine udder. And for the Hindus the ghi must be made from the milk of the cocoanut. For several generations cocoanut oil and soap were the only uses of copra, the one for the East and the other for the West. But with so many dark skins in the world, the market for the latter is not so expansive as it might be. There are not so many soap-millionaires as there will be butter-millionaires and copra-millionaires. The vista opened up for the tropics by this taste for butter is even greater than that opened up by the demand for rubber. It completely dwarfs the old spice-fountain of riches, and still more the plutocratic vista of the gold mine and the diamond mine. The latter are but phantoms and illusions beside it. Here, in this northern peninsula of Celebes, thrown out like an octopus-feeler into the great depths, a gold-bubble has only recently burst. There are still gold mines on both its northern coast and its southern coast. But none of them has paid a real dividend; the gold that has been won from them has been won chiefly on the Stock Exchange in Batavia. One great mine, Palele, that I visited, is in the hands of a bank that lent money on it, and it is picking the eyes of the lode in order to pay back its £70,000. On the Gulf of Tomini side I have seen three or four—two or three of them have been running for twelve or fifteen years out of the pockets of the

shareholders. One is a banket mine like those of Johannesburg; another is a lode mine, and has but recently been started—it is the only one that still buoys up its shareholders with great hopes, unless it be a dredge that needs to get down to deeper stuff.

Mine for Gold in the Cocoanut

Most people I have met have begun to realise that the real gold mine of these regions, as of the tropics generally, is, like the milk, inside the cocoanut. This truth is forcing itself deeply home on the minds of Dutch investors, as it has long forced itself upon the keen minds of the Chinese and Arab traders. Round the Gulf of Tomini cocoanut plantations are making themselves conspicuous, and this 4000-ton steamer I travel on is filling up with copra as she voyages round from kampong to kampong, and I have heard traders predict that she will have to have a successor of twice the tonnage within three or four years. One of the clearest indications of the trend of investment in the Dutch East Indies is that in this recently-pacified island of Celebes coffee plantations, which first made its northern peninsula prosperous, are running to seed, and decreasing in numbers; cacao is grown, but not to any extent; rubber appears in only one little plantation in the north, whilst the

cocoanut is spreading everywhere. There is a strongly-rooted distrust of coffee and cacao and tea in the archipelago from bitter experience. Sugar appears only in Java; rice and tapioca are grown extensively only in that well-irrigated island. And as yet there is a strong suspicion that rubber-growing is highly speculative. Moreover, it needs plenty of labour that is at once cheap and skilled. Even in the tropics here, where labour is cheap, and may be made skilled to some extent, there is a fear that it is extremely limited in quantity. And wherever there is a scarcity of cheap labour rubber is unprofitable, like cotton. Until a machine is invented that can tap trees with the same skill as the human hand, and without its irregularity, the regions that can grow rubber to profit will remain limited, however extensive may be the tropical zone of rich soil and humid climate.

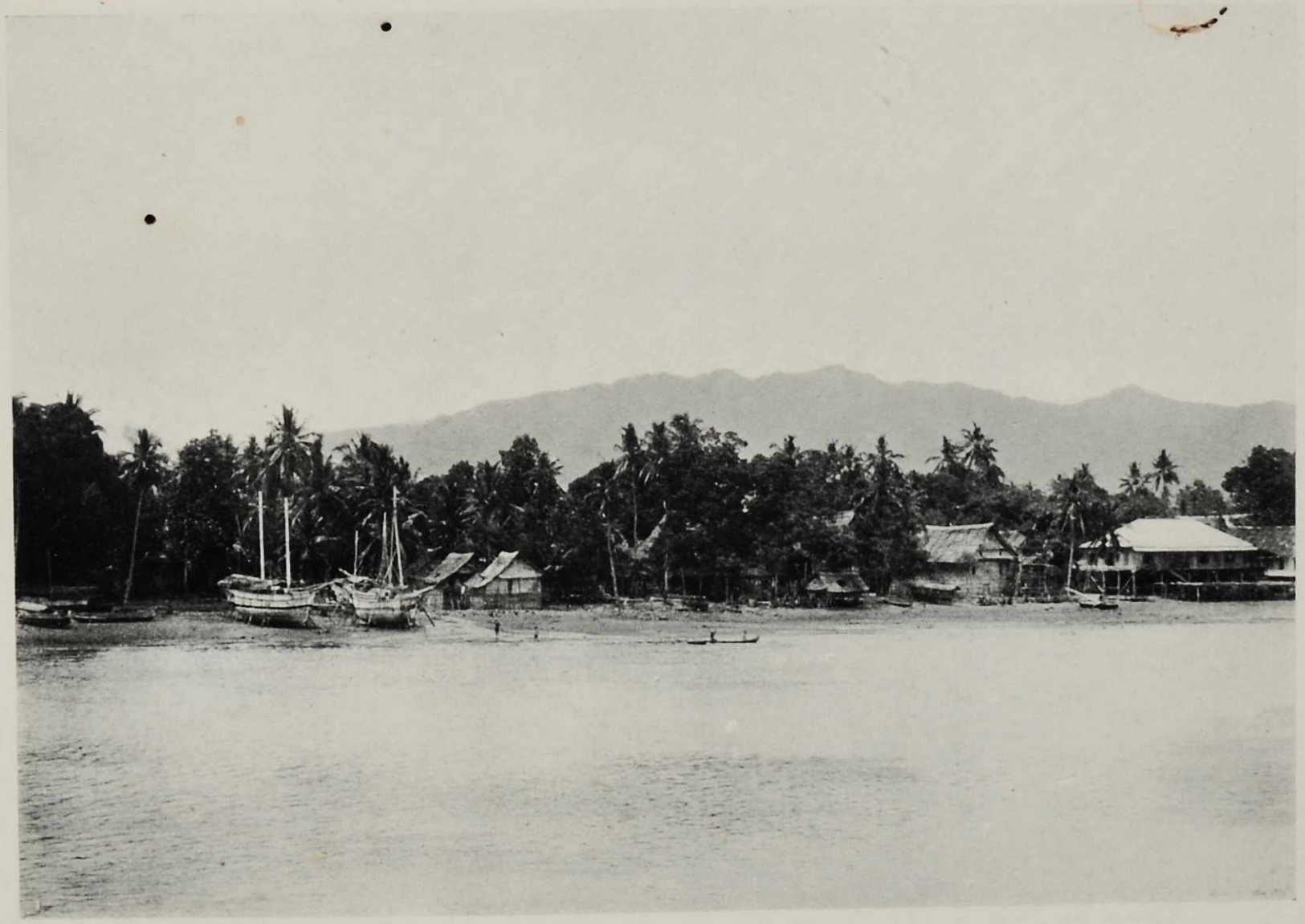
No Labour Habit without Discipline

Here lies the distinction of copra; after the forest is cleared and the nuts planted it needs but a small amount of labour to keep the plantation clear, to gather and split the nuts, and to set out the copra for drying. In Celebes here the population is still sparse, though it is increasing now that piracy has been suppressed, and the last wild mountain tribe (the Toradjas) subdued. It is far

larger than Java, but it has only one-tenth of the population of that island. The wilder tribes do not take to regular work; the Buginese are maritime and trading, and will not adapt themselves to plantation routine; whilst the people in the northern peninsula, civilised now for more than half a century, being Christians, prefer a clerk's billet on wages that are less than the labourer's, because it gives them the black coat (on high days) and the white linen coat of every day that distinguishes the European. The three million of Celebes are not of much account for working plantations; for they never passed through the stage of social organisation that is implied in an Empire or State. The Javanese, the Balinese, and the Sassaks of Lombok are the only peoples in the Malay Archipelago that are inclined to regular work; they, and they alone, were for centuries under Imperial rule.

Wealth without Labour

If any one wishes to see how the cocoanut ensures prosperity amongst a people who do not wish to work, he should take the trip I have recently made, round the Sanguir Archipelago, a line of active volcanoes, stretching north from the most northerly point of Celebes towards the most southerly point of the Philippines. They



A COPRA-GROWING VILLAGE ON THE COAST OF CELEBES.

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bristle with cocoanuts from beach to crater-top, and the most singular thing is that the higher plantations are more productive than those near the shore, a result due probably to the liberal manuring administered by the volcanoes every few years to the upper ridges, slopes, and plateaux; their compensation for smashing the houses and trees, and taking their toll of lives. One can see that the plantations belong to the natives; for the trees are as close as the bristles of a brush; a company or capitalist would have spaced them out with at least 20 feet between, so as to make them produce their best. Great Sanguir, about one five-hundredth part the size of Java, has 70,000 of a population, and is thus the most closely peopled region in the world, for it has millions and millions of cocoanuts, and three or four trees will support a family a whole year without any work to speak of. Nor are the people more inclined to manufacture work than some members of our labour unions. For centuries they were at the mercy of the pirates and pirate empires that nestled south, north, east, and west of them, and they became the most improvident and sparsest of people; it was not much use bringing up children to be killed or sold into slavery. This incubus was removed by the Dutch gunboats a generation ago, and the missionaries had begun to teach them the value of cocoanut plantations. And now that copra has gone up from

£12 to £24 a ton, their prosperity is unbounded; no poverty or slummage is known on the islands; and the population has increased by leaps and bounds.

Let the Busy Socialist Build his House on the cocoanut; His Neighbour's Pocket is mere sand.

The lesson from this archipelago has become so obvious that copra is the cry everywhere throughout the Dutch Indies. It is going to be the steady basis of tropical prosperity, and if Australia is wise it will learn the lesson too. As a Maltese who had a half-breed Mexican for a father, and a Madrassee for a mother, and has a flourishing cocoanut plantation in New Guinea, explained to me, copra needs little labour and practically no skilled labour, and its high price is assured; the Commonwealth labour laws will not greatly affect it, as they will rubber. For the tropical and humid belt of the Northern Territory there is no wealth-maker like the cocoanut; cattle will do all the labour of keeping the plantations clean, and will not injure the trees or their product; and with copra at £24 a ton, a few dozen trees should support a European household comfortably, and a few dozen more would send them all down in the hot summer to Sydney or Melbourne, whilst one remained to look after the plantation.

This is the ideal life for a socialistic community, in which the communisation of property and State

nurseries will leave the citizen without any individual stimulus to work from fear of starvation for himself or his household. It is difficult to see how, when this individual motive to labour is removed, and a mere abstract idea of the State and its interests put in its place, any man is going to work continuously or even spasmodically; each man will expect the State to look after him and his family, and his neighbour to work whilst he enjoys himself. In the temperate zone the result of this is tolerably plain. The tropics with the cocoanut or the sago-palm is the only arena for such a scheme. And if the Australian socialist party are at all in earnest they will get the Commonwealth Government to plant the coastal belt of the Northern Territory with cocoanuts and sago palms, and there show the world in general, and temperate Australia in particular, that their scheme of society is not merely utopian; for there, and in such environment, they will carry it out without the risk of starving themselves or their families, and without the necessity of wiping out the ten commandments and communising ("convey the wise it call," as Pistol says,) the earnings or savings of their provident fellow-citizens.

CHAPTER VIII

ARTIFICIAL POLICIES AND EMPIRES

Banda

I have just visited for the third time the little island harbour of Banda, perhaps the most picturesque spot in the Malay Archipelago. The steamer passes into it by a narrow entrance, the Sun-gate, between high-wooded cliffs, and is soon moored in deep water at a wharf that does not extend more than twenty feet from the shore. It is really a crater-haven like Lyttelton; but out of one lip of it, after it sank and was breached and broken into islets by the billows of the trade-winds, a new cone sprang up on the northern islet, and there, from the peak of its symmetrical slopes, the steam constantly rises. A new eruption would smother the town and its nutmeg gardens on the low island opposite to it; two other low islands give the impression of a completely landlocked harbour. Alone, this volcanic group stands far away from other land in the midst of a great and deep ocean. A little rocky outlier stands solitary

THE HAVEN OF BANDA.

A CANOE PRACTISING FOR THE REGATTA.

UNLIKE THE MALAYASIAN, ON THE MODEL OF THE POLYNESIAN WAR CANOE.

AN ANCIENT DJEKALELE OR NATIVE DANCE.
IN THE STREETS OF BANDA.

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as Ailsa Craig, uninhabited except by ghosts ; the native sailors give a wide berth to this land of the disembodied (" Suwangi " as the name goes in the language), fearing their malice.

Decayed Grandeur

But it is not the Mount Egmont-like smoking volcano or this ghostly islet that most entangles the mind of the visitor to Banda. It is the mark of decayed wealth and grandeur upon the town that fascinates him. He walks the streets and sees the splendid old mansions and warehouses, now let or sold for an old song. He saunters along the Herrenweg, under the shade of trees that are manifestly many centuries old, banyans and canadium-nut trees, and badu trees which used to yield from the expressed oil of their nuts the Macassar-oil that in the hair of our parents and grandparents made the antimacassar an essential on the backs of nineteenth century easy chairs. Into the great market he wanders and finds in one corner of it a few poor booths in which the natives sell their sarongs or fruits. And the ghosts of the fine old mynheers fill the old streets and avenues, again stalking along with lofty unconsciousness of the bowing, salaaming natives. Those great mansions, mostly pillared in front, can be hired for less than two pounds a month, and the hirer will

get more than his money's worth in his dreams by day and by night; he will hear the sound of revelry that has much of its inspiration in the well-filled cellar as well as in the well-filled pocket; he will go into the dilapidated coachhouse and think how for mere ostentation and mutual rivalry these rich old spice-growers imported coaches that could never be drawn by horses, because there was no place to drive to; there are no horses or beasts of burden in the islet, for the roads are "few and short" like the prayers said at "the Burial of Sir John Moore." He would have to go to Venice or Bruges to have the same sensation of grandeur on the down grade of mercantile glory vanished.

Out of the Nutmegs came Wealth and War

And in all three cases he would find the source of the vanished effulgence and of its evanescence to be the same—the lowly nutmeg. As far back as ancient Greece and the Roman Empire, spices used to filter from the East into the Mediterranean; they came from these islets away in the neighbourhood of New Guinea; but through the hands of so many middlemen did they pass—Malay, Hindoo, Persian, or Arab—that their source was not definitely known. Banda had doubtless a hand in this production as well as Amboina, Tidore and Ternate. As closely veiled was the home of the

nutmeg when the Roman Empire melted away into medieval dissolution, and Venice assumed the *rôle* of its distributor throughout Europe. And she built her marble palaces out of the nutmeg ; it was her monopoly, and she could charge what she liked for it ; across from the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea it came into her hands in the Levant. And it was essential to her wealth that she should keep the ancient mystery. Her grandeur stirred the cupidity of Spain and Portugal, and their sailors set out to find the golden world whence this stream of wealth flowed. They found it, the Portuguese first, as they were first to round the Cape of Good Hope. The Turk had thrust his hand in and broken the land connection between Venice and the East. So Portugal, defeating the Spanish attempts to seize the Moluccas, fell heir to the monopoly. Lisbon rose on the decay of Venice. All the youthful ambition and talent of Portugal followed to the Orient ; and this steady export of vigour and capacity impoverished the brain-power of the little nation, and ultimately worked the destruction of her artificial empire. She could not easily get to the markets of Europe as Venice used to get, and she had to hand over her spices to the people of the Netherlands to distribute. But the Lisbon merchants overreached themselves ; they thought to double their wealth by doubling the charge for spices to the merchants of the Low Countries.

And the latter resolved to penetrate the geographical secret kept so well by the little kingdom and its neighbour and sometime lord paramount, Spain. Cornelius Houtman got into prison in Lisbon, and before he was released managed to worm out the secret; he brought back to Holland charts of the route to the East. Then came the struggle for dominance in this archipelago, relics of which meet us at every turn. The struggle centred round the Spice Islands, and issued in the complete defeat of Portugal; her talent and energy had filtered away to this very East, and vanished there in half-castes and converts, The Dutch had been between the hammer and the anvil for generations, and were now like tempered steel. The great Dutch fort on the flat at Banda, ruined though it now is, tells the story of the struggle for the nutmeg.

The Perkeniers

The glory that had passed from Venice to Lisbon now passed to Bruges and Amsterdam. And then the merchants of the Low Countries set themselves to do the same as those of Portugal had done. They took every precaution to make the nutmeg a strict monopoly that would yield them more and more wealth as time went on. They rooted out the nutmeg groves of the rest of

A NATIVE FESTIVAL IN BANDA.

IN THE CROWD THE MONGREL CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION IS SEEN—MONGOL, NEGRITTA, MALAYAN, PAPUAN, EUROPEAN, CHINESE AND ARAB.

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the Spice Islands and set official exterminators to keep down the trees in Banda and Amboina to a limited number. The natives in these little islands rose against the policy and in Banda were annihilated; whilst rival English merchants were rooted out by the infamous massacre of Amboina. The land was portioned out to Dutch colonists, who from their park-like allotments were called Perkeniers, a name that still appears over the door of a co-operative society in the town. Then they doubled and trebled the price of spices in Europe and overreached themselves. The nutmeg and the clove were planted in other parts of the tropics and by other powers and the price had to come down. Labour too, became scarce in the Moluccas by the extermination of the natives and their groves. Deprived of their living the men had to take more and more to piracy; and it took the Dutch East India Company all their wits, and the bulk of their profits to keep up the unending struggle with the sea-rovers and their empires, and at last it collapsed and the Dutch Government had to take over their debts and with them, their assets, the archipelago empire. Still the Banda Perkeniers flourished, though not so much as of old; for they dealt with the pirates who brought in slaves from all parts, but especially from New Guinea, to work their estates. The result is in the people of Banda and Amboina the most mongrel population of the most mongrel archipelago in the

world. The faces one meets on the street it is difficult to analyse; to apportion the ancestry amongst Mongol Negritto, Papuan, Polynesian, European, Chinese and Arab, is beyond the capacity of the most expert ethnologist. The Perkeniers, though they have closely intermarried in the three centuries they have been in Banda, and so weakened the strain, and made it a seed-bed of tuberculosis and mental maladies, have also left their mark in a large sprinkling of half-castes.

Portugal—Her Mark

The Portuguese in Amboina had been still more liberal in serving out their blood and their religion to the dark skins; and half the coloured population of the island glory in Portuguese names and descent. An officer in the barracks drew up a company of Ambonese for my inspection; he thought most of those who had wavy hair, if not of those with tufty hair, were called Pereira or Lopez, Da Costa or Da Silva, or some as common Portuguese name; he made them doff their caps that I might see their hair, and I picked out as the most European-looking of all, a fairly tall, well-made soldier with regular features and wavy hair; they asked his name and expected to get Da Costa or Lopez. It was Manahutu, a name most New Zealanders would call Maori. These

SIRANI IN GALA DRESS IN HONOUR OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S BIRTHDAY.

SIRANI IN EVERY-DAY DRESS.

AMBON.

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Portuguese Christians call themselves Sirani (from the Arabic word for Christians, Nasrani) and, if poor, dress in long black robes like the priests they used to revere; if well-to-do, in long white robes, like the nuns that used to tend them. The Dutch merchants had come out of the war with Spain aggressively Protestant, and took care that the Roman Catholic veneer should be stripped off these Sirani, and a Protestant veneer substituted. Most of the merchants and planters and captains describe this as an amalgam of gin and idleness; they prefer to employ the Moslem and the heathen, who will at least work, and but rarely get tipsy.

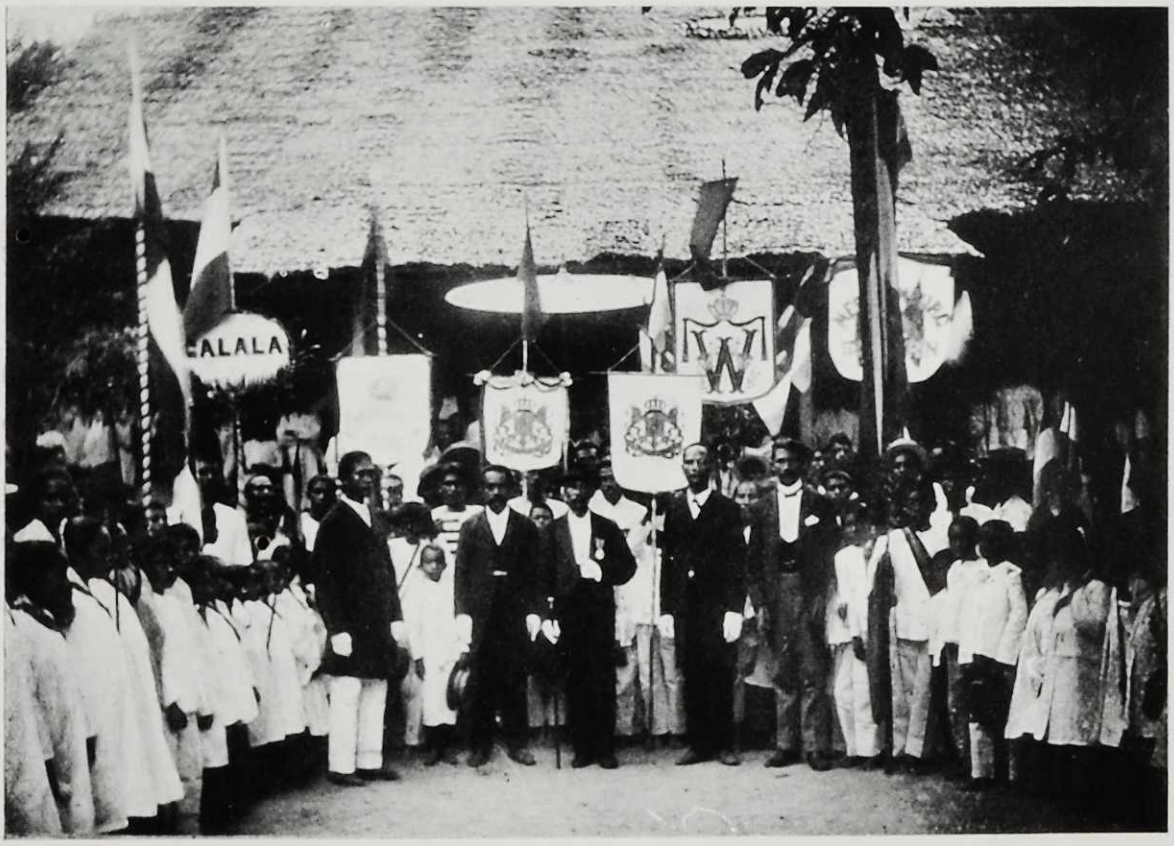
As one wanders round the Moluccas one is more and more impressed with the work the Portuguese did in these islands during the century of their glory; ten times more Portuguese words than Dutch enter into Malay and the Malayan languages; the ruins of their forts are everywhere; the habits and customs they introduced crop up constantly; and the Europeans are in the habit of explaining the recurrent European features in the native faces by referring them to Portuguese ancestry; they were evidently the busiest of people during their brief century here. With such a gold mine as the Spice Islands, it was no wonder they fought their hardest against the Dutch. But the fates and themselves were hostile to them. They had drained their fountains of youthful talent in

the effort to establish Oriential empires, which can be, for Europeans, only artificial unities. And the Dutch were a coming people, forged in the furnace of persecution and struggle, with plenty of youth and talent and energy to take with them away over the seas.

Slow Suicide

But strong and hardy though they were, they prepared their own grave; their artificial gold mine, the spice monopoly, suggested the harsh culture system, which Governor Van Den Bosch fixed down upon the neck of Java, and brought the company to bankruptcy. They compelled the natives to plant certain trees or shrubs every year, and bring the produce to them for sale at a fixed low price. They drove the people out East into piracy, and helped the pirates to turn many islands into wildernesses. It was a clear case of suicide of a lingering type. Nemesis was bound to follow on such an artificial and selfish policy. They could not keep up the toppling markets of Europe for their spices. Up to half a century ago Banda was still fairly prosperous, if not wealthy. But now not even the astutest Yankee would think of manufacturing wooden nutmegs; he could get the real nutmeg for the picking provided he gave the owner of the grove the red mace, the only part of

SIRANI CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.



CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

AMBOINA.

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the fruit that is worth sending to market. The refrigerator has completed the ruin that competition began. No more have Western peoples to smother their tainted meats and vegetables and fruits in spices. The cool chamber fends off decay and gathers all climates and zones into the markets of the West.

The Fate of Piracy

Holland had to take over the Eastern empire that the Company could no longer manage, and set herself with a will to reduce piracy and the pirate empires. The latter task was much easier than the former; for the empires were mere artificial unities based upon force and plunder; and the moment sufficient counteracting force was applied they went to pieces. The last of them, the Kingdom of Boni, and the Kingdom of Gowa, near Macassar, vanished finally some half-dozen years ago and freed tens of thousands of slaves. It was a slower process to suppress piracy; and it needed steam, and especially the steam launch to accomplish the task by following the pirate into his lair, and making his employment impossible.

The Fate of the Tropics

And now Holland is trying the impossible task of turning her artificial empire here into a natural

one. Her Government has adopted the humanitarian ideals of our times and is trying by a sympathetic and educative policy to turn the natives of the Malay Archipelago into liberty-loving, self-respecting Dutchmen. The employers of native labour have no hesitation in predicting complete failure. For the Oriental native has no regard for liberty, no sense of duty or responsibility, and no gratitude for the slackening of the yoke; relaxation of the discipline only makes him lazier and more negligent in his duties. My own short experience in the archipelago is by no means in conflict with this last maxim; I never pulled up my boy in hotel or on board steamer, or thundered out commands to him as I heard the Dutchmen do; the result was that my bed was left unmade, my water-reservoir unfilled, and my dirty-water cistern unemptied for days; when my baggage got all wet in the overflow of the last I called a halt; and in presence of the disaster administered prompt discipline to the delinquent; I had never to complain again. These natives of the tropics are essentially children that should not be let out of school till they cease to be children; and I doubt if ever the tropical peoples will reach that stage. If they are ever, in a Western fit of enthusiasm for liberty, left to themselves, I say Heaven help them, unless some Oriental power, like the Japanese or Chinese or Arabs, takes command of them, and

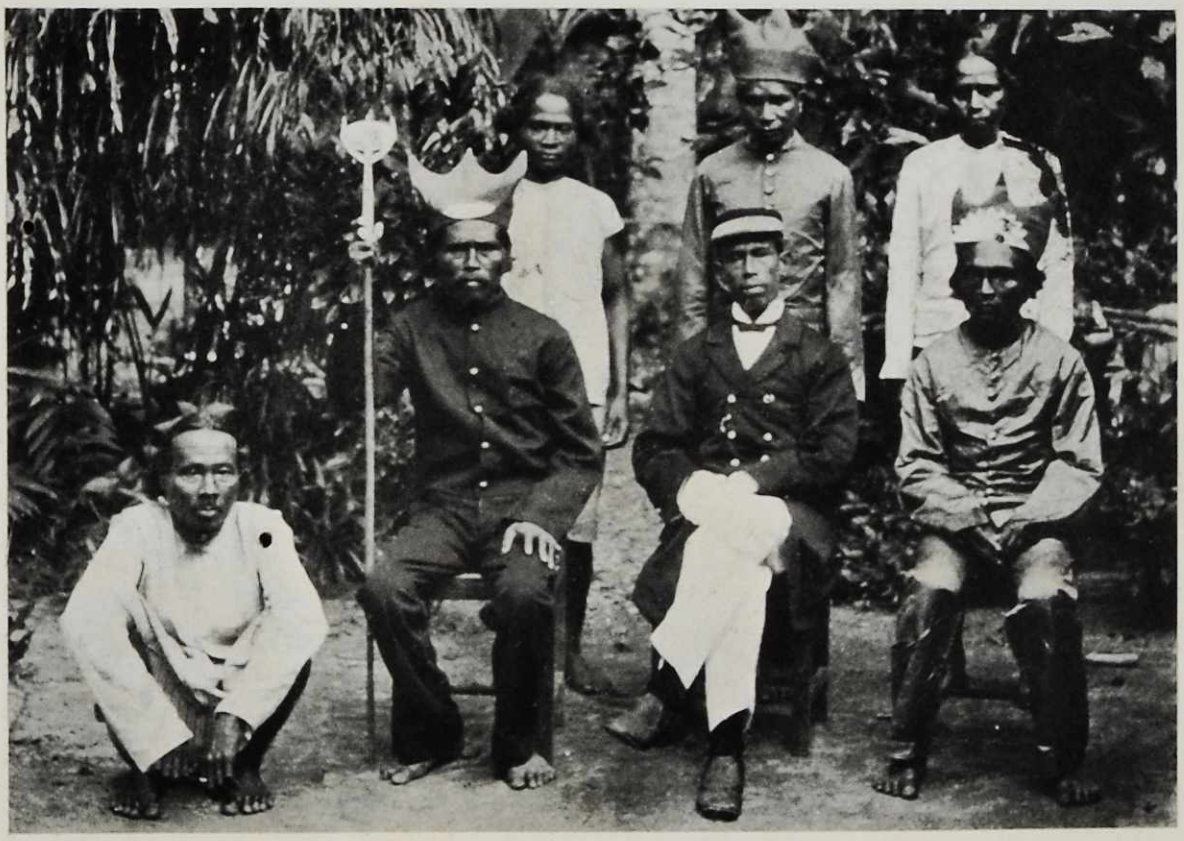
then I say still more Heaven help them; they will know how merciless a human hand can be.

Spoiling the Children of Nature

The Dutch are certainly doing their best for the native; they have taken his land over; but they reserve a mile of the foreshore in every island for him, and they will not allow any buyer of land, whether speculative or not, to deal directly with him; if any estate is bought from him the transaction is null and void. Nor can any land now be bought outright; the Government will only lease it, but for a long term and at an easy rental. The estates that have been formed by Europeans in the past may pass from hand to hand; but no new ones can be formed except on lease. I have found Australians with copra and rubber estates in various islands, but they are all leasehold. And two difficulties beset them, as far as I can ascertain. One is the common difficulty all over the world, that of labour; in Java it is plentiful; in the rest of the archipelago it is scarce and lazy. The other is a distinct bias the judge or magistrate is said to show towards natives in cases brought before him by Europeans. An instance was recently given me. A European had bought a leasehold estate, and when he took it over found some natives squatting close to his house; to their huts recalcitrant or idle

labour resorted, and it was difficult to recover it. His lease was quite clear in its terms : no natives were to be there. He took the case to court, and won ; the natives appealed to the Supreme Court, and lost ; but they have paid none of the costs in which they were mulcted, whereas he had to pay all possible costs into court before he could start his case. The native is allowed to flout the law with impunity ; the employer is pulled up promptly for every breach. Employers agree in saying that the native is far more irresponsible and careless and futile than he was. And some of them have imported Japanese labour, which, though it gets higher wages, is so much more efficient that it pays them handsomely to import from so distant a country as Japan. Most predict, as the result of this, abandonment of many estates, unless they can be worked, like copra, with little labour. The officials are much trusted and respected by the natives. Yet it is significant that the archipelago is never without its little war ; kindness and laxity have not done away with that necessity. But some of the natives make excellent soldiers, and I am strongly convinced that most of them would support the Dutch if an attempt were made by any power to take the archipelago from them. They have brought an artificial empire by their more recent policy as near to a natural one as tropical possessions can be brought.

NATIVE SOLDIERS LEAVING AMBOINA FOR CERAM DURING THE 1904 EXPEDITION.



RAJAHS OF THE ALFURS OR ABORIGINALS IN THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS OF CERAM.

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Notice to quit?

But they know that their tenure is precarious. Again and again even in high circles I have encountered the belief that Japan had an eye on the archipelago; for Holland has not an efficient navy and Japan has, whilst recently, it seems, some Japanese statesmen had expressed the opinion publicly that Java should be theirs. There are undoubtedly Japanese storekeepers in many of the islands, and one of the most curious features of every port in this archipelago and even on the coast of New Guinea is the presence of Japanese public women, generally in some handsome house. But these are slender grounds to build such an ambitious dream upon. Japan draws every yen from her population that she possibly can to support her existent army and navy, and she has more than she can well manage in Korea and Manchuria and in the Chinese markets; whilst her statesmen have too much common-sense to launch out on such a quixotic adventure so far from her base and without securing her lines of communication. It would be madness for her, with her finances dependent on the sensitive money market of the West, to make an attack on Netherlands India, or Northern Australia, before she had taken the Philippines from the United States, and Hong Kong, Singapore, and India from England; and to

dispose of both the American Fleet and the British would be one of the miracles of history. But the Dutch are still hotly discussing how many Dreadnoughts they ought to have in order to make their empire secure.

Lessons and Relics of the Past

If they studied the history of the early nineteenth century, or even went into their old churches in Banda and Amboina, they would see that if there is any danger to their Eastern Empire it is much nearer home. Not only Java, but all these islands became part of the British Empire for some years, because Napoleon had seized Holland and Belgium, and Britain with her command of the sea had to clip his wings. On the floors of these churches are inscriptions over the graves of British naval and military officers who died here during the occupation. Even Bouru, which is still unsurveyed and unorganised by the Dutch, must have been effectively occupied. I saw the other day a piece of English china of the eighteenth century that was bought recently from a Bouruese; a bachelor in Bouru has to pay for his bride to her parents two old china plates and a china bowl, and these are difficult to get, for they are held as heirlooms by families in the island. What occurred a century ago might occur again if the German war

party venture on their quasi-Napoleonic ambition, and attempt to sweep the British Fleet out of its way; for they openly say the seizure of Holland and Belgium would be the first move in the game of war. Dutchmen proclaim their horror of the move, and declare they would fight like devils to undo it. If they did not, this archipelago, as a possession of Germany, might fall a second time into the hands of the British Fleet. A curious reminder of the Napoleonic occupation occurred on one of my visits to Amboina; the daughter of the Resident (Graf van Oldenbarneveldt) was married; on inquiry I found that the bridegroom had not left his military duties in Java; he had sent his glove to a representative, and been married by proxy; this is an arrangement of the Code Napoleon, which is still current in Holland.

The Work of Pirates

As I have sailed through the Moluccas, I have had perpetual reminders of the old pirate empires that the Dutch has superseded. The coasts of the great islands of Bouru and Ceram, of Batjan and Gillolo still look as if they were primeval solitudes; the forests clothe them to the water's edge. And yet as we put into bays here and there we find villages of Bugis and Macassarese from Celebes, and mingled with them half-breeds between these and

the indigenes of the mountains ; this is the result of the suppression of piracy ; the coasts are getting repopulated, and the natives are venturing down from their fastnesses. Many islands are still without inhabitants, and large islands like Batjan and Obi are without them in the mountainous interior, the latter being credited with a population of ghosts. The piratical net swept even the mountains of all but the largest islands for slaves. And so many generations have the tall, half-Polynesian, half-Papuan men of the western mountains of Ceram and Bouru been away from their original homes on the sea that the former now make no canoes, and the latter think that they will sicken and die if they come within sound of the sea.

It is a pathetic story that these empty islands tell, and still more pathetic the fear of the sea that haunts these mountaineer descendants of sailors. The Dutch Eastern empire may be an artificial unity, as all tropical empires must necessarily be ; but even its worst days of compulsory culture and enforced labour (slavery was not finally abolished in the archipelago till 1879) were benevolence compared with the tender mercies of those pirate empires it displaced. Two of them which had their centres in the harbour, where I write this, had domains that stretched from the Philippines in the north to Sumbawa in the south, and from Celebes in the west to the boundary line of German and

British New Guinea on the east. Yet Ternate and Tidore, whence they were ruled, are minute specks on the map, off the west coast of Gillolo, each of them no bigger than Stewart Island, and each almost filled with the cone of a volcano. These vast empires were no less themselves the arena for slaving raids than the adjoining islands outside of them. They left all the archipelago, except Java, Bali, and Lombok, where there were Hindu or Arab empires, almost a wilderness, vast tropical forests suited only for the pursuit of dammar, orchids and butterflies. And yet, if the Dutch were to abandon their empire here, its end would be infinitely worse than its beginning. There seems no way out of the dilemma; the north-west of Europe, the brain of the world, must manage the tropics, if there is to be any peace for their inhabitants, any prosperity or any freedom from pirates and slave raiders.

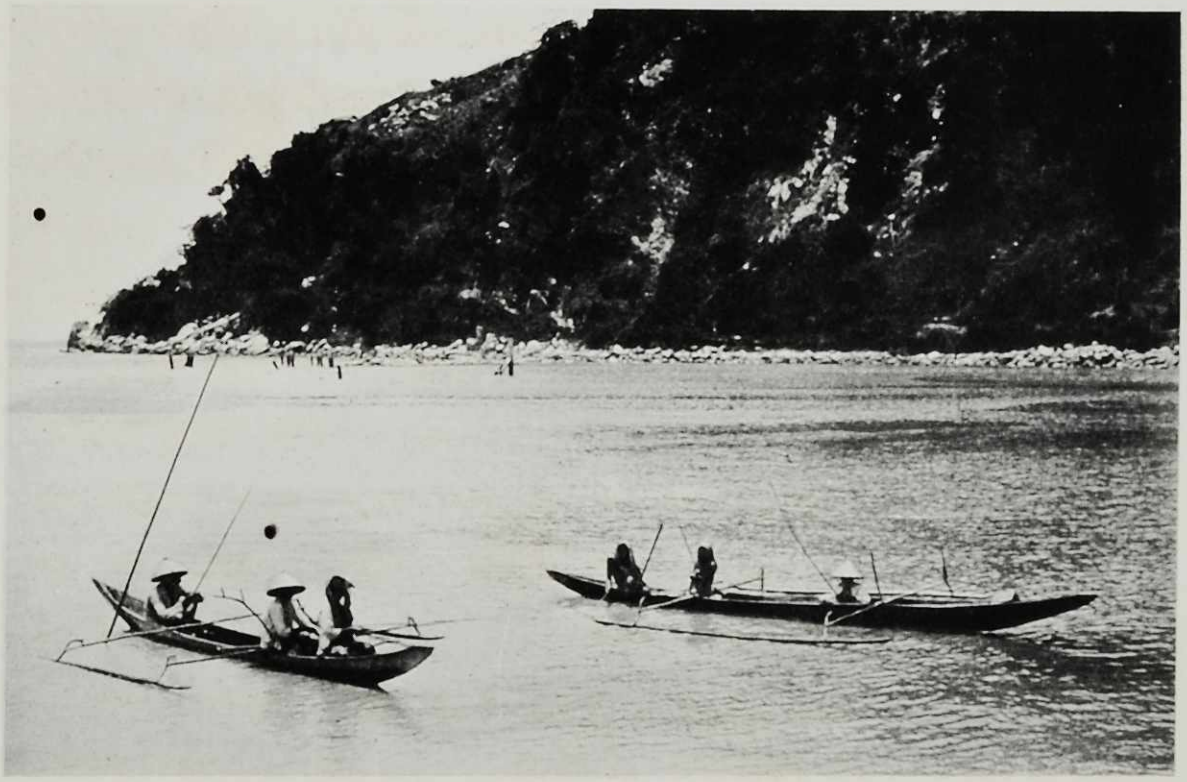
CHAPTER IX

PIRATES AND EMPIRES

Two Hundred Roosters on Board

One morning, as I was rising to the surface of sleep, I dreamt that I was up-country in a farm-house, surrounded by a great poultry-yard; I broke into consciousness, and the dream was explained. We were away out in the Gulf of Tomini, far from land; yet hundreds of roosters' throats were challenging the first streak of dawn. There were four or five hundred deck passengers returning from the cocoanut plantations of the Gulf to their homes in Gorontalo, and every other man had his favourite fighting-cock with him, a little feathery body that might be thrust into the pocket, yet storing tons of spiritual dynamite. He had left his wife and his children at home without compunction; but that rooster—that was quite another question; under his arm or in his bosom I saw him coming on board tucking the little wisp of pugnacity, and later I saw him go off carrying it in a wide-latticed basket, not unlike a lady's hat-box; the lusty crowing told what was inside. No baby

THE HARBOUR.



FISHING OUTRIGGERS.

GORONTALO.

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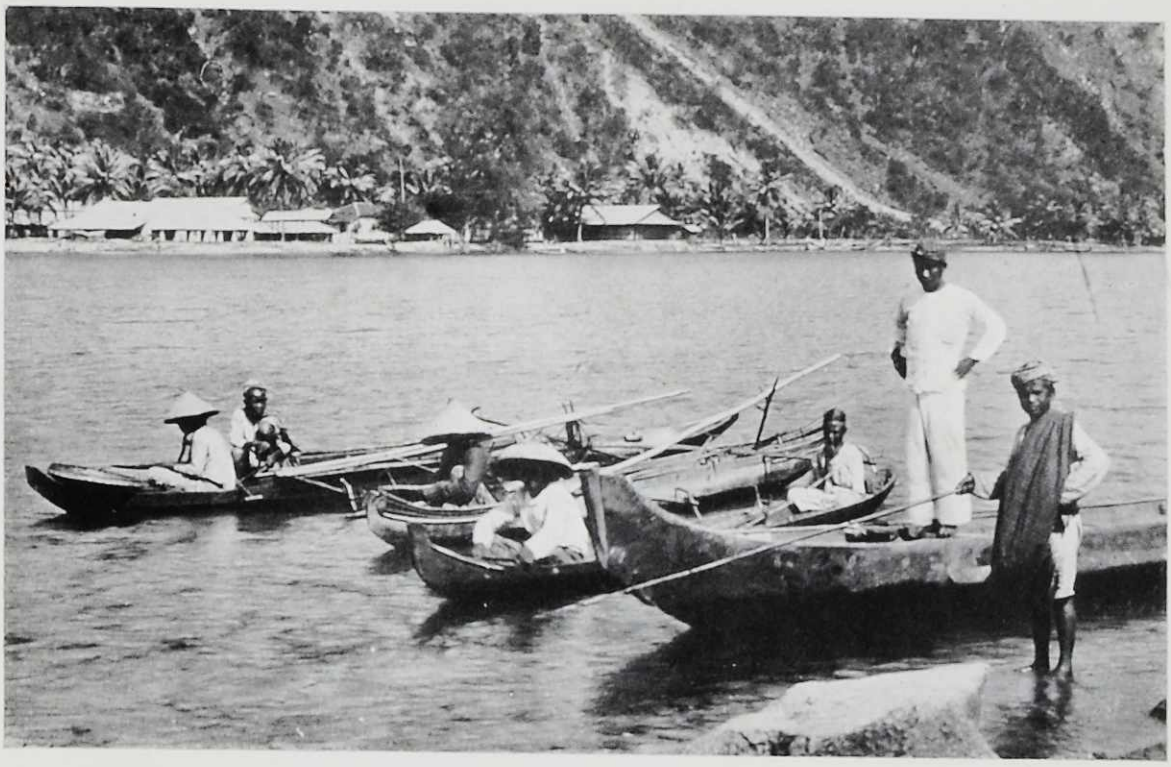
was ever more cherished by a mother; no final triumph of Parisian millinery for the head more carefully handled by its proud purchaser. And, now that the great rooster orchestra has gone off, there would be almost silence on the ship, but for the creaking of the little scarlet and green lories, one of which every member of the crew seemed to have purchased at Ternate. Before the cocks came on board, in moments of forgetfulness, I imagined myself back in Wuchang or Tsinanfu, with hundreds of Chinese barrows that had not been oiled from birth rolling along, so much has nature switched off her æsthetic powers into colour in these tropical birds, leaving but a screech for the ear.

The Cockpit and Piracy

Cockfighting is the only escape-valve that the Dutch Government has left for the pugnacity of this highly-pugnacious race; another ineradicable passion is also gratified by it—that of gambling, a passion that is based upon the speculative instincts of the human race, but most of all on that eagerness it has for getting something without earning it. It is this last that saturates the whole of tropical life with the passion, for it is essentially lazy; all human life is, even if it is not bred where cocoanuts and sago palms offer food for the taking. The

threat of starvation in the temperate zone winters is, I am afraid, the primeval foundation, and the chief stimulus of the ten commandments and of most of the occidental virtues. Here, where the threat of starvation is once and for ever removed, competition is by no means annihilated ; it takes the form of cock-fighting and gambling, and gives fine scope for all the worst passions that stir mankind.

They had finer scope in the good old times of these regions, when piracy was the rule, and honest work the exception. For piracy combined all the delights of cock-fighting, and all the fascination of gambling. The pirates never knew when they were going to draw a big prize, and they were always sure of a living where there was a village to plunder or a family to sell as slaves. And with their finely-cut canoes or praus they could generally evade the pursuing ships by paddling or rowing right in the teeth of the wind, and sheltering in one of the shallow creeks or bays bushed to the water's edge, that I have seen lately all round the Gulf of Tomini. The low, sand-isled archipelagoes were even safer places of retreat, with their labyrinths of shallow passages that would bewilder the pursuer or might wreck him and leave him at the mercy of the sea-robbers.



DUG-OUTS AND OUTRIGGERS.

GORONTALESE IN NEW YEAR HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

GORONTALO.

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The Tollgate of Empires

With rich empires away to the east and away to the north, there was bound to be traffic over the seas between, and in this were the huge prizes that made the piratical lottery so attractive. These empires were not maritime as a rule, but they had to have oversea commerce to supply them with foreign luxuries. And this archipelago lay on the high-road between them. Not a junk could pass from China or Japan to India or the Persian Gulf but had to run the gauntlet of these thick-strewn islands. Providence had arranged all that for these sea-rovers; and were they impiously to reject the gifts the good gods had so lavishly bestowed on them? A ship well-laden with precious cargo now and again was the toll these luxurious empires had to pay for the privilege of navigating one or other of these bottle-neck straits that the kind spirits had endowed their sea realm with. What did Heaven send calms for in these latitudes if it was not to let a well-freighted junk fall into the hands of the guardians of the immunities of these isle-girt seas?

Steam killed Piracy

But the devil invented steam, known by all men, but especially by men of volcanic regions, to

be the natural product of Hades. And this diabolic invention has taken the bread out of the mouths of these poor pirates, and driven them to such makeshifts as cock-fighting and guilder-stakes. Their golden age had come when the Europeans ventured into these waters, and carried in their great galleons countless gold and silver, or priceless spices. And as sailing ships grew bigger and carried more cargo and more sail, the prizes in this great lottery grew all the more tempting, and many a thank-offering was made to the good spirits for the calms they sent. England and Holland, with their warships, made the life of these rovers more exciting, but that only added to its fascination; for these great ships with their guns and their sails would lie as helpless on these seas of morning calm as the victims they had come to protect; even when it blew, away in the eye of the wind went the pursued, right into the depths of a great gulf like Tomini, or into the mazes of the Sulu, Sula, or Spermonde Archipelago. Then came those "stoom ketels" that drove the ships of the pursuers any whither independent of wind and tide. And the ways of the pirates became hard. The good spirits who had given the calms and the labyrinth of creeks, had been defeated by this invention of the devil, and there was nothing for it now but copra and cock-fighting.

But the good spirits died hard. It took the

A GORONTALESE PUBERTY CEREMONY.

