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THE GEMS OF THE EAST

SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF RESEARCH
TRAVEL AMONG WILD AND TAME TRIBES
OF ENCHANTING ISLANDS

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, DIAGRAMS, PLANS AND MAP
BY THE AUTHOR*

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

1904

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PREFACE

I BEG to express my sincere gratitude to the Government of the United States and to the Insular Government for privileges and facilities of every kind bestowed upon me, both in the United States and the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes. I also wish to convey particular and most heartfelt thanks to the following officers and officials for much assistance in travelling rapidly through the country as well as for the unbounded hospitality received on all sides :—

Secretary of War Elihu Root ; Colonel C. R. Edwardes ; Colonel J. Hay, Secretary of State ; General Weston ; The Hon. W. H. Taft, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands ; The Hon. A. W. Fergusson, Executive Secretary ; General G. W. Davis, Division Commander ; General S. S. Sumner ; General Humphrey ; Brigadier-General T. J. Wint ; Colonel H. G. Sharpe ; Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Chamberlain ;

Colonel C. H. MacCauley ; Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Russell ; Captain Kenneth Morton, Ordnance Department ; Major F. Von Schrader ; Captain E. A. Shuttleworth ; General H. T. Allen, Chief of Constabulary ; Colonel Scott ; Dr. David Barrows, Chief of the Education and Non-Christian Tribes Bureaus, to whom very special thanks are due for much help ; Captain G. Ahern, Chief Forestry Bureau ; Mr. Lamson Scribner, Chief Agriculture Bureau ; Commander Marix, Chief Insular Coastguards ; and to Captain T. Franklin at West Point.

I am also much indebted to the Pacific Mail Line for the special arrangements made for my comfort on their magnificent new steamer *Siberia*, one of the steadiest and most comfortable ships afloat.

By a curious coincidence the journey from England, described in this work, occupied exactly 365 days, I having sailed from Liverpool on November 12th, 1902, at 3.30 p.m., and arrived in that city again at 3.30 p.m. on November 12th, 1903.

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

London, 1904.

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THE GEMS OF THE EAST

CHAPTER I

From London to Manila—Modern Manila

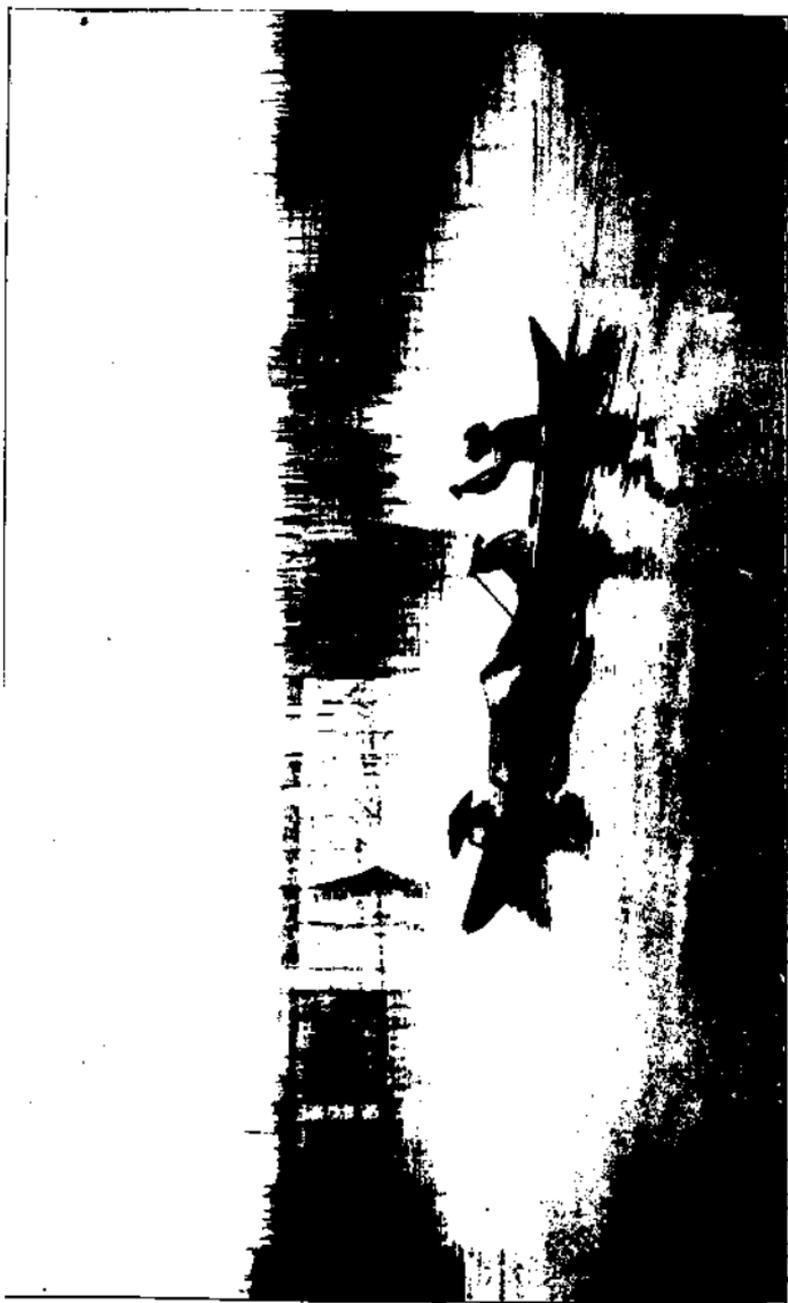
FOLLOW me and you will travel quickly. Fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-six miles thus : From London to New York by the White Star s.s. *Majestic* ; from New York to San Francisco across the United States by the Sunset Route (Southern Pacific). Two hours' halt in San Francisco. Then yet an ocean journey of twenty-seven days on the good old s.s. *China*, (Pacific Mail)—crowded with missionaries, and therefore, according to legend, with a stormy sea beneath—landed me in Hong Kong just in time to transfer to the Japanese mail-boat, the *Kumano Maru*, on which my last six hundred and twenty-eight miles of preliminary travelling were comfortably gone through as far as Manila.

