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**GUIDE AND
TOURIST'S
HANDBOOK**

ILLUSTRATED.

*THIS BOOK DESCRIBES ONE
OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD.*

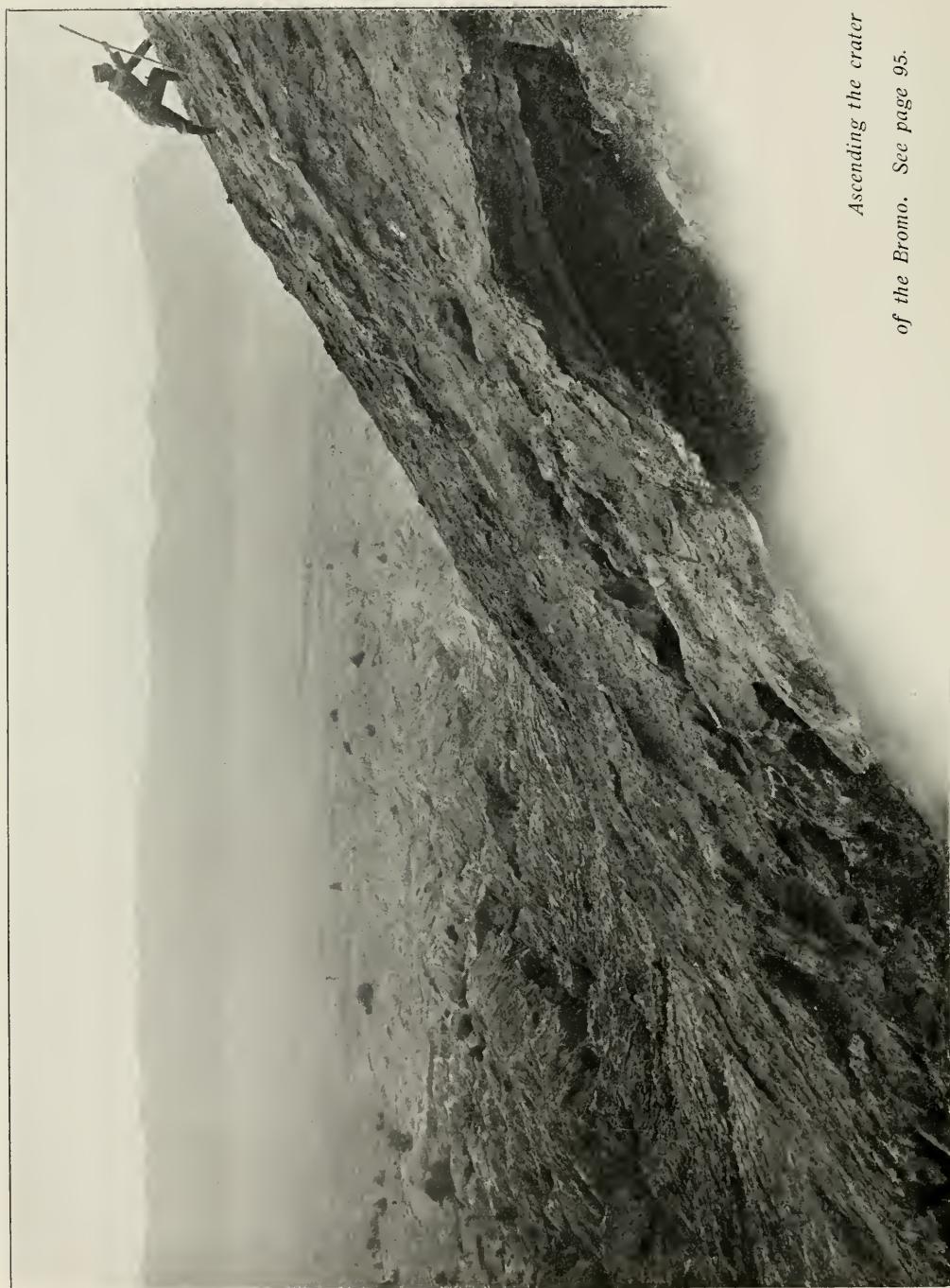
JAVA



THE WONDERLAND

OFFICIAL TOURIST BUREAU Weltevreden (Batavia) — JAVA.

*Ascending the crater
of the Bromo. See page 95.*



JAVA



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LOAN STACK

GIFT

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Foto

O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.

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INTRODUCTION.



It is often observed that many of the tourists coming to Java do not know much about our beautiful island which was described by the well-known traveller Miss Scidmore as "the Garden of the East". For, while one traveller only

knows something about the Botanical Garden at Buitenzorg, another thinks that Garoet is the only place of interest worth visiting; again others, simply come to see the Bōrōboedoer temple, and after a short stay there rush back to Singapore. Some folks have a notion that Tosari is the only place to go to, but there are very few tourists, who take their time to go through the island thoroughly from Batavia via Buitenzorg, Garoet, Djocja, etc. to Soerabaya and Tosari. In consequence of this almost every traveller in Java who has visited only one or two of the above-mentioned places, regrets infinitely that the date of departure of his steamer at Singapore, prevents him from prolonging his stay.

It is for this reason that we have compiled this little guide book to introduce the traveller to some of the beauty-spots of Java from Batavia to Soerabaya, whence every week fine and well-known steamers of the Paketvaart Company, which are among the best coasting steamers in the Orient, will take him back to the most cosmopolitan place in the East, — Singapore.

For those who are interested in the other parts of the Archipelago it is advisable to get the guide book of the Royal Packet Company, which may be obtained at small cost at the different branch offices of this Company.

INFORMATION FOR TOURISTS AND VISITORS.

GUIDES.

There are no European guides in Java; but English speaking native guides can often be engaged at the first class hotels in Batavia and Soerabaya. As might be expected they are few in number and rather expensive; they get usually f 2.50 or f 3.— a day and free travelling.

Large parties or ladies travelling together should always try to get a guide: he will take sole charge of the luggage and will save much trouble and inconvenience.

For the solitary traveller a guide is hardly necessary because the hotel porter (in Malay called mandoer) looks after the luggage of the tourist, will have it sent to and from the station, can take tickets and will always arrange to have the luggage put either in the luggage van or in the railway compartments

SERVANTS.

Servants who are not natives of Java are a nuisance as a rule; the entrance of Chinese servants is prohibited. The man has to report himself at the police station to get a travelling permit. Indian servants as well as Chinese generally do not speak enough Malay to be of any help to a foreigner.

For tourists who do not like to travel without a servant it is advisable to ask the assistance of the hotel manager or his employees to procure a trustworthy boy. The pay of the latter varies from f 18 to f 30 a month besides free transport and 20 to 50 cents per day for his food.

SAFETY IN TRAVELLING.

Travelling in Java is perfectly safe. In fact a tourist going from one end of the island to the other and knowing no other language but plain English or German, could travel without much trouble and in perfect safety. Still it is advisable to lock up everything of value when staying at a Hotel.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

Money. A supply of small change saves both time and money. Boatmen and coachmen seldom have any change, which frequently involves overpaying them.

Valuables. As the rooms in Javanese Hotels cannot be made secure from entrance, valuables should not be left about even for a few minutes. If they cannot be locked up in the portmanteau, they should be handed to the hotel-keeper.

MALAY LANGUAGE — MALAYU.

Without attempting a full vocabulary a few words and expressions are here given for the benefit of strangers. It may be necessary to draw the attention of tourists to the fact that the Malay language is about the simplest in the world and we hope that the few phrases here given, may be of some help to the traveller.

Pronunciation. The vowels are pronounced generally as in French. *A* full as in father. *E* as *e* in neck. *I* as *ee* in feel. *O* full as in open. *Oe* is pronounced as *u* in full.

The Malay language has few pronounced accents and the best rule for the beginner is to pronounce each syllabe equally and smoothly.

On arrival at	<i>Sampah di</i>
Tandjong Priok.	<i>Tandjong Priok.</i>

Boat.	<i>Sampan.</i>	Railway.	<i>Spoor.</i>
Boatman.	<i>Tækang sampan.</i>	Railway carriage.	<i>Kreta api.</i>
Coolie.	<i>Coolie.</i>	Second class.	<i>Klas doewa.</i>
Copper coin.	<i>Doevit tembaga.</i>	Silver coin.	<i>Wang perak.</i>
Customhouse.	<i>Kantor douane.</i>	Shore.	<i>Darat.</i>
Electric train.	<i>Tram lekstrik.</i>	Steamship.	<i>Kapal api.</i>
First class.	<i>Klas satoe.</i>	Stop.	<i>Brenti.</i>
Gold coin.	<i>Wang mas.</i>	Tailor.	<i>Toekan pakian.</i>
Hotel.	<i>Roemah makan.</i>	Telegram.	<i>Soerat kawat.</i>
House.	<i>Roemah.</i>	Telegraph office.	<i>Kantor kawat.</i>
Letter.	<i>Soerat.</i>	Ten cent piece.	<i>Sketip.</i>
Luggage.	<i>Barang.</i>	Twentyfive cent	<i>Talen (stali).</i>
Money.	<i>Wang.</i>	piece.	
Office.	<i>Kantor.</i>	Third class.	<i>Klas tiga.</i>
Paper money.	<i>Wang kartas.</i>	Ticket.	<i>Kartjes.</i>
Photograph.	<i>Gambar gambar.</i>	Time table.	<i>Soerat kreta api.</i>
Photographer.	<i>Toekan gambar.</i>	Tram.	<i>Trem.</i>
Pier.	<i>Darat.</i>		

Policeman.	<i>Opas policie.</i>	Watch.	<i>Djaga.</i>
Police station.	<i>Kantor policie.</i>	All right it is enough.	<i>Soedah.</i>
Post-card.	<i>Kartoe pos.</i>	Come here.	<i>Mari sini.</i>
Post office.	<i>Kantor pos.</i>	Don't want it.	<i>Tida mau.</i>
I will go.	<i>Saya pigi.</i>	Go.	<i>Pigi.</i>
Go quickly.	<i>Pigi lekas.</i>	Wait a little.	<i>Nanti sedikit.</i>
How much (price).	<i>Brapa duit.</i>	Will go ashore.	<i>Pigi darat,</i>
How much (quantity).	<i>Brapa ada.</i>	It is no use bothering me any more.	<i>Soedah, habis perkara.</i>
I won't do it.	<i>Tida mau.</i>	Hold your tongue.	<i>Diam kwe.</i>
I won't give it.	<i>Tida kassi.</i>	Be off.	<i>Pigi.</i>
I don't allow it.	<i>Saja tida kassi.</i>		
That's enough.	<i>Ini sampeh.</i>		

At the railway station.

Here coolie take my luggage.
 Two men only.
 Five pieces.
 Are you the mandoer from Hotel X ?
 Yes Sir.
 Here is the receipt of my luggage,
 you take care of it, pay the
 coolies for me and bring it to
 the Hotel.
 Here is a quarter (f0.25) to pay
 the coolies.
 Where is your bus (waggon)?
 Everything allright?
 Go on, then.

Di station spoor (kareta api).

Sini coolie angkat barang.
Doewra orang sadja.
Lima potong.
Kwe mandoer Hotel X ?
Saja Toean.
*Ini reçu deri bagage, kwe djaga,
 bajai coolie dan bawa di Hotel.*

*Ini satoe talen (stali) (f 0.25) boewat
 bajar coolie.*
Mane omnibus ? Karella ?
Soedah klar ?
Madjoe.

At the Hotel.

Have you a room ?
 Where is the landlord ?
 Boy take my luggage to no. 50
 five pieces.
 Have you got them ?
 I want some tea or coffee.
 Is there no barber ?
 Yes, Sir, he will be here after a
 while.
 Call the washerman for me.

Di Roemah makan.

Ada kamar ?
Mane toeau roemah makan ?
*Jonges angkat barang di kamar 50
 ada lima potong.*
Soedah ada ?
Saja minta te (koppie).
Tida ada toekan tjockoer ?
Ada toeau, nanti datang.

Pangil menatoe.

Here, washerman are 20 pieces. I want them back in 3 days; that means on the 29th at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

All right, Sir.

Boy, I want some writingpaper some ink and a pen.

I want some icewater.

I want a bottle apollinaris.

Where is the W. C.?

Where is the bathroom?

Open this bottle.

Open this trunk.

Sini, menatoe 20 potong, minta kombali 3 hari, djadi hari 29 poekoei lima sore.

Baai Toeān.

Jonges minta kartas toelis dan pennatinta.

Minta ajer ice.

Minta ajer blanda.

Manā kamar ketjil?

Manā kamar mandi?

Boeka ini bottel.

Boeka ini kopper.

In the evening.

Soré.

At what time is dinner, boy? Don't forget before dinner to clean my bedcurtain properly from mosquitos.

Remember, if you don't look after the mosquitos, you don't get your fee.

Yes Sir, I will take care.

Wake me up to morrow at 6 o'clock sharp. I want to leave by the first train to Buitenzorg.

Allright Sir.

Can I have some breakfast before I leave?

Yes Sir, breakfast is always ready at 6 o'clock.

Shall I order a carriage for you to bring you to the station and a luggage-car for your luggage?

Yes I want a carriage and a luggage-car.

Poekoei brapa makan, jonges?
Djangan loepa bekin brish klamboe baaibaai deri njamok.

*Ingat kaloe kwe tida djaga njamok
kwe tida dapat present.*

Saja Toeān, saja djaga.

*Kassi bangoen bissoek pagi poekoei
6 betoel. Saja maoe pigi di Buitenzorg.*

Baai Toeān.

Bisa dapat makan doeloeān?

*Saja Toeān, Makanan deri poekoei
6 soedah klaar.*

*Apa saja misti pesen karetta boewat
pigi di spoor dan karetta bagage
djoega.*

*Ja saja minta karetta dan karetta
bagagi.*

At Dinner.

Makan malam.

Boy, I want some bread. Let me have the wine-list. Bring me a bottle Claret no. 10.

Jonges minta rotti.

Bawa soerat anggoer.

*Kassi satoe bottel anggoer merra
no. 10.*

Give me some ice, boy ?
 Give me some fruit.
 Have you a match for me ?

At Breakfast.

I want some halfboiled eggs.
 Let me have a couple of fried eggs
 or ham and eggs.
 I want some tea boy.

Minta ice, jonges?
Minta boea.
Kwe ada korrek api?

Makan pagi.

Minta telor stengah mateng.
*Kassi doewa mata sapi atauw mata
 sapi dan ham.*
Jonges minta te.

At the lunch.

Where is the menu?
 Bring me some soup first.
 I don't want any rice.
 Let me have some rice but none
 of the hot dishes.
 I want only chicken, eggs and fish.
 Let me have some beefsteak and
 salad.

Mana soerat makan?
Bawa sop doeloe.
Tida makan nassi.
Minta nassi tapi tida maoe sambal.

Makan siang.

Minta ajam, telor dan ikan sadja.
Minta biefstuk sama salad.

In a carriage.

To the left.
 To the right.
 To the British consul.
 To the German consul.
 To the French consul.
 To the American consul.
 You know, where it is?
 Go back.
 Go home.
 Go on.
 Stop.
 Bring me to the Concordia-Club.
 Bring me to the Harmonie club.
 Wait till I come back.
 When rain comes, close the car-
 riage properly.
 Open the carriage.
 Open the hood.
 Clean the seat first.
 Go to Kemajoran station.
 " Weltevreden station.
 " Batavia S.S.
 " " N.I.S.

Di Karetta.

Kiri.
Kanan.
Pigi di kantor konsul Inggris.
Pigi di kantor konsul Djarmen.
Pigi di kantor konsul Pransman.
Pigi di kantor konsul Amerika.
Kwe tao di mana?
Balik.
Poelang.
Madjoe.
Brenti.
Pigi di kamar bola Concordia.
Pigi di kamar bola Harmonie.
Toengoe sampe saja datang.
Kaloe hoedjan, toetoeper karetta be-
toel.
Boeka karetta.
Boeka kap.
Bekin brissi bankoe doeloe.
Pigi station Kemajoran.
" " *Weltevreden.*
" " *Batavia S.S.*
" " *N.I.S.*

GENERAL.