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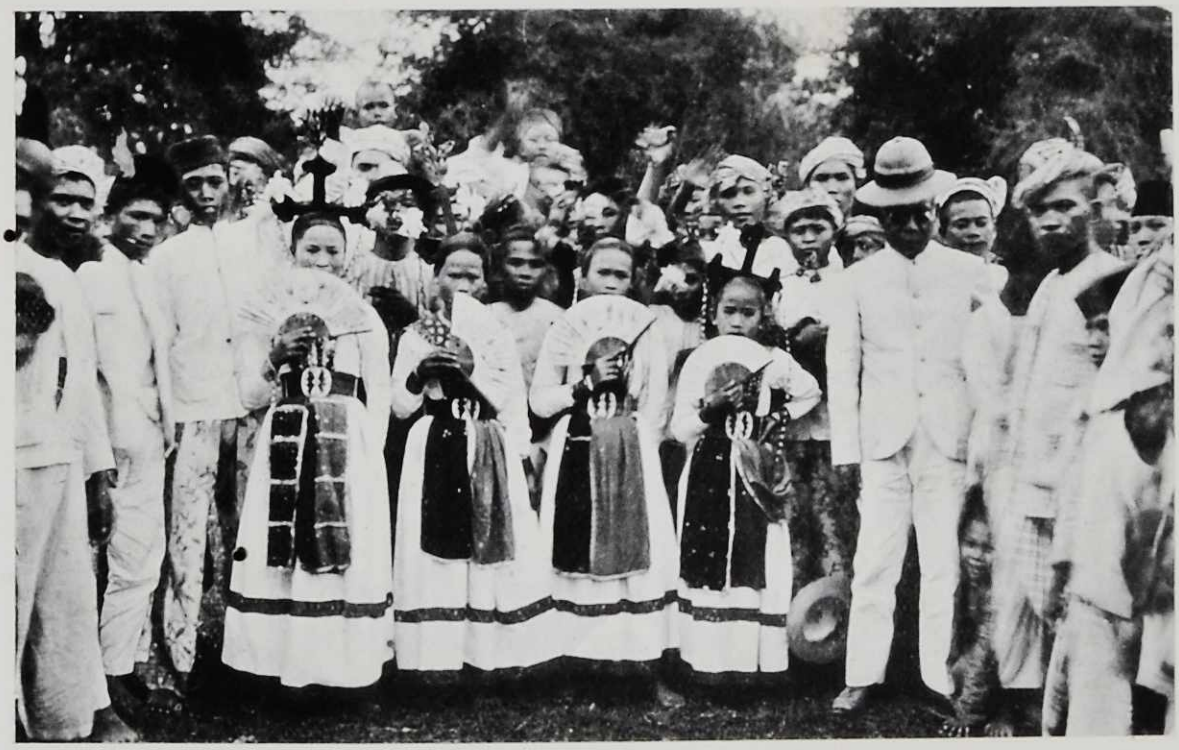
Dutch fifty years of steam to clear the archipelago of pirates, for the war steamers were slow, for a while, and dared not venture into the haunts of the swift canoes and praus. They could destroy in the open sea; but in shallow waters they were toothless. The piratical craft fled into the mazes of their thick-strewn islands, and laughed at the gunboats. But the evil spirits of the West were against them; by the help of the devil again they invented the steam launch, and it was all over with that beautiful combination of the lottery and the cockfight which had made this archipelago a paradise. Into the most intimate haunts of these much-persecuted tollkeepers this diabolic invention was able to follow them. And the good old times were gone for ever. It is just about thirty years ago that the last pirates were driven to the degradation of honest work. In Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" we read again and again of the scare they made almost chronic as far east and south as the Aru Islands, and that was in the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century. Wallace was never pirated himself, though the crews of his leaky old praus often tried to make him as panicstricken as themselves. He laughed at them, probably because he knew that his preserved beetles and bugs and moths were no prize for these high-flying gamblers. Had piracy outlived the steam launch here, it would have now fallen before the motor launch.

Organised Piracy

But the more respectable form of piracy still lived on—the pirate empire, the pirate clothed in the authority of the sultan or rajah. He did not seize or wreck ships, but he enjoyed the proceeds of such adventures. His immediate subjects, perhaps, grew a little spices or rice, or gathered a little dammar or rattan in the forests to trade off to the Chinese or Arab traffickers for foreign luxuries. But the bulk of his revenues came from the operations of his far-roving mercenaries; thus he got all his slaves to hold or sell, thus he filled his harem with wives, and his palace with gold and precious stones; thus was he able to make his court a centre of all the Malay arts, especially weapon-making and hilt-chasing. He extorted subsidies or bribes from lesser rajahs by the promise of protection from the visits of his myrmidons. These became first protected states, and then parts of his empire; and thus it extended over regions that on the map seem placed by nature beyond his control. Plunder only took another form. It was no longer capricious or catastrophic; but steady and regular in its recurrence, so that it seemed to be but a common feature of life. Such empires we had in those of Ternate and Tidore, of the Sulu Archipelago, and of Zebu in the Philippines, where Magellan was

IN GALA DRESS.



DANCING GIRLS.

GORONTALO.

[*To face page* 108.

killed. They were all over the archipelago, except Java, Bali, and Lombok.

Civilisation and Piracy

The exception was due to the proximity of these islands to India, where there was generally some organised and civilised empire. Early in our era, if not long before, Brahmin traders ventured across the Indian Ocean, to seek markets and the sources of their spices. They established their religion, and slowly concentrated power in the hands of a monarch. They were not maritime, but agricultural, and they taught the natives of these three favoured islands the advantages of steady industry. They could protect their subjects and their coasts from the incursions of the pirates and the piratical empires farther east. They took freely of the earnings of their peoples; but they reduced the takings to rule and law, and they allowed no others to take freely from the same source. Every tourist can see the result as he travels through Java, and could see it as plainly if he had the same cue and opportunity of travelling through Bali and Lombok. The Dutch have built on the foundations that the Hindus laid, but have built more soundly, especially in the last half-century.

Permanent Effect of Piracy

If any one wishes to see the permanent effects of piracy and piratical empires, he should travel round Celebes and away into its gulfs that penetrate from all sides. It is larger than Java, and, one can see by its forests, as rich in soil, whilst its climate, though it lies across the Equator, is more equable. Here in Gorontalo, about 30 miles north of that invisible line, the wind is blowing as cool as in the Sydney spring, and yet it is midsummer. And for the last week all round the gulf I have not once experienced heat as great as one often has in February or March on the coast of New South Wales. It is the oceanic serration of the island that secures this equability. Few parts are far out of reach of the sea breezes. The land of this gulf stretches round it as narrow as the lobe of a Solomon Islander's ear round its ornamental plug. Yet there are the scantiest signs of cultivation, and these belong in most cases to this generation. At intervals of 20 to 100 miles one sees a village with a belt of cocoanuts bristling along the beach for a mile or two, or, perhaps, the pier and sheds of a gold mine inland. All else is as it has been—innocent of human industry or occupation. The "forest primeval" is here, as it was not long after the land rose from the sea. One or two villages look as if they were a few generations old; but

they were probably themselves nests or harbourers of pirates. The people had to live away in the mountains far from the coasts; and then their villages, or kampongs, could be seen, each on some inaccessible ridge or precipice, and surrounded with gated palisades and earthworks. In spite of these defensive measures, they were every few years plundered and carried off as slaves by marauding bands of sea-rovers, who let them alone till the panic had worn itself out, and the memory grown dim. I was astonished at the rarity of cultivation after a generation of peace. But the explanation was given that the Celebes wild pig is the invincible foe of cocoanut plantations. He comes down in herds and roots out a young grove, even when three or four years old, in a night. The obvious reply was, why not fence against these grubbers? There is plenty of both bamboo and rattan. The real reason is the sparseness of the population, an effect of the ancient piracy that will remain for centuries to come in all these islands to the East.

Piracy and the Birthrate

Even in Minahassa, the end of the north peninsula of Celebes, it is only now that the population begins to increase rapidly, although it has had more than fifty years of prosperity. Wallace, when he was there in the middle of the

nineteenth century, marked how small the families were, and how slow the growth of the numbers ; and he attributed it to the hard work the women had to do, making them old at thirty. There is still the same domestic *régime*, and yet the families are often as large as sixteen, and one below seven in number is quite unusual ; the women have the reputation of being the handsomest in the archipelago. One can see that the people as a whole are quite light-complexioned, though their country is so close to the Equator. Their features and build seem to indicate that some Caucasian strain has nearly submerged the negritto and mongoloid features of the Malayan ; and, though the majority are as short in stature as the Javanese, a tall, broad-built frame is not uncommon, and indicates that it is from Polynesia, the region of tallest and stoutest build in the Pacific, that the infusion has come. The rajahs and members of aristocratic families in the Sanguir Archipelago that stretches north from Menado, reveal in their faces and build the same strain. Coffee was what gave Minahassa its first stimulus to prosperity and increase of birthrate ; copra has sent the population of Sanguir up by leaps and bounds. The fear of piracy and the pirate-empires sterilised the whole of the region, and it takes a generation or two of prosperity to desterilise any part of it by removing the uncertainty of life and liberty.

The last Pirate-Empire

In Celebes at least it is only four years since the last pirate-empire was shattered. The Gulf of Boni, which runs far into the island from the south on the other side of the Macassar Peninsula was in 1908 the scene of one of the most difficult of the numerous petty wars which the Government of Netherlands India has had to engage in in order to secure justice, if not civilisation, for the harassed and downtrodden tribes inland. Macassar has been a centre of civilisation and commerce for more than three hundred years, and yet the pacification of the peninsula which it taps is only now accomplished. The Rajah of Boni held piratical sway over the peoples of the gulf, and forced the subordinate potentates like the Rajah of Gowa to join him in his schemes and expeditions. He ravaged and plundered the Toradja, the wild peoples that occupy the broad region south of the Gulf of Tomini, and carried thousands of them away into slavery. The result was that these inland tribes indulged more and more in their ritual head-hunting, and took the head of every stranger who ventured into their territory. Just before the war two Arab traders, pioneers of commerce into the mountains, paid tribute with their heads. Now they and the Chinese pass in and out without risk; the head-hunting has vanished;

the eating of the brains of the victim and the drinking of his blood indulged in freely by one tribe south of Lake Posso are things of the past.

But this was at a cost of 20,000 lives and a long and exhausting struggle. Pirate-empires die hard. And the Rajah of Boni had the energy and ferocity of the old pirate-captains. He offered five guilders (some 8*s.* 4*d.*, a fortune to these inlanders) to every Toradja who would join his forces. It was too late ; the iron of enslavement had entered too deeply into their souls ; none took the offer ; and even his own subjects he had to entice into his ranks by a similar bribe. When the war was finished and he and the subordinate potentates sent into exile, it was found that 20,000 Toradjas were serving as slaves in the pirate-empire. They are slowly being restored to freedom and home. Now any one can ride a bicycle all over this wild country, without molestation. But it will take perhaps half a century before these mountaineers recover from their chronic state of fear and their consequent sterility ; perhaps longer before they feel so safe under the just and paternal rule of the Dutch as to share in the copra prosperity of their fellow islanders, and to venture on increase of their numbers.

CHAPTER X

AN ISLET PARADISE

I HAD spent so long in the Sanguir Archipelago and the Minahassa, or northern point of Celebes, that I was anxious to catch the East Coast steamer at Gorontalo on July 7th. But the fates were against me. The previous steamer round Sanguir had got on shore and the *Van Kloon* had her cargo to take up in addition to her own. We were two days behind the time-table when we left Ternate. And when we ran into the pretty little harbour of Gorontalo we could see no other funnel smoking between the precipitous hills that enclosed it; and a question asked of the first canoe that reached us from the shore elicited the answer that the steamer we wished to catch had sailed the night before.

THE TORADJAS AND BAJAUS

This meant that my proposed voyage up the Gulf of Boni and ride across the recently pacified Toradja country must be abandoned. I had to be

satisfied with seeing the northern fringe of these mountaineers as we sailed round the southern shore of the huge Gulf of Tomini. For more than a week we shot from village to village, gathering in our copra from the far-scattered cocoanut plantations, and good rattan and dammar from the edges of the primeval forest that clothed most of the shores from reef to ridge. Much was there to see of the primitive sort. The first bay we anchored in on the south coast had not only a Bugi village along the beach, with its mosque, minaretted with corrugated iron ; but right out on the edge of the reef there rose on piles from the water a Bajau village that must have been a facsimile of the ancient Swiss lake dwellings. There the thatch-roofed houses stood on their platforms high above the water, with a canoe here and there tied to the ladder or to a pile. The central house, much larger than the others, was evidently the community house, or guest house. This is one of the few fixed settlements of the sea-gypsies, or Bajaus, who live as a rule their whole lives, from birth to death, on board their canoes. They used to follow the fashionable profession of the Malay Archipelago, and indulge in piracy ; but that has gone the way of all ancient lawlessness, and they now live on the fish they catch and the proceeds of the trepang they sell to the Chinese.

DAMMAR COLLECTORS.

NOTE THE PLUG OF BETEL NUT AND SIRIH LEAF BETWEEN THE LIPS—A FASHION IN MALAYASIA.

IN HOLIDAY DRESS OF BARK CLOTH.

TORADJAS OF POSSO.

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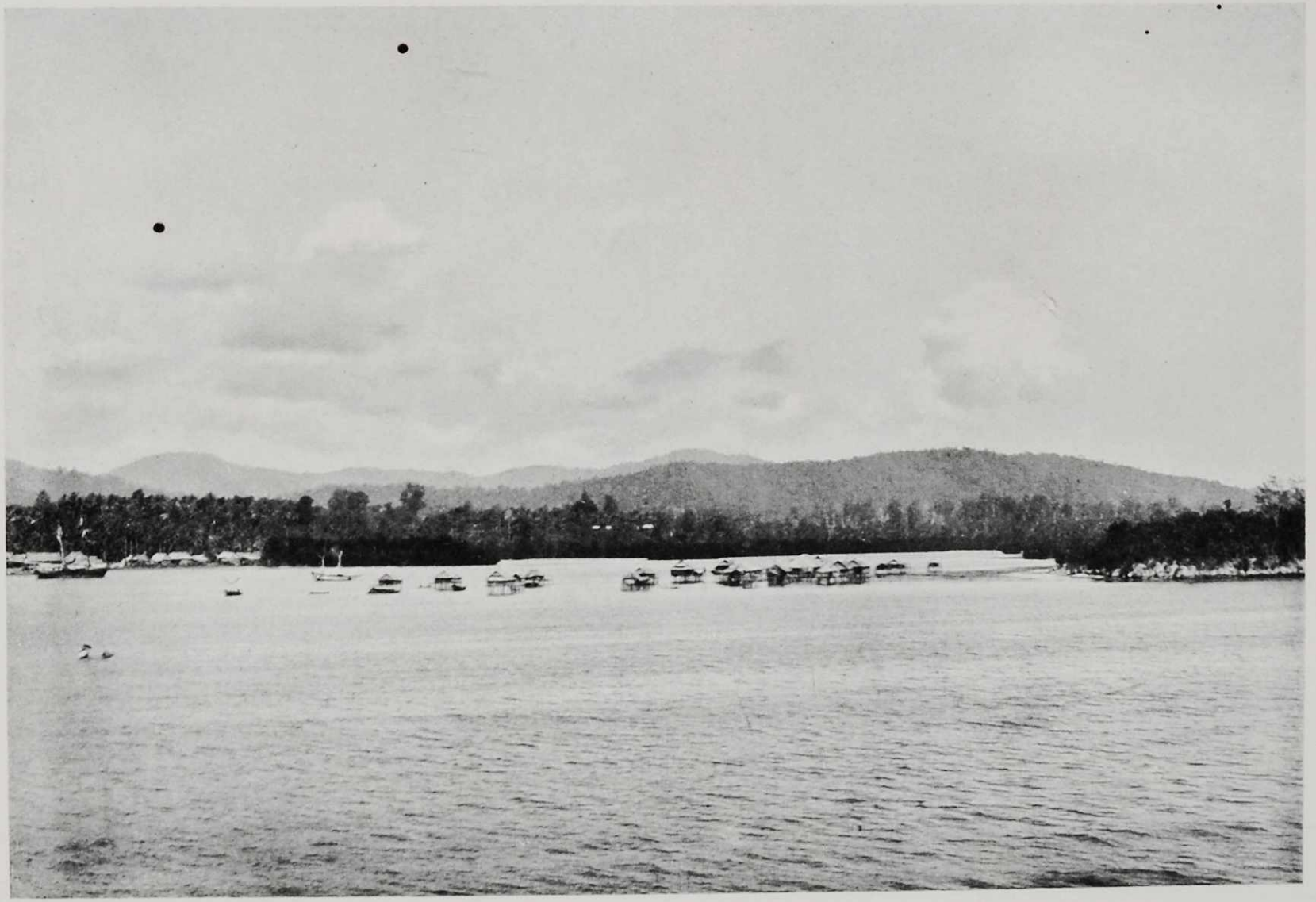
Fishermen and Volcanoes

The nomadic life of the sea is not confined to them; for we took across the Molucca Sea from Kema to Ternate six large fishing canoes with a hundred men, women, and children that had lived in them for months, and from the latter centre of the old pirate-empire we brought to the volcanic islet of Una Una, in the centre of the Gulf of Tomini, three others. These canoes, though plankbuilt and somewhat frail, are, like the old Maori war-canoes, high-peaked at both bow and stern, and when they were put overboard, painted spheres were stuck on their peaks. Their own volcano had three years ago, by its violent eruption, driven them all on board their fishing canoes, resolved to desert the island they had occupied for centuries; a Dutch gunboat dissuaded them. Yet here they were, making for a little island that had scared by its showers of ashes all its Bugi inhabitants but one from their homes some fourteen years ago. That one had bought their cocoanut trees from the fugitives at threepence apiece, and he was now the owner of 30,000 full-bearing trees and the rajah of the island, having a revenue from his copra of about a hundred thousand pounds a year.

The Toradjas and Pirate Empires

What I looked forward to most was perhaps the most disappointing. In the deep bay of Posso, on the southern shore, I hoped to see many of the wild Toradja of the interior. They were only tame and Christianised specimens, diggers of dammar or resin in the forests of the mountains, when they cannot find it on the trunks of the trees. Missionaries have been amongst them for more than thirty years, and the Chinese and Arab traders even longer. The old head-hunting and banquets on an enemy's blood and brains are mere traditions.

When I got back to Macassar, I found that the Governor had detained the Government steamer more than a week to see if I would be able to join it on its voyage up the Gulf of Boni. For, he assured me, his Toradjas, pacified only four years ago, and head-hunters up till then, were quite different from the domesticated specimens of Posso. They had been real wild men up in their mountains, with their villages perched on precipices, till the Dutch had broken the power of the Rajah of Boni over them. This potentate had sent his brigands in every year to plunder them and capture them to sell as slaves; and they had retaliated by taking the head of every stranger who



PAGEIMANA.

A BUGI COPRA-GROWING VILLAGE WITH A SEA-GIPSY SETTLEMENT ON PILES AT THE MOUTH OF THE BAY.

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entered their country. They had no tribal organisation, although they had the patriarchal system of society, and though they had a rajah, he was but nominal ruler, and had a Bugi wife. Boni had been conquered in 1856 by the Dutch; and the kingdom, according to their usual policy, was handed back to the rajah; he rose against them eight years ago, and was joined by his wealthy ally, the Rajah of Gowa to the south. It cost 20,000 lives to end the rebellion; the potentate of Gowa threw himself down a precipice; the main offender was captured and exiled to Java, where he died; and his palace was transported to Macassar, where it has served as a museum.

The Rajah's Palace and Toradja Houses

The Governor took me to visit it, and though its exhibits have most of them been sent to Batavia, there remained the palace itself and some fine models of praus and houses. The rectangular hall, as large as our largest town hall, was divided up into sections by ornamental wooden screens minutely carved and painted in the conventional arabesque style. The side walls were plain; but outside the front was beautifully carved and painted; and like all the houses of the country it was raised on piles some ten feet from the ground and a flight of royal steps, each only about

three inches high, and a long, roofed porch led to it. So all the Bugi houses as well as the Toradja houses were elevated, to judge by the models. By far the more massive and more ornamental were the latter; their storehouses were, like the Maori pataka, most richly carved, with conventionalised designs, some of them spiral scrolls: and though there were none of them on these models, many of their large community houses have monstrous carved images of the human form as decorations as in the Maori carved house. Some of the struts and supports were long bird-necks with heads like that of the cassowary, a bird that is found only in Ceram westwards of New Guinea. Some of the carvings these wild artists have made for the roofed bridges that the Dutch have built over the rivers have the same tendency to the obscene as Maori sculpture. But their agriculture was far beyond the Polynesian; they terraced their hills and grew irrigated rice like the Javanese.

Types in Prison

The Governor then took me to visit the prison in order to see the various types of natives from the south of Celebes. Most of them were of the small-statured, small-boned Malayan type; only two or three had the big frame and stout limbs of the Polynesian, and these had as a rule the oval face and regular features and hair that tended to

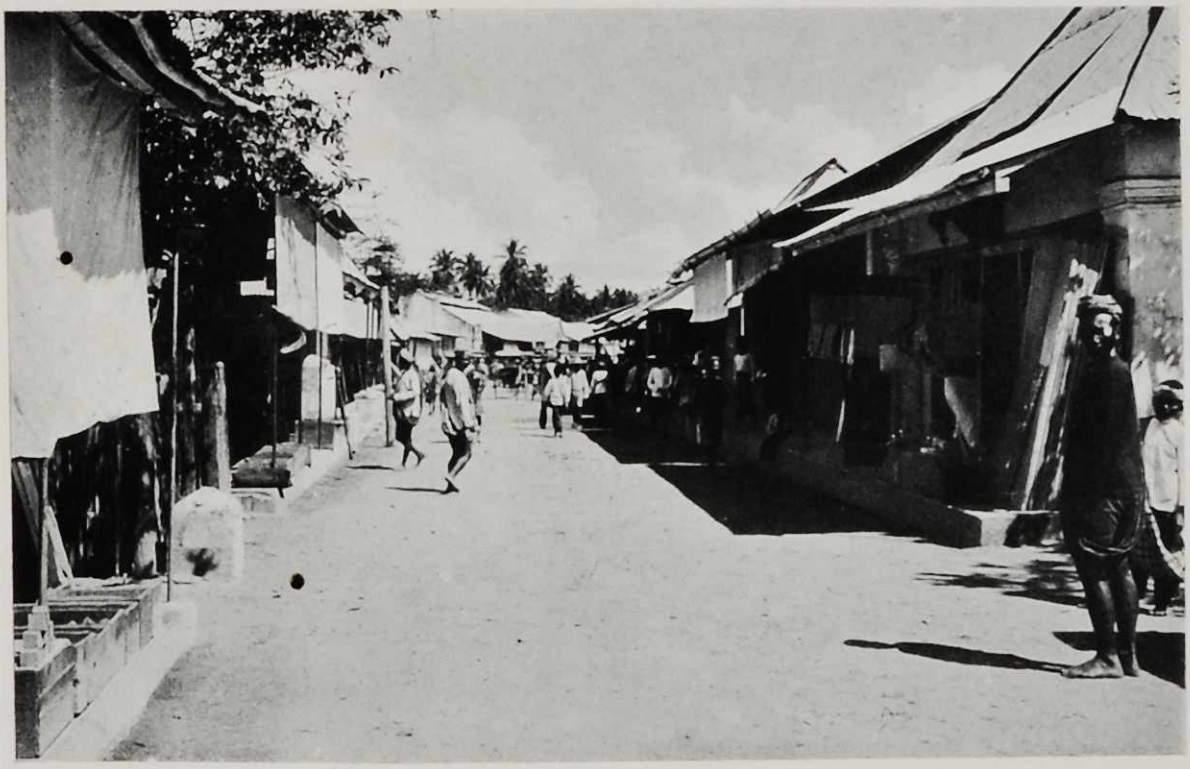
be wavy. A large number were ill with beri beri, although the authorities, I could see, were making the prisoners tread out and husk their own rice in order to check the disease, as it is generally agreed that one of the sources is the use of rice that has been some time out of the husk. Out of the many hundreds in the gaol only two were Toradjas, and I was led to see them; they had distinctly Polynesian build and face, and there was nothing of the Papuan in them. Crimes are the rarest thing now amongst these wild men, who were only three or four years ago the most persistent head-hunters. Two Arab traders who ventured into their country three years ago lost their heads. Now any stranger may bicycle right through their valleys without molestation, although there are no soldiers and no police; the only sign of Dutch authority is the presence of two assistant Residents. The Governor is naturally proud of this achievement, and as I had not time to go through the region this time I promised on my next visit to go through the land of his pacific wild men. It is the justice of Dutch rule, in contrast with the wrongs done to them by the piratical empire of Boni, that has worked the transformation. When the war closed there were found to be 20,000 Toradja slaves in the kingdom of Boni. And even yet it is difficult to draw them down from their fortified precipices to more accessible sites for their villages.