But why are we rushing so ? Because I will take you—figuratively, for I always go alone in actual travelling—to a most enchanting country, a land full of weird surprises, of magnificent scenery and ideal vegetation, with an assortment

of delightful people, Christian and non-Christian, mischievous if you like, but, for all that, pathetically nice if you know how to treat them.

I do not propose to waste your time and mine in showing you places and people you already know, but we will go direct to spots and people little or not at all known. I will take you to romantic volcanic islands, and to the stronghold of the Celebes Sea pirates; we will visit the fanatical Mahommedan tribes of both the Sulu Archipelago and Mindanao; we will accompany the Americans on a war against the Moros; we will call on the Insurgents (or "Ladrones," just as you please, according to your political views), and I will introduce you to the extraordinary white tribes of tree dwellers; and the negritos. Also to a multitude of other tribes whose sins extend no further than cannibalism. Then we will go among the formidable head-hunting tribes of the North, whom—out of business hours—you will, I think, find quite agreeable.

You must not mind cholera and leprosy and the plague and smallpox and a great variety of ugly skin diseases and tropical fevers. If you are sensible enough, you will catch nothing. Nor must you object to the various modes of transportation, either in up-to-date Government cruisers, or in rickety launches, or by canoe, outriggers, rafts, swimming, horse, mule or pony back, on foot, or often on both hands and feet. Of course you will have to sleep out in the open—whether wet or dry. It will only do you



FISH-TRAPS.

good. You see, we have to get on as best as we can. Come along, and do not fear for one moment that you will ever catch a cold,—not at least until you return to your scientifically perfect but unsanitary native home in New York or San Francisco or London.

One day in Manila is ample, for although it is the largest city, and the capital of the Philippine Archipelago, there is absolutely nothing to interest the traveller. In fact, one might almost state that the less one knows about Manila the better. Besides, of late years, there is hardly in that city a stone upon which, or an individual upon whom, volumes have not been written. Indeed, much of, if not all, the abusive literature which purports to give a full description of the Philippines has been mainly concocted from the "backwash" of inaccurate information which floods every drinking-saloon of Manila. So wholesale slander is rampant about everything and everybody in the Archipelago, although most undeserved, as we shall see by a thorough personal examination of the various districts.

But to return to Manila. There are churches galore, it is true. Some with mediocre architectural or artistic merits; others without attraction of any kind, and all of the typical Spanish style; while the Cathedral in Roman Byzantine style is all crammed with stucco images and wax candles, and stifling with fumes of incense. But we want something natural and novel, and we have no use for churches, nor convents (quite as plentiful as the churches), nor

for the most excellent Observatory and museums. We have enough of all those nearer home. The extensive and well-filled prison of Bilibid might prove interesting as a study of criminal types, if we were not certain of meeting as many and greater scamps outside than inside its walls.