Good morning.	<i>Slamat pagi.</i>	White.	<i>Poeti.</i>
Good day.	<i>Tabeh.</i>	Yellow.	<i>Koening.</i>
Good evening.	<i>Slamat malam.</i>	Light.	<i>Moeda.</i>
Good bye.	<i>Slamat tingal.</i>		—
Periodical time.	<i>Tempoŋja.</i>	Room requisites.	<i>Barang dikamar.</i>
All night.	<i>Satoe malam</i> troes.	Bed.	<i>Tampat tidoer.</i>
Day after to mor- row.	<i>Harie loesa.</i>	Bench.	<i>Bankoe.</i>
Day before yes- terday.	<i>Kemaren doeloe.</i>	Chair.	<i>Krossie.</i>
Evening.	<i>Sore.</i>	Desk.	<i>Medja toelis.</i>
Last week.	<i>Mingo doeloe.</i>	Drawer.	<i>Lemari.</i>
Last month.	<i>Boelan doeloe.</i>	Table.	<i>Medja.</i>
Last night.	<i>Kemaren doeloe.</i>	Screen.	<i>Sampiran.</i>
Midday.	<i>Tengari.</i>	Pitcher.	<i>Karap.</i>
Month.	<i>Boelan.</i>	Table requisites.	<i>Barang medja.</i>
To day.	<i>Ini hari.</i>	Glass.	<i>Glas.</i>
To tomorrow.	<i>Bissok.</i>	Fork.	<i>Garpoe.</i>
To tomorrow morn- ing.	<i>Bissok pagi.</i>	Ice water.	<i>Ajer ice.</i>
To tomorrow eve- ning.	<i>Bissok sorre.</i>	Knife.	<i>Piso.</i>
Yesterday.	<i>Kemaren.</i>	Plate.	<i>Piring.</i>
Days of the week.	<i>Harinja.</i>	Spoon.	<i>Sendok.</i>
Day.	<i>Hari.</i>	Teaspoon.	<i>Sendok te.</i>
One day.	<i>Satoe hari.</i>	Teacup.	<i>Miangkok.</i>
Sunday.	<i>Hari mingo.</i>	Tumbler.	<i>Glas besar.</i>
Monday.	, <i>senen.</i>	Tablecloth.	<i>Taplak.</i>
Tuesday.	, <i>selassa.</i>	Wine glass.	<i>Glas anggoer.</i>
Wednesday.	, <i>reboe.</i>		—
Thursday.	, <i>kemis.</i>	Food.	<i>Makanan.</i>
Friday.	, <i>djoemahat.</i>	Beef.	<i>Daging.</i>
Saturday.	, <i>saptoe.</i>	Beer.	<i>Bier.</i>
Every day.	<i>Hari hari.</i>	Bread.	<i>Roti.</i>
One week.	<i>Satoe mingo.</i>	Chicken.	<i>Ajam.</i>
Colours.	<i>Roepa roepa.</i>	Eggs.	<i>Telor.</i>
Black.	<i>Itam.</i>	Fish.	<i>Ikan.</i>
Brown.	<i>Merra toewa.</i>	Milk.	<i>Soesoe.</i>
Grey.	<i>Aboe.</i>	Mustard.	<i>Mosterd.</i>
Red.	<i>Merra betoel.</i>	Pepper.	<i>Lada.</i>
		Rice.	<i>Nassi.</i>
		Salt.	<i>Garam.</i>
		Sugar.	<i>Goela.</i>
		Vinegar.	<i>Tjoeka.</i>
		Wine, beer, spi- rits.	<i>Minoeman.</i>

Quantity.		Village.	Kampong.
All.	<i>Semoewa.</i>	Waterfall.	<i>Ajer pemandjoer.</i>
A Little.	<i>Sedikit.</i>	Well.	<i>Soemoer.</i>
Deep.	<i>Dalam.</i>	Human body.	<i>Badan orang.</i>
Half.	<i>Stengah.</i>	Actor.	<i>Orang kemedie.</i>
Large.	<i>Besar.</i>	Aged people.	<i>Orang toewa.</i>
Long.	<i>Pandjang.</i>	Arm.	<i>Langang.</i>
Narrow.	<i>Sissek.</i>	Back.	<i>Blakang.</i>
Short.	<i>Pendek.</i>	Bachelor.	<i>Boedjang.</i>
Small.	<i>Ketjil.</i>	Beggar.	<i>Orang minta minta.</i>
Thick.	<i>Tebul.</i>	Behind.	<i>Di blakang.</i>
Thin.	<i>Tipis.</i>	Body.	<i>Badan.</i>
Wide.	<i>Lebar.</i>	Boy.	<i>Anak laki.</i>
—	—	Beard.	<i>Djengot.</i>
Weather.	<i>Tempo.</i>	Child.	<i>Anak.</i>
Cold.	<i>Dingin.</i>	Daughter.	<i>Anak prempoean.</i>
Fine weather.	<i>Hari bagoes.</i>	Doctor.	<i>Toean dokter.</i>
Hot.	<i>Panas.</i>	Ear.	<i>Koeping.</i>
Rain.	<i>Hoedjan.</i>	Eye.	<i>Mata.</i>
Rainy weather.	<i>Hari hoedjan.</i>	Face.	<i>Mocka.</i>
Storm.	<i>Angin kras.</i>	Female.	<i>Prempeoean.</i>
Thunder.	<i>Gloedoek.</i>	Finger.	<i>Djari.</i>
Waves.	<i>Ombak.</i>	Foot or feet.	<i>Kaki.</i>
Wind.	<i>Angin.</i>	Forefinger.	<i>Teloendjoek.</i>
—	—	Forehead.	<i>Djidat.</i>
Season.	<i>Moessim.</i>	Front of body or	<i>Dada.</i>
Dry season.	<i>Moessim kring.</i>	chest.	
Wet season.	<i>Moessim hoedjan.</i>	Girl.	<i>Anak prempoean.</i>
—	—	Girl servant.	<i>Baboe.</i>
Bridge.	<i>Djembatan.</i>	Hair.	<i>Ramboet.</i>
Field.	<i>Kebon.</i>	Head.	<i>Kapala.</i>
Garden.	<i>Kebon.</i>	Hand.	<i>Tangan.</i>
Hill.	<i>Boekit.</i>	I.	<i>Saja.</i>
Hot spring.	<i>Soember panas.</i>	Interpreter.	<i>Djoeroe basa.</i>
Island.	<i>Poeloe.</i>	Knee or knees.	<i>Dengkoel.</i>
Lake.	<i>Laoet.</i>	Legs (generally).	<i>Paha.</i>
Mountain.	<i>Goenoeng.</i>	Loins.	<i>Pingang.</i>
Path or road.	<i>Djalan.</i>	Male (human).	<i>Laki-laki.</i>
Rice field.	<i>Samah.</i>	Mouth.	<i>Moeloet.</i>
River.	<i>Kali.</i>	Neck.	<i>Leher.</i>
Sand.	<i>Passir.</i>	Nose.	<i>Hidoeng.</i>
Sea.	<i>Laoet besar.</i>	Shoulders.	<i>Poendak.</i>
Stone.	<i>Batoe.</i>	Teeth.	<i>Gigi.</i>
Town.	<i>Kotta.</i>		

Thumb.	<i>Dempol.</i>	Drugstore.	<i>Roemah obat.</i>
Woman.	<i>Prempocean.</i>	East.	<i>Wettan.</i>
You.	<i>Kne. Loe.</i>	Envelope.	<i>Emplop.</i>
		Fan.	<i>Kipas.</i>
Writing material.	<i>Barang toelis.</i>	Fire.	<i>Api.</i>
Ink.	<i>Tinta.</i>	Flea.	<i>Lalar.</i>
Paper.	<i>Kertus toelis.</i>	Flower.	<i>Kembang.</i>
Pen.	<i>Penna.</i>	Gate.	<i>Pintoe.</i>
Pencil.	<i>Pottelood.</i>	Gate keeper.	<i>Djaga pintoe.</i>
Postage-stamps.	<i>Kapala radja.</i>	Gloves.	<i>Sarong tangan.</i>
Postal cards.	<i>Karto pos.</i>	Gold.	<i>Mas.</i>
		Handkerchief.	<i>Stangan.</i>
Animals, harness,	<i>Binatang, pake-</i>	Hat or cap.	<i>Topi.</i>
	<i>jan koeda.</i>	House.	<i>Roema.</i>
Bridle.	<i>Leis.</i>	Indian corn.	<i>Djagong.</i>
Carriage.	<i>Karetta.</i>	Key.	<i>Koentji.</i>
Dog.	<i>Andjing.</i>	Lamp.	<i>Lampoe.</i>
Driver.	<i>Koessir.</i>	Leaf.	<i>Down.</i>
Groom.	<i>Toekang koeda.</i>	Lighthouse.	<i>Lampoe sovar.</i>
Harness.	<i>Pakejan koeda.</i>	Lobster.	<i>Kepiting.</i>
Horse.	<i>Koeda.</i>	Looking glass.	<i>Katja.</i>
Saddle.	<i>Sella.</i>	Moon.	<i>Bolan.</i>
Whip.	<i>Tjambok.</i>	Mosquito.	<i>Njamok.</i>
		Mosquito net.	<i>Klamboe.</i>
Miscellaneous.	<i>Segala roeva.</i>	Mosqué.	<i>Missigit.</i>
Bamboe.	<i>Bamboe.</i>	Nail.	<i>Pakoe.</i>
Bath.	<i>Mandi.</i>	Neckties.	<i>Dassie.</i>
Bathroom.	<i>Kamar mandi.</i>	North.	<i>Lor.</i>
Bedclothes.	<i>Seprei.</i>	Oil.	<i>Minjak.</i>
Blanket.	<i>Slimoet.</i>	Onion.	<i>Bawang.</i>
Bookseller.	<i>Toko boekoe.</i>	Orange.	<i>Djeroek.</i>
Boots.	<i>Sepatoe.</i>	Paper.	<i>Kartas.</i>
Breakfast.	<i>Makan pagi.</i>	Picture.	<i>Gambar.</i>
Button.	<i>Kantjing.</i>	Pin.	<i>Penetee.</i>
Candle.	<i>Lilin.</i>	Pine tree.	<i>Tjemara.</i>
Carry.	<i>Pikoel.</i>	Pocket knife.	<i>Piso lipat.</i>
Clean.	<i>Brissi.</i>	Potato.	<i>Kentang.</i>
Chain.	<i>Ranteh.</i>	Receipt.	<i>Resie.</i>
Coal.	<i>Areng.</i>	Ring.	<i>Tjintjin.</i>
Collar.	<i>Kraag.</i>	Room.	<i>Kamar.</i>
Colour.	<i>Roepa.</i>	Rose.	<i>Kembang roos.</i>
Comb.	<i>Sisir.</i>	Salt.	<i>Garam.</i>
Cushion.	<i>Bantal.</i>	Scissors.	<i>Goenting.</i>
Dinner.	<i>Makan malam.</i>	Silk.	<i>Soetra.</i>
Diningroom.	<i>Kamar makan.</i>	Shirt.	<i>Kemedja.</i>

Shoe.	<i>Sepatoe.</i>	Twelve.	<i>Doewablas.</i>
Slippers.	<i>Slop.</i>	Thirteen.	<i>Tigablas.</i>
Soap.	<i>Saboen.</i>	Fourteen.	<i>Ampatblas.</i>
Socks.	<i>Sarong kaki.</i>	Fifteen.	<i>Limablas.</i>
South.	<i>Kidoel.</i>	Sixteen.	<i>Anamblas.</i>
Spectacles.	<i>Katja mata.</i>	Seventeen.	<i>Toedjoeblas.</i>
Stars.	<i>Bintang.</i>	Eighteen.	<i>Delapanblas.</i>
Sword.	<i>Pedang.</i>	Nineteen.	<i>Sembilanblas.</i>
Sun.	<i>Mata hari.</i>	Twenty-one.	<i>Doewa poeloe satoe.</i>
That man.	<i>Ini orang.</i>	Twenty-two.	<i>Doewa poeloe doewa.</i>
Thief.	<i>Pentjoeri.</i>	Thirty-four.	<i>Tiga poeloe ampat.</i>
Tree.	<i>Pohon.</i>	Forty-six.	<i>Ampat poeloe anam.</i>
Tooth brush.	<i>Bros gigi.</i>	Hundred.	<i>Seratoes.</i>
Tooth powder.	<i>Obat gigi.</i>	Thousand.	<i>Sereboe.</i>
Towel.	<i>Handdoek.</i>	Hours.	<i>Djam.</i>
Trousers.	<i>Tjelana.</i>	Clock or watch.	<i>Lontjeng.</i>
Trunk.	<i>Kopper.</i>	Time.	<i>Tempo.</i>
Velvet.	<i>Bloedroe.</i>	Minute.	<i>Minuut.</i>
Vinegar.	<i>Tjoeka.</i>	What is the time?	<i>Poekoel brapa?</i>
Umbrella.	<i>Pajong.</i>	One o'clock.	<i>Poekoel satoe.</i>
Waist coat.	<i>Rompie.</i>	Two o'clock.	<i>Poekoel doewa.</i>
Watch maker.	<i>Toekang lont-jeng.</i>	Half past two.	<i>Stenga tiga.</i>
Water closet.	<i>Kakoes, kamar ketjil.</i>	Quarter past two.	<i>Poekoel doewa lebie sprapat.</i>
West.	<i>Koelon.</i>	Morning.	<i>Pagi.</i>
Window.	<i>Djendella.</i>	Noon.	<i>Siang.</i>
Wood.	<i>Kajoe.</i>	Afternoon.	<i>Sore.</i>
—	—		Distance.
Numbers.	<i>Nommer.</i>	1 Eng. mile.	<i>I paal.</i>
One.	<i>Satoe.</i>	Money.	<i>Wang.</i>
Two.	<i>Doewa.</i>	1 Guilder = 1 sh. 8 pence = 40 cent american gold.	
Three.	<i>Tiga.</i>	Guilder.	<i>Roepia (100 cent).</i>
Four.	<i>Ampat.</i>	Cent.	<i>Sen.</i>
Five.	<i>Lima.</i>	10 cent.	<i>Sketip.</i>
Six.	<i>Anam.</i>	25 "	<i>Talen (stali).</i>
Seven.	<i>Toedjoe.</i>	50 "	<i>Stengah roepia.</i>
Eight.	<i>Delapan.</i>	100 "	<i>Satoe roepia.</i>
Nine.	<i>Sembilan.</i>		
Ten.	<i>Sapoeloe.</i>		
Eleven.	<i>Sablas.</i>		

POST AND TELEGRAPH.

The postal and telegraph services are efficiently organised in Java. Letters and papers can be forwarded with perfect safety and celerity to any parts of the country. Telegrams however can in the greater cities only be forwarded from 7 a.m. until 6 p.m. on week days and from 9 a.m. on Sundays and Holidays until 5 p.m.

In the small up-country places the post and telegraph office is only open at certain hours; as a rule from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m.

RATES OF POSTAGE FOR JAVA. (Netherlands-India).

Letters: per 15 gram or part thereof 10 cent.

Registration free, extra charge 10 cent.

Post card: Single, 5 cent.

Post card: with prepaid reply, 10 cent.

Picturecard containing only the signature on the back 1 cent.

Newspapers and periodicals, per 50 gram or part thereof 1 cent.

Printed matters: must be

labelled drukwerk	"	"	"	"	"	1 cent.
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Samples:	"	"	"	"	"	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cent.
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Ask for tariff of telegrams to the inland of Java and the Netherlands India colonies at the post and telegraph office.



Sea shore (Java).

RATES OF FOREIGN POSTAGE.

Letters: per 20 gram or part thereof: $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents.
every additional 20 gram: $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

Registration: extra charge 10 cents.

Post cards: single 5 cents.

Picture cards containing only the signature on the back $2\frac{1}{2}$ cent.

Printed Matters: must be labelled drukwerk per 50 gram, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cent.

Samples: per 50 gram, 5 cents.

For telegrams to Europe ask tariff at the post and telegraph office.

B A T A V I A.

ARRIVAL AT TANDJONG PRIOK.

There are about 20 trains daily from the harbour to Batavia.
Batavia is divided in two parts; the ancient city of Batavia and

the upper town Weltevreden.

Visitors going to the Hotels should always take the train to Batavia — the old town which has two depots. There is only one railwaystation at Tandjong Priok from which trains leave for both depots. It is advisable to ask



Tandjong Priok. Station and Custom House.

the Hotel porter about the departure of the train because not every train goes to Batavia, some having connection with the other stations at Weltevreden. Cars to Batavia generally start from the second track.

The Hotel porter will take care of the luggage transport but at the Custom house the traveller has to open his trunks if required. The import of fire arms is not prohibited but gives some difficulty

as a license is wanted, which can only be given by the assistant resident (who is also chief of the police) and who has his office in the old town of Batavia a few minutes from both railway depots. The travellers possession of fire-arms, must be reported to the customs officer who will keep them till the license is obtained. The hotel porter can arrange all the necessary formalities.

The transport of the luggage from the harbour to the Hotel will cost about 30 cents a piece for bags and 50 cents for trunks.

The hotel porter receives the luggage on board, carries it to the Custom house and delivers it in the Hotel. His advances for coolie and railway fares will be found on the Hotelbill.

From the station at Batavia to the Hotel the traveller can take a carriage from the Hotel or a small, two wheeled dos a dos, a vehicle which is very much in use, though most uncomfortable. It is of no use for sight-seeing.

RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.

Trains to Pandalarang, Bandoeng, Garoet and Maos *direct* leave Kemajoran station.

Trains to Buitenzorg leave Koningsplein station (called by the natives Gambir).

To Garoet. Toerists to Garoet must change trains at Tjibatoe.

To Maos. Tourists to Maos stop the night at this station in the Government hotel, at their own expense.

Trains to *Tandjong-Priok* leave Batavia station S.S. or N.I.S. about every hour. Time tables for the harbour railway service are always obtainable at the Official Tourist Bureau and at the Hotels.

On the railways to Buitenzorg and the Interior 30 Kilo free luggage are allowed.

On the railway to Tandjong-Priok a small charge is made for every piece of luggage.

WELTEVREDEN: THE UPPER TOWN.

The principal streets are Molenvliet, Rijswijk, Noordwijk along the canal and tramway and Kramat, Tanah Abang, Kebon Sirih. The post and telegraph office (in one building) is situated on the canal near the theatre, and can be reached by tramway. The office is open 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. On Sundays only from 9 p.m. till 5 p.m.

BATAVIA. WELTEVREDEN.

THE QUEEN OF THE EAST.

Weltevreden is unquestionably one of the finest of Oriental towns and well worth the attention of visitors.

When one has driven through the old town of Batavia and seen its crowded bazaars and streets and has followed the lines of the

paved canals, where small natives splash and swim, women beat the family linen and men go to and fro in tiny boats all in strange travesty of the solemn canals of the old country, he comes to the broader avenues of the new town, lined with tall tama-

rind and waringin trees with plumes of palms and pyramids of blazing Madagascar flame-trees in blossom.

From the "Harmonie" club, near the hotels at Weltevreden we shall point out a few excursions, which will give the tourist a fair idea of Insulinde's capital and without doubt will leave him most pleasant recollections of it. The best time for sight-seeing is during the early morning hours and from 4 till 6.30 in the afternoon.

MORNING TOURS.

1. In order to get a good general impression of Weltevreden, take a drive in the early morning via Noordwijk and Rijswijk, past the back of the Palace of the Governor-General along the Waterloo Plain, past the residences of the military officers, the Roman-Catholic church, the monument erected to the memory of General Michiels



Street Merchant in Batavia.

Baltaria (Lower Town).



through the Willemslaan, along the north, west, and south side of the Koningsplein, with the Palace of the Governor-General (front), the Museums of the Batavian Society and the Physical Society, and the Residents' Mansion. Continue your drive along Parapattan, with the English church; Kwitang, with the church of the Dissenting congregation; Kramat and Salemba, with its groups of splendid trees in front of the Gymnasium Willem III. Then turn to the right, pass the beautiful bridge of Matraman, ride along Pegansaän, with its villas, chiefly occupied by English residents, and Tjikini, with its (Zoological) Gardens, which have been transformed into pleasure-grounds, over Menteng, and along Kebon-Sirih, with its series of country residences, sheltered by heavy foliage, and the lovely prospect upon Djatti-Bahroe Bridge, and lastly along Tanah-Abang (European Cemetery) and the shops of Rijswijk to the hotel.

2. Go in the morning at six o'clock by carriage or steam-tram, down town to the terminus station, and walk to the "Kleine Boom," through the old gate of the Batavian Castle, along by the side of the big gun (Mariam), considered by natives as sacred and restoring fertility, situated in a westerly direction under shady trees. Walk to Passer-Ikan, the sea-fish market, in the neighbourhood of which is a great Mohammedian house of prayer (named Loear-Batang). Pass the river over a Dutch drawbridge, walk along the Kali Besar (east side is shady), along the counting-houses, and the dwellings of the Patricians of a former age. Make your way through the extremely picturesque Chinese districts, which remind one of Venice, where are to be found 20.000 industrious, cheerful Chinese, and at Glodok (where stands a Chinese theatre) take the tram again to the Hotel.