"Bad Name" Islet

To make up for my disappointment in missing this interesting expedition, the Governor took me out on my last day in Macassar, to two of the islands of the Spermonde Archipelago, an ancient haunt of pirates. We set out early, and had breakfast on board the Government steamer. On the distant horizon we could see our goal as a minute speck of green on the blue waters. As we got nearer it seemed a mass of foliage rising in terraces to the centre of the islet. The ring of cocoanuts looked low against the background, and I came to the conclusion that there were low terraced hills in the middle of the little raised reef. As we anchored we could see that the houses round the shore were as close as the trees, and praus and canoes were still more numerous.

This was the islet of Kuding Areng. The legend of the origin of this name was thus given me. It had borne a short but gross title before. But the Rajah of Gowa, to whose domain it belonged along with the many other islets in the neighbourhood, came one time many centuries ago to visit it; and the chief, when asked its name, felt ashamed of it, and answered "bad name" ("kuding aren" in Macassarese), and this title has since clung to it. Unfortunately for this, there is generally added to the name "lompo," or big;

THE RAJAH'S GUARD GOING THEIR NIGHTLY ROUNDS.



THE PASAR.

GORONTALO.

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for there is a still smaller islet called "Kuding Areng Keke," that is, "the little." And in the Admiralty Pilot I find the name translated "Red Deer Island." A bad name it undoubtedly had once for piracy; but that was the trade on which the empire of Gowa and most of the neighbouring empires were built. In the eyes of the Rajah it would be not only quite respectable, but the only occupation of an honourable and ambitious man.

An Ideal Village

The headman was on the beach to receive us, and he led us through all the village from beach to beach, followed by a crowd of wondering natives. East and west, north and south we went along the straight streets; they were the cleanest streets I have ever seen outside of Holland, every one of them freshly swept and watered every morning and often through the day. The only offensive odour to be smelt was that of the burning heaps of rubbish that had been hauled to the open spaces. And in the centre of the island were the only open spaces; there was the mosque with its iron roof and matted floor and cisterns of water to wash the feet before entering; there were the cemeteries of the island with their low stakes, one for the woman and two for the man; there were the most ancient

trees of the village, breadfruit, canarium nut, galumpo nut, and other large-leaved fruit trees, hundreds of years old and hundreds of feet high. It was these that produced the illusion that the island rose in terraces towards its centre. None of it was more than five or six feet above the level of the sea; and if there ever were high seas in these narrow, islet-studded straits, they must have swept clean over it. But there is not scope for the working up of huge billows; and the little outrigger dug-outs and broader plank-built fishing canoes can be out on the reef almost every day of the year angling or netting fish.

Every street ran between high bamboo fences except where there were the little booths or shops, most of them what we should call ship-chandlers', full of ropes, cordage, and hooks and sail matting, and the little shoe-shaped red pottery fireplaces on which they cook their meals in the canoes. Over the fences hung trees, most of them acacias, with a fine large divided leaf, a yellow flower and a long pod, all of which are used in making a sauce. Behind the two or three trees stood a house on its piles, with its gable in front carrying two, three, or four ornamental leaves, according to the wealth or rank of the owner. They had all a look of prosperity, and swarmed with children, who, up till six or seven, wore nothing but the garb of nature and a Moslem talisman of metal. Every one who

followed us or whom we met had a look of comfort. Amongst all the hundreds of houses that we saw, there was not one that could be called a slum. And yet they were set in their little yards as close as slums are in a great modern city.

It was the most crowded piece of ground I had ever seen outside of urban centres; every yard of it seemed to be of the greatest value; and the Governor called the attention of the chief to one house that made an effort at a garden and orchard, and told him that it was a luxurious superfluity on so confined an islet. But every house with its yard was tidy and clean and prosperous; and there was no sign of disease even on the skins of the children.

Islam and Primitive Peoples

We were welcomed by the wife of the chief into his house; and there the table was spread for us with all kinds of native dainties and confections, cakes of sago and sugar in shape of flowers and animals, and jellies of all colours, made of agaragar, the white, gelatinous seaweed that we saw for sale in the shops in long, rectangular, latticed tubes. The room was large and well furnished with chairs, carpets, and ornaments. We had finely flavoured tea to drink, and the confections tasted well. When we rose to go, she followed the usual custom

and, with much salaaming, presented the Governor with a sarong. It was striking to see the woman take so prominent a part in a Moslem community. No religion has spread so widely in the Malay Archipelago; and yet it has been unable to cancel the old social habits and relegate women to the privacy of the harem and the veil. It seems to suit these still primitive people; for it changes their superstitions and habits but slightly, only substituting talisman for talisman, and rite for rite, leaving the inner mind and the primeval social fabric untouched. In one effect it differs by a whole world from Christianity in this region; it throws no discredit on manual labour, whilst the Sirani or native Christians, avoid it and devote themselves to black-coated employments, however poorly they may be paid. Everywhere employers complained that it was only the Moslems that they could get to work.

No Police and no Cases

So small seemed the islet and so many the people that I asked the number. The headman said that 800 paid taxes, and that meant 4000 on the little circlet of coral. Its diameter one way is about two-thirds of a mile, and the other way about half a mile. And yet there was not the slightest sign in this crowded space of the poverty and

neglect which appear even in our colonial cities. And I was assured there were no police on the islet, nor were any needed; the headman settled all disputes, and none came before the courts in Macassar.

An Eden, but Human

But, as into all Edens, the serpent had crept into this. As we passed the end of one street we saw a crowd standing round a blind old man who wore the kris and other signs of authority. He was led forward and took the Governor's hand between his and fondled it, and as he bent his old head down a torrent of complaints poured from his lips against his youthful successor; he had been the headman, but had to be set aside by the village assembly because of his blindness and his age, and a younger man was chosen in his stead; against this supplanter he was bitter with jealousy and rage. But the Governor judiciously administered correction and counsel in the presence of his rival, and advised him not to meddle in the affairs of the community; he kissed the rod and invited us to his house, where we were entertained again with sweetmeats and tea and another sarong was presented.

Not Socialistic

I was so struck with the absence of all sign of poverty or misery or disagreement (except in the case of the rival headmen), that I made inquiry as to the basis of the social system that had turned the ancient pirate community into a peaceful and happy fishing and trading people. Every head of a household, I was assured, owned his own house and canoe. There was nothing but private and individual property, nothing but the competitive system of the Western world, and, for that matter, of the whole world. It was the peace and the justice of the Dutch administration that had worked the miracle. These people were all law-abiders, because they believed in its justice and protection. The rest was done by successful industry.

Administration at Fault

Another island we visited, Barang Lompo, revealed something amiss in its social organisation and spirit; for it was as untidy as the other had been neat, and there were here and there houses that looked dilapidated, and canoes that were rotting; the children were unkemp and neglected. There was evident here something like the slummage of our great cities. Yet it was under the same laws and government as the insular Eden we had just left. It was the local administration

that was at fault, and not the system. The headman was absent in Macassar. When we landed at the pier we met him and he salaamed and kissed the rod. But his wife and her father, the old imaum, or priest of the Mosque, entertained us in his house with the usual confections and tea and sarong.

Oriental Loreleis

As we steamed away from these foliage-smothered islets, we could see hundreds of canoes out on the edge of the reef busy fishing. And it was told how the fisherfolks believe in spirits of the reef (taka rewata), who appear in the surf where the winds churn the breakers into foam. And when they are passing in their canoes, these sirens beckon to them to come ; but they know that it is only to destruction that they beckon, and though it is hard to resist their beauty and the fascination of their waving arms, most of them turn their faces and the bows of their canoes away and reach their home in the village ; now and again a young fisherman, who has yielded before to maidenly charms and believes in his own power of fascination, yields, and he is never seen more. It is not on the Rhine alone that there have been Loreleis.

CHAPTER XI

SOME ILLUSIONS ABOUT THE TROPICS

TOO MUCH FOCUSSING AND TOO LITTLE MAKE PICTURES UNTRUE

THE most frequent source of illusion is picture and figure of speech. The writer and the painter have to choose what will most readily impress the imagination. A description or picture must have a theme that will easily frame, and, as the Dutch say, "run into the eye." The ordinary or most frequently recurring features have to be omitted or let fall into the background. What is presented is true of the special point it presents. But it is false when applied to the whole or generalised. The result is that most of our notions of a region are askew, a fact we have often discovered in Europe, when some one begins to talk of Australia before he has visited it, or studied its geography, climate and people.

Perhaps no region suffers more in this way than the tropics, because we are born and bred in the temperate zone, we who are the chief market

of pictures of tropical life. Our schoolbooks are full of its wonders, and from childhood we are storing up in the picture-gallery of our minds impressions that are quite out of perspective and proportion. Even amongst those who travel the correction is inadequate, as it comes from a dart across the equator in a steamer or a brief sojourn in India. The massed panorama of the tropics in our minds remains as untrue as scraps of poetical description or coloured sketches have made it.

Tropical Sunshine "Mere Moonshine"

Perhaps the most persistent impression with most of us is that "the sun's aye shining there," as "in the land o' the leal." It is an impression difficult to remove or modify ; for if we visit some tropical country, it is generally in its best season ; or if we steam across the equator, the liberal awnings and our topis or parasols serve only to emphasise the oppressive heat that comes, as we know, from the dominance of the sun ; and the glare of the reflected sunlight from the sea burns the emphasis into the brain. The Indian Ocean and Red Sea or the open Pacific leave us exhausted and glad to feel again the cool breezes and waters of our native zone.

In Peru and Central America this picture

of tropical sunlight was much modified in my mind by a sojourn of a few months' travel there. And the two or three months I have already spent in the Malay Archipelago have almost obliterated it. I think I could count on the fingers of my hand the number of days on which I have seen the sun clearly for even a few hours. And this is not because I have confined myself to one hemisphere. I have been zigzagging across the equator most of the time, now in the hemisphere of the wet monsoon, and again in that of the dry monsoon. Most of my sunny days I had in Java. And there I bought a topi, expecting an oppressive sunlight as I got nearer and nearer to the equator. It now seems almost a mockery—this substitution of a special sun-hat for the ordinary hat. Most of the time I could have walked about without my hat with perfect impunity. For clouds, and these generally thick clouds, have been the most usual drapery of the sky. It is true that old residents and travellers in Netherlands India have assured me the season is quite exceptional. I accept the assurance; but there is a haunting suspicion that I have heard the phrase before in other regions and climates.

At the present moment, as I write, we are lying at the entrance of a lagoon in a great coral atoll called Gisser, at the south-east end of Ceram, and the clouds that have made the sun all day at

AMBON.

CREMBAI—AMBON.

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his best like a dirty gelatine lozenge, have drawn to rain again. Early in the morning, before I rose, I had to close my port against the drizzle. Yesterday I was on the coast of New Guinea, and the sun was so strong about midday that my topi was a comfort, and my umbrella, which I took on shore too, the mockery. It was only for about an hour he shone; clouds and mist came up not long after midday, and by four o'clock it was pouring in earnest. In Amboina and all around Ceram it was not greatly different.

A Meteorological Cave of Adullam

But I must not forget to add that that little island of spices and the southern shore of its great neighbour have a meteorological region to themselves. They lie in a weather-pocket of their own. They are south of the equator, and ought by rights at this time of the year to be in the dry season of the south-east trades. They ought to be all sunshine and no showers. Banda, about 12 hours' steam to the south of Amboina, has now its rainless season, and so has the north coast of Ceram. It rains almost every day during June, July, August, and September in the deep fiord in which Amboina lies, and in the forested fiords of the south coast of Ceram, when all the rest of the Malay world is supposed to be "lapped in

sunshine." It is their big wet season ; whilst they have their little wet season in December, January, and February, when their neighbours to the south of the equator are having theirs. As far as I can make out, this singular pocket in weather is due to the proximity of the great snow ranges in the west of New Guinea. The Charles Louis Range, with some of its peaks rising to 17,000 feet, draws the moisture from the northern hemisphere, which is now supposed to be having its wet monsoon. Then the south-east trades catch the clouds and blow them straight along the south of Ceram, for the great mountain range stretches in the same direction and funnels the winds and their moisture along the coast of the long east-and-west island.

Unexpected Coolness

But all along the coast of Borneo and Celebes, through the Sanguir Archipelago, in Ternate, and round the Gulf of Tomini, the sun was as shy and the clouds were as persistent and generous of their moisture. The best of it was that the showers usually fell in the night, and, for the days, I felt that I could well dispense with the ministrations of the sun and his nerve-destroying ultra-violet rays. The result has been far cooler weather than Sydney usually experiences in the height of summer, and nights that were comfortably cool. To the north

of the equator in June and July, when it is supposed to be midsummer there, I not infrequently drew the coverlet over me in the early hours of the morning; and right on the equator I felt up till ten in the forenoon as if I ought to have a warmer suit on. The cool nights and the absence of sun-glare by day have made my wanderings in this equatorial region as agreeable as they were in the same zone of South and Central America.

No Flowers to "make the green one red"

And they will serve to explain the disappearance of another illusion before actual experience. Our conservatories and orchid houses are responsible for the common belief of our boyhood that the tropics are one great splash of colour. We see in the stories and dreams of our youth gorgeous blooms rising in tiers up the slopes of the mountains. As a rule the moisture is too great to let the foliage fall into subordination. The huge trees take command and claim whatever sunshine struggles through the clouds. All else is dwarfed, unless the hand of man lets light in. Here and there my eye, as it wandered over the monotonous ocean of green, has caught a scarlet patch. On closer inspection it turned out to be a giant specimen of the flamboyant tree. But sombre

olive is the prevailing colour. And it is little wonder to one who has experienced so much moisture in the dry season, and such prevailing greyness of sky in the zone of equatorial sunshine. On the coast of New Guinea, where it is said to rain three days out of four, one could see that man undeveloped, and unmachined, had little chance against the billows of vegetation that rolled over the hills. And in Celebes, Borneo, and Ceram the forest is not much less despotic, claiming as its own again every little encroachment of man, whenever he stopped for a season to take breath. Only in such clearings had the lowlier shrubs and plants that flower any chance against the giant monopolists of the sun. Here we could see in the momentary glades wild flowers bloom, eager climbers stretch their beauty up to the sun, and magnificent orchids cling amongst the matted stems of creepers that had achieved, and were fighting the giants for very life. But one has to seek far before he finds this brilliant colour in the sea of green. If one wishes to see panoramas of wild flowers that have it all their own for their blossoms, one must seek the temperate zone, where man has swept the forest aside; one must go to the high meadows of Switzerland, or the lanes and heaths of England. Beauty follows in the track of industrious man; for he gives the lowly amongst plants space and sunshine to bloom in.

FISH MARKET.

MARKET.

AMBON.

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An Australian Enclave

But it would be a mistake to think that Nature crushes human effort and lowly floral beauty in every part of this region. The great island continent to the south has Australianised the climate and nature of the line of islands that stretches from Java, and its neighbours, Bali and Lombok, eastwards; Sumbawa, Sumba, Flores, and Timor, with their satellites, have no great forests that take command; they have borrowed droughts from Australia, and abound in dry, park-like stretches. In Java, Bali, and Lombok man has mastered nature; for there, and there alone, he was organised into great agricultural empires; else they, too, would have remained sombre with forest, like Borneo and Celebes, and but sparsely populated.

Man as rare as Flowers

That is another illusion which vanishes before a voyage round the less known islands. Most of us have had an idea that the tropics, and especially this corner of the tropics, teem with population. And the idea is strengthened in the minds of most tourists here; for they visit only Java; and that island has become saturated with people. Let them pass beyond it, and they will find vast stretches of solitude as they sail along the coast,

oceans of forests from hill-top to sea, broken here and there by a lonely atap-roofed village on its piles nestling in some bay. It is the sparseness of the population that strikes one in voyaging round the archipelagoes that stipple the sea from Java to New Guinea; there are islands and even groups of islands that have not a single human being on them. And I have met or heard of Australians who have got concessions of land, or are in search of them, for plantations of rubber and cocoanuts; most of them are from Dobu, the great pearling station, that has taken the place of Thursday Island, or from New Guinea. But their difficulty with rubber will be the lack of labour; it is only in Java that there is plenty; for there and in Bali and Lombok alone has it learned to be at once industrious and prolific. Even there in the old times there was not enough; for amongst other commodities that were bought by the Bugi traders to sell away west were slaves, not only Papuan but Malayan. The great pirate empires of Ternate and Tidore, of Boni and Gowa were founded on this trade even more than on spices.

The Pirates made Solitudes

And here we get at one of the main reasons of the lack of population in the eastward islands. Up till Wallace's visits here in the middle of last

century, the fear of pirates was anything but fanciful. Every few years they would swoop down on some island or coast that had forgotten their raids, and carry off thousands to the slave markets, driving the villagers far inland for safety. As the pirates and pirate empires were suppressed by the Dutch, the Malayans, from further west, have reoccupied the coasts to some extent, and crossed with the original inhabitants who have ventured down from the mountains into their midst. Here, on the coast of Ceram, both north and south, we have a great mixture of peoples; now you see a tall, well-built figure that has no kinship with the Malay; but the slender frame and short stature of the Malayan predominate over this and over the occasional Papuan head and form one sees. But the Pax Hollandica has induced some of the wild tribes of the mountains to come down and build their villages on the plain or on the sea coast. It is easy to see that they form a different type from both Malayan and Papuan.

The Sago makes more Solitudes.

But they will not work, or if they work, will do so only by fits and starts. And yet these powerful fellows in the mountains make little or no use of the sago that is the curse of the Eastern islands, and most of all the coastal Ceramese. Their

constant occupation was war, war of tribe on tribe, war for heads; and now that their occupation is gone they will have no other. But the main cause of the scarcity of labour in the Moluccas and New Guinea is sago. By cutting down a sago palm just before it is about to flower and die and ridding its pith of fibre, they have enough with a few days' labour to support them for six or nine months. And it is not in undisciplined human nature to spend the other days of the period in work. They have no winter to provide against, and now that war is a forbidden game they loaf. And there comes upon them the curse of the idle and luxurious —infertility. There are but few children to be seen about their villages, and for that matter, few old people, too; disease and filth follow on indolence and claim their victims early. The ideal of plenty of food and leisure without much effort means decadence for the section of mankind that has attained it. The removal of the threat of occasional fasts and possible starvation does not signify the millennium, but the stoppage first of labour and progress, and then the ultimate obliteration of the community. That is the lesson plainly to be read in the villages of these Eastern islands.

Plenty and Idleness

The old days of constant war for the strong and constant slavery for the weak were nearer the

millennium than this. There was discipline and organisation and work at least, and these kept up the vitality not only of the individual, but of the community and the race. In these primitive communities of loafers disease is the most manifest phenomenon. It is everywhere—skin disease, ophthalmia, rheumatism, tuberculosis, and leprosy—and that with a simple open-air life, that ought to ensure health. It is a question often discussed by sensible merchants, planters, and captains of steamers, whether the old wars and piracy and slavery or the modern humanitarian policy of the Dutch Government is the greater evil for the peoples of this region. They are like children, without any desire for labour, any sense of responsibility, or anything more than the rudiment of a conscience. And, as in children, these cannot be developed unless by constant discipline, backed by the fear of prompt and certain punishment. It is one of the most persistent and most pernicious of illusions to think that the idle and undisciplined, the primitive and unorganised, are healthy or happy.

"The Curse of Ham"

Organisation is neither spontaneous nor natural amongst men; nor, fortunately, are men by nature peaceable. This last weakness remedies the other

defect. War it is that first organises and disciplines men. You cannot go far in the tropics here, or in the history of these peoples, without discovering this. Alien domination was the first and essential condition of the beginning of organised culture in this region, if not throughout the whole tropical one. And it is doubtful whether anything will ever permanently instil into these peoples the initiative, the discipline, the sense of responsibility and the love and faculty of organisation, that are the basis of self-government. It is one of the greatest illusions amongst the humanitarian ideals of our time that tropical races will ever be fit to govern themselves. Educate them, by all means; but education cannot turn a sow's ear into a silk purse, as the proverb goes. It cannot bring out public common-sense or public responsibility or national self-control where these qualities do not exist in the individual even in embryo. It needs the hard winter of the temperate zone, the inclemency and uncertainty of the seasons, and the niggardliness of nature to develop in men the foresight, the self-discipline, and the quickness and fulness of brain that are the requisite foundation of a self-ordered community. And men who study nature and human nature in the tropics fail to see any gleam of hope that "the white man's burden" will ever fall off his shoulders, as long as there is no other race to take it up. A journey through

these regions and close observation of the peoples soon dispel the illusion that the tropics will ever do their best, or even do anything but their worst, without the guidance of men bred in the temperate zone.

CHAPTER XII

THE OVERLORDS OF THE ARCHIPELAGO

The Palace of the Sultan

The other day I visited Ternate for the second time on my way round Gillolo to North New Guinea. A kindly Dutch official, who knew English and Malay, arranged a meeting with the Sultan of Ternate, and chaperoned me through it. I was anxious to see whether, like the Rajahs of the Sanguir Archipelago, he differed from his people in build and physiognomy. I was prepared to find him the same as his subjects; for several referred to his insignificance of form as well as of influence. We entered the grounds of his palace (we should call them a paddock sloping to the sea) under a pretentious and lonely archway of stone, in the shadow of which half a dozen barefoot soldiers loafed or squatted. As we approached the long flight of steps that led up to the front we saw the little man descending them to meet us with an attendant behind him holding a State umbrella by a six-foot handle over him. He made me ascend

first, and salaamed us to chairs at the end of the great hall.

An unemployed Rajah

He began, after some personal explanations, to tell us that this palace was presented to him by the British during their brief occupation. A smile of deliberate friendliness flouted over his eyes and face as he told this, and turned towards me, and now I knew why he had broken his rule of never receiving a visitor when he was keeping the fast of Ramadan; the officials had told me that an interview was impossible during this period. I looked round the spacious and lofty room, and recognised marks of the English big house of the early nineteenth century; the panelling and the furniture were of that period, and there hung from the centre of the ceiling a huge chandelier gorgeous with countless glass and brass tassels. In the royal costume of state, which he afterwards exhibited to us, I recognised the knee breeches, and the ruffled coat of the British court uniform, though the pink and white stripes of the thin silk masked the resemblance. His head-dresses, however, were by no means British; I expected to see a beaver hat of the old chimney-pot shape; instead of that, it was a long white linen band wound round his head like a turban, but rising into a triangle at the back,

a triangle that none but sultans could wear in their headgear. This was what he appeared in when he went out with us; but he had also a crown of the usual regulation type for monarchs. As he sat and chatted he wore a wreath of green gauze that looked as if made of parrot feathers; it reminded me of the feather circlets that used to be worn by the Hawaiian chiefs and kings, and by the Incas of Peru. Otherwise his dress was wholly twentieth century.

His figure was of the small, slender Malayan type, seen everywhere all over the archipelago. But his face and head were different; they were massive for such a small body; the features were European, except for a slight flattening of the nostrils; his face was oval and yet square-jawed and strong, like the faces of many Polynesians I have seen; it had not the slightest resemblance to those of his subjects; there was nothing Malayan in it and not the smallest sign of the Papuan, so common amongst the people of the far east of the archipelago. That face and head came ancestrally out of the central Pacific.

The usual tray of sweets and confections of the Malayan Rajah's hospitality was brought in and, though he poured out the tea for us with his own hands, and handed us the preserved fruits and cakes he tasted neither, explaining to us that he was fasting. Afterwards soda water, or imitation

Apollinaris, commonly called Ayer balanda, or Holland water, in Malaysia, was brought in and cigars were offered, but he partook of neither. When the sun set he would make up for this daylight self-abnegation, like all good Mohammedans.

When world politics had been thoroughly discussed we rose to go, but the Sultan asked us to take our seats again ; he was going to take me in his carriage to the steamer. And, with half a dozen bare-foot soldiers ahead of us, and the umbrella-holder behind, we proceeded slowly and majestically down the main street and along the beach. And it was with real fervour that he shook hands with me and bade me good-bye.