Then there is, of course, the historical and formerly picturesque "Intramuros," the walled city or fortress, with bastions and bulwarks and a moat, situated on the south of the estuary of the Pasig River in the Manila Bay. Its wall, of an irregular shape, is somewhat less than two and a half miles long, the west side, the longest, measuring some 5,000 feet.

The mouth of the Pasig is defended by Fort Santiago, now somewhat altered, but not improved in its picturesqueness by some very American-looking offices erected upon its walls. But the American mind will never allow sentiment to interfere with business and necessity. Some of the historic gates of the walled city have already been pulled down; others will gradually follow, and I understand that the entire wall of the city, or the greater part of it, is to be demolished at an early date. Thus, the streets now occupied mostly by civil, military, and clerical buildings are expected to be rendered absolutely sanitary—sanitation being the one dominating idea in the American's brain, for the sake of which he sacrifices everything, including his health!

At the time of my visit there remained two great landmarks in Manila—the Luneta and the

Oriente Hotel. The Oriente Hotel—where everybody is supposed to stay—is an extensive drinking-saloon with a rambling lot of living—*pour façon de parler*—rooms built around and above it, each room being mainly notable for the number of beds it contains and the suspicious appearance of the linen. But the management try their best to make one comfortable, so one forgives them a lot.

Yes, people try hard to enjoy themselves. Occasionally there is a dance, in the spacious dining-room of the Oriente—a most pathetic struggle of sweating couples of non-uniform social grade,—or some more *recherché* entertainment at the most delightful Military and Naval Club in the walled city. But though the ladies look terribly washed-out and pale, and the men absolutely *enervé* by the climate, the charming good-nature of the men, and the delightful *naïveté* of the bright American women, make these entertainments very enjoyable.

Beyond this form of entertainment there is occasionally a theatre or two in full swing, where the eager, almost avid, interest of the audience is infinitely more interesting to watch than the production on the stage.

The daily form of recreation, however, is a drive on the Luneta, where everybody who can afford it circles round and round in a victoria or a more modest conveyance, admiring, or *vice versa*, everybody else's back. This because all carriages must drive in the same direction. The Governor can drive in the opposite direction if

he chooses, but he never avails himself of the privilege.

There are clubs. A splendid Army and Navy Club, a capital English Club, a fine University Club, and others where you can drink and smoke and talk with your friends and your friends with you ; but if you do not drink nor smoke nor are over-fond of talking, the excitement of these otherwise most attractive places is hardly thrilling. Of course, if you are interested in reading what is *not* happening, you can peruse the local papers, all edited entirely by wireless telegraphy—as cleverly advertised by one witty paper—but not Marconi's system, mind you ! Both transmitting and receiving apparatus are combined in the facile and highly imaginative pens of really bright and clever editors. These papers—whether reliable or not—are really a boon to the residents.

What about shopping ? There is no place where shopping is easier than in Manila, for it is almost absolutely impossible to buy anything you require. You can, nevertheless, purchase—if you are so inclined—everything you do not want (and soiled at that) at four times or so its normal value.

I was fortunate enough to be favoured with the highest possible credentials and recommendations from Washington, and on paying my respects to the Civil Governor General and the Division General, found both extremely courteous and desirous of giving me every assistance in the way of transportation by sea on Government ships to

whichever point I chose, and of providing me with horses, military escorts, steam launches, etc., whenever I required them—that is, of course, wherever obtainable, which is only in comparatively few spots in the extensive Archipelago.

“Tell us where you want to go and we will send you there,” said the jovial Governor Taft, after reading my credentials. “We have a fine fleet of new coastguard cruisers.”

“Well, I want to go everywhere.”

“But, you know,” demurred the astonished Governor, “we have cannibals, and head-hunters, and fanatical Mahomedan tribes in some of the islands. Surely you will be killed.”

“I have not been ‘quite killed’ in my travels yet, sir, and I want particularly to meet all your interesting wild tribes. The Christians I care little about.”

“How long will you remain in the Archipelago?”

“Until I have seen all I want.”

“That is good. I am glad at last to have somebody who comes here to cover these islands thoroughly, instead of the usual writers who stop a few hours in Manila and write volumes on the entire Archipelago. When did you arrive?”