3. Ride at the same early hour to the farthest station of the steam-tram, above Meester Cornelis, walk for an hour further along the cool and magnificently shaded road to Bidara Tjina a (station on the railroad to Buitenzorg), and return by a circuitous way through the little town of Meester Cornelis to the tram-line.

4. Starting at 8 a.m. walk through Gang Chaulan in a westerly direction towards Tangerang, then after half an hour's walk, turn off by the Chinese tombs to the south, to Djatti, make your way through the well-shaded cemetery, about three quarters of an hour distant, then take a dos-à-dos at Djatti or in the market-place (passer) of Tanah-Abang, and drive back to your hotel. On the way home, you may stop at the European cemetery, (Tanah Abang).

Batavia (Lower Town).



5. Leave the Hotel, cross one of the bridges of Molenvliet, and walk through the avenue of Berendrecht to the New Church, in the neighbourhood of which there is a great Chinese house of prayer and over Passer-Bahroe to Goenoeng-Sahri. Then turn to the left (northward) in order to reach the lower town, along the picturesque and well shaded road Jacatra returning by tram, after having rapidly glanced over the Portuguese Church, which dates back to 1693, and outside of which is the tombstone of Governor-General Swaerdecroon.

6. Lovers of sea-bathing can go by one of the first trains in the morning to Tandjong-Priok, where conveyances can be hired ($f\ 0.75$) to the bathing-place, "Petit Trouville," situated on the sea, an hour's drive farther to the East.

For $f\ 1.$ — you can bathe in a place partitioned off, and rendered safe against crocodiles, whilst a refreshment-room affords opportunity for appeasing hunger and thirst.

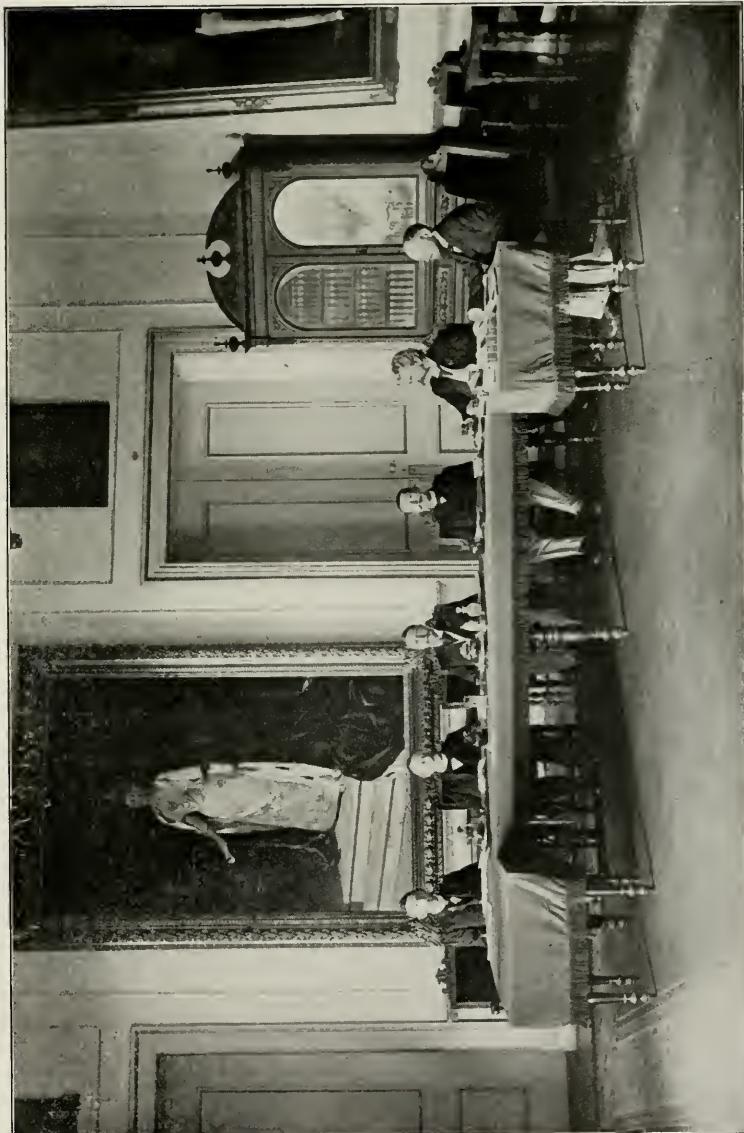
7. The Museum. (Called by the natives *Roema Gadja*.)

The pride of the city and one of the most creditable things on the island is the museum of the Batavian Society of Arts & Sciences (Bataviaasch Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen) known sufficiently to the world of science and letters as the Batavian Society. The museum is housed in a beautiful Grecian building whose white walls are shaded by magnificent trees, and which faces the broad Koningsplein. The halls, surrounding a central court, shelter a complete and wonderful exhibit of Javanese antiquities and art works, of arms, weapons, implements, ornaments, costumes, masks, basketry, textiles, musical instruments, models of boats and houses, examples of fine old metal-work and of all the industries of these gifted people. It is a place of absorbing interest.

There is a treasure-chamber heaped with gold shields, helmets,



Batavia. Penang Gate.



The assembled Council of Netherlands India.

thrones, state umbrella boxes, salvers, betel and tobacco sets of gold, with jewelled daggers and krisses of finest blades, patterned with curious veinings.

Tributes and gifts from native sultans and princes display the precious metals in other curious forms, and a fine large coco de mer, the fabled twin nut of the Seychelles palm, which was long supposed to grow in some unknown, mysterious isle of the sea gods, is throned on a golden base with all the honors due to such a talisman. The ruined temples and sites of abandoned cities in middle Java have yielded rich ornaments, necklaces, earrings, head dresses, seals, plates, and statuettes of gold and silver. A room is filled with bronze weapons, bells, tripods, censers, images, and all the appurtenances of Buddhist worship, characteristic examples of the Greco-Buddhist art of India, which even more surprisingly confronts one in these treasures from the jungles of the far-away tropical island. A central hall is filled with bas-reliefs and statutes from these ruins of Buddhist and Brahmanic temples in which the Greek influence is strongly marked, and in the sculpture of which Egyptian and Assyrian suggestions give rise to much speculative wonder as to their origin.

8. The palace of the governor-general situated in the same square is a beautiful modern structure; but more interest attaches to the old palace on the Waterlooplein built by the great marshal Daendels, and now used for government offices.

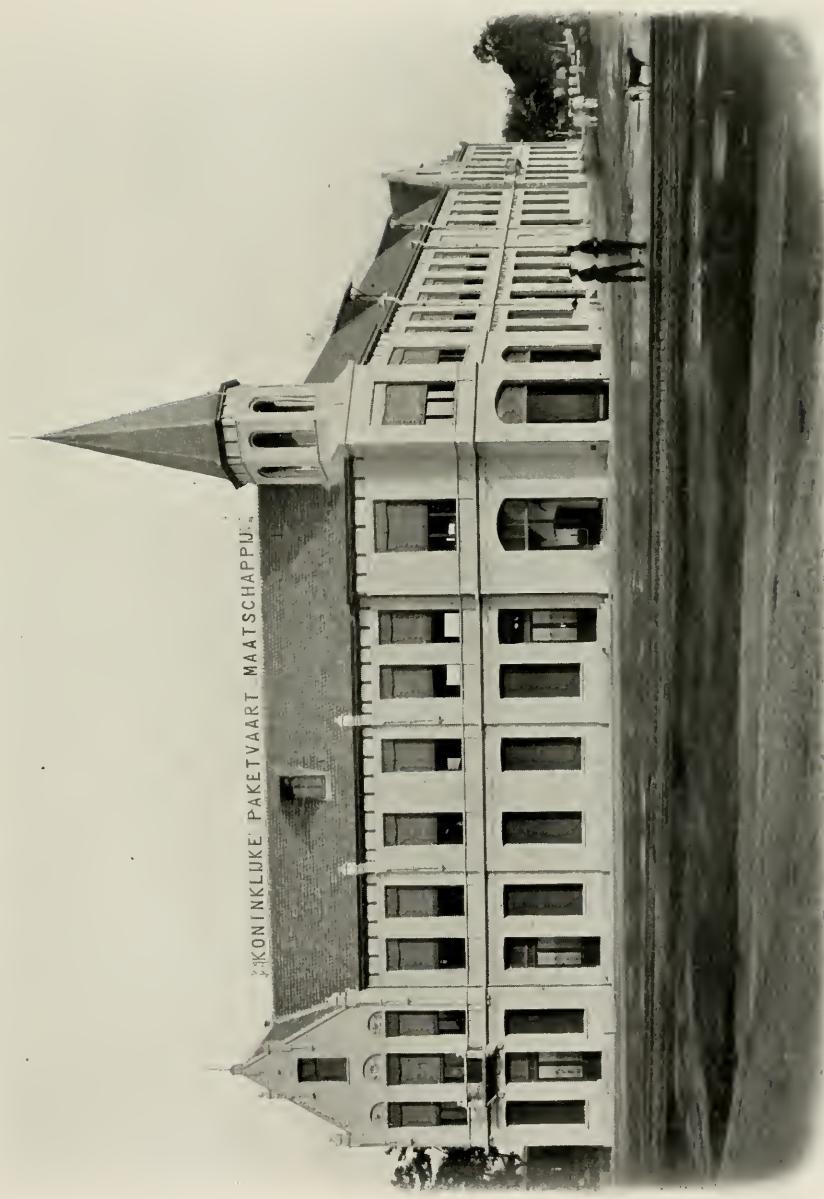
In the palace on the Waterlooplein the *Raad van Nederlandsch-Indië* (Council of Netherlands-India) assembles every Friday. Visitors of the palace should visit the great hall in which the pictures of all the Governors General, (about 60) are displayed.

OCCUPATIONS FROM 5 P. M. TO 7 P. M.

These are the hours at which the European public go out walking or driving, and enjoy the little coolness which the sunset, varying from 5.45 to 6.15, brings with it.

On Sunday, from 5 to 6, people meet to listen to the public music on the Waterloo-plein.

A walk or a ride along the canal where the shops of Noordwijk are situated on the north side, across the lock bridge, past the post-office and the theatre, leads us to the Waterloo-plein, in front of the Government House, begun by Daendels, and finished in 1828, opposite which, the bronze statue of the founder of Batavia, Jan Pieterszoon



Royal Dutch Packet Company (*Weltevreden*).

Coen, stands out to great advantage. Continuing our way along the officers' houses, through the Hertogsweg and the tasteful park in front of the Palace of the Commander of the Army, we pass the Willem's kerk (William's Church), and emerge on the Koningsplein. In the shade of the thick tamarind-trees, which surround this extensive square, with the golden glow of the setting sun before us, we reach the well-lighted neighbourhood of the shops of Noordwijk, affording opportunity for seeing the beau-monde of Batavia.

There are a number of first-class Restaurants along Noordwijk where in the hours before dinner will always be found a large crowd of people enjoying the cool evening hours in the open air. These Restaurants are frequented by the "upper ten" of Batavia, mostly accompanied by their ladies, thus giving the whole street the chachet of a boulevard.

OCCUPATIONS FROM 9 P.M.

In Batavia there is often an opportunity to divert oneself after dinner with some kind of public amusement, such as the opera, circus, concerts, etc.; but in the smaller places, and in the interior, such diversions, which, as a rule, are by no means brilliant, are not to be had, and by far the best thing to do, is to spend the cool hours of the evening in correspondence or reading.

CLUBS.

In order to fill up the leisure hours of the evening pleasantly, by reading newspapers and periodicals in the four chief European languages or by playing at cards or billiards, the visitor should get an introduction to a club, not only at Batavia, but also elsewhere.

Batavia possesses two great clubs, the "*Harmony*", situated close to the hotels, and the military club "*Concordia*" with splendid garden on the Waterlooplein.

In the first mentioned, very good music can be heard on Sundays from six to eight p.m.; and in the second, on Wednesdays at the same hour, and on Saturdays from nine till twelve p.m.

By the help of the Consul or some other friend one can always get an introduction to these clubs.

POPULATION.

Batavia of the present day, founded in 1619, as the capital of the Dutch-Indian Colonies, upon the ruins of Jakatra, has a native population of a very cosmopolitan character. The Malays, a tribe who



Diningroom in one of the Hotels at Wetterden.

have settled along the coast of most of the Indian islands, constitute the chief part of it.

Soendanese inhabitants of the back parts of Batavia, Bantamese from West-Java, also Javanese from the middle part of the island, settled here centuries ago, and with Chinese, Arabians, Klingalese, Madurese, from East-Java, and many who came from the opposite shore, fill the villages (kampongs) in and about the place, which now contains more than 116,000 souls.

The prosperity which this populations enjoys is evinced by the healthy and strong appearance of the men and women, and by the cleanliness and relative wealth of their dress and dwellings. Their continual contact with Europeans has led to those virtues and vices among them, which all civilisation brings with it.

Less impudent and proud, and clinging less to old customs (*adat*) than the inhabitants of the West-Coast of Sumatra, less cheerful, simple, and trustworthy than the Soendanese, from the highlands of the Preanger, less strong and fanatic than the uncivilized Bantamese, less outwardly submissive than the docile, and often more distinguished Javanese, and less rough and choleric than the seafaring Madurese, the population of Batavia affords an inadequate picture of those races in general.

With this verdict passed upon them, they cannot serve as an example of the many good qualities that the majority of the tribes possess, each in themselves. From the above description it will be seen how different are the characters of the natives.

Among the many national peculiarities which strike the foreigner in his walks along the broad roads of Batavia, may be mentioned the native dancer with her attendant musicians, (called "dansoe".)

HOTELS.

The Hotels in Batavia are considered among the best in the Orient and are in almost every respect far ahead of the Hotels in British India.

They all lie along the tram line. The *Hotel des Indes* with its spacious gardens and dependance, the *Hotel der Nederlanden* situated near the palace of the governor-general, the *Hotel Java* and *Hotel Wisse* are in the order we have indicated the most frequented.

The Hotel tariff here and throughout Java is from 6 guilders a day including meals; the "American plan", — without reduction for meals which are not taken.

The rooms are simply furnished, the beds very spacious and sur

rounded with mosquito-curtains. The bathrooms are only arranged for pouring water, cooled in basins, over the head by means of a small bucket, which is a healthy way of bathing and adopted all over the country.

Good carriages with two ponies are always to be had at a moderate price and at the *Hotel des Indes*, the *Hotel der Nederlanden* and the *Hotel Wisse* the guests may hire motor cars.

A motor car ride in the tropics is the most pleasant drive to be had.

It is unnecessary to say that several European languages are spoken.

One of the most remarkable things in the Hotel life in Java is the "rice-table" served at tiffin-time in a peculiar way such as is only seen in Dutch colonies and in Singapore. The dishes are handed round by native servants, whose bare feet render the service very silent, dressed in clothes of a semi-European cut incongruously combined with the Javanese sarong and headkerchief. And the meal itself is such as never was tasted on sea or land before. The principal dish is rice and chicken, which sounds simple enough. But, on this as a basis, an entire system of things edible has been constructed: besides fish, flesh, and fricassees, all manner of curries, sauces, pickles, preserved fruit, salt eggs, fried bananas, "sambals" of fowl's liver, fish-roe, young palm-shoots, and the gods of Javanese cookery alone know what more, all strongly spiced, and sprinkled with cayenne. There is nothing under the sun but may be made into a sambal; and a conscientious cook would count that a lost day on which he had not sent in at the very least twenty of such nondescript dishes to his master's table, for whose digestion let all gentle souls pray! And, when to all this we add that these many and strange things must be eaten with a spoon in the right and a fork in the left hand, the reader will be able to judge how very complicated an affair the rice-table is and how easily the uninitiated may come to grief over it.

Miss *Augusta de Wit* in her most charming book *Facts and fancies about Java* describes her first experience in eating rice-table as follows: "For myself, I shall never forget my first experience of the thing. I had just come in from a ride through the town, and I suppose the glaring sunlight, the strangely-accoutred crowd, the novel sights and sounds of the city must have slightly gone to my head (there are plenty of intoxicants besides "gin," *vide* the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table). Anyhow, I entered the "back gallery" with a sort of "see-the-conquering-hero-comes" feeling; looked at the long table groaning under its dozens of rice-bowls, scores of dishes of fowls

and fish, and hundreds of sambal-saucers, arrayed between pyramids of bananas, mangosteens, and pine-apples, as if I could have eaten it all by way of "apéritif;" sat me down, heaped my plate up with everything that came my way; and fell to. What followed, I have no words to express. Suffice it to say, that in less time than I now take to relate it, I was reduced to the most abject misery—my lips smarting with the fiery touch of the sambal; my throat the more sorely scorched for the hasty draught of water with which, in my ignorance, I had tried to allay the intolerable heat; and my eyes full of tears, which it was all I could do to prevent from openly gushing down my cheeks, in streams of utter misery. A charitable person advised me to put a little salt on my tongue, (as children at home are told to do on the tail of the bird they want to catch). I did so; and, after a minute of the most excruciating torture, the agony subsided, I gasped, and found I was still alive. But there and then I vowed to myself I would never so much as look at a rice-table again.

I haven broken that vow; I say it proudly. It is but a dull mind which cannot change a first opinion, or go back upon a hasty resolve. And now I know *how* to eat rice, I love it. Still, that first meal was a shock.

But to return to that first "rice-table." After the rice, curries, etc. had been disposed of, beef and salad appeared, and, to my infinite astonishment, were disposed of in their turn, to be followed by the dessert—pine-apples, mangosteens, velvety "rambootans," and an exceedingly picturesque and prettily-shaped fruit—spheres of a pale gold containing colourless pellucid flesh—which I heard called "doekoe." Then the guests began to leave the table, and I was told it was time for the siesta—another Javanese institution, not a whit less important, it would appear, than the famous rice table—and vastly more popular with newcomers. Perhaps the preceding meal possesses somniferous virtue; or, perhaps, the heat and glare of the morning predispose one to sleep; or, perhaps—after so many years of complaining about "being waked too soon"—the sluggard in us rejoices at being bidden, in the name of the natural fitness of things, to "go and slumber again." I will not attempt to decide which of those three possible causes is the true one; but so much is certain: even those who kick most vigorously at the rice-table, lie them down with lamb-like meekness to the siesta."

B U I T E N Z O R G.