This was the descendant of those powerful pirate Sultans, whose empire extended from Celebes to the centre of New Guinea, and from the Philippines to Flores, and whose pirate fleets carried terror far beyond these limits. And he had, like so many monarchs in our time, joined the ranks of the unemployed, and had no work to do. He was a *roi fainéant*. I could feel through the whole interview, the Dutch official was the real Sultan, the occupant of the palace wore only the mask ; the one had the easy air of the master, though he is supposed to act only the elder brother ; the other had the restless shyness of insignificance, mingled with the faded, appealing look of vanished power. The plunge into processionalism for a Briton was

evidently an unwonted escapade and assertion of his withered dignity.

The Secret of Dutch Success

The real power was, as is usual with all monarchs who do not make themselves, behind the throne. It is one of the secrets of the success of the Dutch in this empire of theirs that they use natives as masks of the real power. Every little island or village or tribe or ancient kingdom, if it has not a hereditary ruler, has to select a headman, generally the man of most influence and character in the community, and he is responsible to the representative of the Dutch Government for the good conduct of the people, and for the taxes they have to pay. This principle is applied even to intruders like the Chinese and Arabs ; in every town these strangers have to choose one of the trustiest and most influential of their compatriots as captain, and through him the Dutch have no difficulty in controlling the aliens. Of course, the choice of headman or ruler has to be approved by the Governor or Resident of the district, and has to be a man of sterling probity, to whom all petty matters of local administration and justice can be entrusted. The officials deal immediately with the ruler, and so evade the personal odium that all strict discipline is apt to carry with it. They have

all the real power, whilst the points of friction are removed to subordinate personalities, who wear the trappings. This is undoubtedly one of the main secrets of the manifest good government of this archipelago. The humanitarian policy is comparatively recent. The small show of actual force, the employment of natives as soldiers and policemen, and in subordinate posts, the hierarchy of well-trained officials from the homeland, and their long practical training are all points in common with British India and the American Philippines. But to fix the friction and the danger-point in native hands away from the official and real governor has not been learned by every nation that has tropical possessions. The Oriental loves the show of power, however little of the real he may have.

The gearing of Commerce.

But there is a still more astonishing inwardness in the business of managing Netherlands India. Even the tourist who confines his interest to Java may have observed the large number of Chinese and Arabs in the business streets of the main towns, and may find out what a large proportion of them live in fine houses, and ride in fine carriages. But he probably brushes aside the phenomenon with the explanation that Java is close to Singapore and Hongkong, and that it had an Arab

empire four centuries ago. The astonishing thing is that even in the obscurest corner of the archipelago there are both Chinese and Arab traders, provided there are guilders to be gained. Travelling round Borneo and Celebes, the Sanguir Archipelago, Ceram, and the Moluccas, the second-class was always full of merchants of these two nationalities going out to do business with their countrymen in the various localities. And here, as we travel along the north coast of New Guinea, the first-class is also full of Chinese; and one may be quite sure that they are not tourists or ethnologists. Every coastal village I have stopped at during the last three months has had its Chinese and Arab storekeepers, and through their hands all the cargoes of the steamers, whether inward or outward, pass. British and German commercial travellers I have come across in Java and Macassar, and an occasional one as far out of the way as Menado, in the north of Celebes. There are German commercial houses in Celebes, and both British and German in Java. But they have all to do business through the Chinese and the Arabs. All the dammar and copra and rattan and birds of paradise are collected by them from the natives, and as an agent of one Dutch trading company put it, the commercial Europeans have "to keep sweet" with these Celestial and Semite middlemen; this was to explain his conduct in frequently interrupting the

conversation with me in order to shake hands with a young Arab or Chinaman.

There are practically no native traders, except the Bugis, throughout the archipelago; they have not the genius for trading, because they never save, and so never lay past for the future; "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is the basis of their whole life, they never realise what power money has as a breeder of money; they believe in luck, and their life has never been anything but hand-to-mouth, at the mercy of the moods of nature and their fellowmen. An occasional half-caste, following the example of the occasional Dutch trader, establishes himself as a trading company with a name indicating the region of his operations. But it is to the Chinaman and Arab he has to look for the main part of his business; and the Chinaman or Arab never floats himself into a company; he believes in the individual management and property and pocket.

The Aristocracy of Malaysia

The result is apparent everywhere I have gone; it cannot be avoided even by the most cursory observer. The wealth of the archipelago is in the hands of the Chinese and Arabs. In every town, Macassar, Menado, Amboina, Banda, Ternate, the finest old mansions, and the finest new ones, too,

are the properties of these two nationalities. When I saw a great mansion with marble stairs and hall, or pillared portico, I at last ceased asking who owned it; I knew. The houses of the wealthiest vie with those of the Governors and Residents, and often outshine them. In Weltevreden, the residential section of Batavia, every second house, I was told, was the property of Arabs. And no wonder. The European is only a bird of passage; and when he retires to Holland on his pension or his fortune, he is glad to dispose of his house to any purchaser. And not a few, who are not likely to have either a pension or a fortune, are said to be, like so many of the natives, mere financial slaves of the Semites from Suez.

Methods of Finance

The Arabs are said to be the most merciless usurers, wherever they have got a helpless victim into their debt. The Chinaman takes the cream of the profit of any transaction with a native; but he is said to have some human nature in him, which at times looks like the virtue that is "twice bless'd." He often wears a benevolent expression, as I can testify, even where his transactions belie it. The Arab's face is often handsome, with its fine regular Caucasian features; but there is not seldom the sleuth-hound look in it. And yet,

READY TO RUN AMOK.

BILLITON.

AN ARAB OF THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

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when wealthy, he is not ungenerous, and he is often royal in his hospitality. All round the archipelago he has a bad name. Missionaries, as well as officials, have told me of the deliberate way in which the Arabs get the natives into bondage to them, especially away in the east, where sago demoralises them and makes them hand-to-mouth loafers. They know when the native has to pay his tax, and they are pretty sure that he has not the money to pay it with ; forward they come like a visitant from heaven, and offer the necessary guilders and take the necessary bond, and thereafter he is their bondman ; he has to bring them a sack of dammar every year, worth far more than the guilders that were borrowed ; if he does not, the law and the bond are appealed to. In the old days, and even still in the untamed regions, the native bondsman will run amok, and the lender will lose his head. But now that the Dutch Government has made head-hunting generally unfashionable, the usual course for him is to escape into the forest with his family and live as best he can. Of course, the lender often loses his capital ; but he provides for such contingencies in the usury he demands and gets from others. Else where would the wealth that marks his way of life come from ? He comes penniless from Suez into the archipelago ; he is now the great house-proprietor of Java, and the wealthiest man next to the

Chinaman in the towns of the other islands. He does not come to work with his hands, nor do you ever see him do so. The Chinese may come in as coolies and work as coolies, as they still do in the tin mines of Bangka; but they soon, if they can get money to buy a pedlar's outfit, start on their commercial career. Many of them lend money, and so get the natives into commercial bondage. But their usual way is to pay the native for his dammar or copra or birds of paradise in kind, and, as in all truck, it is the middleman that wins with both hands.

Chinese Pioneers of Trade

On the other side of the ledger is to be put the boldness and enterprise of these traders. They venture before Europeans into the wilder parts of the islands, and into the savage parts of New Guinea. Again and again officers of the steamships have told me of Chinamen living alone and trading amongst wild head-hunters, although all their predecessors had paid for their temerity with their heads. The Chinese especially are everywhere the pioneers of trade, and without them the archipelago could not have been developed as much as it has been, as the Dutch found, when, early in the nineteenth century, they began to exclude them. They take their large toll; but

business would cease, for a time at least, if they were not there. The Arabs might be dispensed with, say the Dutch, but not so the Chinese. Even business men have acknowledged this, just after they have been exclaiming against their piratical and cut-throat competition. The authorities also are evidently of two minds. They know that there are a million and a half Chinese in the archipelago, and it is well known that as they get more numerous in a country they become more arrogant and troublesome, chiefly by means of their secret societies and guilds. So last year they put a poll tax of two guineas on every foreigner who entered Netherlands India, and if he left within six months he was to have it refunded. It was explained to me as I paid it in Sourabaya that it was meant to check the Chinese flood of immigration. I will get it back when I leave in October; but meantime, I am told, the tax has been abolished. A more direct way would be to exclude all whom their consuls in China disapprove of, and to expel, as they did after last New Year's festivities, all who misbehave.

Guilders and Mecca

But it is the Arabs that will give most trouble, although they are only one-fifth of the numbers of the Chinese. They are generally missionaries as

well as traders. Their religion is, like Christianity, aggressive. When a tribe is pacified, in goes the Arab trader ; and in the evening, when his trading is over, he spreads his mat and, gathering the natives round him, teaches them genuflexions, and gives them a ring as a talisman against all sicknesses. He has no difficult formula to teach, no hard practical laws of life to insist on, not even the avoidance of pork or palm wine ; and his polygamy strongly recommends him and his religion to chiefs, who are by no means monogamous. Islam spreads like wildfire through wild tribes that have just been pacified, and compelled to abandon their wars and head-hunting. Added to this there is the fact that Islam was the only cultured religion of the archipelago after the fall of the Hindu Empire, and before the entry of the Portuguese. Wherever one goes, one sees in every little village a missigit or Moslem temple raising its double roofs above the huts. Christianity makes little headway against it, and the Dutch seem in their taming of wild tribes only preparing the way for Islam. Not infrequently have I come across a farewell to some native or natives setting out for Mecca ; they will return as hadjis or holymen, and have great influence in spreading the faith. Nor does the faith bring any Western illumination or morality as Christianity does ; it practically leaves the people much as they were but for a prayer mat and a

devotion to Mecca. It is this devotion to Mecca that will give trouble; a holy war may be preached and these wild peoples, if well led, like the Atjehs, may need decades of war to put them and keep them in order.

Chinese Dutchmen

The Chinese have no religion to preach or spread. In every town one of the most conspicuous sights is the Chinese cemetery, with its great horse-shoes of concrete. It is always the best-kept cemetery, and in the best position. But this attention to their ancestry has nothing aggressive in it. The Chinaman is philosophical and unconcerned about everything except opium, and the almighty guilder. And he is often a real native of the archipelago, speaking Dutch, Malay, and a little English, and forgetting altogether his native tongue and its impossible script. I have come across Chinamen of the ninth and tenth generations in Netherlands India; they were Dutchmen in everything but the canthus over the tearduct of the eyes. Holland was really their fatherland, and they were on the whole a credit to it. They sent their sons to Holland to be educated, and they drank in Dutch ideas with every breath. The Arab as a rule does not bring his harem with him. I met one in Ceram who had twenty-two children by five native

wives, each in a different village. The wealthier seem to send their sons to Holland, but most return to their native land, and though the Arab has been in the land for more than eight centuries, first as trader and then as religionist, there are few or no old families, as there are amongst the Chinese. The Chinese have been coming to the archipelago in a desultory way for as many centuries; but many have taken root in it, and as a people they have made a deep impression on it, and could not well be done without.

The Dutch hold the Cow, the Chinese and Arabs milk it

It is clear to any one who looks below the surface that the Dutch are but factors or agents for these two naturally financial peoples. They take all the trouble about pacification and administration. The Chinese and Arabs take all the harvest of their work. The Dutch officials are incorrupt, and yet often not too highly paid; the wealth clots in the coffers of the Chinese and Arabs. The Resident or Governor, who has spent the best years of his life in this tropical possession, to pacify and develop it, goes home after thirty years to enjoy his pension of a thousand a year or so. The Chinese merchant or Arab money-lender reaps all the harvest of his labours, and has

thousands a year to hand on to his children. The Dutch are the power behind the throne of the Sultans and Rajahs and Chiefs; behind the Dutch is a still greater power, accumulated and concentrated in wealth, and held by the Chinese and Arabs. Surely they are happy peoples in having so clever and enterprising a nation as Holland to farm so rich a tropical possession to fill their coffers.

CHAPTER XIII

BIRDS OF PARADISE

Colour and Sound in Birds

For six weeks I have been hearing little but "Paradies Vogel" echoed along the deck of the steamers on which I have been travelling. I mean from human throats; for there were hundreds of living parrots and lories squawking and screeching all day, some of them loud enough to rival, or even drown the rattle and roll of the patent "noiseless donkey engine." Every deck passenger (and there were generally at least two or three hundred on board) seemed to have bought a lory or two. The birds of paradise that were bought by the thousand were happily all dead and laid in tin boxes, and their peculiar brand of disharmony was to be heard only away in the distant forest, where cannibals and pythons gave the climax to the fascinations of travel. A few I saw in aviaries and cages, in the latter certain to die, because they need space to display their whirring opalescence; but there they rarely confessed their relationship to the crows in

FAKFAK.

ON THE WEST COAST OF DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

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their harsh voices. Only the bird-killers, the Papuans in the mountains, witness their plumes in full action when they are engaged in their chromatic amatory dance in the mating season.

The Parisian Hat Market

The bird-buying world was, I could feel, quivering with excitement. For there was a rumour that prices were going sky-high, if they had not already reached the zenith. Some new wave of caprice in Paris and London hat fashions had reached as far as New Guinea. There was some unwonted demand for the beautiful golden plumes. For when we landed in Kokas, at the entrance to McCluer Gulf, and Fakfak, in a bay to the south of it, we found the rumour confirmed. In the stores of the Chinese middlemen, where thousands of the dead birds with the flowing plumes were lying in rows or heaps, not a guilder less than forty for one would be accepted from any buyer, although a few months ago twenty and twenty-five were readily accepted. The rise from 35*s.* to 70*s.* could not be explained although a new firm in Macassar was mentioned as being responsible for it; but they would not have bulled the market unless London and Paris had been behind them. By some mysterious marconigraph the flutter in the European fine-feather market had reached the forests of unexplored New Guinea before the astute Chinese

buyers of the Malay Archipelago knew anything about it. The unsophisticated bird-killers of the mountains had asked more for their victims from the coastal chiefs, and the coastal chiefs asked still more of the Chinese storekeepers, and they, of course, had to have extra profit from their celestial brethren from Macassar and Ternate for the shock of this surprise that had been sprung upon them; and these latter had to console themselves with an extra douceur from the European middlemen, who charged it with interest to the merchants in Europe. Who started the snowball rolling in the unexplored mountains of New Guinea no one was able to explain; the Macassar firm was more or less the invention of the man in the street who can always lay his finger on the very villain of every mystery. It did not satisfy the buyers; that was plain in every store; they were shy and were going to wait the turn of events. Most of the heaps remained unbought. Some meddler had been at Fakfak before them; it was not the market for birds of paradise; that was away in the north, in the islands of Geelvink Bay.

A Bird of Paradise Boom

When I transferred to the steamer that was to go round Bouru and Halmaheira to Jobi, and through the Schouten Islands, and as far as the

boundary of German New Guinea, I felt there was even more electricity in the air. Every port up to Ternate added to the contingent of Chinese bird-buyers that filled the cabins of the second-class, and overflowed into the first. Twelve thousand birds of paradise had gone through at the lower prices from Geelvink Bay by the last month's steamer. And this was the last chance of the season. Would the market be beyond them? The excitement was evident at Sorong and Ansus and the other bird ports. Before the steamer could get her anchor down Chinamen were swarming down the side into native dug-outs half full of water, and paddling as for very life to the lake dwellings of their countrymen, who had the precious plumed bodies safe in their boxes. Prices had gone up. They were far above what we had heard of on the south coast. And before we left the island of Jobi, on our return journey, as much as £6 had been given for a bird, and £5 was the average price over a heap of birds bad and good. A few months ago they had been literally worth their weight in gold. Now they were worth twice their weight in gold.

Long Plumes in Demand

Naturally buyers were shy, and dozens of Chinamen returned without buying a bird, as one

of them explained to me, the commodity was as risky to hold as shares in wild-cat gold mines. The caprice of fashions in millinery is as far beyond calculation as that of love or mining shares. Ten years ago this particular bird of paradise, with the flowing golden plumes beneath the wings, was worth only a few guilders, whilst the little king bird of paradise, with the brilliant red feathers and the emerald watch-spring tail, and the magnificent bird of paradise, with the yellow ruff and the opalescent breast, were at the top of the market. Now the European markets would have nothing but the long golden plumes, and you could get the little gems of shifting sheen for little or nothing; in fact, they were seldom or never shot or sold. The great yellow-plumed bird of paradise has practically none of that feathered opalescence which makes its species the rivals of the humming birds, and is bought, not for the beauty of its general appearance, but for its long yellow feathers, which are pulled out in Europe, bleached of their natural golden colour, and then dyed to suit the fashion of the hour. I saw tens of thousands of this type for sale; of the other forms of intense beauty I saw only an odd specimen here and there.

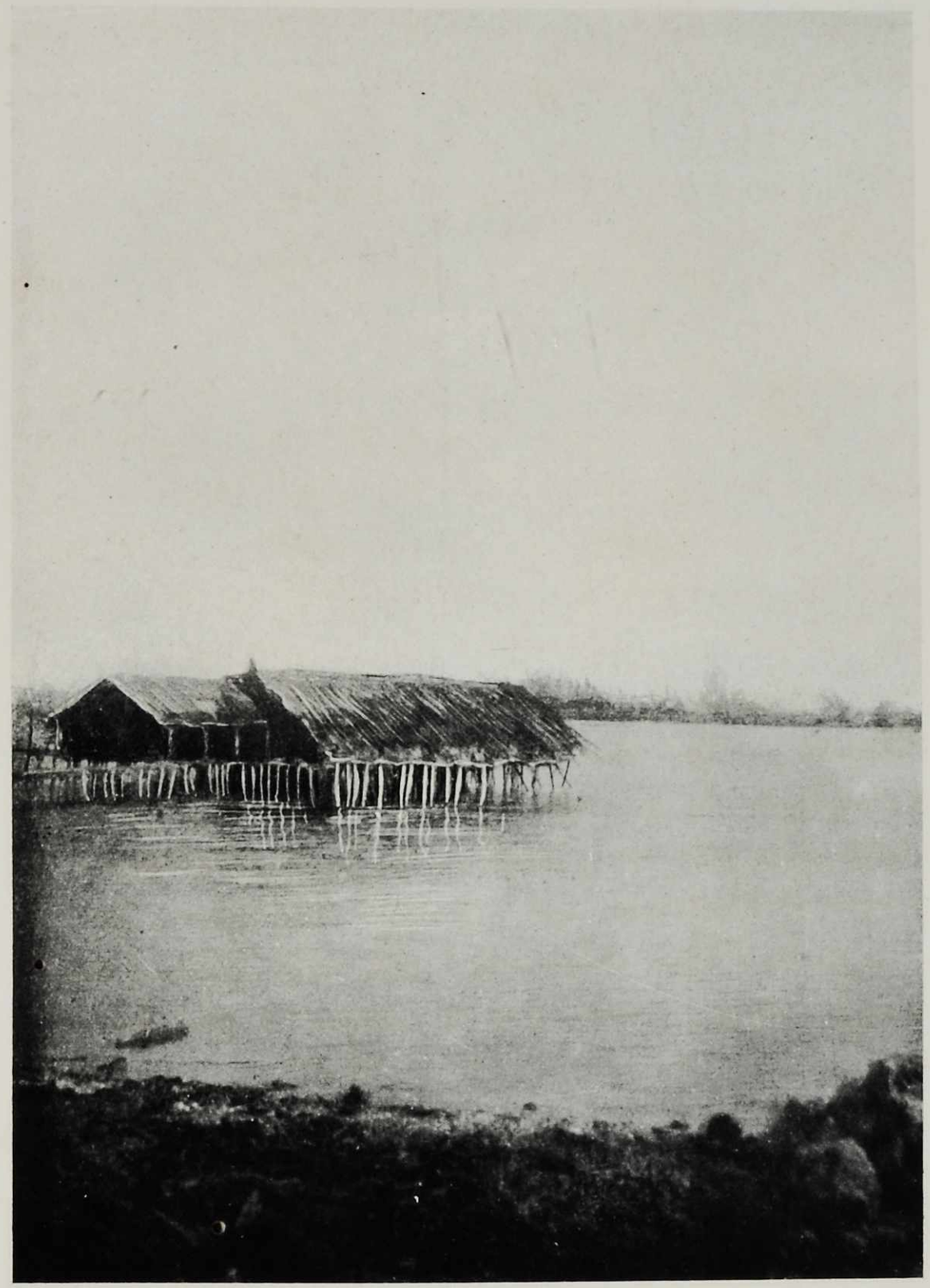
Concentrated Wealth

In spite of the high prices, there were 8000 birds bought, costing £40,000. It was the most costly part of our cargo. The weightiest was dammar, the resin of certain trees in the forests of New Guinea and the archipelago; the exudation of the bark. Birds of paradise and this raw material of varnish are the only exports of Dutch New Guinea. In the return voyage we still got dammar from the islands and a little copra; and from Bouru we took thousands of cases of the much-prized cajuput oil—the smell of it pervades the whole ship. It differs little from our eucalyptus oil, not only in its smell, but in its medicinal qualities, being used for all sorts of ailments, both internal and external, in the archipelago, and coming also into the European pharmacopœia. The melaleuca tree, from whose leaves it is distilled, must have a close resemblance to the Australian gums, as the east of Bouru has to Australia; for the name of the oil is the Malay name of the tree, "kayu putih," and means "white tree," from the colour of the bark. At Amboina and Banda we took in nutmegs and cloves, as one could tell by the smell of the sacks. But the whole of the rest of the cargo put together was probably not equal in value to the birds of paradise,

which filled no more space than a few steel trunks in the cabins of the Chinamen.

A Chinese Monopoly

Where the profit of these golden birds chiefly filters it is not difficult to guess. For the Chinese storekeepers do not pay in money, but in kind, and, as in all truck, fix their own prices, whatever the sellers may demand, and rake in double, if not treble or quadruple or quintuple, profits. They have been at the trade in Geelvink Bay for more than two centuries ; for early in the seventeenth century the company's agents and explorers found a Chinese trader on the north coast of New Guinea. They have been influencing Borneo for probably thousands of years, and have been settled in the north of that island for several centuries ; for the wealth of China demanded not only bêche-de-mer, and swallows' nests for its epicures, but brilliant feathers for the dresses of its Mandarins ; and the plumes of birds of paradise were probably marketed in the ancient empire a thousand years at least before they were known in Europe. Throughout the empires of Ternate and Tidore these Chinese traders crept eastwards and southwards into New Guinea, and kept the Papuans ignorant of the value of the birds they killed and skinned, till millionaire Europe, in quite recent times, forced their hand.



PART OF THE NATIVE VILLAGE OF DOREY, GEELVINK BAY,
DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

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The coastal natives still keep or try to keep the bird-hunters of the inland forests comparatively in the dark as to the height to which the fashion of Parisian hats can balloon prices.

Strange Fancies

Yet competition has let the secret out to some extent, and the wild peoples of the mountains squeeze out a little of the magnificent profits. But it is the coastal natives that profit most next to the Chinese storekeepers. The Malays come little into the transaction, though the Bugis, the instinctive sailors and traders of the archipelago, have had a hand in it, especially in the Aru islands, away to the south, for centuries. That they had no hand in the shooting of the birds is manifest from the Malay name, "burong mati," or "dead birds." That they never saw the birds in the forest, or even learned anything about them from the natives, is as clear from the older name, "manuk dewata," or "birds of the gods," a name that is practically the same as "birds of paradise," given them by the Dutch at the close of the sixteenth century, when they began to manipulate the sultanates of Ternate and Tidore. The natives cut the claws and wings off before they sold the skins, and Europeans, like the Malays, imagined that they hovered in the sky without wings, and never landed

on the earth, as they had no feet ; the Portuguese called them "birds of the sun," partly because of this fancy, and partly because of the brilliant colours of the plumage, which could come from nothing but the sun. The markets for them nearest to Europe were Banda, Amboina, and especially Ternate, the homes of the nutmeg, and the idea was widespread till recently, even amongst well-educated Europeans, that the birds flew over from New Guinea to indulge in nutmeg, and intoxicated therewith they fell and were seized by the natives for the hats of European ladies.