“This morning.”

“When do you want to leave for the wilds?”

“To-morrow morning.”

“Well,” said the Governor, “I will plan an interesting trip for you to the Calamianes, the

Cuyo, the Cagayanes and Linapakan groups of islands and to that weird elongated island of Palawan that we are now trying to open up. You will find some strange tribes of aborigines there, I am told. How does that suit you?"

"Thank you, sir, that will make a good beginning."

And here Governor Taft summoned up by telephone Commander Marix, a very able officer in command of the insular fleet of coastguards, and then the captain of the cruiser *Balabac* (a lovely white cruiser of 256 tons), with orders that I should be made to see all I wished in the islands we were about to visit.

I had hardly sufficient words to express my gratitude. The Governor grasped my hand and "Good-bye!" said he; "do not let them kill you. Come back, and we will do all we can for you."

Apart from his kindness to me, I was much impressed by the ability and alertness of the Civil Governor. He seemed to take much to heart the future of the islands, and the natives should indeed be grateful to him for defending their interests as he has done. Naturally, in a country where corruption and demoralisation have been rampant for so long, the work has been of extreme difficulty, but no man, I am sure, could have succeeded in disentangling the imbroglio quicker and better than Governor Taft with his efficient staff.

An official call on the Division Commander, General Davis, produced equal results of

hospitality and assistance, as far as the military were concerned, in the way of transportation all over the Archipelago by their own boats; privileges of all kinds were most kindly pressed upon me, such as, I understand, are very rarely allowed to a civilian, and these helped me to no mean extent in travelling quickly and in comparative comfort across some of the islands.

It was indeed a great honour to meet General Davis, a man of great ability, tact, and sound knowledge;—indeed, the best-informed man I ever met in the Philippines—besides being a valiant soldier. Under him, work has been accomplished by the military in the Philippines which does infinite credit to the American people—work too well known for further recapitulation.

“We will sail at 9 a.m. to-morrow,” were the last words of Captain Schoon, of the cruiser *Balabac*, to me as he left the Governor’s Palace.

The damp heat was intense—almost suffocating; and as I had been wearing tropical clothing all through the winter in England there was really nothing I could take off to feel more comfortable. Besides, no healthy man should take more than a day or two to get accustomed to any climate. Philosophy is, on such occasions, a greater help than personal attire.

CHAPTER II

The Lubang Islands and the Kiniluban group—Deep soundings and dangerous shoals.

WHEN you take up a map of the entire Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes you will observe in the northern part of the Sulu Sea a lot of little dots called the Cuyo Islands. Well, it is for this fascinating group that we will steer straight—as straight as circumstances will allow.

We were rather late in starting and not until 3.5 p.m. did we pass the Corregidor Island light, a cylindrical grey tower 42 ft. high but standing 631 ft. above the sea-level. At the base is the keeper's house. This light occupies the converging point of two lines of approach for vessels from the China Sea which steer for the entrance of the Manila Bay, either S.E. when coming from the north, or in a N.E. direction when proceeding from the south. Corregidor is probably one of the most important lighthouses in the Archipelago, and displays at night, alternately, one white and one red flash every ten seconds, with intervening total eclipses. The flashes are visible 21 nautical miles at sea.

And now that we are coming out into the

open sea, let me warn you. If you think that you will ever have a smooth sea when you are cruising in the Philippine Archipelago, except when directly under the lee of land or in a land-locked harbour, you are very much mistaken. Owing to the innumerable shoals and reefs and uncharted rocks, you have to go about in very small steamers of not over eight or ten feet draught, so you may as well make up your mind that you will be tossed about for all you are worth. As you know, you are here in the region of the trade winds, or monsoons, and either from the N.E. or the S.W. there is ever wind blowing. My experience, and also that of others, is that it generally blows hardest when one has to cross a stretch of open sea.

Well, anyhow, we are off—in more ways indeed than one—and we will continue our journey. The cruiser *Balabac* is a gallant little vessel and she rides over the waves like a duck. Every now and then she plunges her nose into the water, but that, I believe, is another duck-like accomplishment; the duck, however, unlike us, is spared the additional sensation with its disintegrating effects upon the human skeleton which we get when propellers revolve high up in space.