Through a charming combination of hills, river and woodland scenery the tourist is carried in a comfortable train to Buitenzorg (called Bogor by the natives) a distance of about 70 min.

There are two good hotels. The *Hotel Bellevue* and the *Hotel du Chemin de fer*, situated near the station.

The first mentioned Hotel is famous for its Mountain-rooms, which give an excellent view over the river and mt. Salak.

Miss Scidmore describes her impressions of this view as follows:

"At daylight we saw that our portico looked full upon the front of mount Salak, green to the very summit with plantations and primeval forests. Deep down below us lay a valley of Eden, where thousands of palmtrees were in constant motion,

Returning from Market.

their branches bending, swaying, and fluttering as softly as ostrichplumes to the eye, but with a strange, harsh, metallic rustle and clash, different from the whispers and sighs and cooing sounds of temperate foliage. As stronger winds threshed the heavy leaves, the level of the valley rippled and tossed in green billows like a barley-field. There was a basket village on the riverbank, where tropic life went on in as plain pantomime as in any stage presentation. At sunrise the people came out of their fragile toy houses, stretched their arms to the sky and yawned, took a swim in the river, and then gathered in the dewy shade to eat their morning curry and rice from their plantain-leaf





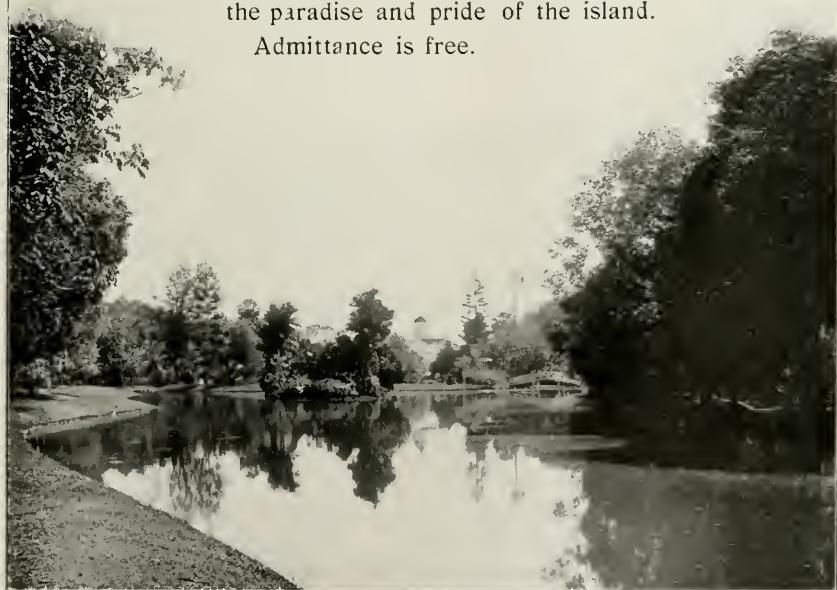
plates. Then the baskets and cooking-utensils were held in the swift-flowing stream, — such a fastidious, ideal, adorable sort of dish-washing! — and the little community turned to its daily vocations. The men went away to work, or sat hammering and hewing with implements strangely Japanese, and held in each instance in the Japanese way. The women pounded and switched clothing to and fro in the stream, and spread it out in white and brilliant colored mosaics on the bank to dry. They plaited baskets and painted *sarongs*, and the happy brown children, in nature's dress, rolled at play under the cocoanut-trees, or splashed like young frogs in and out of the stream."

Buitenzorg is a charming little place 265 M. above sea level. The protestant church and the beautiful club building on the main road, the military barracks, the great market (passar); the Governor's Palace, the race course where races are held in May and September, the lunatic asylum situated on the road that leads to the cemetery' all give a peculiar aspect to the place differing from that of other country places in Java.

GOVERNMENT BOTANICAL GARDENS.

The famous Botanical Garden at Buitenzorg *Hortus Bogorenses* (founded in 1817) is the great show-place,
the paradise and pride of the island.

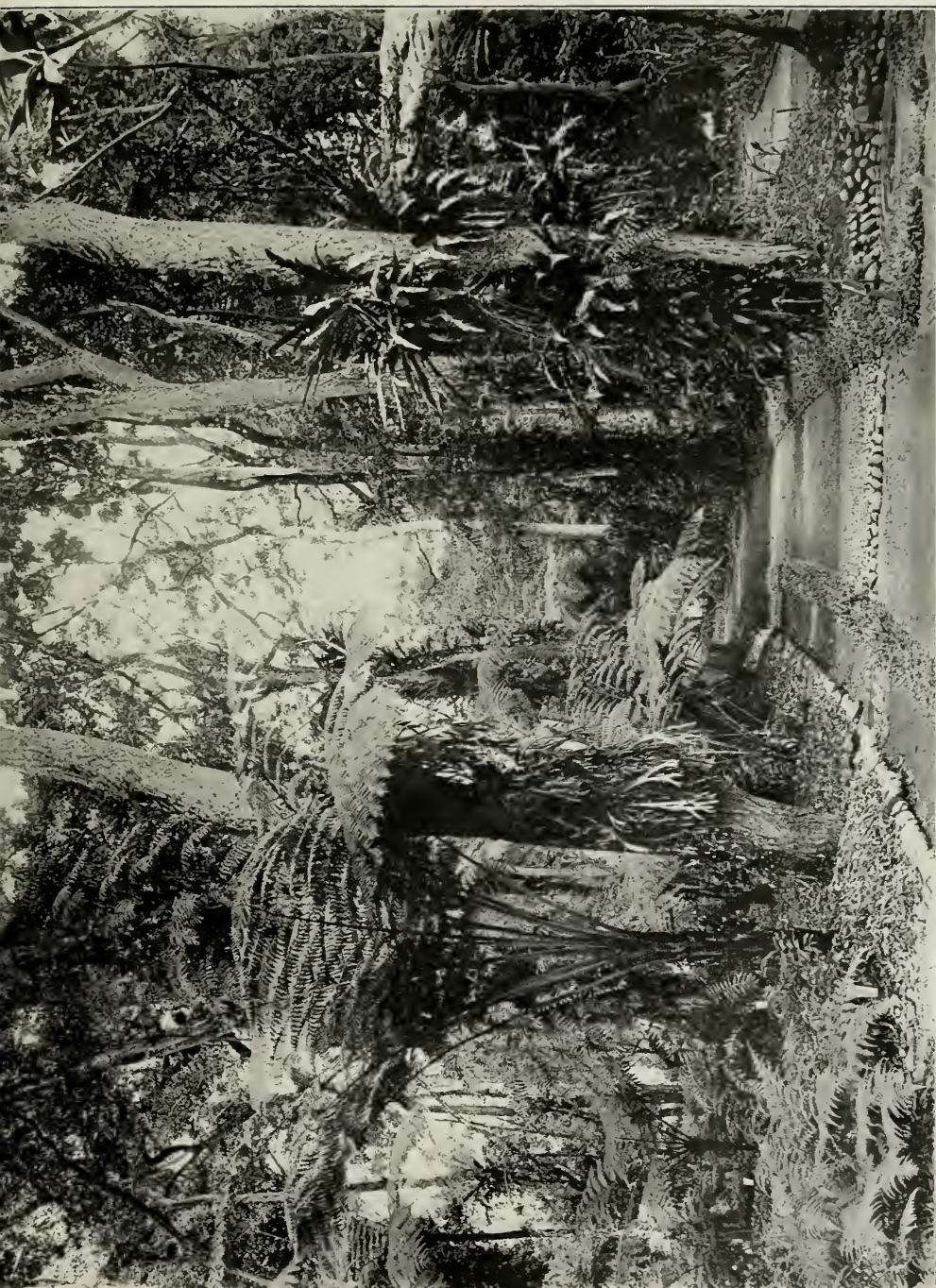
Admittance is free.



The Governor's Palace at Buitenzorg.



Pledang Buitenzorg, Mount Salak in the background.



Ferns in the Botanical Garden at Buitenzorg.

The Experimental Gardens at Tjikeumeuh, which form part of them, and the mountain garden on the northern slope of the Gedeh are also well worth a visit. To visit the Herbarium, the Museum and the Library (Kantor batoe) the botanical zoological, agricultural, chemical and pharmacological laboratories, the Museum of the Forest Department, and the photozincographical studio, special permission is required. It requires about two hours to walk through the gardens; and for this the morning is best, as it frequently rains in the afternoon.

Buitenzorg has an average of 219 rainy days a year.

For further information see. *Guide to Buitenzorg and its environs.*

THE AGRICULTURAL GARDEN,

important to those who are interested in tropical botany — is situated in the Buitenzorg quarter Tjikeumeuh, and is about half an hour's walk from the Hotel, or it can be reached in shorter time per trap ("karretje") for half a florin there and back.

Further excursions will help to make the stay here more agreeable and lend variety to it

KOTA-BATOE

can be reached per trap in half an hour's time. Here is an excellent bathing establishment (15° Celsius), and shapeless lumps of antique stone figures are to be seen.

TO BATOE TOELIS

(= inscribed stone) by rail, on foot, per carriage, from the Hotel, or by small car, at no great distance. From here we can enjoy a beautiful prospect of the surrounding districts, as well as have a look at a hieroglyphical stone of the Hindoo period.

CONVEYANCES.

The most common among these is the "sado". The fare is 60 cents per hour and 25 cents for a drive not longer than 20 minutes. Shorter drives are paid accordingly at a minimum of 10 cent for each person.

Among the means of conveyance the Hotel-carriages are worth mentioning because they are very comfortable and give tourists the best opportunity to see the country. For a drive to *Batoe toelis* the charge is 4 guilders, but this trip can easily be combined with a drive through the village. To *Kota Batoe* over rather steep roads the charge is 7 guilders, but one may keep the carriage waiting there and take a bath at his ease.

Main Road to Sindanglaya.



On leaving Buitenzorg the tourist may choose between two routes to *Soekaboemi*. One is by rail direct and takes only two hours; the other is by carriage via *Sindanglaya* and *Tjiandjoer*.

TO SINDANGLAYA.

For those who intend to visit *Sindanglaya* (situated 1076 M. above



Lake Telaga Warna.

sea level) it is advisable to order the trap beforehand in order to make sure of fresh horses. A trip will cost 10 or 12 guilders.

This trip to Sindanglaya is one of the finest to be made around Buitenzorg. It takes about five hours, which seems rather long in a narrow, two-wheeled vehicle, but the sights are so beautiful, the air is so fresh and pure that nobody ever regrets this excursion.

On the summit of the Poentjak over which the traveller passes there is a fine little mountain lake, 100 fathoms deep, called *Telaga wana* (colour-changing lake) which should be visited. The path thither

is a rather difficult one. The driver will call a guide to convey the tourist through the jungle to the shore of the lake.

From this point the *Hotel Sindanglaya* is about one hours' drive along the downhill slope of the mountain.

FROM BUITENZORG TO SOEKABOEMI.

The railway between these two places runs with many a curve in a southerly direction across the saddle, between the Salak (2253 M.) in the west, and the Gedeh (2960 M.) in the east, and winds near Tjibadak towards the east. On the slopes of these two mountains lie several coffee and tea plantations, among them Parakan Salak and Sinagar. The rows of planted tea shrubs lend a pleasant variety to the landscape, and its neatness and cleanliness are in striking contrast with the wild wood vegetation, that stretches across the sharp projections and ridges of the mighty volcanoes.

Between the stations Tjibadak and Soekaboemi, we have looking south a view of a series of hills, which are partly bare and behind which the Kendang mountains rise.

S O E K A B O E M I.

Soekaboemi, which means "lovely place", lies about 650 metres above sea level, has an average temperature of 75° Fahrenheit, a lovely climate, and a beautiful club. It is an excellent spot to choose for a rest after so many travels.

At the station, conveyances can always be had, the dos-à-dos for 25–50 cents per drive.

HOTELS.

The *Hotel Victoria* and the *Hotel Selabatoc* are well managed and fairly up-to-date.

In or about the place itself, some little excursions can be made.

From Soekaboemi we can go per trap, to Njalindoeng (i. e. hidden in clouds) four miles distant, 1,000 M. high. The precipitously sloping road affords a beautiful prospect of the broad mass of the Gedeh with the plain of Soekaboemi in front.



Path through a native Village.

A nice little excursion can also be made to Sela-Bintana, situated on the Gedeh (per car $\text{f} 2.50$ to $\text{f} 3.-$), or to the small plateau, an hour's walk farther on. Descend along a narrow, somewhat difficult path on the left, to a cleft 500 feet deep, from where, on the opposite side, a mountain stream rushes down from a height of 130 M., like a splendid waterfall.



Travelling in sedan chairs.

FROM SOEKABOEMI TO TJIANDJOER AND SINDANGLAYA.

Tourists who want to avoid the five hour's tour in a carriage to Sindanglaya, can take the train to Tjiandjoer, a distance of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

T J I A N D J O E R.

On the route by rail to Tjiandjoer we pass a large tunnel cut through the mountain ridge which separates the plains of Soekaboemi and Tjiandjoer.

Although Tjiandjoer is situated in a large valley 579 M. above sea level, the climate is very warm. There is a small hotel. Visitors who want any refreshment can have it at the station bar.

From Tjiandjoer to Sindanglaya takes about two hours in a carriage.



Market-day in the Dessa.

A good walker could walk it in 4 hours. Carriages for this trip are not always at hand at the station, and tourists may require the aid of the station master in order to get a good conveyance at a reasonable price but they had better wire beforehand to the *Hotel Sindanglaya*.

Returning from Sindanglaya to Tjiandoer it is necessary to order beforehand in the Hotel the carriages required.

Tjiandjoer itself offers nothing interesting to the tourist.

Sanatorium Sindanglaya.



S I N D A N G L A Y A.

HOTEL :

the *Hotel Sindanglaya*.

In this healthy, cool, and humid mountain climate, about 1000 M. above sea level, nice walking excursions can be made. As, for example, to the Poentjak, the highest point of the main road from Tjiandjoer to



Lake Tjisaroea, Sindanglaya.

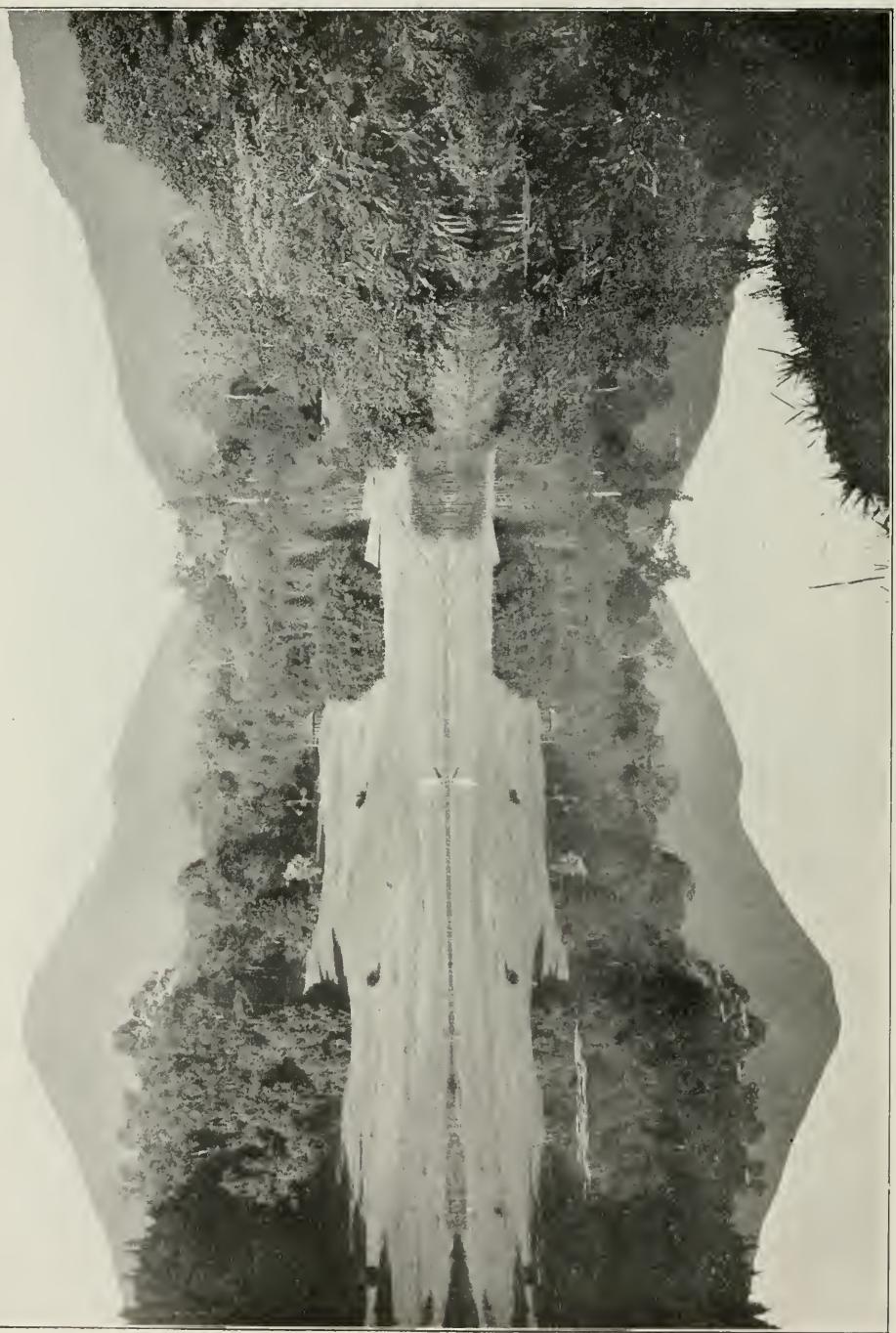
Buitenzorg, from where we enjoy a fine view of a part of the Preanger, whilst the small lake Telaga warna (see p. 34) a few minutes farther on, affords a lovely resting-point. Nor should we omit to visit Tjipanas, the country residence of the Governor-General, at about 20 minutes' distance.

In the neighbourhood of Tjipanas is the picturesque little lake Tjisaroea.

The Kasoer mountain should also be visited, with its splendid view of the Koedjong mountains in the north-east, across the valley of Tji-Pandawa, towards the Boerangrang in the east, the desolate and



Fish pond on the road to Tijpanas (near Garoet).



Lake Tibodas (Sindanglaya).

steep ridges of the Megamendoeng, and the Geger-Bintang in the north-west. In the south-west, we get a view of the Gedeh (in the crater of which we can distinguish the thrachyte layers, and sometimes, a white column of smoke) and of the higher Pangerango 3022 M. that at sunrise has some resemblance to the glowing tops of the Alps.