Feathered New Guinea

There is a bird of paradise native to Batchian and Halmaheira, beside which Ternate lies ; but it is too soberly plumed to have ever appealed to the lovers of fine millinery. The highly coloured and finely feathered birds of paradise all belong to New Guinea and the islands adjacent that are shown by the shallow seas between and by their fauna to have once formed parts of that great island. There were no enemies to disturb the even tenor of the chromatic and decorative evolution by amatory selection of the accidental dandies. The singular thing is that New Guinea avifaunal amativeness ran all to colour and plume, and left the voice in its primeval raucous disharmony.

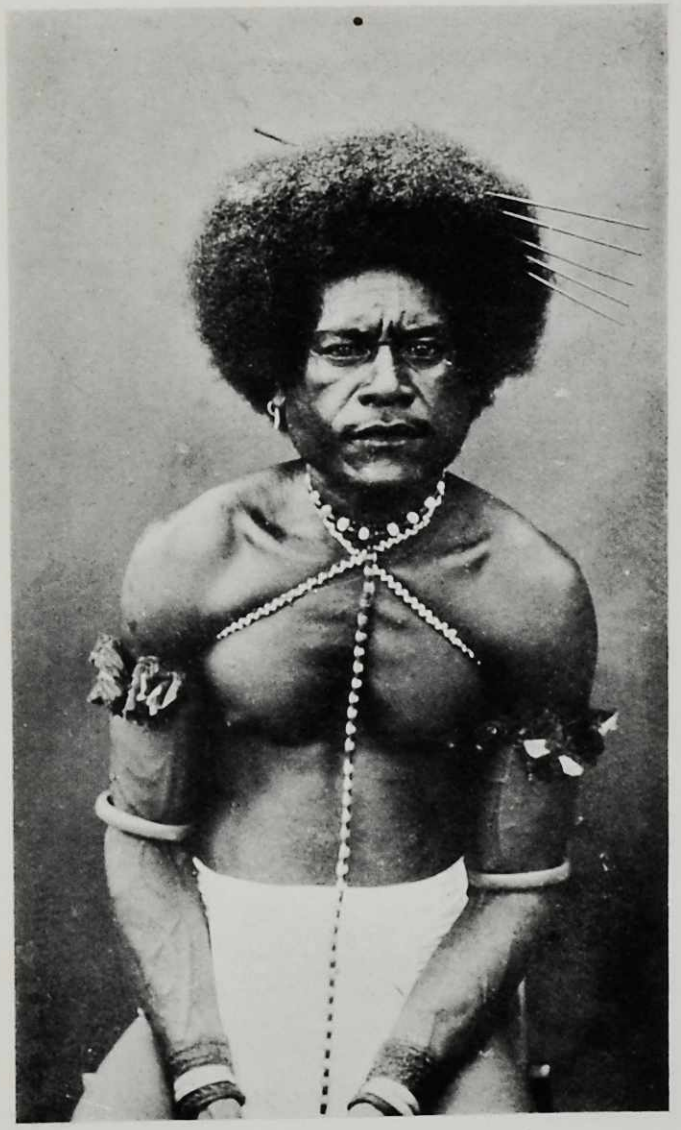
One resident of Dutch New Guinea assured me that there was quite a musical chorus from the throats of birds at dawn in the forests of the island, and of the adjoining archipelago. I have not yet heard a sweet note from the throat of any bird since I came into the region; but I accept the assurance with a lurking scepticism in my mind, based on the fact that not a single native songster have I heard amongst the tens of thousands I have seen in cage or on perch being carried to the markets of the archipelago or of Europe; if there are song-birds surely Europeans at least would be glad to hear their note amid the endless and often deafening squawk and screech of the universal lory and parrot. The only note I heard that in any way approached music was the loud boom of the magnificently-crested crown pigeon. If there are sweet singers in the New Guinea forests there is no fear of their extinction; for no one catches them. For another reason there is no need of any law for the protection of birds of paradise; the young male birds are as sober-suited as the females; it is only after the moultings of three successive years that they are worth killing for the purposes of Parisian milliners. And it is only from May to September that the plumes of the four-year-old birds are in such a condition as to bring a good price.

Paradise Realised

The beings that need protection are the killers of the birds, and the enemies they need protection from are themselves, and the humanitarian Dutch. We have discarded the ancient maxim "Spare the rod and spoil the child" as false. Most of us in our hearts believe the essence of it to be everlasting truth, and hold that the greatest enemy a child can have is the parent that pampers it and lets it have all its own way. The Dutch, inspired by modern ideals, are in the fair way to spoil the natives of this their Oriental empire, and so annihilate them. Slavery, the only possible salvation for these idle sago-eating races of New Guinea and the eastern islands was finally abolished in the archipelago in 1879, although it has lingered on in some of the protected kingdoms into this century. And the only thing that kept them from extinction, war, is almost completely suppressed in the archipelago, and on the coasts of New Guinea; head-hunting is now a thing of the past, except in the wild, unexplored regions. The men have now nothing to do, and do it with their whole heart and soul. They have never had much care as to what they should eat or drink, they have now less than ever. A week's work at the pith of sago palm would give them enough food for a year; and the cutting of the flower stem of the sugar, or nipa, or

ONE OF THE WOMEN OF JAMNA

EXCLUDED FROM THE KARWARI ON PAIN OF DEATH.



A BIRD OF PARADISE.

DANDY OF DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

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cocoanut palm, and hanging a bamboo under the wound would give them a perennial source of liquid oblivion, such as our topers would sell their souls to have. The only care they had was how to secure a wife to make their sago for them; none of the girls would accept them unless they had captured a head to give them on their wedding day; and the sneer of the old warriors when full of sagueir or palm wine in the bachelors' club or temple at night over their headlessness, was a thing hard to bear in addition to the scorn of their sweethearts. War was an inevitable consequence; they either began it in order to get heads or drifted into it through taking heads. But for head-hunting and war they were as near to the paradise of the past or to the realisation of the socialists' ideal of the future, little work and plenty of food, as man is likely to come in this life. And the Dutch, inspired by the humanitarianism of our day, have completed the earthly paradise by abolishing head-hunting and war.

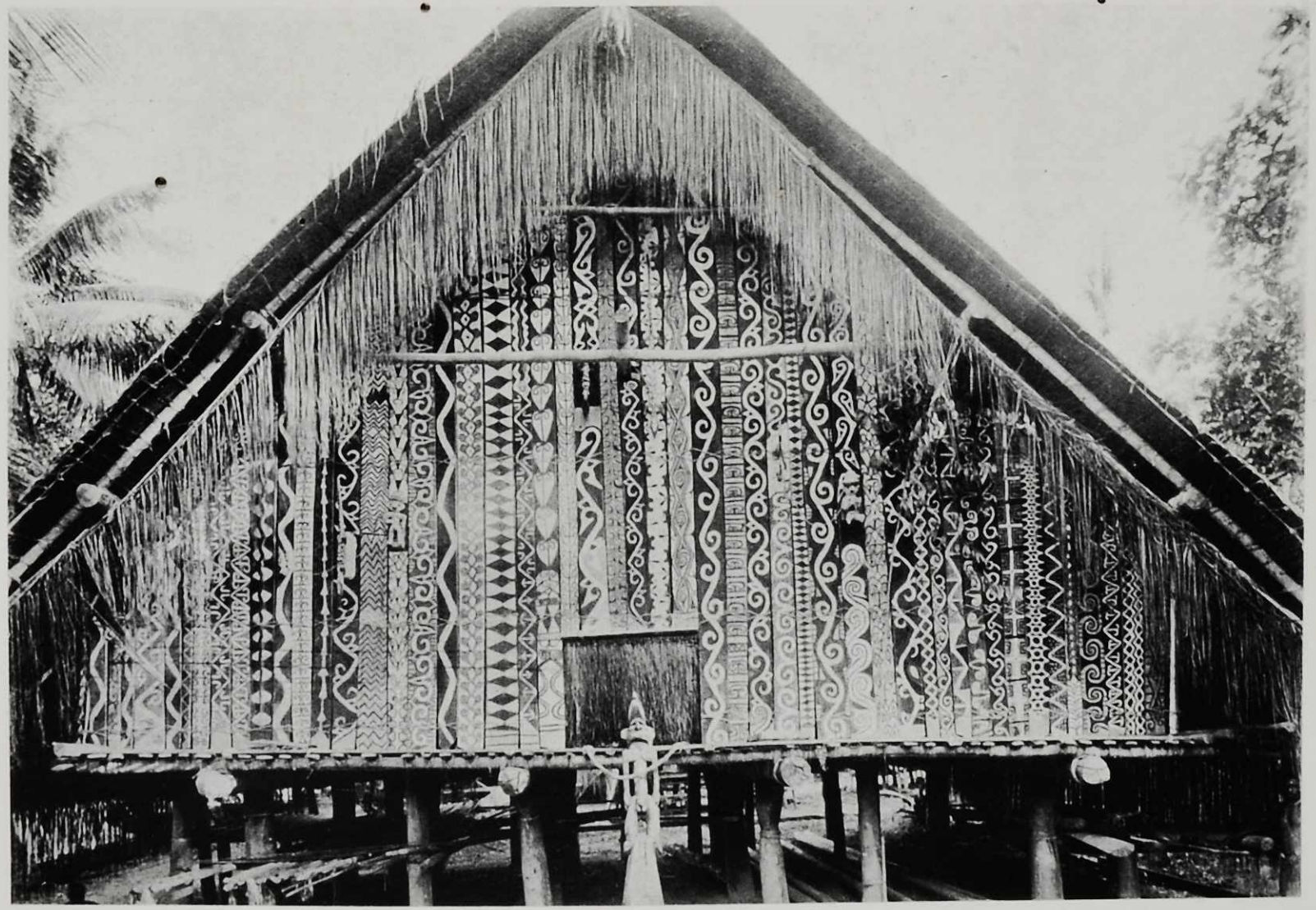
Not unlike Hades

The result is the closest approach to Hades I have seen. They are idle millionaires, especially since birds of paradise were turned into a gold mine by fashionable Europe. And they are suffering the fate of idle millionaires, they don't

know where to look for a new sensation ; and they bury their sorrows in the bamboo of palm wine. The blaring bamboo trumpet warns all women against approach to their karwaris, or temples, and in these sacred bachelors' clubs they soak their senses in sagueir, and indulge to their hearts' content in the vices of Sodom and Gomorrah. Most of them are riddled with disease. Decrepitude overtakes the men before forty, and the women before thirty. The villages that should swarm with children are solitudes. A competent observer, who knows the north coast and the interior for many miles, tells me that the most usual family in the forest is one. The race will as surely die out as every race or nation or section of mankind will die out, which has realised their ideal of no work, and plenty to eat and drink. A workless paradise, such as exists now in New Guinea, is certain racial death. The only chance it ever had was under the slave-hunting, pirate empires of Ternate and Tidore. The "old Adam" was whipped out of the Papuans by work. Now they acknowledge no master, but their own luxury and vices.

A workless Paradise—Racial Death

Even with war as a stimulus to energy, sago and sagueir were able to keep the population of



A KARWARI OR BACHELOR'S SACRED CLUB OR TEMPLE OF NORTH DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

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New Guinea low; there is little evidence that it was ever greater than it is now. Slavery and the fear of enslavement did something to keep the race moderately virile and fertile; up to the left bank of the great river Memberano, which runs into the sea just east of Geelvink Bay, the slave-keeping Papuans extended; on the right bank there were no slaves; those alone whom the pirates of the sultans raided for slaves kept slaves; and they are far more advanced in culture than those to the east and south. Now that head-hunting and war and slavery have all ceased the race is dying. And the wealth that the sale of birds of paradise has brought makes its doom inevitable. It will never work again. Though the seas teem with fish we could get none from the natives of the various coastal villages; and they are ceasing to make sago and have it imported.

There has been talk of companies taking up land for growing copra; it has not yet come to anything; there is no labour, and without native labour even cocoanut plantations will not thrive or pay. Java has plenty of labour, thanks to the empires that have disciplined it, and to the cultivation of rice and the labour it involves, and officials speak of New Guinea and the other eastern islands getting its surplus; but Javanese labour is feeble and pottering, and, if introduced into the waste lands to the east, it might take to sago and

sagueir, and these have doomed far more virile, muscular, and talented labour (the Papuan) to idleness and extinction. It seems to me that these rich islands so thickly forested, will never lose their forests unless by subsidence into the sea, and never carry a less sparse population than it is evident they have always carried. Perhaps the modern humanitarian insistence on the cessation of war and the demand for bird of paradise plumes by London and Paris milliners will complete the havoc that sago and sagueir began, and before many centuries this paradise, in which there is no need of work or clothing, may be left, like its analogy in Genesis, to its trees and birds, the angel of idleness guarding its gateway with his flaming sword of sterility and race-extinction.

PREPARATION FOR A SACRED ORGY IN THE KARWARI.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE CURSE OF SAGO

The dozens of Chinamen on board, both second and first-class, had done all their buying of birds of paradise yesterday, and were all slumbering peacefully over their thousands of golden wings, when the ship weighed anchor and began to steam slowly out of the fiord of Ansus. This is one of the great markets for those beautiful birds, which are now worth more than their weight in gold, the price this year being £3 to £5 each, instead of twenty to thirty shillings. The natives of this lake-dwelling on piles had evidently no interest in these great transactions; they had long ago sold the birds they had killed in the mountains behind, to the Chinese who have a separate row of pile-houses on one side of the fiord; and as they take, not money, but goods, the celestial traders skim the cream of the whole business, making double profits as middlemen. By the time these golden-winged birds reach the hats of the ladies of millionaire and fool households, they will be worth anything from £10 to £30 apiece. And the number of such

households must be very large in the West; for every month for the last three months more than ten thousand birds have gone off to London, the great European market for such luxuries.

The Picture Palace of Ansus

Yet there was no lack of prosperity amongst the natives, who had turned out to a man at five o'clock to see us off in their fifty or sixty canoes. They were naked but for a loin-string, and their fine chocolate or mahogany bodies showed beautifully against the dawn. There was not a man of them but had at least three bracelets or armlets on each arm (of the expensive coneshell or of the cheap German celluloid), round his neck and ankles strings of vari-coloured beads, and in his splendid mop of hair a fine, long feather-decorated comb to tease out the shrinking tufts into their proper fan-shape. These were the dandies of the village; but even the staid old men with close-cropped hair and mutton-chop whiskers were out, and not without ornament. And in strange contrast to the dozen villages that I have visited along the coast of New Guinea, there was scarcely a man who had the scurfy eczema that is the result of a diet poor in nitrogen.

This was the picture palace of these luxurious, scarcely fig-leafed sons of Eden, the arrival and

THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER AT POM IN THE SCHONTEN ISLANDS, NORTH DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

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departure of the steamer. They had no curios to sell, or, if they had, had to be wooed to sell and at their own price ; they looked like millionaires who could snap their fingers at the whole market ; and the hundreds of tons of cargo that had gone off yesterday quite justified the attitude. They lazily enjoyed the sight of the toiling sailors and heartily gave vent to Christy-minstrel laughs at any incident that broke the routine. I was the only passenger up to gratify them (the rest were all bird-buyers or officials or missionaries) ; and in my pyjamas I must have been one of the incidents. Their women-folk were too busy to come to the picture palace ; one could see what they were at now from the swaths of blue smoke that lazily hung about the roofs of the pile-houses. They were as leisurely and as lazily critical of the spectacle as if they had been European millionaires. A few dipped their paddles in the water and kept up with us as we cautiously snaked our way through the reefs that line the sides of this rapidly sinking fiord. Most of the trees along its margin were knee-deep in water, and the shores were comparatively low where once they had been as high and precipitous as the great mountain that dominated them.

Parisian Ladies' Paradise Plumes

These men of Ansus were indeed the millionaires of New Guinea, for even if they got only half of the

£3 to £5 that the Chinese agents asked for each gorgeous bird, every man would kill his scores of the vain winged dandies during the season when they display their finery to the sober little females at mating time. The finery changes its sex when it reaches Paris and civilisation. The season is not far off its close now, having begun in April; after this month the feathers will get more and more dowdy, till the moulting time at the end of the year. Nor do the birds get their full plumage till they are four years old; there is, therefore, a natural law protecting them from extinction, and the fine ladies of Paris from seeing their favourite hat decoration retire into museums or the safes of millionaires.

Europe and Africa are stratified in the Papuan

No wonder that these Nubian-polish negroids look so handsome under their natural busbies. They are well fed; every limb and tissue and feature testifies that. But some other race than the negritto has contributed the face and head form; the features are in the majority essentially European; the nose is often pure Grecian, and only occasionally Semitic, with depressed point, the nose said in ethnological books to be the distinctive mark of the Papuan, and only occasionally having

THE WEST-ENDERS OF MOKMER, SCHONTEN ISLANDS, DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

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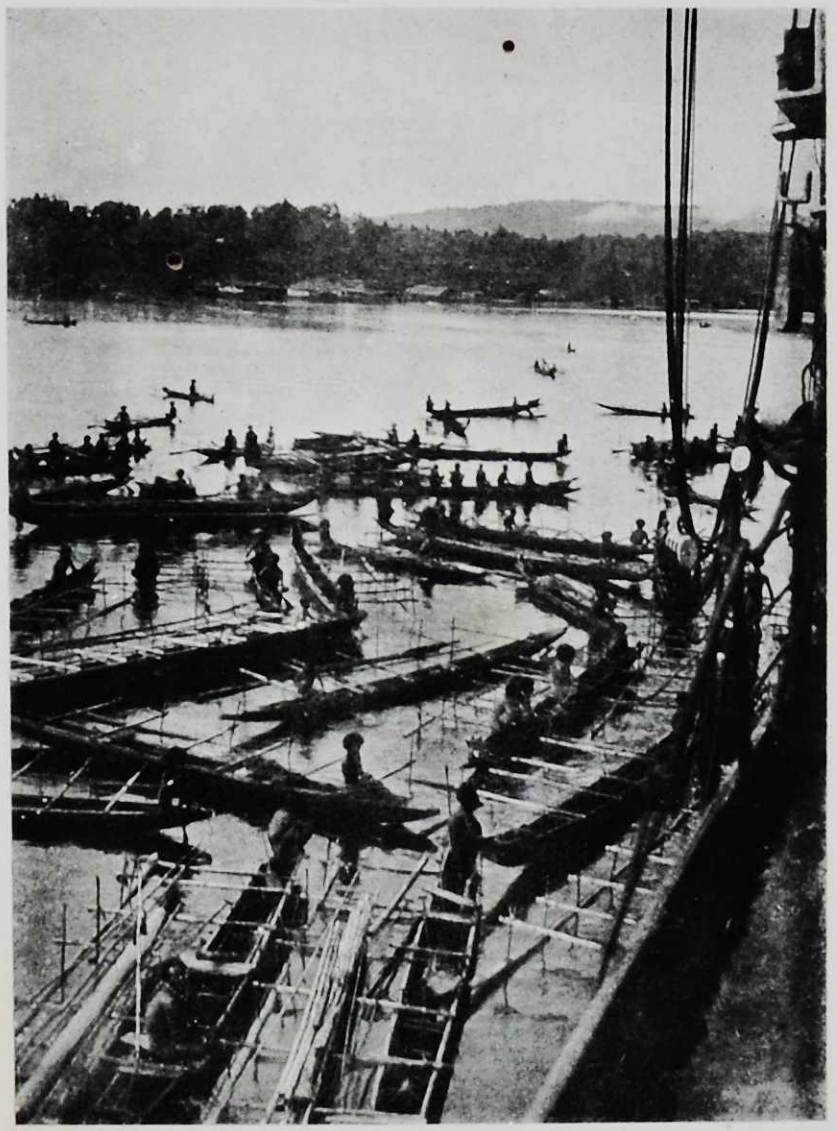
its wings flattened out ; the lips are often as fine as the nose, the upper lip short and the chin beautifully moulded and strong ; the under jaw rarely projects ; the face is oval, and a large forehead surmounts eyes deeply set and wide ; the faces are smothered by the bearskin of hair and look small ; but some of them, if in Europe, would be eagerly sought after as models for sculptors. The negritto has contributed the little body, generally under five feet (though a few are giants), the big feet and the immense hair-sponge on the head ; but his round head has as a rule been changed into one that has medium length ; and his spindle legs have grown good calves. The miserable little Malayan has made no contribution to the physique or temperament of these west-enders of the great island of Jobi in Geelvink Bay ; there is not the smallest trace of the Mongol in these Papuans, though almond eyes will doubtless not be uncommon in the next generation. It is easy to see at a glance that the Negro and Caucasian sections of mankind have gone into partnership here ; the five-foot negritto and the five-foot-eight Polynesian have given their share of the capital. The Polynesian is seen in the language, their carving, their canoes, their social systems, and the splendid build of their tall men.

Polynesian drift Westwards

But why with partly Polynesian ancestry are they so low in the scale of humanity? They have made but little progress for tens of thousands of years; they are not much nearer to civilisation than the Australian black or the pigmies recently discovered in the interior; in fact they are at the negritto stage of development, and not the Polynesian. And away off the coast in the north of Halmaheira in the western mountains of Ceram and Bouru, and in the mountains of Timor and Celebes, there are wild tribes at the same stage with similar exotic carving art and social system, and similar Polynesian features, heads and forms. And the vocabulary of the languages of the Polynesian-like people in the north of Halmaheira, which I am now analysing, has a large number of words that are pure Polynesian and not Malayan, and a still larger number that reveal Polynesian origin in their stems, whilst their phonology is un-Malayan and completely Polynesian.

The Devil in this Paradise

Part of the answer to this question would be that the Polynesians have been drifting westwards before the south-east trades for tens of thousands of years, as their island-homes sank in the central



THE DEPARTURE OF THE STEAMER FROM ANSUS (JOBIE ISLAND).

THE PILE VILLAGE, WITH THE SMOKE OF ITS MORNING FIRES, SHOWS IN THE DISTANCE.

ONE OF THE DANDIES OF ANSUS.

HE HAS DONNED A SARONG TO COME ON BOARD AND GET HIS PORTRAIT TAKEN.

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Pacific; and that the earlier immigrants must have been not so much higher in development than the negrittos they found and absorbed. But the main answer is sago. Where sago grows there is and there can be no progress. A beautiful palm this villain is from its youth upwards, though he is spiny to the touch. The stems of its leaves furnish the gabagaba that goes to the making of the house-walls of this region, whilst its fronds furnish the atap or thatch that forms the roof, and its spathes make buckets and bowls and balers. Wherein lies the villainy of this tree that grows in every swamp and valley away to the east of this tropical archipelago right into the Solomon Islands? It lies in its pith, which it is not impossible the Polynesian immigrants, accustomed as they were to prepare the pith of tree ferns and of fern roots, taught the negritto to use for food. The villainy lies in the ease with which food can be obtained from it. I have seen a family in Ceram cut down a sago palm just when it was about to send out its flower stem and die, and within a short time have half a ton of the soft, moist meal lie in the deep hollows of the split stem, all washed and filtered ready for making into the little lavender cakes that one sees everywhere away east here.

In this the family has as much food as it needs for at least six months ; and if it manipulates two trees at once it may be as idle as the most luxurious Westerner for all the rest of the year. The result is that these people do not work and will not work ; and why should they want to, when they have enough and to spare with the work of a week or ten days ? If they had the energy and benevolence, they might now be sending missionaries to those poor slaves of the lamp, who, as journalists and compositors, have to check each other's interpretations of script or type, whilst others sleep, and sweat, and toil in the darkness as hard as colliers in a pit, in order to enlighten and amuse the breakfast tables of their fellow citizens. If only they knew what men of the West will do after they have enough and to spare, they would grow sad over the thought, " what fools these mortals be," or burst into their half-hysterical laugh over that lunatic asylum, the Western world.