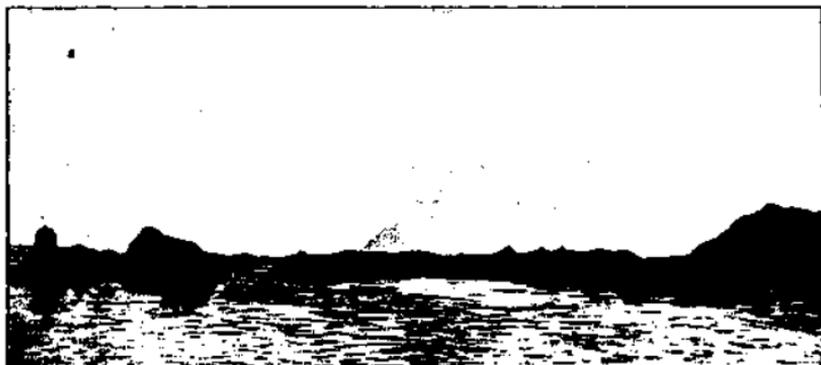
Perhaps an appetising lunch may help you on. Gaze upon the saloon table; fat pork and beans, sausage and canned or tinned tomatoes, grilled bacon (or ham, if you prefer), sauerkraut, stewed cherries—yes, thank God! stewed cherries; for I loathe the very sight of pork

in any shape or form, and never touch it—surely the deadliest of all meats in a tropical climate. But Americans in the Philippines live on little else. They seem to revel in it, and that may account in some measure for all possible complaints from which they suffer. The captain, a jolly German-American, naturally considered this meal the height of luxury in the way of eatables, and was, indeed, most kind in providing other food when he had overcome his first shock at my partaking of none of the delicacies displayed, with the exception of the cherries, the stones of which made quite a good-sized mount upon my plate.

After clearing Corregidor and Limbones Point on the Luzon coast, which we now leave due east, we alter our course, which had been so far, roughly, south-west by south, and veer round to a direction slightly east of south, following an almost parallel line to the general coast of Luzon.

To the west we pass a curious rock, very precipitous to the south and in rather a gentle slope in its northern part, with vegetation upon it—picturesque, yes, covering an area of about one mile, but inhabitable, no. Fortune Island is the presumably sarcastic name it received from some humorous navigator.

Near or far, there are islands all along as we speed our nine knots an hour through the Verde Island Passage; some flat and of absolutely no interest; others with a high and precipitous wall-like shore line. Everywhere, however,



NORTH PALAWAN, MOUNT KATOAS.



KINILUBAN GROUP



IGUANO ISLAND.

where it is possible for anything to grow, there grows something—in each crevasse, in each indentation. Almost invariably, alike on most desolate-looking rocks and on the largest islands, you will find a cap of green vegetation at the summit.

The seven islands forming the Lubang group, to our westward, although of no great natural beauty, occupy an important position and form a barrier against the south-west monsoon on the great inner steamer track direct from the United States to Manila *via* the S. Bernardino Strait.

Cabra Island, the most north-westerly, separated from Lubang Island by a deep channel about two miles wide, has upon it a light-house flashing twice a minute. As the light is 217 feet above the sea-level it is visible twenty-two miles out, and is on a line of navigation with Corregidor at the entrance of Manila Bay for steamers coming from the south.

Lubang Island, the largest, is inhabited by Tagalo and Visayan people, some 3,000 of them all told, who live principally in the town of the same name on the north-east coast; but the other islands are deserted except, perhaps, for a stray fisherman here and there.

Ambil Island, the nearest to our course and only one-fifth of the size of Lubang, rises to a height of 2,500 feet, and is by far the most striking of the group from a pictorial point of view. It covers an area of some ten square miles, or about the same area as Golo, the most south-easterly of the group—a long narrow strip

which we have to clear before we can take a sharp turn slightly south of west. Talinas, Malavatuan, and Mandauí vary in size from half to one square mile.

We are now along the coast of mysterious Mindoro, to which island and its weird inhabitants a separate description is dedicated in a subsequent chapter.

Having gone round beautiful Cape Kalavite, the most westerly point of Mindoro, we have now to steer S. 32° E. by the East Apo Passage, in order to avoid the extensive and dangerous Apo coral reef in the very centre of the Mindoro Strait. The Discovery Bank, submerged in nine fathoms of water, is in its turn in the centre of the Apo East Pass.

Barring these reefs, the depth of the sea on the west coast of Mindoro is considerable. Forty-three miles west of Kalavite Point 2,870 fathoms with a mud bottom are registered, while nearer the coast, in 1,560 fathoms, a bottom of volcanic sand, globigerina and green mud is found. In the Apo East Pass, naturally, there is less water, varying from 920 to 489 fathoms.