The passer (market) at Patjet, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from Sindanglaya, affords a pretty sight on a Saturday morning. The varied colours worn by the Soendanese women cannot be compared with that of



Tjibodas: view of Mt. Gedeh.

the native ladies in the Padang highlands, but they have red cheeks and smiling faces; for the life of the natives in this part of Java is certainly very much happier than that of many a small farmer in Europe.

The trip to the mountain garden Tjibodas, three miles distant, and situated 1425 M. above sea-level, can be made by a good walker, between the hours of 9 and 10 a. m.

The road, which leads through a ravine, can, of course, be done more easily on horseback, or per sedan-chair. In this garden many ornamental plants and useful trees are cultivated.



Xanthorrhœa Freissi (grass tree) in the mountain garden at Tjibodas.



Foto:

River View.

O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.



Ravine near Mountain garden Tjibodas.

There are two roads, one via Tjipanas, longer but better, and one via Rarahan, shorter but worse.

B A N D O E N G

HOTELS.

The two first class Hotels: *Hotel Homann* and *Hotel Preanger*, send their omnibuses and porters to the station.

Bandoeng, the capital of the Preanger Regencies, has a damp and cool climate which invites the tourist to a day's rest.

The most interesting spots in the place worth visiting are the aloon aloon (an open square situated in front of the residence of the Regent; the great Missigit or Mosque, the lofty Government building, the Park, the school for native teachers, the market and the race-course where races are held in July. The natives are very fond of

those races and the scene is rendered most picturesque by the gaudy dresses of the thousands who come to enjoy this festival.

In Bandoeng are the headoffices of the State Railway Company (western district).

From Bandoeng tourists may visit the crater of the Tangkoeban-Prahoe (2000 M. above sea-level).

Trips to be made:

to the small waterfall of Dago;

to the Plateau of Pengalengan and Mt. Wahayang.

Excursions to the crater of the *Patoeha* (2400 M.), to *Telaga Patengat* (1550 M.), to the fall of Djambroe Dipa and the Halimoen fall are rather inconvenient for the tourist. .

FROM BANDOENG TO TJITJALENGKA AND GAROET.

From Bandoeng we reach Tjitjalengka in little more than an hour. From here the main road to Soemedang leads through the extensive swamps of Rantja Ekek, a little place famous for its snipe-shooting.

From Rantja Ekek a journey to Soemedang is worth while, as the view on the rocky gate *Tjadas Pangéran* (the royal stns) with its waterfalls, and on the volcanoes Tampomas and Tjerimai (3040 M.) in the east can be enjoyed along the main road leading to that place.

The railway journey from Tjitjalengka to Garoet is also very interesting.

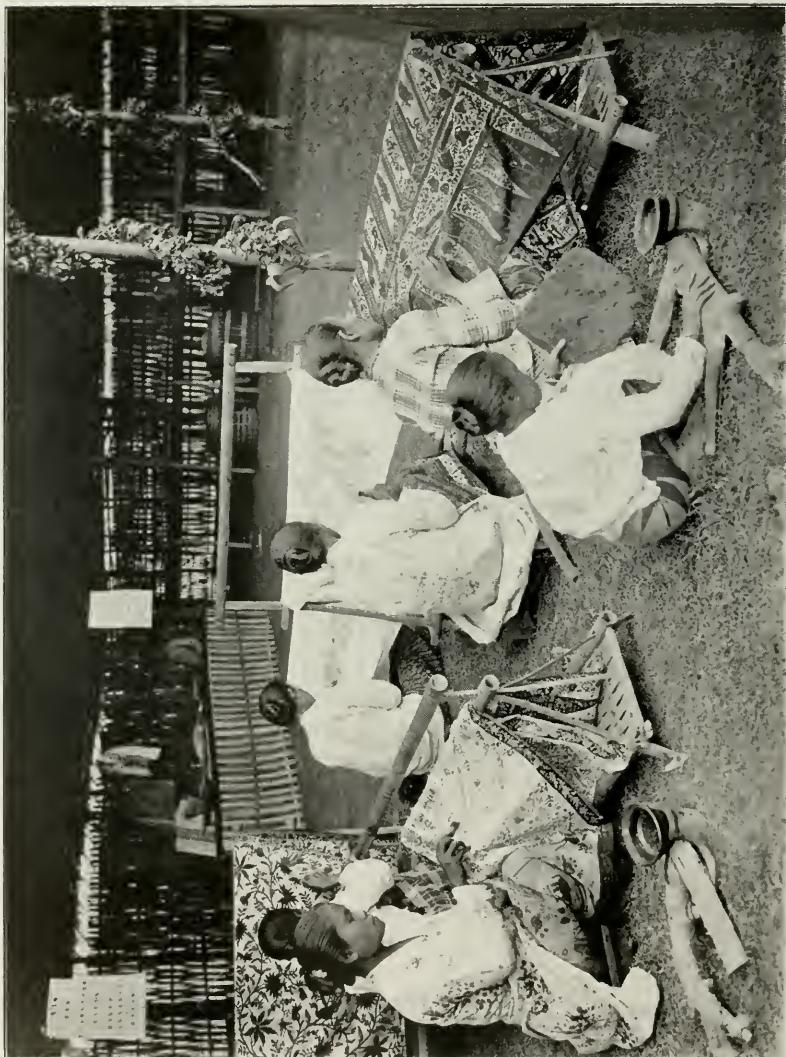
At Nagrek the road has risen 177 metres, descending again 264 metres to Tjibatoe whence the principal line runs through to Tjilatjap.

On approaching the viaduct (180 M. long) across the Tjisäät, 40 metres deep, the top of Mt. Kaleidong appears.

Past the plain of Lélès, we have straight before us the black Thunder mountain, Goentoer (1980 m.); on the left the Haroman, which is entirely cultivated, and still further to the left, the Sedakling which is connected by a mountain ridge with more southerly-situated Telagabodas mountains, the Galoenggoeng, the Kratjak, the Tjikorai and the Papandayan.

Past the stopping place Lebakdjero we cross a bridge 90 M. long lying across the foaming and roaring Tjimanoek; and past the station Tjibatoe we also see the Goentoer in the west, the active volcano Papandayan (2640 M.) with its white crater walls in the south-west, the Galoenggoeng (2200 M.) in the east, and the graceful peak of the Tjikorai (2813 M.) in the south east.

Painting sarongs (batik) in Java.





Gamelang pelaq. (Javanese orchestra).

G A R O E T.

HOTELS.

Garoet possesses two good Hotels: the *Hotel Van Horck* and the *Hotel Villa Dolce*. As a rule a tourist will want a week's stay at Garoet in order to see its picturesque environs.

A speciality of Garoet are the musical-instruments made of bamboo called the *anklong* and the sarong batik industry which shows in its designs a style quite different from that which is found in other parts of the island.

In the midst of the mountains, so varied in colour and appearance lies the clean and pretty little town of Garoet. The local Club is accessible to strangers. Nice though the little town is in itself, yet its greatest attraction is to be found in the lovely little excursions which can be taken without fatigue, and for which the extremely cool mountain climate naturally gives us a zest.

Per carriage or car, we reach the picturesque little lake Sitoe Bagendit in 45 minutes. There we find a covered raft, which takes us for a trifle across to the hill, crowned with an open cupola, situated on the west bank.

From here we discern in the west the Goentoer, and on the right



Lake Sitoe Bagendit with Mt. Goentoer

of it, the Haroman and the Tangkoeban-Prahoe-Ketjil (i. e. small upset boat); in the east the Seda-Kling, and the Galoenggoeng, the broad crater gap of which is not visible from here, and in the south, the Kraitjak, behind which the Tjikorai projects, and next to which the smoking Padandayan is visible.

An excursion can also be made to

TJIPANAS AND THE GOENTOER.

In order to get there, take the road at Trogong ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Garoet) which leads to the fine warm springs, each of different temperature, where for ten cents we can make use of one of the six stone bathing tubs in simple bamboo rooms.

Along here the path leads to the Goentoer, which is difficult to

ascend. The crater lies 183 M. below the summit, which like all the rest of the mountain, is entirely bare and covered with dark grey ejected matter (scoriae).

The "Prinsen" mountain which stands next to the Goentoer, and is also called the "Goenoeng Poetri", is easier of ascent, and commands an extensive prospect over the beautiful neighbourhood.

Walking back, it is better to take the road through the small village of Rantja-Bangoe, in order to obtain a view of a Soedanese dessa (village).

TO THE PAPANDAYAN.

The trip to the crater of the Papandayan is, however, the most popular.

It is best to go by car to Tjisoeroepan, situated 4000 ft. above sea-level, 11 miles south of Garoet. The traveller should leave Garoet



The Papandayan. Self-building Sulphur Columns.

at 5 a.m. and give notice to the hotel manager to have horses, sedan chairs, and coolies in readiness at Tjisoeroepan.

After a ride of 1½ to 2 hours on horseback along a road of white lava, the crater, which is 2600 M. high, is reached and the visitor must proceed on foot to an open little shed.

Here he may look into the whizzing, seething, and snorting bottom of the crater, and at the inside of the steep walls (270 M. high) that surround it on three sides in a semicircle. Conducted by a guide, he can also walk between the mud springs, sulphur pillars, and solfataras, amid the deafening noise of the self-building sulphur columns, the hot vapours, and the volcanoes spouting-water and mud.

The Tji-Papandajan, rising above the crater, gets heated by these vapours and pools, and runs over layers of lava into the dense wood below.

Lovers of mountain-climbing should ascend the ridges situated behind the crater, where the woods have been choked by volcanic eruptions.

From the signal on the top, he may enjoy a matchless view both to the north and across the mountain-chains that descend to the south shore. It was on the 12th of August 1772 that the only known great eruption of this volcano took place, on which occasion forty villages were destroyed, and nearly 3000 people lost their lives.

TO KAWAH MANOEK.

A splendid trip can be made to Kawah Manoek, a crater. Leaving the Hotel early in the morning one can easily return by lunchtime. Similar to the lake of Sitoe Bagendit are the lakes of Leles. On mounting to Kawah Manoek one has a splendid view over the famous *Plain of Lèlès*, considered one of the most picturesque landscapes in Java. The trip up to Kawah Manoek, not being fatiguing is a very pleasant excursion.

A trip to the

TELAGA BODAS

(White Lake) is very interesting. The visitor must take a carriage or car to Padaharan

(also called Wanaradja) seven miles distant, where, in the house of the district chief (Wedana), at a very moderate tariff, saddle horses, sedan chairs with four carriers and guides may be had.

This greenish-white sulphur lake (1724 M.



Ploughing with buffaloes.

Life guard of the Sultan of Djocja.





1: P. *Procession of the Sultan of Davao*

above sea-level), enclosed by steep walls, is reached through coffee-plantations and a wilderness. In half an hour the lake, which is almost circular in shape, with its diameter of 7000 feet, can be walked round, and the waterfall, solfatara, and the hot springs, which heat the water and put it into a bubbling motion, can be visited.

The green banks rising high in the north, form a strange contrast to the surface of the water, which receives its white reflection from the sulphur and alum, at the bottom of the lake.



Transport horse at the Rest House.

No volcanic eruption has taken place here since 1822.

The journey back to Garoet again affords lovely views of the mountains, with which we have now become acquainted, and of the conical Seda Hoerip (the Revived Death) at our very feet.

It is unnecessary to say, that where the high mountains and virgin woods which cover them are so easily reached, as is the case here, the gathering of orchids and other forest plants presents no difficulty.

FROM GAROET TO MAOS.

After changing cars at Tjibatoe station the train runs in an eastern direction along the most beautiful railway line in West Java, passing

the plain of Tassik Malaya, which was destroyed in 1822 by an eruption of the Galoenggoeng. At Maos a government Hotel affords opportunity for passing the night, at very moderate rates. From Maos the journey can be continued to Djocjacarta.

At Bandjar the uplands are left behind, and the warmth increases at every turn of the wheel, whilst the prospect from the train loses correspondingly in interest and beauty.

In the neighbourhood of the stopping place *Idjoe*, on the railway from Maos to Djocja, some remarkable stalactite grottoes may be visited.



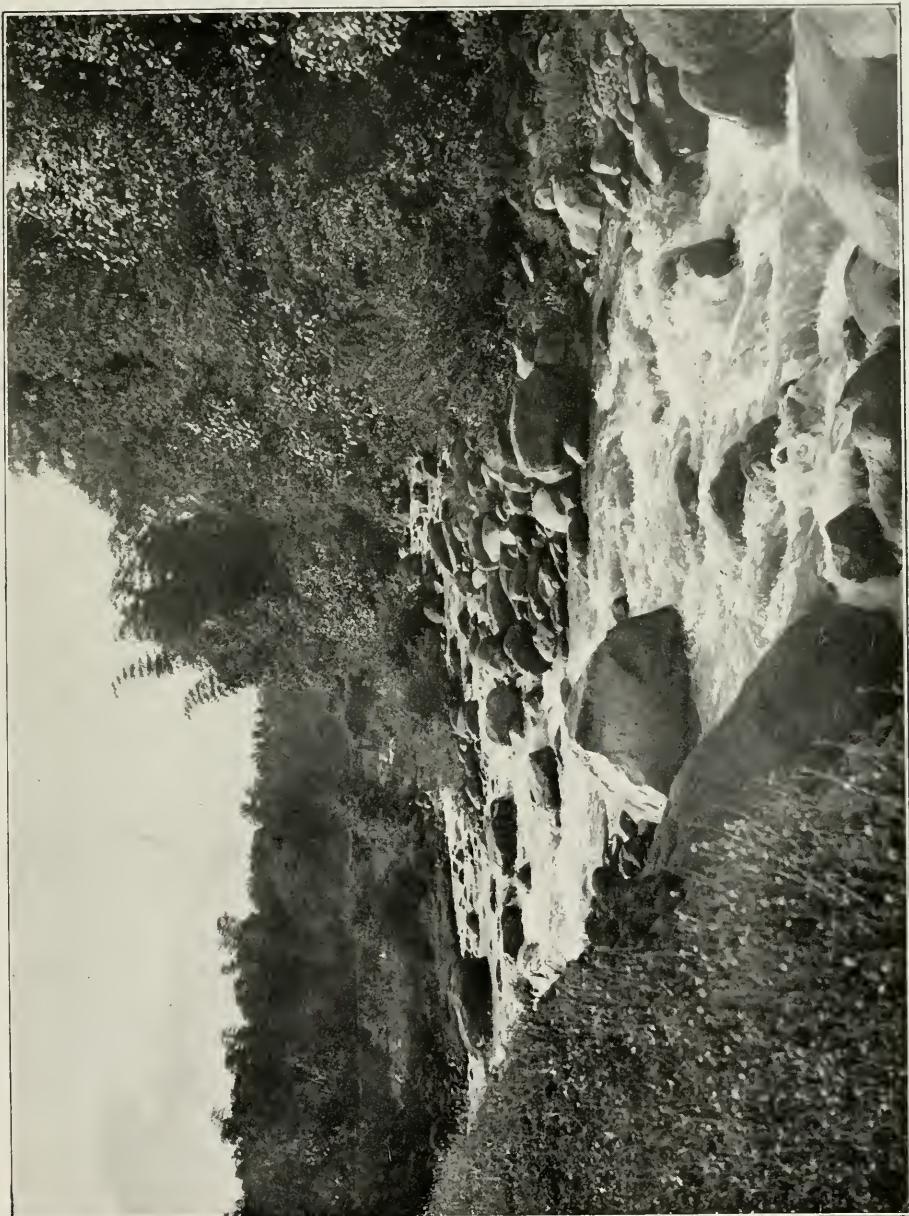
Djocja Officials.

D J O C J A.

— — —
HOTELS :

Hotel Mataram and *Hotel Toegoe*.

The chief interest of Djocjacarta to the tourist is the fact that it is the centre from which a visit can be made to the famous Buddhist



River View.



Native Theatre, the Topeng.

temples of *Mendoet* and *Boro Boedoer*, and the less known but hardly less interesting Brahminical remains of *Parambanan* (*Brambanan*).

Tourists going to the temples at *Boro Boedoer* and coming from *Maos* by the early train get off at *Djocja* to take the local train to *Moentilan*, where carriages can be obtained to drive to the temples.

The stationmaster at *Moentilan* will be found willing to assist the traveller in getting carriage accommodation.

Tourists arriving at *Djocja* in the afternoon and staying over night can take one of several local trains to *Moentilan*, but the best train is the first in the morning, bringing the traveller to the *Boro Boedoer* before lunchtime; or the noon train, which allows him to arrive before dark at the hotel. This hotel however is very small, therefore large parties should secure rooms beforehand by the help of the hotel manager at *Djocja*.

Sunrise from the top of the *Boro-boedoer* temple is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable.

Djocjacarta (commonly called *Djocja*) an extremely healthy place, with temperate climate, clean broad roads, and a beautiful club, makes an agreeable impression on the traveller.

The fort "Vredenburg", the great *Kraton*, encircled by walls (the palace of the Sultan), and the splendid Resident's house, with its many Hindoo images, standing in a lovely garden, vie with one another in attracting our attention.

The *Kraton* is situated within a wall four metres high, five metres wide, and more than four miles in circumference, enclosing a large square filled with numerous buildings, streets, roads, ponds, canals, kampongs and gardens. It is peopled by 15.000 inhabitants, who all belong to the retinue of the Court.



Dancing girl (Djocja).

Entering by a broad opening in the north wall, we find ourselves on the great Aloon-Aloon, and have on our left, the tiger-cages, and on our right, the mosque, the courts of justice, and the stables, whilst the Sihi inggil — a hill with twelve steps, covered by a roof — cuts off the square on the south side.

In order to get to that part where the Sultan resides, we have to pass through two gates, and special permission is necessary.

The pendoppo entirely of gilt, the spacious dining-hall, which has accommodation for 600 guests, the yellow house, the residence of the



Prince, opposite which stands the house of his first lawful wife, the house of the Resident, when he stays in the Kraton, the dwellings of the concubines, and of the native soldiers, the stables of the elephants, etc., all these completely fill this part of the grounds.

Staying at Djocjakarta the tourist should not fail to visit the old Taman Sarie, or Water Castle in the suburbs, built by a Portuguese architect in the middle of the 18th century for the great Sultan Manko Boemi.

For half a florin, a native boy shows the way through these ruins, full of beautiful spots, quaint gates, ponds half full of vegetation, halls

partly fallen in, small subterranean passages, and canals, and a ruinous tower seventeen metres high -- called the labyrinth.