Where lies the villainy, if sago does this ? The loftiest ideal of the most devoted reformers of our day is here realised. Here men work the minimum, and, let us hope, enjoy the maximum. No man need work more than a week per year to keep himself and his family going. His bread and his water are sure (it rains two hundred and

eighty-four days in the year), and he may be as idle as a king or a millionaire is supposed to be. Is that not the paradise that the most advanced of the left wing of the Socialistic Labour Party would like to adopt as their ideal, and fear to adopt lest the world should laugh? No work and plenty to eat. And to add to the enjoyment, every native has his own gin palace in the areng, or sugar palm, or the nipa palm; he climbs up the trunk (his feet are still as prehensile as a monkey's), and slits the stem of the flower with his knife and ties it up so that the sap drips into a little bamboo distiller hung below; then he can go up whenever he likes and tap his own toddy. It is at once his wine factory and his cellar, and the missionaries complain that the native lies all day in a muzzy state at the foot of his distillery. One proposes, if the civil authorities will back him up, to offer a guilder (1*s.* 8*d.*) for every sago palm and every sugar palm cut down by a native. "A Philistine!" I hear my enthusiastic Socialistic friends exclaim: To threaten to destroy the reality of the dream that they are willing to sacrifice all our existing social system to realise; what madness!

I should like to have seen the members of our hot Socialistic cult down amongst those natives just for a few days in order to know what their paradise is. They were the dirtiest, most nose-offending, most diseased natives that I have seen;

and I have been in some of the worst slums of London and Glasgow. The magistrate assured me that they came before him for every crime on earth but stealing, for they were communists. The commonest crimes were adultery and murder, but as the Dutch laws placed a far severer penalty upon the latter than upon the former, adultery was growing like a plague. Half a dozen families herded together in the same rickety house open on all sides. Before the magistrate came, the inevitable result of meddling with a man's wife was the death of both wife and paramour. Dutch law compelled him to punish the murderer; so the wives snap their fingers at their husbands and adultery fattens on the decrease of murder. Then the sanitation of these households and the diseases that rid them of all happiness were indescribable. You look below the dream of no work and plenty to eat, and you find—a cesspool. Man under the *régime* of the completely and long-realised ideal of the Socialist is not much above the level of his own pig, and the pig is infinitely the happier, in that he has no sense of what is past and what is to come, no sense of what he might become. And here, it must be remembered, I am not theorising or commenting; I am only observing and reporting.

A KARWARI.

A CANOE.

HUMBOLDT'S BAY.

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Methuselahs at Twenty

But the villainy of sago is not half told. Even amongst those bird of paradise millionaires of Ansus there was manifest the working of some "worm in the bud." Their brows were puckered, their skin was generally wrinkled like sea sand, as soon as they were out of the stage of youth; early in the teens came manhood; after thirty was old age; and it was plain that between they lay on no bed of roses. And yet I had not seen their women. The blue smoke over the pile-dwellings told what they were about, when their men were at the picture palace. They did all the work except shooting the birds of paradise, and that was rather a picnic than work. And I have a fancy from what I have seen in other villages, that they were wrinkled and old at twenty; twenty-five was their three score years and ten. They begin in early childhood to slave for the men; it was only the boys that were now out in the canoes.

War Eight Hours a Day

And the striking thing was that they were few —not half the number of the grown men; if the girls were as many, then there were perhaps enough to keep the numbers up in the next generation, provided no epidemic crept into their paradise.

They had undoubtedly grown sterile. And so it was in all this region of sago-eaters. The children that survived infancy were as sparse in each village as population over the country. In the old days before the Dutch meddled with their fun they had heads to hunt and therefore wars always in hand. The Government, that could not be other than humanitarian and anti-militarist with The Hague Carnegie palace of peace growing before their eyes, had to put down head-hunting and war in their Oriental domains. And so they have sealed the doom of these people as surely as if they had drawn them up in files and shot them; only the agony will be stretched over many generations like death from a lingering but incurable disease.

The one employment of these sago-eaters that roused them out of their torpor was war, and it was this and this alone that saved them from sterility —the curse of the idle—and extinction. Halmaheira, Ceram, Bouru and New Guinea have hitherto been under the Sultans of Ternate and Tidore, and they let things slide; wars and head-hunting went on as they had done for tens of thousands of years. And so the men kept virile and fertile enough to keep up their numbers fairly well. The Dutch Government have taken over the administration of these islands now, and wars have to cease. The destructive sago will now have full career. Not that those naked Rockefellers of Ansus will have

anything to do with the making of sago; we brought from the coasts of Ceram enough sago flour and sago cakes to serve them a whole year. They are too luxurious even to let their women make sago for them. And these west-enders of the Orient will, like all west-enders throughout the world, be the first to die out. If the humanitarian Hague wishes to save these people from extinction it must either let them have their annual Donnybrooks, or cut down all their sago trees and sugar palms and teach them to work.

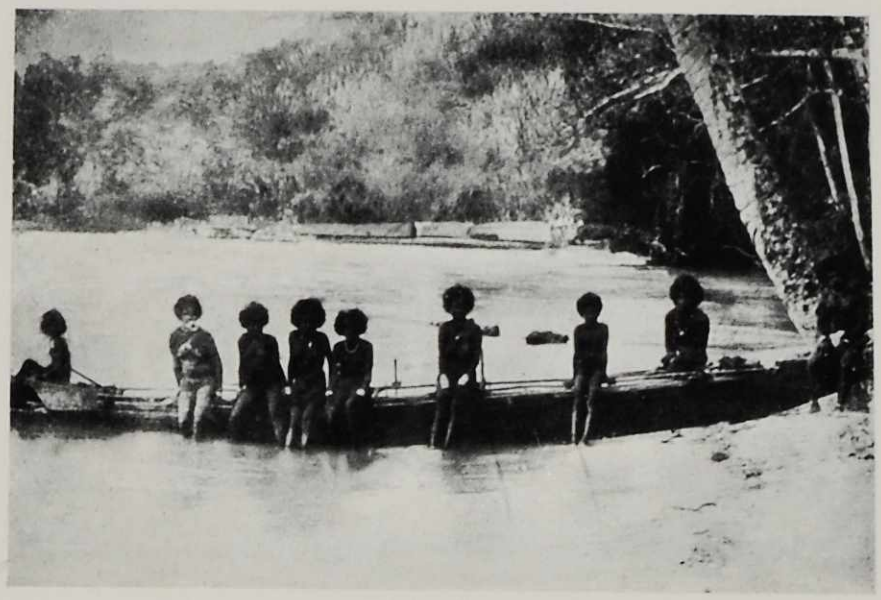
Pirates-Philanthropists

When I came to this archipelago and began to travel round it, I accepted the prevailing theory that it was the pirates that had made the vast solitudes, that there had been a huge population, but that they had been all torn away from their beloved sago-forests. Now that I have been along the coasts of most of these eastern islands, I have come to the conclusion that the population was never other than sparse, from one to the square mile to one to the ten square miles. The forest shows no sign of having been touched in any period of the past; it is primeval except for a tiny clearing behind the pile-village that breaks the monotonous green of the shores every half-dozen leagues or so. Round the old centres of population like Tidore,

or Ternate, or Wahai in Ceram, or Kajeli in Bouru, patches of green appear in the forest which have been clearings, but are now the domain of the ineradicable alang-alang grass. The pirates, I fancy, were absolute benefactors to this sago-eating race; those they captured and sold into slavery learned to work and were saved from the doom of their race; their contributions to the blood of the archipelago, especially in the Eastern Islands, have left their sign manual on the faces. As for those the pirates could not capture they fled to the mountains, and led a harder life in order to live, and so secured the future of their race by the reduction of its sterility. Sago is the pirate that has made these rich regions, that might easily support the whole population of the world, a wilderness. And it never will be any better; there are not the people to bring out the wealth of the magnificent soil, and if there were enough to do so they would not do it; their friend, the sago palm, has secured that. It will be much worse; for with no head-hunting and no wars to keep the men virile and fertile these islands will become more and more of a solitude.

Our First Parents Fell Up

A German professor recently announced that he had found the original paradise in North Australia.



SOME WOMEN CANOEISTS.

THE VILLAGE OF TANAMARA
(RED LAND).

If he had wandered into the east of this archipelago and into New Guinea he would have been even surer of the discovery of Eden. Here no man has to gain his living by the sweat of his brow; the trees supply him with that. He has to wear no figleaf, unless some meddling, intrusive explorer or ethnologist breaks into his paradise; and as for the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, he has that in the sugar palm; in its toddy he has a never-failing fountain of oblivion to evil, which is practically the knowledge of good. The fall of man, I am convinced, was a tumble-up. Kept out of his Eden of unbroken idleness and full larders by the flaming sword of the sun, and driven into the north temperate zone he had to work for his living, and learn foresight and thrift and love of hearth and home, which has made a man of him. Had sago grown in temperate zone Europe and Asia and Africa, we should all have been first cousins to the ape, if our species had by any chance continued to live. There would have been no Babylonian, or Assyrian, or Egyptian empires, no Cretan, or Greek, or Roman civilisation, no modern Europe, no history: had our ancestors kept up their vitality and fertility by everlasting Donnybrook Fairs, we should have been exactly like the Papuans, occupants of paradise, without any need of work, without ambition or thought, without figleaf, and without happiness except from the sugar-palm distillery. If the

socialists wish to realise their dream in that hotbed of restlessness and energy, the temperate zone, north and south, they have only to find a hybrid of the sago-palm that will stand the winter's frost; before a generation is past there will be no necessity for either work, or thrift, or that malignant form of thrift called capital; by a second generation all men will be as the Papuans, all competition (except in vanities, jealousies, envies, back-bitings, and the rest of the brood of human evil spirits) will have died out, all ambition, all thought, all providence; there will be nothing, not even a loin cloth, to remind men of their former Inferno—civilisation. Men will be again completely enslaved to superstition, and caught in the network of traditional custom; still more will they be the victims of all the bacteria that bring ache and pain and disease and death. And if they would like to put the last (death) first and bring about the speedy extinction of the species, let them adopt the anti-militarist's cure of all human ills and abolish war. Before half a dozen generations had passed the last man would have breathed his last.

CHAPTER XV

THE DUTCH IN THE EAST

English no Language

A Dutch captain, who was fond of a joke, soberly explained to me how the English language was no language, how the British who had travelled with him were all stupid and all carried medicine-boxes. I accepted the explanation with the same sober earnestness with which he had given it. Then I adjured him not to keep this revelation from mankind, but to proceed at once to his own country, and preach the new evangel that to succeed in the world you must be stupid, speak a language that is no language, and carry a medicine-box. His sobriety broke down ; but there is a grain of truth in two at least of his assertions. The British, even those who travel, seldom or never can speak with ease any language but their own ; and as on board the steamers of this archipelago most saloon passengers are Dutch, and as Dutch is usually spoken at meals the British have to sit dumb, and the dumb are usually assumed to be stupid. Then a *lingua*

franca like English has to be free from all grammatical difficulties; a language that has any chance in the race for universal language, must, besides being living and still in evolution, be grammarless and rid of all the genders and declensions that belong to pure languages like Dutch, and make it and German so difficult for other nations to learn. Dutch has few foreign elements in it, even words of Latin derivation being scarce, and so it is beyond the charge of being mongrel. But this and its persistent grammar put it out of the running as a *lingua franca* or free method of communication between people of different languages. The clash of Celt, Norman and Saxon in Britain, and their ultimate amalgamation made the English language "no language," and so prepared it for the commercial career that has saturated it with elements from all languages. The lack of this in Dutch is one of the reasons why it has made so little impression on the languages of the Orient that its speakers have so long ruled, the main reason, however, being the old Company's prohibition of its acquisition by the natives—a perfectly superfluous prohibition, the learners of Dutch think.

The British no Linguists

But what we British admire and envy in the Dutch is the facility with which they use three

or four foreign tongues. The boys in Holland, instead of learning Latin, have to learn to speak and write, first French (because Belgium runs along their frontier), then German (because Germany encircles Holland), and lastly English (because their maritime enterprise and their foreign possessions bring them into touch at so many points with Britain). Here too the Dutch must also speak Malay fluently, because that is the *lingua franca* of their oriental empire. I have heard Germans express the same surprise at the linguistic facility of the Dutch, although they have themselves generally command of English and often of French. It is not because it is a small nation that Holland has so early adopted the wise course that England and America will have to follow in all their schools, but because it is a commercial and maritime nation and because it neighbours two foreign languages. It had to learn Spanish in the olden times in order to drive its Spanish oppressors out, and it had to learn Portuguese and then English long ago, in order to cope with its commercial and imperial rivals in the East. Neither Britain nor America has had any such stimulus, and both have become linguistically indolent, and accept as their natural birthright the homage of other nations who have to learn English in order to have any chance in commerce against them.

Dutch impossible for Foreigners

But this I am certain of, that if Dutch were to become the universal language, the English will never be able to learn it; they have got largely clear of the throat and palate sounds that belonged originally to all Teutonic languages, while the Dutch have driven their sounds deeper and deeper towards the chest; they have retained most of the difficult old sounds, like the Germans, but with perfect superfluity and in defiance of the law of least effort or advance to easier pronunciation, they have turned all their g's into gutturals, like the Scotch gh and ch, if not also their rolling r's and their broad a's. Now that I have listened for five months to Dutch conversation, I would strongly recommend the use of the language for the strengthening of weak chests and throats. And in the mouths and throats of one or two Dutchmen I have met, the language becomes a real weapon of offence; the sounds emitted were almost as intolerable as those heard of a morning in a Japanese inn when a general clean up of teeth and tongue, throat and tubes was going on; it made me fear that not only larynx but diaphragm was about to be ejected; when they started telling a story I contrived to leave the table. But these were rare exceptions, as also were the ladies, who spoke as if they had a troop of raw recruits to drill and had a

speaking trumpet in their chests. This latter phenomenon in the archipelago has been explained to me as due to the futility of the native servants and the necessity of impressing their duties upon them. I can bear witness to the futility of service here, but think that even the voice of a Stentor would make little impression.

Labour Difficulties in the Archipelago

At present there is a great humanitarian wave from The Hague passing over the archipelago; instructions have come that no compulsion of any kind is to be used to the natives; the result has been the same as if the rod were obtrusively abandoned in school and all systems of punishment abolished; there is complete demoralisation in all forms of labour; employers are at their wits' end. I have heard Australia and New Zealand quoted again and again here as the awful examples of how not to do it in labour. But a strike is child's play to the impudence with which a native will neglect his most manifest duties and leave the most peremptory orders unfulfilled. I have heard Englishmen and Australians who have to manage labour lament in absolute despair the conscienceless incompetence of most of the natives they had to employ. I know some Australian employers who

look with envy on the overflowing labour of Java. If I am to believe managers and employers here and accept my own limited experience as evidence, a trial would soon disenchant them. The vast resources of this rich region, except in Java, Bali and Lombok, where the old despotic empires disciplined the people to labour, are only superficially developed, and, as far as I can see, will remain undeveloped. A New Zealander in Timor Coupang, was expressing his Imperialistic feelings to me and wishing that the British had the archipelago to develop; he thought that it would soon be highly developed under them. I disagreed with him, and reminded him of a jeremiad of his over the feebleness and incompetence of the natives. No region in the tropics can be developed without good native labour under competent guidance. He thought British labour would do it; unfortunately British labour is not adequate to the development of the vast unoccupied territories in the British Empire. Japanese labour was his next trump card, but he would play it with hesitation if he had been through the backblocks of Japan, or through Korea and Manchuria. Two-thirds of the archipelago is but sparsely populated, and the population reached luxury before they reached either civilisation or the capacity to labour. The Rotti people come to Coupang to work; but their work is desultory and unsatisfactory, he acknowledged,

although his partner is a Rotti youth of considerable energy and talent. One morning I was on Rotti and noticed its hills covered with lontar palms, the source of their laru or palm-wine, and early though it was I saw several exhibitions of its intoxicating effects. The officials are trying to do something to counteract its effects. Colonel Rietschoten, the able and kindly Military Resident of Timor and the neighbouring islands, told me that he is more troubled with the impudent demands of the Rotti people than with all the rest of his large domain. And the forested sago islands away to the north and east are still worse off for labour; all that they export is the wild produce of the forest and several have told me that the exports have been decreasing instead of increasing. The new humanitarian policy of the Government will, many of the employers of labour think, complete the ruin of the archipelago which the compulsory culture system of the old Company and of van den Bosch under the Government began. From this southern series of islands of the grassy and droughty Australian type the only export that is increasing is that of horses, and splendid little horses they are, yet too small for army purposes; but the Government is introducing Arab stallions and making such regulations in Sumba, the great horse island, that within a few years they will be one or two hands higher.

Portuguese and Dutch at the Old Game again

Even the officials acknowledge that till recently the only idea of the Government was to exploit the islands and the natives for the benefit of the home-land, that in fact it was not in the least superior to that of their old rivals and predecessors, the Portuguese. As far as one can make out from somewhat conflicting evidence, these latter have not given up their old and evil practices. This very year the old dispute between the two occupants of Timor has again broken out with great violence. It was supposed to be finally settled by the treaty of 1899, which was based on the report of a Commission consisting of equal numbers from the two nations. But an ambitious new Governor who came in January, 1912, doubtless wishing to acquire glory for himself and the new Republic, gave arms to the natives in order to assert his claim to a few square miles of barren land on the eastern border of the Portuguese enclave in the Dutch section. The result was a widespread revolt in the interior of Portuguese Timor, stimulated by the barbarities of the negro soldiers brought from Portuguese Africa. At one time even the capital, Timor Dilly, was thought to be in danger, and the Governor went on board a warship that had come from Macao. The campaign against the natives was carried to the

last extremity, and thousands of men, women, and children, it is said, were slaughtered, not without negro cruelty, and disregard of plighted word. The refugees are crowding over the border into Dutch territory, and a Dutch battalion on the heights that command both seas is watching developments. The two Governors have had an interview; and it is hoped that it will result in referring the question in dispute to The Hague Arbitration Court. It is strange to find this sanguinary quarrel, which kept the two peoples for centuries in arms against each other, blazing out after long quiescence again in the days of palaces of peace, of Republics, and Arbitration Courts.

Unemployed Monarchs

The occupation of these islands has kept keen the military instincts and ambitions that have persisted in the breasts of a peaceful commercial nation. Not a decade has passed during its three centuries without one or more wars, at first with the Portuguese, but in the last century or more with the native empires, sultanates, and rajahships, broken only by a brush with the English during the French occupation of Holland. The last three decades have been more prolific than any of fiery and sanguinary wars. For during that period the Dutch began to make their sovereignty over the

archipelago real instead of nominal. The local monarchs and chiefs have resented the dry-nursing policy adopted, and risen in fury as the opportunity occurred; the result is that one after the other has been deposed and sent into exile in Java. I witnessed the return of three rajahs, one a wizened little old man with strong jaws and keen eye, and two tall young men with milder faces, to the island of Sumba, after five years' exile in Java. They were deck passengers, and the old man retained the native costume, a loin-cloth of native manufacture figured with conventional animals, one evidently a horse, though it had claws; a plaid similarly ornamented and worn gracefully over the shoulders, and an elaborate turban; his legs and feet were bare. The other two wore the white coats and trousers that distinguish the European master in this region. There was a great gathering of natives with their chiefs, from all parts of the island, and a temporary shed, or native roof on posts, had been erected for the welcome. Drums and gongs discoursed the only music; it was a mere matter of thumping. The only provision for the inner man was the omnipresent betel-nut and lime. The entertainment was native riding on highly-decorated Sumba ponies, a spirited, but monotonous, performance.

A PAGODA IN ONE OF THE PLEASURE GROUNDS OF THE LATE RAJAH OF LOMBOK.

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A Palace for a Rest House

Bandung, in the mountains above Batavia, is the usual home of the monarchs out of work. But there are still some to come. The war in Atjeh in the north of Sumatra, has been going on for nearly thirty years; tens of thousands on both sides litter the mountains with their graves; yet the small remnant of the mountaineers still holds out. The Rajah of Gowa, near Macassar, sought death after defeat, and so did the Rajah of Badung in Bali a few years ago, whilst the Rajah of Boni died in exile, and I stayed in Lombok in an unfinished palace of the monarch of that island, built on the slope of a gorge, with broad terraces, temples on truncated pyramids, lakes and fountains and swimming pools, shady avenues and great flights of steps; it is a most luxurious pasang-grahan, or traveller's rest now for those whom the authorities permit to use it; the richly-carved and painted doors and windows are worth going a day's journey to see. But the now mild and humanitarian rule of the Dutch will make it difficult for restive potentates to take the bit in their mouth. The authorities, however, are evidently going to take no risks; there are 14,000 European troops and twice as many native troops in the islands, and the shifting of soldiers from post to post is everywhere a feature of the steamer traffic. Government officials in the

saloon of the steamers make quite as constant a feature. Probably 60 per cent. of the 100,000 Europeans in the archipelago are Government employees, and their families, if we include the soldiers and the schoolmasters.

The Talent of Holland in the Archipelago

Indeed this Oriental empire of Holland must be a constant drain on her youthful talent. Her Civil Service is a credit to her; though one hears a ceaseless strain of complaint in the unofficial European world here of the red-tape inelasticity of the officials. I have no doubt, judging from those I have met, that Holland sends some of her ablest young men to administer her empire. For a little nation of about five million this drain of her best blood must be a serious handicap to her in the growing international competition in the various spheres of civilised life, science, art, philosophy, literature, industry, commerce. The same thing occurred to Portugal in her golden age, the sixteenth century; her best blood went abroad as adventurers or administrators and one can see in the streets of Lisbon, and even in the offices of Timor Dilly, that she has liberally recruited her blood in her African colonies. There is evident in the Dutch Empire a similar movement in process; large numbers of the lesser officials are half-castes

and some are pure-blood natives. In the early days 90 per cent. of the Europeans lived with native women; now there is not 15 per cent. that solve their domestic problem thus. But so common was it up till this generation that Holland had to accept as Dutch citizens the half-castes recognised by their fathers. The adoption of the British system of frequent furloughs has worked the change; and there is appearing amongst the European ranks much hostile criticism of the recognition of the half-castes.

The White Race and Half-Castes in the Tropics

But the policy cannot be reversed; there are too many able half-castes for that in both official and unofficial positions in the archipelago; and some have even forged their way by sheer talent into important positions in Holland. One of the difficulties of the situation is that the half-castes can be got at far lower salaries than Europeans, and so the Europeans are getting thrust out of the lower grades of service, and it is difficult for them to find the opportunity to gain experience in commerce without setting up for themselves, and the suppleness and adaptability of the Chinese and the Arabs make this almost impossible. The process must go on indefinitely till even the higher positions are opened to the half-bloods. It is

a question of persistence, talent, and demand. As to persistence there are various opinions. Not merely private report but scientific seems doubtful about the permanence not only of the European, but of the half-caste in the tropics; a recent monograph of a Dutch doctor, who has spent many years in the archipelago, tries to show from statistics that both types settled here become infertile in the third or fourth generation. But I have begun to hesitate about these conclusions; for recently I visited Kissa, a little raised atoll near the north-east point of Timor, and saw there a pure Dutch colony that has persisted and kept even its blue eyes and fair hair for two centuries and a half. In 1665 eight Dutch soldiers were landed on this lonely islet by the Company to man its fort, and were promptly forgotten. But they had their wives with them, and they kept their blood pure up till late in last century, only they lost their Dutch, and now speak the language of the natives of the island; they kept their Protestantism, but largely abandoned their civilisation. They had to live hard; for the island is droughty and bare, and that kept them virile. But their effort to keep their blood pure meant close intermarriage, and that has somewhat weakened their constitutions. Yet I saw many old men with fair hair and blue eyes hale and vigorous, and the generations are all said to have lived to a great

THE DOWNFALL OF THE REBELLIOUS RAJAH OF LOMBOK.

A MALAYASIAN LAUNDRY.

ONE OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE DUTCH EMPIRE.