If this visit be undertaken in the early evening, you can leave Djoc-jacarta the following morning. A ticket may be taken for Brambanan, where at least two hours will be available for viewing the highly interesting relics and temples, situated about fifteen minutes from the station.

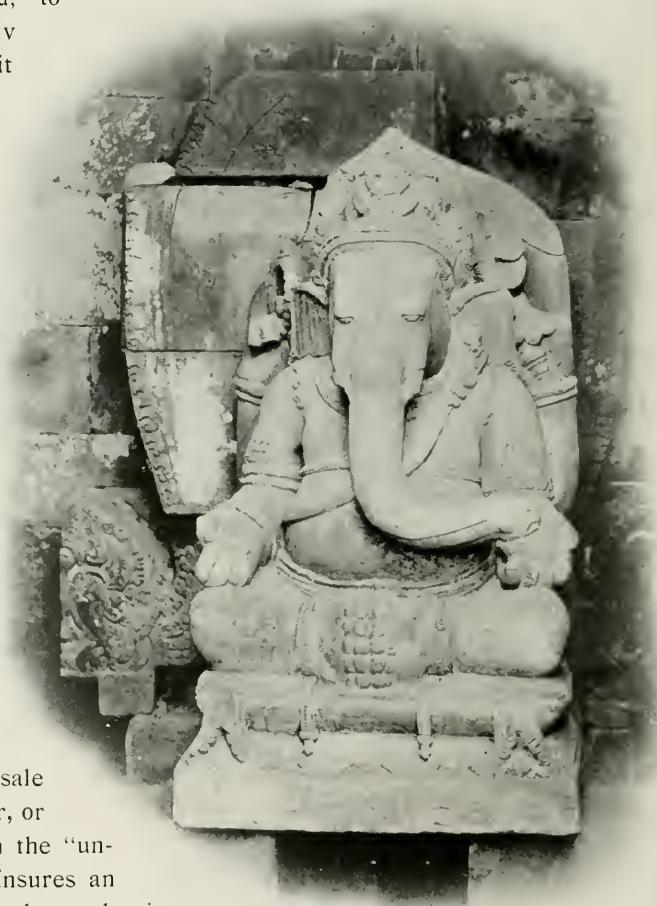
Miss Eliza R. Seidmore gives the following description of the "Water Castle" in her book "Java, the Garden of the East":

"The Water Kasteel" is an oriental Trianon, a paradise garden of the tropics, where former greatness spent its hours of ease in cool, half underground chambers and galleries such as Hindu princes have made for themselves in every part of India. The Taman Sarie is sadly deserted now. The most important buildings were shaken to formless mounds by earthquakes — the last great Djokja earthquake of 1867, when so many lives were lost, completing the ruins which are now covered with vines and weeds. The ornamental waters are choked with weeds and rubbish; the carved stonework is black with mould and lichens; the caves, grottoes, tunnels, staircases, and galleries around the wells are slippery, and drip with green mosses; and the rose-gardens and shrubberies are fast going to jungle. A few pavilions remain, whose roof gables are as deeply recurved as those of Burmese temples, but for the most part all the once splendid carved and gilded constructions are but wrecks and refuges for bats and lizards. The Water Kasteel in its better days stood in the midst of a lake, reached only by boat or by a secret tunnel; and here the old sultan Hamanku Buwono IV and his harem whiled away their leisure hours, even when an army thundered at the gates.

On one unfortunate day Marshal Daendels was kept waiting in the outer court for an hour beyond the time appointed for an interview, while the Sultan and his women made merry, and the gamelan sounded gaily from the Water Kasteel's galleries. Daendels, growing weary, suddenly pushed through the retainers to the mouth of the tunnel, and appeared to the dallying Sultan in the Water Kasteel without announcement or further ceremony, and with still less ceremony seized the Sultan by the arm and led him back to Dutch headquarters, where the interview took place. Another version of this Water Kasteel tradition describes the mad marshal as making a dash down terraces and staircases to a water pavilion sunk deep in foliage at the edge of a tank, where in a shady cellar of a sleeping-room, shielded and cooled by a water curtain falling in front of it, he dragged the Sultan from

his bed, and carried him off to head quarters. The *opas* and the chattering old guardian, who led us about the Kasteel's labyrinths, plunged into the green gloom of a long mossy staircase that led to the platform on which the sultan's sleeping-room opened, to show us the "unlucky bed" and prove by it their particular or favored version of the irruption of Marshal Daendels. The bedstead or couch is an elaborately carved affair, and must once have been the chief ornament of this cool, cave-like retreat; but in the reek and gloom of the late afternoon this water boudoir seemed too suggestive of rheumatism, malaria and snakes wholesale to invite one to linger, or to suggest repose on the "unlucky bed", which insures an early death to the one who touches it.

Another water-chamber was provided in the Sumoor Gamelan ("Musical Spring"), a deep circular well or tank near the ruined banquethall, with vaulted chambers opening around it — just such echoing places of green twilight, where it must be cool on the hottest noonday, as one may see in the old palaces at Lucknow, Futtehpore- Sikri, and Ahmedabad, in the fatherland whence the ruling princes of Java came. There is, too, a great oval tank with beautiful walls,



Ganesha, the Elephant-headed god.

The River Opak.



Between the second and third circular wall are three rows of small temples (in all 157), which formerly contained images of gods.

Within the innermost wall, rise the ruins of eight temples placed opposite each other.

The innermost of the three western temples is the chief temple, and contains an apartment with four rooms, so that the ground plot forms twenty angles.

Behind, in the vestibule, stand two Dwarapala figures, and in the inner apartment is a broken image of Ciwa (Mahadewa). In the west



Image of Buddha at the Mendoet.

room we find the image of Ganesha; in the northern one the celebrated image of Lora-Djonggrang (Doerga), which is six feet high, has eight arms, and after which the whole ruin is named. In the southern compartment stands another Ciwa image, representing the royal penitent. The decorations of the outer walls have been destroyed. In the south temple of this group lies a four-armed Brahma broken in pieces, surrounded by three smaller Brahma. In the north temple, resembling the south one in all respects, stood a Vishnu image, between three other images, the man-lion, the Wishnu, with his Cakti Lakshmi, and the Wamana-atavara.

Of the three opposite temples, the middle one is the largest. In the inner compartment, on the left may be seen Sacrya upon a car, and on the right Tjandra with ten horses.

Next to the ruins of the small inner temple on the north side, is the Doerga image, two feet high. Several hewn-out stones indicate the former decoration of the outer walls.

From here, having followed the border road between Soerakarta and Djocjakarta, and having passed through the dessa Kloerak, we turn to the right, and have before us the Tjandi-Loembong. The chief temple, in a square, surrounded by sixteen smaller buildings, contains bas-reliefs representing life-sized men and women.

Continuing our walk in a northern direction, we pass the collapsed front temple, Tjandi-Boebrah, and reach the famous "*Thousand temples*", *Tjandi-Sewoe*. These ruins consist of a large inner temple, surrounded by four rows of 240 smaller ones.

The earthquake of 1867 caused the roof of the principal temple to fall in, but the rich decorations of the outer walls were not entirely destroyed, and contain, among other things, a representation of the goddess Cri, and above the chief entrance, a Kalahead.

The splendidly executed series of bas-reliefs in the corridors give



The Boro Boedoer.



Staircase in Eoro Boedoer.

a chronological representation of the Hindoo Mythology, particulars of which have been described for the Tjandi-Brambanan, by Dr. Grone-man, and the antiquities near the border of Soerakarta, by M. J. W. Yzerman.

Four roads, guarded by gigantic kneeling guards, lead to the four

entrances. In the row of side temples there are still 25 Buddha images to be seen in or near their original places.

What was expressed in the Boro-Boedoer by galleries, is here represented by the fourfold temple rows. In this respect the two principal monuments of Java have also much in common.

Four temples, placed at some distance from the guards, have been entirely destroyed. On the north side of Tjandi-Sewoe, striking into the east road and at the end towards the north, we have on our right the ruins of *Tjandji-Plaosam*. The temple group is divided into three parts, separated by open spaces.

On the outer circular wall of the north temple, may be seen two kneeling stone guards. Every temple has three compartments with some images and bas-reliefs.

The buildings inside the second circular wall, which formerly served as cloister, church, and burial-place, form three rows of temples — in all 50 — each one of which formerly contained an image of Buddha.

Upon an elevated terrace near the north outertemple, we find 22 images, and on that in the south of the principal temple 3.

Between the smaller temples many images are also to be found.



Bas-reliefs from Boro Boedoer.

Crossing the railway, and by turning to the right, along a sidepath, the visitor comes to *Tjandji-Kalongan*, surrounded by a circular wall, which has for the greater part been destroyed. From here a small path leads southwards, right up the steep and bare mountain slope

past two grottoes, to the ruins of an ancient Mataram royal palace.

Getting out at the stopping-place *Kalassen*, two miles from Parambanan, and following the road to Soerakarta, he will come to *Tjandi-Kali-Bening*, a beautiful Buddhist temple about the same size as the temple at Mendoet. It is surrounded by a corridor, partly destroyed, and contains no images.

Above the opening of the door sits the goddess Cri, upon a lotus-shaped cushion, and a gigantic idol's head constitutes the principal feature of the centrepiece of the south gable. Four rooms enclose the central apartment, just as at the *Tjandi-Loro-Djonggrang*.

Returning to the main road and following it for a short distance, the visitor will observe on the left, the ruins of *Tjandi Sari*, a two-storied building, richly decorated.

BORO BOEDOER.

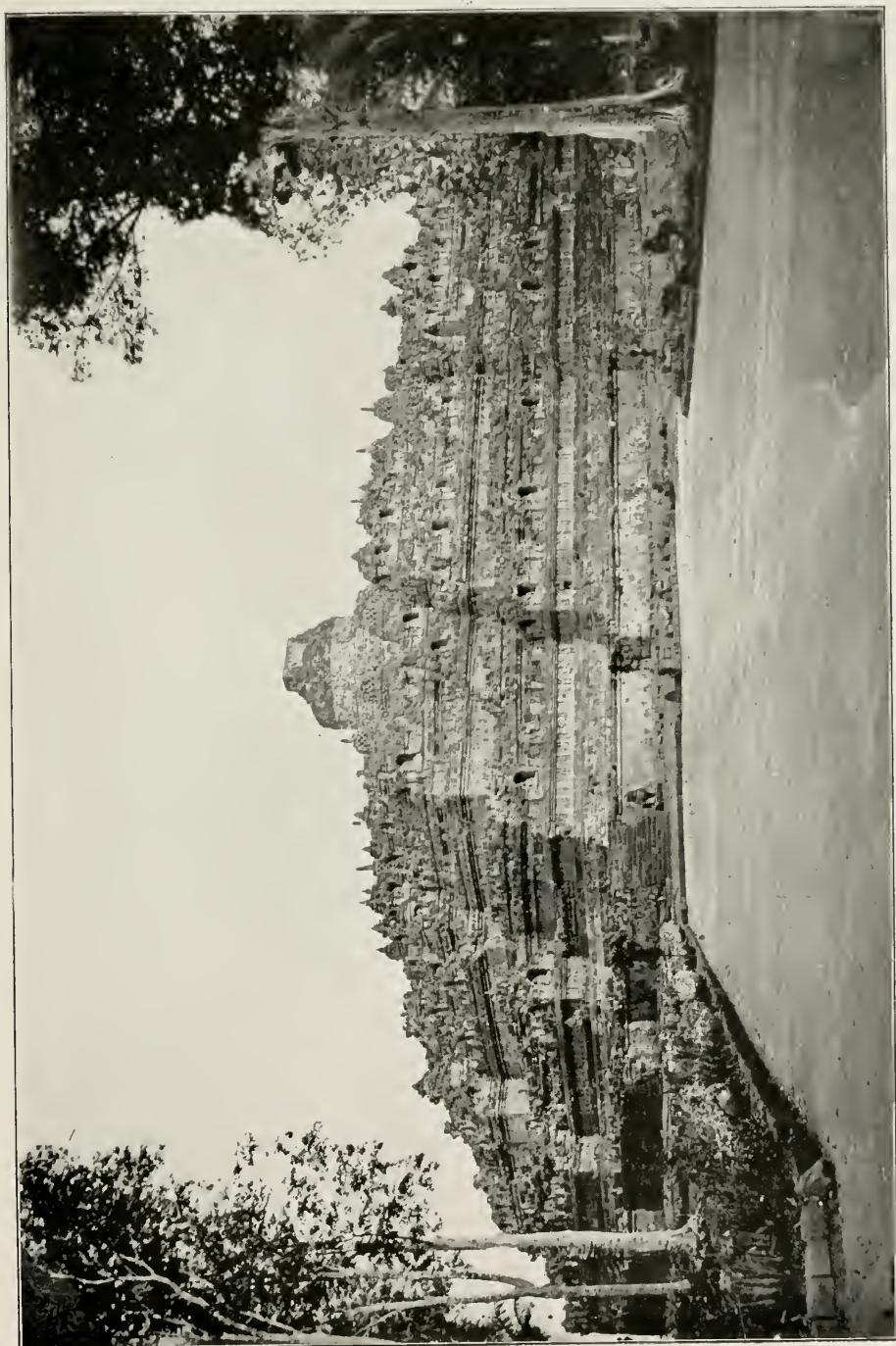
The distance from *Moentilan station* (see above, page 59) to the *Boro Boedoer* temple is a few miles. A drive of 1½ hours leads the tourist along the curving roads between rice and tobacco fields to the border of the Progo river where the carriage is placed on a "raft" by coolies gathered at the riverside; for which service they expect a small fee. Before reaching this point we pass by the *Mendoet temple*, and are allowed to enter by the guardian who after showing the visitor's register, expects also a small payment for his trouble. We enter the *Mendoet temple* by the partly destroyed steps, and behold a splendid Buddha image, seated between images of princes or gods. The rear of the building contains beautifully decorated walls. After a drive of fifteen minutes from the other side of the bridge the hill-ridge is reached on which the *passangrahan* (hotel) stands, right opposite the temple.

There are other regions of extensive temple ruins in Java, but none where the remains of the earlier civilisation are so well preserved, the buildings of such extent and magnificence, their cults and their records so well known, as at *Boro-Boedoer* and *Brambanan*.

The ruins of *Boro-Boedoer*, the most remarkable and magnificent monument Buddhism has ever erected in this country built in the eighth or ninth century in purely Buddhistic style, are the most remarkable of the many ancient relics that are to be found at Java.

There in the heart of the steaming tropics, in that summerland of the world below the equator, on an island where volcanoes cluster more thickly and vegetation is richer than in any other region of the

Boro Boedoer, from the Passangruhan.



globe, where earthquakes continually rock and shatter, and where deluges descend during the rainy half of the year, remains nearly intact the temple of *Boro-Boedoer*, covering almost the same area as the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. That solid pyramidal temple, rising in magnificent sculptured terraces, built without mortar or cement, without column or pillar or arch, is one of the surviving wonders of the world. On the spot it seems a veritable miracle.

During the time that Java was under the rule of the English, the temple was laid bare by removing the ground, which probably was heaped up against it by the last worshippers of Buddha in Java. During recent years, the wall that encloses the lowest terrace has also been divested of its cloak of stone, photographed and then covered again in order to prevent a subsidence.

In addition to that wall, which also rests upon a terrace, it consists of two square lower terraces, each of $151\frac{1}{2}$ M., and five galleries with balustrades, which, with the inside walls of the lower gallery, rise upon the others like an outer wall, on which again four terraces are erected, the three highest of which are circular-shaped; the highest terrace is crowned with a large cupola (dagob) $16\frac{1}{2}$ M. in diameter.

The whole building, the interior of which is filled with earth, rises 31—35 M. above the hill, the crown of which is 47 M. above the surrounding plain. Each storey is distinguished by its wealth of architectural detail and the many Buddha images. The terrace underneath the galleries seems to be of more recent date than the other part of the building and to have been raised half-way up the outer wall of the lowest gallery. The balustrades of the galleries consist of a succession of small temples, each one crowned with three spires, in the frieze of which a sitting Buddha is represented.

In the lowest gallery, with its 408 bas-reliefs, beneath each of these figures, a similar sitting man is represented, with groups of three persons on each side, who carry lotus flowers and mosquito fans.

The other balustrades have niches containing Buddha images.

The insides of these parapets exhibit a series of various events in 470 pictures of bas-relief sculpture work.

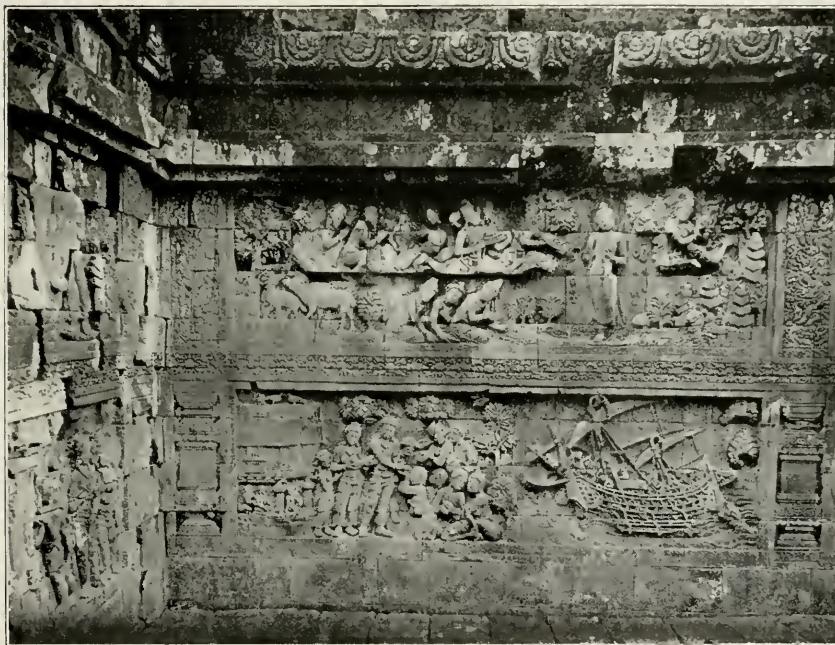
The upper terraces have successively 32, 24 and 16 open-worked cupolas (dagobs), each of which contains a sitting Buddha image. The topmost cupola was originally walled in; it rests upon a pedestal 8.3 M. thick, and is even now 3.6 M. high.

The spire that formerly stood on it, was 9.3 M. high, a part of

which only now exists. The image in this cupola has partly collapsed, and when dug out appeared to be incomplete.

Of the 1504 bas-reliefs, there are still 988 in a fairly good state of preservation, whilst there still exist 441 Buddha images.

The wall of the second gallery represents in the highest row of bas-reliefs, the adventures of Buddha Cukyamuni, from his conception to his Nirvana. The representation of his birth is missing. The images underneath appear to represent the glorification of royal personages.



Bas-reliefs from Boro Boedoer.

The third gallery wall, presents in 180 bas-reliefs, the glorification of Buddha; the fourth represents in 80 pictures, the homage paid to princes, which was due to them as worshippers of Buddha, whilst the fifth gallery is distinguished for the many images of the deity, and the frequently recurring representation of two princes, probably the builders of the temple.

The images are all seated with crossed legs. Those in the three circles round the cupola, resemble each other, and are not provided with a throne, cushion, or aureole. They are supposed to represent Buddha as divining.

Those upon the balustrades vary in the position of the hands. Those on the south side, represent Buddha teaching, those on the west side as thinking, on the north side as promising and on the east side as receiving.

Upon the fifth gallery sits Buddha, the explainer.

According to another explanation, the images of the lower tiers represent the world of wishes; those upon the upper terraces, the world of forms, and the unfinished image in the top cupola, the world without forms, agreeing with three stages for the obtaining of the Nirvana or eternal sleep. Those upon the upper tiers resemble each other, but in the position of the hands they differ from the others.

Having thoroughly viewed the ruins, the visitor will need rest, after which he may witness the beautiful sunset, from the great cupola, upon the temple.

Next morning, he may enjoy from the same place, the lovely sunrise, after which he will continue his journey to Djocjacarta.

On the *Dieng plateau*, not far from Boro Boedoer, there are ruins of more than four hundred temples, and the traces of a city greater than any now existing on the island. This region has yielded rich treasures in gold, silver and bronze, objects, a tithe of which are preserved in the Museum of the Batavian Society.

S O E R A C A R T A.

Soeracarta generally called by the inhabitants of Java, *Solo*, is the capital of the sultanate Soeracarta, and the city of the Susunhan. This place is different in appearance from Djocjacarta.

It has one good hotel, The *Hotel Slier*.

Arriving at the station the tourist will take a carriage, here called "andoeng", to the palace of the Susunhan, which is the name of the Sultan. This residence, inhabited by 10.000 people and surrounded by high white walls, the "dalem" (palace) of the Prince Mangkoe-Negoro, the dwellings of the Solo Court dignitaries, the extensive avenues of tamarind trees, the little fortress „Vastenburg”, and the European and Chinese quarters, lend this place a very picturesque appearance, which is not to be met with anywhere else in the Dutch Indies.

At the courts of Djocja and Solo, we find a special kind of dancer called *serimpi*, whilst the distinguished courtiers and relatives of the Sultan also maintain a corps de ballet, called *bedaja*. Here, moreover, is the best opportunity for seeing the representations of the wajang wong (wajang representation by living persons) and the topèng.

The latter can also be seen performed in the streets by strolling actors. All the actors wear masks, which to the European eye is the most remarkable thing in the performance. The colours of the masks vary according to the nature of the persons represented; for gods they are gold; for distinguished men, white; for giants or evil



Wearing on the loom.

spirits, black or red; but brown, the natural skin colour of the Javanese, is seldom seen. The form also of the Indian flat nose, is striking. That the actors, who represent important personages, wear stockings, may certainly be attributed to the contact with Western civilization.

We are here in the heart of the ancient kingdom of Mataram, which swarms with thousands of people connected with the Court, where the high, the middle, and the lower aristocracy of Java feel at home, and drive round in their equipages, where we can form the best idea of the life and occupation of the Javanese, before the influence and the supremacy of the Indian Government put a stop to the despotic reign of the Sultans.

At Solo one reaches the heart of native Java — the Java of the



Coolies gambling.

Javanese — but Islam's old empire is there narrowed down to the kraton where the present Susunhan lives.

The street life of Solo could well entertain one for many days. Native life is but slightly affected by foreign

ways, and the local color is all one could wish. There are drives of great beauty about the town, with far views of those two lovely symmetrical peaks *Merapi* and *Merbaboe*, on one side, and of the massive Mount *Lawu* on the other.



Native Masseuse.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF MID-JAVA.

In 1628--1629 the prince of the mighty Javanese kingdom of Mataram, tried in vain to drive the Dutch merchants out of Batavia, which they had founded in 1618. Nor did he meet with greater success in 1660, in conjunction with the Prince of Macassar. Fifteen years later, his successor called in the assistance of the Dutch Indian Company against the same Macassarese, and gave them liberty to build factories (trading-houses). When he died, fleeing from his persecutors, it was the Dutch Governor-General who appointed a new Sultan.

After his death in 1703, the Dutch-Indian Company placed a prince upon the throne, for whom it had to fight a bloody battle against his enemies, who contested his right to the crown.

After renewed wars, the ruler of Mataram and the founder of Soerakarta, was compelled in 1743 to swear the oath of allegiance to the Dutch Company. He resigned to it the whole of the North Coast, and on his deathbed bequeathed to the Dutch Company his entire realm, which was then rent by the rebellion of his brother. His blind son, nine years old, was then placed upon the throne, and, after a long war, the rebellious brother was appointed fealty Sultan of West Mataram i. e. Djocjakarta.

A few years later the Company was called upon to settle a quarrel between these two parts of the divided kingdom, and in 1810 the Governor-General, Daendels, marched against Djocjakarta, which would not submit to his demands. The Sultan was then deposed and succeeded by his son, and had to pay a fine of 400.000 florins, whilst the ruler of Soerakarta had to resign the shore duties.

It is, therefore, easily to be understood that their assistance against the invasion of the English in 1811 was of no great significance. Yet they soon rebelled against these new rulers, who advanced against



Tandak. (Native Dancers)



Boro Boedoer. One of the terraces.

the prince's territories, bridled the power of the princes still more, and appointing Pakoe Alam at Djocjakarta, made him a prince independent of the Court. Therefore, they saw with pleasure the return to Java, in 1816, of their former masters, hoping thus to regain their lost power. The rebellion of Diepo Negoro (an illegitimate son of the Sultan of Djocjakarta, who died in 1814), broke out in 1825, and caused, a war in Mid-Java, which taxed for five years all the resources of the Dutch Government. The war ended with the fall of that prince, and again diminished the territory of the two Sultans. Bearing all this in mind, we are better enabled to form an idea of the pride of these princes, whose ancestors reigned over the whole of Java of the

decline that everywhere shines through the splendour which they still try to exhibit, and of the tenacity wherewith they maintain old habits, and the paying of homage, although their territory was reduced to so small a compass, and they have lost their independence. In what has been said above, we also find the cause of the pride of the impoverished aristocracy, who lived on the favours and gifts of their princes; of the aristocratic type, that these centuries-old races still exhibit, and of the poverty and humility of the lower classes, who for hundreds of years willingly submitted to the petty tyrannies of their lords and masters, and, purely from old traditions, still worship their princes and obey their satellites.



Painting sarongs (Batik) in Java.

S O E R A B A Y A.

Soerabaya, the second town of Java, and the principal mercantile town, is the capital of the Residency of that name. The head-quarters of the Military authorities of East Java,



Soerabaya.

Dwelling of the Resident.

the dock-yards, artillery works naval establishment, and the head-offices of the State Railway Company (Eastern section) are situated here.

Soerabaya has two railway-stations: *Soerabaya—Kotta*, and *Soerabaya—Goebeng*.

HOTELS.

As the principal hotels, *Hotel Simpang* and *Hotel Embong Malang* are situated near the *Goebeng* station travellers should address their luggage to the latter, where the omnibuses of the Hotels and the carriages (here called "kossong") are waiting.

An English traveller once gave his impressions about Soerabaya in the following lines:

"In the business quarter of the town there is no very marked contrast to similar places in other eastern cities, but as one comes



Kalimaas (Soerabaya).



Custom House, Soerabaya.



Chinese street, Soerabaya.

from the station and goes on to Simpang and Kaijoen, where the Europeans principally reside, the roads become broader, shadier and cleaner, and the traffic less crowded. There are many well situated and attractive shops, and Grimm's great café, standing in a fork between two roads, cannot fail to catch the eye. From this point it is said pass as many carriages as on London Bridge. The houses in the European districts are one-storeyed pavilions with pillared porticoes, and generally floored with marble, each with a railing in front, and a little patch of lawn hardly bigger than a good-sized hearthrug, and each separated from its neighbours by an eight-foot wall. The roomy compounds with which the Anglo-Indian delights to surround his dwelling, and which combine privacy with abundance of fresh air in Singapore are almost unknown in Soerabaya.

I was most impressed in Soerabaya by what one might call the home-atmosphere of the place. I do not mean that it resembles a European city more than Singapore or Colombo does, but that it really is home to the greater part of its European inhabitants. Singapore



is a great hotel; we take rooms in it for a year or two, but always with the intention and hope of soon leaving it for ever, and settling down in the old country. We are birds of passage; we confess it, and make it an excuse for our want of public spirit and our indiffe-

rence to local concerns. Soerabaya seems to me the reverse of Singapore in this respect. Many come here to stay, many children



A native Restaurant.

are born of European parents who will never go to Europe, and somehow never feel the desire or the necessity of going. Soerabaya

is their home, they will live and die there. Troops of merry children are to be seen in the streets, going to and from school, with satchel on back and a rompish air generally. Some of them are long, weedy



A Chinaman selling pork.

and palefaced, but a week or two on the hills once a year brings the roses back to their cheeks. In fact where I am now (Tosari), I see the process going on; a number of Soerabaya children are in the hotel, rapidly regaining colour in the fresh, crisp air. Where his family can stay, there a man can make his home. Java is thus more of a colony than the Straits Settlements, and the colonial population seems as healthy and as long-lived as the migratory. Cricket, football, tennis, are played everywhere even by the natives.

Soerabaya possesses two large clubs,—*the Concordia* situated in the town, and largely patronised by the Military and officials, and the *Simpangsche Club*, a new building erected in modern style which will bear comparison with the best English clubs elsewhere."

There is only one tower which one may ascend to get a general

view of the roadstead. This is the "Wilhelmina-tower near the harbour and the navalclub "Modderlust".

FROM SOERABAYA TO TOSARI.

Tourists intending to visit this most lovely little place should always wire on beforehand to the Agent of Sanatorium Tosari (Pasoeroean) and indicate the number of persons who wish to engage rooms. This telegram will secure the traveller every convenience for his trip up the hill.

T O S A R I.

HOTEL.

The *Hotel and Sanatorium Tosari*.

The Sanatorium Tosari, establishment for atmospherical cures:
Highest Sanatorium in Netherlands India, 6000 feet above sea level.
Medical attendant and Dispensary at the establishment.



Along the Road.

Exceptionally dry climate, excellent for the sick and convalescent. Selected place of recreation for all who wish to spend some time up country.



Foto:

Volcano Smeroe.

O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.

The space occupied by the Sanatorium Tosari measures 10 hectares and is an excellent playground for lawn-tennis, cricket, croquet, etc.

Pavilion-system. Spacious and lofty rooms.

Splendid views.

Billiard and refreshment saloons. Piano and other amusements. Special recreation room for children. Games for children.

Carriage from Pasoeroean to Poespo, changing horses at Pasrepan costs / 5.50.



At work in the rice-fields.

The Pasoe-roean agent keeps carriages at the disposal of newcomers.

From Poespo to the Sanatorium:

A pony with well fitting European saddle, for lady or gentleman
/ 2.—.

Horse for servant or luggage / 1.—.

Sedan chairs or litters for sick persons can be provided, if ordered beforehand.

SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE BROMO.

Riding horse to Bromo	/ 3.50
Riding horse to Moengal	„ 2.75
Riding horse to Penandjaän	„ 3.25

ROUTE.

To reach Tosari, one goes by rail from Soerabaya to Pasoeroean — a matter of about two hours — and thence it is a climb of five hours to Tosari. For twothirds of the way, as far as Poespo, a lesser hill-resort some 2500 feet above sea level, a carriage can be used.

The nearer we get to Tosari, the scarcer the high wood trees become; the forest changes gradually into fields, where only a few tjemara-trees (casuarineae) are scattered.

In these fields European vegetables are cultivated, especially potatoes, cabbages, maize and onions. These and the tjemara-trees together, give to the Tengger landscape a peculiar bare European character, quite unlike that of the Preanger volcanoes. Here we can let our eyes range undisturbed, left and right, over the numerous sharp-edged ridges, and deeply cleft ravines, which, descending from the long, straight, uppermost border of the Tengger radiate in all directions, and the steep flanks of which are clothed, as it were, in a kind of



Foto:

Crater Bromo.

O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.

patchwork counterpane, with tints of green, yellow and brown, so that one may fancy one sees a relief map executed in various colours.

If the visitor should be fortunate enough to get there when the Bromo crater is active, he will see suddenly, every now and then, fantastic, dense, dark-grey clouds rise above the summit of the mountains, moving slowly like an apparition, and then steadily spreading into many curling peaks, which resemble huge mounds of dirty wadding. When at last they get free from the mountain edge, they assume peculiarly deceptive appearances, and float slowly away towards

the west, whilst some thin oblique streaks at the bottom indicate the volcanic ash, of which the cloud of smoke disburdened itself. The dull roaring, which accompanies these periodical eruptions, may often be heard.

Tosari is one of the finest spots in the Orient and situated in the east in the neighbourhood of Sourabaya. The famous volcano Bromo especially which is only a few miles off, has a great attraction for globetrotters; there they behold a spectacle which [may be called unique in the world.

As to Tosari itself, in the *Straits Times Annual* 1905—1906 it is described as “the Mussoorie or the Darjeeling of the Netherlands Indies. At any rate it is the **coolest and loveliest spot** with European hotel accommodation **between India and Japan.**” And further on “From Tosari one may take the most entrancing walks and rides—though of course there are [now wheeled vehicles on the hill tops. Of the many places worth visiting the most wonderful by far, and the most fascinating, is the trip to the Bromo crater which rises

in the middle of the Sand Sea, about ten miles from the Tosari Sanatorium. Volumes might be written to describe the impression that the view of this extraordinary spectacle conveys to the astonished traveller when it first bursts



Weaving sarongcloth.

upon his gaze from the Moengal Pass. It is one of the wonder spots of the world—unique, unforgettable.”

TOSARI (6000 ft.)

Is the highest health resort of Java, and famous for its cool, and at the same time dry, mountain climate, which makes it especially

Foto:

Bromo during the Bruno Festivities.

O. Kunkjian, Soerabaya



suitable for the cure of malaria and nervous complaints. It lies on a small promontory of the Tengger ridges.

From the balcony outside the recreation-room, one of the most magnificent views of East Java may be obtained. Right before us lies the strait of Madoera, bordered on the south and west by the island of Java. The lowland, with its numerous fishing-ponds and rice fields covered with water, shines and sparkles like the smooth surface of the sea itself, which gives one the impression of the latter everywhere penetrating into the very heart of the land. The island of Madoera is distinctly visible in clear west monsoon weather. To the left, from the north to the south, we observe three mountains, viz. the sugarloaf shaped Penanggoengan, the Ardjoeno with its five summits, and the Kawi with its three summits.

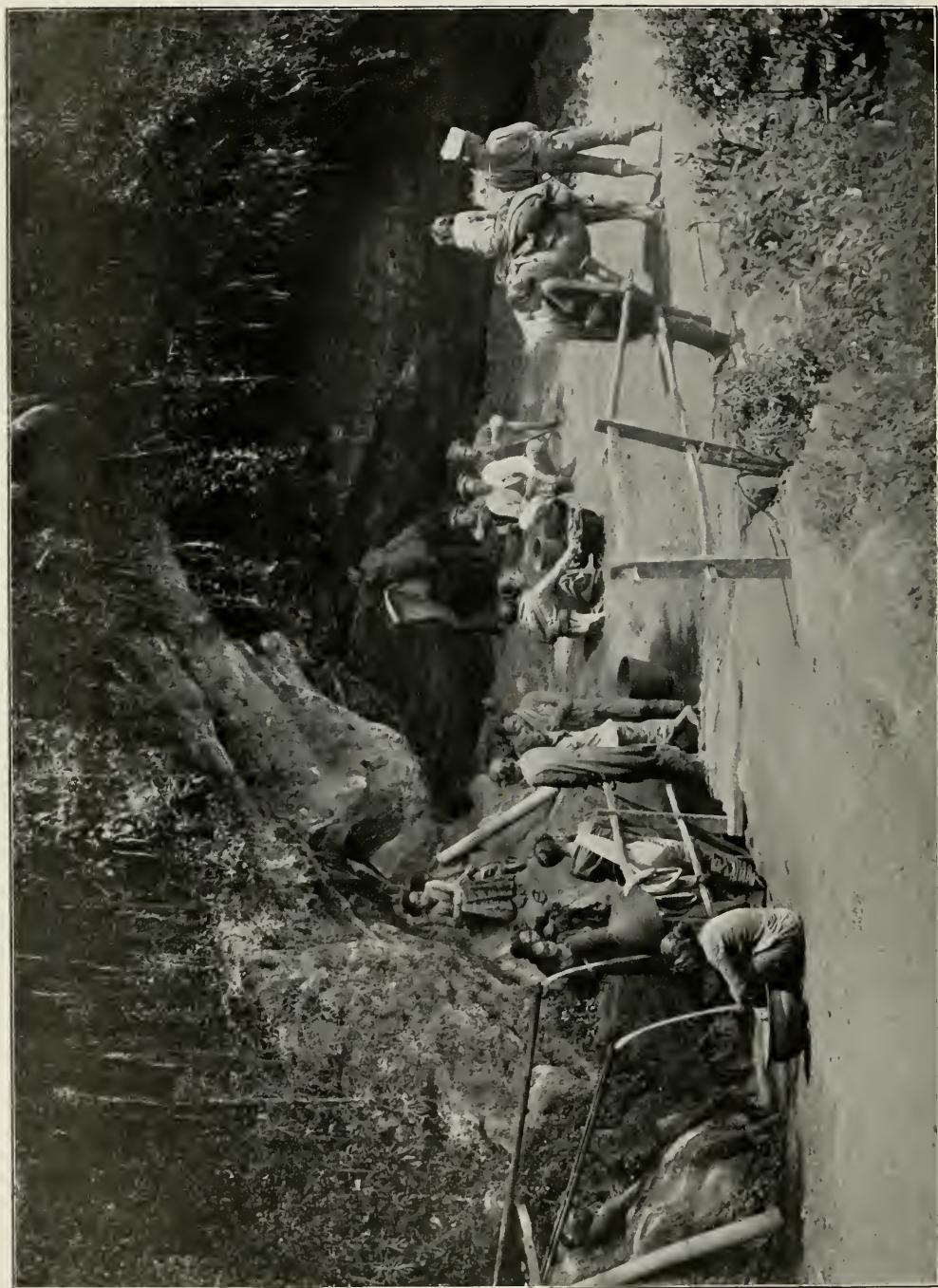
All round Tosari are seen kampongs on the projecting edges of the mountain ridges, with curiously-shaped houses. These are the dwellingplaces of the Tenggerese, a race of Javanese that remained true to their old, half Brahmin, half Heathen religion. It was on the spreading of the Islam, and the downfall of the realm of Madjapahit, that they retreated to these mountain ridges, which at those times were hardly accessible, and where they managed to hold their ground in spite of all difficulties. The Tenggerese, though kind and honest, are a rather ignorant and uncultivated race. The stiff etiquette of the Javanese is unknown to them, and they are free and familiar in their manners towards strangers. In the surrounding districts of Tosari, this familiarity has, through the conduct of visitors themselves, changed into downright impudence and covetousness.