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age. What proves the truth of the assertion is that the head of the village, a tall, fine-looking man of sixty-three, is only the great-great-grandson of the Sergeant Kaffyn, who commanded the little military colony in 1665. A commentary on this is the story told me by the captain of the Chinese in Ambon; he is the seventh generation, although the founder of the family settled in the island only in 1760, a century after the Dutch soldiers settled in Kissa. Nor have the descendants of these marooned champions of the Company lost their fertility; there are now three hundred men, women and children in the Dutch village, though many have gone to follow careers elsewhere as merchants, clerks, soldiers and policemen. And Mr. Kaffyn, the village head, has a family of nine, and the eight who have married are rapidly adding to the ranks of his grandchildren. One fact of this sort is worth a thousand theories and arguments about the permanence of the white race in the tropics.

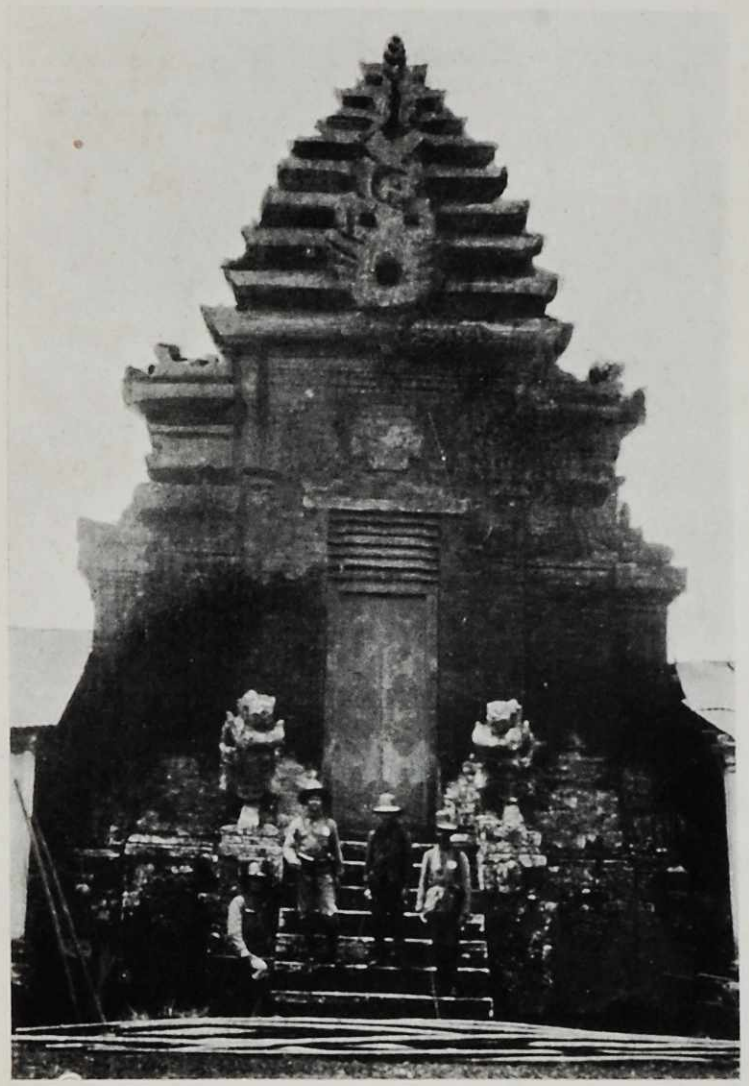
The Laundry, the Pivot of Civilisation in the Archipelago

But, if not only whites but half-castes should fail, there will never be any lack of clerks in the archipelago. The moment a native becomes a Christian, he aspires to the white suit of the

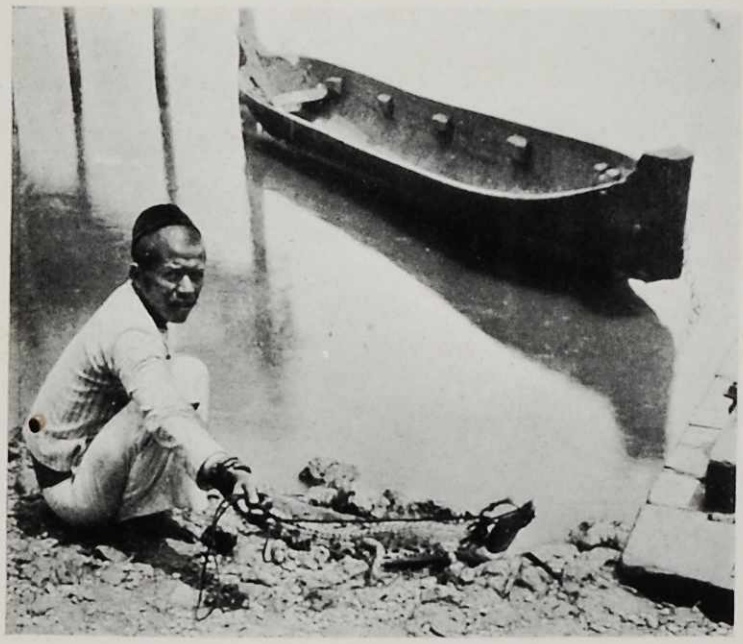
European, and will accept a clerkship at half or even a third of the wages he could make by manual labour. The spotless linen, or drill suit, is the uniform of masterhood, if not of civilisation, in this region, and in order to get respect from the natives I had to abandon my woollen suits for those that could be laundried from time to time; and I have come to the conclusion that it is a good custom, although one feels amongst the numerous sources of smears and splashes on steamers and boats, as well as on shore, like a child in a drawing-room full of china; every movement seems to threaten one's respectability. Laundrying is one of the most conspicuous employments in the archipelago; if it were to lapse even temporarily, dignity would vanish, if not civilisation, too. Here is the arena of a successful strike. Happily, the native dhobis or menatos have not yet realised that they have in their power the foundations of Netherlands India civilisation. Those who aim at the white suit are far from the possibility of a strike; every new convert to Christianity sets it further and further away; he would die rather than not have this badge of aristocracy.

A Land Alligator

How far the native Christian or the half-caste will get beyond this conventionality under the new



ONE OF THE GATEWAYS OF A PALACE OF THE LATE RAJAH OF LOMBOK.



A NATIVE TETHERING A YOUNG CROCODILE.

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paternal rule of the Dutch it is hard to say. One or two of the latter have shown themselves capable in the sciences (linguistics and ethnology), the development of which is closely connected with the welfare of the region. There is still great scope in both for original research. In spite of the work of Wallace and Junghuhn and other distinguished European natural scientists, there is still much to glean in the wide fields they have attempted to reap. The botany and geology of the region are still only half done. It might be assumed that all that is strange in the animal life of the domain has been already noted and described. But here in this well-known track, the southern series of islands, there has lately turned up a singular development in animal life. In the little uninhabited island of Komodo, between Flores and Sumbawa, there has been found in the mountains a land alligator with small toothless head (if one is to judge by a photograph) on a flexible neck bent at right angles to the body, legs twice or three times as long as those of his water-loving relative, claws more like those of the scraping and burrowing animals, and small scales instead of armour. This singular departure from the ancestral type may, perhaps, be due to the sudden upheaval of its native reef and swamp. The discovery only indicates how much there is still to be done even in such a well-worn science as zoology in this

region. A considerable number of natives and half-castes are being trained as doctors in the medical school at Batavia, and some I have come across in practice. It is to be seen yet whether they will take up the sciences cognate to their professional training as they have taken up linguistics and ethnology. There is evidently scope for all the talents.

CHAPTER XVI

A FORGOTTEN OUTPOST—A STORY OF ACCLIMATISATION

NEGRITTO AND CAUCASIAN

FOR the last four or five months I have been tracking the Caucasian in the hair, features, and physique of the peoples of the Dutch East. From Macassar to the Sanguir Archipelago that almost touches the Philippines; from Borneo to the frontier of German New Guinea; from Bali to Timor and the Serwatty Islands; there is but one ethnological story to tell—the same as that of the Solomon Islands and Fiji. The people are fundamentally negritto, with a constantly varying intermixture with a tall Caucasian race that has had a light-haired ancestry far back in prehistoric ages. In varying proportions in the same crowd of natives, whether in the village or on the beach, there have been everywhere men who did not reach my shoulder and men who towered above me; long and medium heads and short heads; heads of tufty hair and heads of wavy hair; flattened noses and straight, thin noses; thick lips and thin; straight oval faces and faces with ape-like projecting muzzle.

And on the coastline of the more westerly islands there is a manifest dash of Javanese and Bugi, or, in other words, Malayan blood in the laterally projecting cheekbones, the upturned nostrils, the short noses, and the lank, dull, black hair. As you go eastwards in any one of the series of islands you see less and less of this latter element, and more and more of the tall figures, long heads, wavy hair, and regular features of the Caucasian element. It is the same on the coast of New Guinea, as far as I have seen it. There is practically no Malayan blood, except perhaps on the northern coast, and that quite recent ; and there is an increasing Caucasian element as one goes east. The Papuan type, with mop head and depressed point of nose, is not more common than the fine-featured and wavy-haired Caucasian or the tufty-haired prognathic little negritto. The one element common to all the peoples from Sumatra to Fiji is the negritto. He gave the five foot (less or more) stature, the prognathoid jaw, the thick lips, and the flattened nostrils to the Malay, as he gave the negroid hair, nose, lips, and jaws to a large proportion of the much taller people stretching from Borneo and Bali eastwards to Melanesia.

The Portuguese Theory

The Europeanism that thus overlies, and often obliterates the negroidism of the eastern islands, is

a matter of very ancient pre-history. But popular philosophy here, I find, sets it all down to the Portuguese. They were evidently as busy in their earliest days in this archipelago as the lost Ten Tribes throughout the world. They were undoubtedly most dominant and impressive; but they were never more than a few hundred in the archipelago, and of these a considerable proportion were priests or members of celibate brotherhoods; and what is this to the dark millions of these islands, every man of whom has had in the four centuries since the Portuguese came more than ten thousand ancestors? What would remain visible on the surface of an ocean after a few days, or even a few hours, if a bucket of whitewash were dashed into it? The Europeanism so apparent in the east of this archipelago, and right through New Guinea into Fiji, is the result of no mere accident or single application. It must be the result of immigration spread over thousands, if not tens of thousands, of years.

Dutchmen who know no Dutch

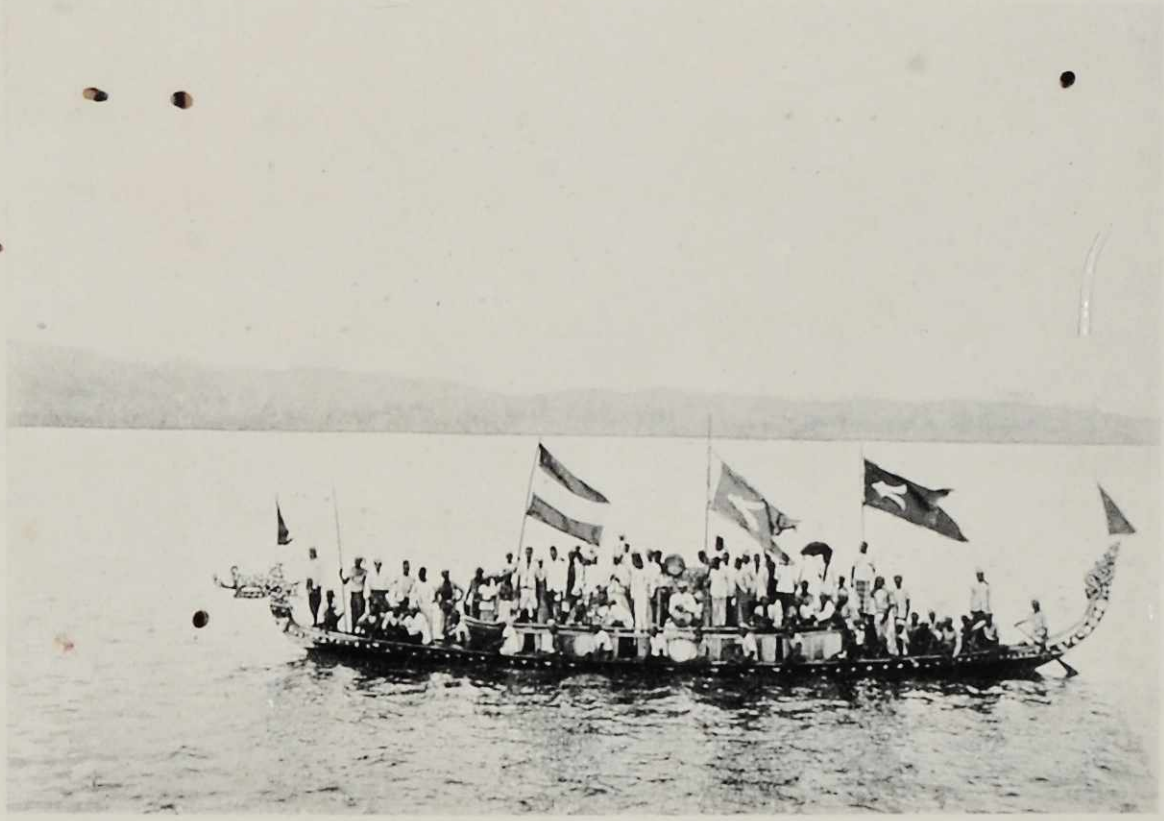
But close to the last term of the southern series of islands there is one of the most interesting instances of an accident. In the little island of Kissa, sixteen miles off the most easterly point of Timor, the moment one lands on the beach one

sees there is a Europeanism that has not yet melted into the dark ocean. Amidst the crowd of dark faces one sees a pale white skin here and there, and often over it swaths of light brown and even flaxen hair; but the tongues that wag inside the European lips can put together no words of any European language. These tawny-haired white men speak and act like natives. The only outside speech they know is Malay; and the aborigines know that as well as they. And the crowd of children that swarm after me like flies up the two-mile-long road to the village inland give, many of them, still more clear reminiscences of the north-west of Europe. In the schoolroom of the village little blue-eyed girls with golden curls are brought forward to shake hands with me. And when I ask their name, the answer is still more reminiscent of the north-west of Europe. It is Ruf, or Lander, or Pelman, or Kaffyn, or Lerieck.

A Garrison Marooned.

This is, in fact, a Dutch village that has forgotten Dutch. Long ago (to be accurate, in 1665) eight Dutch soldiers were sent by the Netherlands East India Company to this lonely islet. They were to watch the Portuguese of Timor, and prevent them sailing north to poach on the special preserve that the Company had made for spices in

NATIVES OF TIMOR LAUT ABOUT TO DANCE.



A CANOE PROCESSION IN THE KÉ ISLANDS.

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Amboina and Banda. A fort was built at the only feasible landing-place, and another on the circlet of hills that surrounds the central basin ; the remains of both with their strong stone and cement walls still testify to the resolute determination of the Dutch monopolists of spices to have no interference with their monopoly. Here these soldiers were to guard the southern gate of the Banda Sea.

But the Company either forgot all about their lonely outpost or got too entangled in wars with the natives and the Portuguese to think of them. No vessel ever came with supplies or substitutes ; and at last Sergeant Kaffyn and his men realised that they were practically marooned, and would have to look out for themselves. Happily the eight Robinson Crusoes had their wives with them. It was the tradition of the Company to check homesickness in their soldiers by this humane and wise regulation ; and the Dutch Government has manifestly accepted it as a guiding principle in their Oriental army. On every steamer I have travelled with there have been native soldiers with their wives and children, and I always knew where the barracks were in any centre by the swarms of children about it. This tradition disposes of the story that these eight soldiers went over to Timor, and brought back wives with them, because they were more comely than the native women of Kissa.

Retained their Religion

Like good Europeans, they set themselves to organise society without the aid of the natives. They established their first settlement behind the fort at the landing-place; the soil was rich even in the dry season, with the soakage from the little stream that all the winter through trickles down to the sea. There they planted their cocoanuts and their maize and their tubers, and it still looks one of the most fertile nooks in the island, even though they have long ago shifted their village to one of the hills in the central basin of the island. They built a church, and as they were Protestants, they elected a preacher who taught the children the elements of religion; and this they have kept up through the generations, though it is only fifty years since they got a Government school.

This school has been educating them, not in Dutch, but in Malay. But they are petitioning the Government to give them a teacher of Dutch, and they hope to get one. For one of the most distinctive marks of their Europeanism is their ambition and their eagerness to give their children a career. Most of the young men now go abroad as clerks, or soldiers, or policemen; and one I travelled with round the Gulf of Tomini, in the north of Celebes, had made himself a good position as a merchant, and was educating his daughters

thoroughly in Batavia; he was pure Dutch, without any native element; and his nature was of the gentlest, whilst his manners were most courteous and gentlemanly. His brother is now the headman or chief of Dutch Kissa, whilst a half-caste with the Dutch name of Bakker is the rajah of the natives, elected by them and approved by the Government. The son of the pure Dutch chief is the schoolmaster. He is not so tall as his father, nor has he so fine a face or so clear a complexion. In all of them, as they grow up, the skin grows darker than in childhood, till they are as dark as the Italians of Central Italy, and this often with light hair and blue eyes. Many of the aborigines were as tall as the Dutchmen, and had wavy, black hair and features that, taken separately, approached the European; but with their dark skins the whole effect was un-European. It was easy to distinguish them from those that had Dutch blood in their veins, even when there was not much difference in the shade of their chocolate-brown skins. Others had the negroid face and hair. It is plain that, like the people of the other eastern islands of the archipelago, they are a cross between tall Caucasians and small negrittos.

Retained their Fertility

But there is one striking thing common to the Dutch Kissaites and the aborigines—it is their

fertility. The island swarms with children. Minute as the islet is (six miles by four), it has 6000 of a population, or about 250 to the square mile. And of these 300 are of Dutch origin, pure or crossed, and that in two centuries and a half from the original 16. Though there is some weakness of chest or other part of the constitution in the Dutch, from too close intermarriage, they are a sturdy race, and for islanders of this archipelago industrious. The main cause of this vitality and vigour I take to be their dry, barren islet, compelling them to work if they were to live. There is no sago palm on the island; for it needs rich soil, kept always moist. So the Dutch are in almost the same hardening environment as their ancestors of the north-west of Europe; although there is no winter to provide against, the droughty season is as bad, or rather as good, for this development and progress; it permits the law of the survival of the fittest full scope in its selective power, and in elimination of the drones. That they need and demand, like their kin in Europe, some stimulus to the blood and spirits is evident in the numerous lontar palms, and the little palm-leaf buckets hung below the cut-flower stem to catch the dripping palm wine or sagueir. But I could see or hear of no evidence of intoxication or the habitual and continuous soaking with sagueir that goes on in the sago palm islands of the moist and thickly forested groups. It is

evident that sago has a far more deadly influence on men than sagueir ; the ease with which food can be procured from it does away with all work, and therefore reduces the fertility, and absolutely prevents all progress either in numbers or social arts and amenities ; constant indulgence in palm wine is the only consolation in life.

Nature has been their Parent

A glance at this islet, even from the sea, at once reveals the secret of the overflowing population, and the energy and eager ambition. It is a coral atoll that has been raised by three or four series of elevations, as is plain from the terraces and the basin within the circlet of coral hills, with its wells of fresh water and its stream-feeding springs. Bare of trees, and almost bare of herbage at this season, it is plain that it is a keen disciplinarian for the men who live in it ; by industry and thrift alone will they be able to keep life going ; and industry and thrift ensure not only the continuance of the race, but its advance to better things. They are splendid builders of boats of all types, from the prau to the dug-out canoe, and yet they have no timber on their island ; they have to bring it from distant Wetta, away to the west, or Damma, away to the east. Sailing-craft is one of their chief exports. If their ring of hills

were planted with forest trees it would conserve the moisture of the wet season and let it down in rivulets all the year round; they would grow fruit of all sorts for the archipelago, as they now grow oranges; and they would soon have timber of their own of which to build their canoes and praus. But, perhaps, by that time most of the descendants of the Dutch will have drifted away to other islands and wider careers.

The significance of this accidental experiment in acclimatisation is of great importance for Australia; she has her Northern Territory to people, and it has long been a question whether the white race can permanently people it. The weight of opinion has been against the possibility. Yet here is a laboratory experiment right at the doors of tropical Australia. For two centuries and a half sixteen Europeans and their posterity have maintained themselves without leaving their tropical islet, and without degeneration, except from too close inter-marriage. Before I came to the archipelago I read a review of a pamphlet by a Dutch doctor, who had lived in Java, proving from statistics that not only the pure Dutch but the half-castes lose their fertility in the third or fourth generation. It evidently took no account of this highly scientific though accidental experiment in acclimatisation.

I was, therefore, at great pains to make inquiries in the island as to the number of children in the different families. I ascertained from one gentleman of pure Dutch descent, the great-great-grandson of one of the eight soldiers, that he had had a family of nine, all but one grown up to manhood or womanhood. Eight were married, one recently, and seven had children, several of whom I saw, most of them with fair hair, and some with blue eyes and golden curls. I met a considerable number of the family of Lerieck (probably a corruption of Lerwick, the chief town of the Shetland Isles, where the Dutch fishermen used to resort every year for centuries), and some of the younger generation showed in their complexion that native blood had recently come into the family; many had fine European faces and light complexions. And the numerous ramifications of the family showed how prolific they were. There must have been some Portuguese influence on the family, for two of them bore the names of Hermanos and Lerandus. Thus both pure Dutch and recently half-caste Dutch showed fertility down to the fifth generation. The whole experiment indicated that it is not the heat or ultra-violet sun rays of the tropics that make a white race unstable, and ultimately evanescent. It is some other condition which did not affect these

Dutch inhabitants of this lonely islet. Perhaps it is the helplessness that too many servants induce in men and women. Perhaps it is the tendency in the great heat of summer to indolence and luxury. These Kissa Europeans had no servants, and had to work hard for their living. They have not yet approached the stage of luxury which the people of the sago islands have long ago reached. It looks as if work and a hard life are two of the essential conditions of race-permanence and race progress in the tropics, as in the temperate zones. There must be scope for the working of the law of the survival of the fittest, and nothing must take the edge off it. Constant exercise of energy, we know, is essential to the health of both mental faculties and physical, and hard conditions that may become harder are essential as a stimulus for this constant exercise of the human system, and as an irresistible force that will overcome the inertia of nature, and especially human nature. And amongst the faculties must be included that which ensures race-continuance, fertility. This is as manifest in plant and animal life as in human. Too easy conditions make the extinction of a species as certain as too hard conditions; and too easy conditions are as common in the tropics as too hard conditions in the arctic zone. The absence of the sago palm from those droughty islands of the southern series has made the raising of tubers,

like yams and sweet potatoes, and of cereals like rice or maize—in other words, the cultivation of the soil—a necessity of life. This was the salvation of these Dutch soldiers and their posterity. Had they been left in one of the rich sago islands away to the north and east we should never have heard of them again; they would have sunk into indolence and luxury, into sago and sagueir, and would have died out except in the blood of the decreasing naked dark skins.

Not Heat but Luxurious Idleness wipes out a Race

The lesson for Australia from this story is that it is not the heat of the tropics that will annihilate the white race in the Northern Territory, but the inertia of human nature that heat develops and increases. As long as they have hard enough conditions to make them work and keep their system healthy and keen, the heat and the ultra-violet rays will have no serious effect, except on the defectives and weaklings, who ought not to survive in posterity. And amongst the faculties and powers that which ensures race-continuance will be kept as healthy and keen as the rest. It is luxury and idleness that kill off a family or race in the temperate zone as in the tropics. But in the tropics heat, chiefly moist heat, is on the side

of luxury and idleness ; it reinforces our natural inertia and longing for ease. The dry heat of the Australian plateaux, whether tropical or sub-tropical, interferes little with the vitality and energy that make life a healthy pleasure. It is the moist heat of the tropical coasts, with their malaria and malaria-carrying pests, that swells the tissues and makes them the natural seed-bed of inertia and disease. As long as human life keeps to the plateaux in tropical Australia and is bred in moderately hard conditions it will not cease to perpetuate itself in a vigorous posterity. That is the lesson from Kissa.

THE END

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