They dwell "en famille", in large square houses without windows and with only one door. The long side of these houses faces the Crater Bromo, to which they turn when worshipping. The passages between the houses are very clean, though the interior is quite the reverse, like the inhabitants themselves, who, in consequence of the cool climate and the scarcity of water, seldom or ever bathe. They occupy themselves in cultivating vegetables, and till their fields with great care and industry, even along the slopes of the steep mountains. Consequently, they have almost entirely stripped the Tengger of its original forest, leaving only here and there a single tjemara-tree for the necessary fuel.

A natural consequence of this is, that the rainfall upon the Tengger has decreased, and the water runs away too quickly, which, through the existing dryness of the climate of East Java, causes lack of water.

Kampong Tosari.





Grotto near Tosari.

Whilst formerly the houses were compactly built of various and beautiful kinds of wood, we now see them built of nothing but bamboo, and even this material the Tenggerese have to drag with the greatest difficulty from the ravines, along steep and hewn-out mountain paths. The Tenggerese do not cultivate rice, because during their retreat before the Mahometans, they were forbidden to do so. They bring their vegetables down on strong little mountain ponies. The whole of East Java is provided with vegetables from the Tengger.

Visitors, more particularly those who have already passed some time in a tropical climate, should know, that they must be very careful in bathing for the first time in the cold mountain water, as it is apt to cause dangerous catarrhs. They should also see that they are warmly clad, and have warm coverings at night.

EXCURSIONS FROM TOSARI.

To the Bromo over the Moengal Pass.

The best thing to do is to start early in the morning, if possible, before sunrise. You can go on horseback or in a sedan-chair; the



Foto:

Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.



O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.

Native Village near Tosari.

Foto:

former is preferable. It is possible to walk there and back but that would be very fatiguing. It is in any case advisable to take a horse along with you, to put on a large hat and gloves, and to tie a gauze over your face, in order to prevent your skin from being scorched.

The road gradually ascends, bordered by cabbage, potato, onion and Indian cornfields, here and there intersected by young tjemara trees, planted by order of the Government, to make up for the lack of wood.

The monotony of these fields of vegetables is somewhat relieved by the numbers of blooming herbs and wild plants that fringe the road, showing everywhere a mass of colour between the fields.

If it be remarkable in itself to see in the Dutch East Indies so many varieties of flowering shrubs together, still more surprising is it to observe the European character of the plants — the so-called Alpine flora, such as wolf's milk, mint, blackberries, rhododendrons, camomile, dandelion, wood violets, valerian, edelweiss, wild mignonette, strawberries, brambles, stinging nettles, forget-me-nots, sorrel, etc. All these remind us strongly of the European mountain plants. Likewise rape seed, wild buckwheat, fennel and carrots, peaches and grapes, which may be seen here also in a wild state, but have been, no doubt, imported by the colonists, make us think of our gardens at home. Especially when a sudden mist hides the prospect, and the solitary pedestrian, only just before suffering from the intense heat of the sun, but now shivering with cold, observes nothing around him but sombre greyish-green pines, from which grey mosses hang down like so many beards thickly covered with hoar frost, then, indeed, he may fancy himself transported to the European mountains.

Half-way en route to the Moengal Pass a magnificent perspective is opened out to us in the south. There we see a volcanic peak, the Smeroe, standing in all its nakedness, and basking in the glowing rays of the morning sun.

It appears as if painted in vivid colours against the beautiful blue expanse, rising from an irregularly planted girdle of olive green tjemara woods. From time to time a white cloud of smoke ascends from the west corner, similar in shape and movement to that of the Bromo.

The Smeroe is the highest volcano of Java (3671 M.) To ascend it, see below.

After a journey of about two hours we reach the Moengal Pass. Here the road divides into two branches of which the left leads for a short distance up a steep path, to a small plateau, on which stands

a little] hut. At the top, quite unexpectedly, an overwhelmingly beautiful spectacle is revealed to the eye of the traveller. This is the prospect over the "Zandzee" (sea of sand), with its volcanoes Batok, Bromo and Widotaren. Standing on the edge of a steep precipice we see below us in the valley an extensive lake, almost as smooth as a mirror which, however, is not filled with water, but with a yellowish-grey desert sand. From this sandy plain rise three mountains; first the Batok, with radiating ribs and curves, scalloped



The Sand Sea covered with clouds.

bases, and a softly indented, flat top, so regularly shaped that we might fancy we saw before us a gigantic pudding mould.

From behind the Batok, partly obscured by it, a murky, fantastically-carved ridge is still to be seen, which evidently encloses a deep cave, as a portion of the steep, precipitous, and pitch-dark interior can yet be observed, set off against the green declivity of the Batok. This is the furnace of the crater Bromo, from which emerge small vaporish lightblue clouds of smoke, or enormous black ones, varying in hue according to the activity of the volcano.

These ash-grey, bare mountain ridges border on similarly shaped



Foto:

Waterfall of Wonokitri (Nymph Bath). O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.

ribs pending downwards from a gradually rising brink, to the west, which is the north crater-wall of the Widodaren.

Behind and almost entirely hidden by this triple mountain complex standing in the sandy plain, we observe a high steep wall rising with an irregular border. This is the Idér-Idér. To the left (east) this border wall of the Sand Sea suddenly slopes down into a much lower and perfectly straight bulwark, which reminds one of a dyke wrought by human hands, running perpendicularly with the Idér-Idér, and with the Moengal (the north mountain ridge upon which the traveller is standing.) The latter extends in a fantastic and declivitous manner right and left. To the right it becomes, by means of hill ranges, connected with the Idér-Idér, and the south-west border of the Widodaren. To the left, it rises with a row of continually graduating tops, to the Penandjaän (2770 M.), and the Argawoelan, which obstruct the prospect on that side. The Idér-Idér also reaches its highest point just above the connecting dyke towards the east, called Goenoeng-Poendaq-Lemboe (2628 M.). The dyke itself is called the Tjemara Lawang, or the Gate of the Spirits.

Right across it, an extensive view is obtained. In bright weather we can see the notched edge of the Ijang mountain and the clean cone of the Lamongan, which is always smoking. To the south, of course, is the majestic cone of the Smeroe; thus there are three working volcanoes close to each other. The explanation of this landscape is given as follows:

The Dasar, or Sand Sea, is the bottom of the gigantic crater of a no less gigantic volcano, the Tengger. The crater is surrounded by a circular wall, of which, in the north-east a small part has been cut away. The rounded sides form, on the north the Moengal, and on the south the Idér-Idér. The interruption of the circuitous crater-wall by the linear dyke Tjemara Lawang is evidently the result of an eruption which caused the mountain to split to the very foot, and allowed the mud and lava to run from the crater through the gap into the valley, high north and south walls (Moengal and Idér-Idér) stretch far away in an easterly direction, past the Sand Sea along the whole mountain slope, like the side walls of a mountain rift that keep getting lower. This rift is the ravine of the Kali Bates.

When the working of this giant crater had decreased, or entirely ceased, new craters formed in its interior. There are four of these, three of which lie upon one volcanic cleft, running in a S.W.—N. E. direction along the axis of the Sand Sea, which at the same time is

the middleline of the ravine of Kali Bates. They form inner and outer circles and have apparently risen consecutively — the Widodaren, the Giri (which seen from the north is hidden by the former), and the Bromo.

The fourth, the Batok, lies north of the great cleft, stands by itself, and is intact. A fifth small volcano, the Goenoeng Kembang, lies south of the Giri, and forms, apparently, the highest point of the Widodaren. The crater bottoms of the Widodaren and the Giri are small sand lakes between their partly destroyed surroundings. They are called the Segara-wedi Kidoel and the Segara-wedi Lor. The Giri has destroyed the east edge of the Widodaren, and cast itself up again inside its crater, to give place in its turn, on the east side, to the Bromo, rising as an outward touching crater. A deathlike silence reigns over this spectacle of the earth; the mysterious quietness of the grey green mountain sides

and the bleak sandy desert, is undisturbed by the metallic rustling of the wind through the tjemaras.

Sometimes we are surprised by the sound of voices from the other side of the sandy plain, but we seek in vain for human beings. If we accidentally distinguish a pedestrian or horseman in the midst of the Dasar, then, and not till then, does it strike us what gigantic dimensions that plain and also the surrounding mountain sides must have. Everything is too light, too clear,



Foto: *Tjemaras and Ferntrees.* O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.

too peaceful, too silent to convince the spectator that inside the bowels of those apparently slumbering mountains, the blazing crucibles of the earth are hidden. But the consciousness of their presence gives to the extraordinarily beautiful landscape, something mysterious and thrilling. The conviction that rest and stillness are deceptive and treacherous, fills us with wonder and awe.

If we happen to be present at an eruption of the Bromo, then, of course, the aspect is totally different. The black volumes of smoke rise with a roaring noise, and with tremendous speed, whilst a shower of stones and lava falls in and around the crater, and the thundering voice of the volcano between the trembling rocks, is terrible. All of a sudden it ceases, as if listening in astonishment to the overwhelming silence that reigns around, whilst the soft entwining folds of smoke float away like a mountain spirit, clad in a garb of fleecy white.

The descent to the Sand Sea is along a very steep zigzag path, which is too dangerous and difficult for horses.

At the top of the stair-like path we discover, on both sides of the hill ranges, small vault-like holes, dug by human hands. These are the places where the Tenggerese sacrifice to their Dewas, or spirits, when setting foot on the dwelling-places of these invisible beings.

On the precipitous Moengal Pass we often pass scooped-out walls, where we have occasion to observe how the whole mass that forms the crater-wall, consists of parallel sloping layers of volcanic sand, lava and stones (hardened mud or coagulated lava). This makes it apparent, that at least the more superficial layers, that built up the Tengger, have fallen and settled there by consecutive eruptions of the Sand Sea crater. When those eruptions decreased so much in violence, that they no longer burst up the whole bottom of the crater and threw it over the wall, the four mountains that are now to be seen, raised themselves, one after the other from a crack in that bottom.

To reach the Bromo, it is necessary to ride round the west and north side of the Batok. When doing so, we fancy from time to time, that we are riding in a desert. The grey sand sparkles in the sun, sends up whirling eddies in the trembling hot layers above its surfaces, and causes a mirage that reminds one of the fata morgana.

Here and there grow greyish heather and lank cypress grass. The Roedjak, the south part of the Sand Sea, is covered with a thick grass carpet and ferns. Here graze hundreds of half-wild horses. At times we observe their bones lying about a sign that a dying

horse is sometimes attacked and devoured by wild dogs, called adjak.

Should dark clouds gather over the Tjemara Lawang, and float slowly over the softly rippled waves of sand and hillocks that have been swept there by the wind, we may imagine ourselves suddenly removed to the shores of the North Sea, and fancy we breathe the chilly air of a misty autumn day.

On arriving at the east side, the Bromo appears in its entire circumference as a gigantic, naked compact belt of lava, with sharp edges and deeply notched and carved slopes. A labyrinth of rounded sandhills confusedly mingled together, has been washed away from its foot, by the water. The shining tops of these hills, hardened by the sun, are marked out like the lining of square tarpaulins against the opaque grey slopes caused by the rain. These rain gullies begin about the middle of the slope. Above, it gets steeper, and covered all over with volcanic ash.

From one point of this border, we observe wooden stairs which run up to the edge of the crater. These stairs are renewed by the Tenggerese once a year, when the great Bromo festivities take place, which they celebrate in honour of their principal god, Dewa-Soelan-Hoe, in the month of May. Thonsands of people camp on this occasion on the Sand See at the foot of the Bromo, whilst their priests, dressed oddly in robes made of different highly coloured patch-work, and adorned with rough cabalistic figures, ascend the stairs,



Foto:

O. Kurkdjian, Soerabaya.

and throw offerings into the crater. Dried Indian corn-stalks, palm-leaves, empty match-boxes, and other remains remind one long afterwards of the presence of these crowds.

The huge pieces of stone spread about the Bromo and upon its slopes, are the result of extraordinary violent eruptions. They consist of dark lava, intermingled with large sparkling crystals. The ascent of the Bromo (only 220 M. above the surface of the Sand Sea) is very easy, and unattended with danger, unless at the time of an eruption, which rarely happens. We can go on horseback as far as the stairs.

Arrived at the top, we look down into a steep crater to a depth of certainly 200 metres, without a sharply defined bottom. Far below in the depth, fumaroles and solfatara are boiling and foaming; blue sulphurous fumes rise to the surface, whilst small streams of ash are hurled with a whizzing, rumbling noise along the smooth walls, back again into the depth. It is possible, but not easy to walk along a small upperledge, entirely round the crater. Having reached the highest point, on the side of the Segara-wedi Lor, we can from there look into this latter crater bottom, which forms a sand sea in the shape of a crescent.

Those wishing to see as much as possible of the Tengger mountain within a short space of time, would do well after having ascended the Bromo, to push on immediately, across the inner wall of the Tjemara-Lawang, to Ngadisari, the highest village of the Tengger, where a pasangrahan affords a good opportunity for passing the night. The little village is splendidly situated on a small mountain ridge formed by rivulets, running into the large crevice of the Tjemara-Lawang, which have dug out ravines, admitting of a glimpse into the structure of the deeper layers of the volcanic mass, consisting of a bright coloured lava stone interspersed with soft tufa. If not too fatigued, we may, after having partaken at Ngadisari of the customary rice-table, ride on to Soekapoera, along the beautiful path which follows with precipitous slopes and bold leaps, the ravine of the rivulet or brook, the Prahoe. To the left, we first have the huge piles of the Goenoeng Penandjaän and the Argawoelan; next the latter protrudes, as if it obstructed the road, but the path opens out through a narrow crevice at the foot of the mountain, to descend into the widening valley of Soekapoera.

The tjemaras give way to all kinds of wild foliage, that in turn, but too soon, gives place to extensive coffee plantations. The delightful

coolness of these dark green plantations compensates the tired horseman for their monotonous gloom.

For ₔ6.— we hire at Soekapoera a carriage, by means of which we can reach Probolinggo before sunset. It is advisable to order a carriage beforehand from Probolinggo.

FROM TOSARI TO THE LAKES.

Meaning the lakes in the saddleback mountain, between the Tengger and the Smeroe.

The journey leads across the Moengal Pass, through the Dasar and Roedjaq, in an easterly direction round the Bromo, across the Idér-Idér, to the flat country north of the Smeroe; it lasts 12 hours.

This high plateau can be divided into a northern part — the saddleback between the Idér-Idér, and the promontories of the Smeroe, and into a southern part, — the high level round the Goenoeng Kapala. The first contains three lakes, Ranau Pani, Ranau Ragoelo and Rawa Dringo. The latter one only, Ranau Koembala. It is bordered on the west by a mountain wall, in the shape of a semi-circle (according to Junghuhn, the Goenoeng-Garoe) that rises with several tops; the Ajeq-Ajeq, Koetoegan, Koe-



Virgin Forest.

Kokesan and Djambangan, from 2800 to 3000 metres.

From the south part of this plain rises an obtuse conical mountain the Goenoeng Kapala 4035 M., Goembar (according to Junghuhn) the south side of which merges into the north slope of the Smeroe. Upon this pass lies a ruin, called Ratjapada. At the east side, the high level is not bordered by a mountain wall, but descends with a steep slope to the plain of Loemadjang. Nevertheless, only one of four lakes has an outlet for its water, the Ranau Ragoelo. This high

plateau is considered to be an old crater bottom, the Goenoeng Goembar represents the west part of the craterwall, whilst the other part has been entirely destroyed. The Goenoeng Kapala has formed itself into this crater plain, like the Batok in the Sand Sea, and on the edge the Smeroe has arisen like Vesuvius on the borders of Monte Somma. From this crater plain the Smeroe is easy to ascend.

The Smeroe or Mahameroe, the highest volcano of Java (3671 M.), has a lava cone perfect, but completely bare.

The crater is not found on the highest summit of the north-west, but somewhat lower in the south-east. This is called the Djoenggrang-Selaka.

FROM TOSARI TO MALANG OR LAWANG.

On horseback to the foot of the Tengger mountain, then on by traps. This journey takes from seven to nine hours; we have the choice of two routes:

1^o On the road to the Moengal Pass, we turn to the right at the Tenggerdessa Podakaja, and ride to Ngadipoera, and from Ngadiredja close to the pasangrahan Nangkadjadjar, till we come to Bodo, on the Goenoeng Koemba. At this point, the road branches off to the north across Poerwodadi to Lawang, and to the south across Djaboeng and Pakis to Malang.

2^o Across the Moengal Pass, through the Sand Sea in a western direction to the Idjo Pass, and across this along the lower slope of the Tengger to Toempang and thence by cart to Malang.

The first part of these two routes abounds in beautiful natural scenery. With regard to the last part, the ride to Lawang is the most attractive.

FROM TOSARI TO SOERABAYA.

The best time to go back to Soerabaya is the early morning.

On giving notice the night before at the Hotel Office we shall find everything ready to leave.

We shall find carriages ready at Poespo and Pasrepan to bring us to the Station at Pasoeroean, whence the train leaves for Soerabaya.

On board the steamer and sitting in the cool sea air in his deck chair the tourist will be glad to think that, however much he may have enjoyed his stay in this lovely country, with its kind and gentle population, where travelling is cheaper than anywhere else, yet he is not obliged to live in these tropical regions; but may return to a cooler climate, after his pleasant journey through the beautiful island of Java, the pride of the Dutch.

6°

7°

8°

9°



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