Having given the Discovery Bank a wide berth we again alter our course to S. 22° E. The Sarraceno Coral Bank and the Leonidas—the latter with only eight fathoms of water upon it, the former with fourteen—stand on a direct track to the Cuyo Islands.

For ninety miles or so under the lee of Mindoro—for the N.E. monsoon was in full swing when I was on that journey—we had

some ten hours of comparative quiet. From Leonidas Bank, however, we began rolling very heavily—our course being now again altered to S. 3° E. Four hours' run brought us to the quaint Kiniluban group of islets and rocks rising upon a large reef. In the northern part of this group, picturesque but nasty-looking pointed rocks stick out of the sea, and the coast-line of the larger islands is extremely broken and abrupt. On the largest island upon the reef rises a weird, barren hill of 981 feet. The principal island is sparsely inhabited but boasts of a church and a school.

Upon two separate and almost circular reefs stand the other two isles of Manamok and Pamalican, the former with a precipitous coast to the east, whereas on the western side are signs of vegetation. The latter is low and sandy, with some untidy vegetation upon it.

As one enters well among these islands and reefs and shoals, one feels rather glad that someone else is looking after the navigation of the ship, and not oneself. Here we pass a white rock, thirty feet or so above water, with nasty-looking, discoloured water to the S.W., suggesting a long extending shoal, and to the S.E. of it a little reef all by itself. We pass it close to the W. and we have on the other side (to the east) its twin brothers, the "Chinaman coral shoals," of about one mile each in diameter, with four and five fathoms respectively above their surface, but with deep soundings (forty-four fathoms) quite close to them, except to the east, where the sand-

bank seems to descend at a more gradual slope (eleven to thirty-one fathoms).

Bennington Bank, Sultan Bank, Carmen Bank, and Seco Bank are scattered north-eastward between Chinaman Shoal and the coast of Panay, and Luzon Bank sixteen miles S.E. of it. All these shoals, are, for the present, dangerous only to large steamers, as there is plenty of water upon them for small craft to go over, but in time, of course, they will rise to be little islands.

The formation of this barrier of shoals is, I think, due mainly to the action of tidal currents, one of which, for instance, from the Pacific Ocean, enters the Sulu Sea, through the Straits of S. Bernardino, Surigao, and Basilan; while another, travelling N. to S. from the China Sea, finds its way into the central sea of the Archipelago by way of the Verde Island passage, the Mindoro Strait, the various passages between the Calamianes group and Palawan and the Balabac Strait.

The flood stream down the Mindoro Strait travels S.E. along the Mindoro coast, dividing to N.E., E., and S. at the N.W. point of Panay, directly south of which our shoals are located. And here the stream travelling south is joined by a stream setting eastward from the Calamianes Strait, and these two have evidently caused the formation of these shoals.

Besides this, the flood stream through the Balabac Strait spreads from N.E. to E. and forms a powerful current between the Cuyo group and Panay, and even as far south as the

Cagayanes group, where it meets the Pacific Ocean current proceeding through the Surigao Strait.

According to navigators, the time of the wave between one high tide and the next, from the China Sea is from 10 to 12 hours; that from the Pacific Ocean from 6 to 7 hours.

We next pass between Dit, a strange, steep, flat-topped island like the section of a cone—almost a cylinder, it is so steep—860 ft. high, and Marakanao, a more regular-looking and less noticeable island to the east.

Then comes Agutaya, a semi-barren island with three distinct high peaks—the highest 950 ft.—and on this island, which has several peculiarities of its own, we will, when the sea permits, make a landing. In the meantime, we will veer to the S.W. between the rocky islets of Ginlabo and Kanipo (517 ft. high), and then due south, avoiding the extensive reefs which practically join the latter island to Cuyo, the largest of the group.

We at last drop anchor in front of the pretty little Cuyo town hidden among cocoanut groves, having gone 319.7 knots by wheel measurement.

CHAPTER III

The most poetic islands in the Archipelago—The Tuba man.

FOR a restful, poetic, and peaceful spot: for delightful and cleanly people, for a healthy climate, Cuyo cannot be beaten. Geographically, this volcanic group of islands occupies almost the centre of the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes. Possibly the difficulty of communication is responsible for the charm of the natives, while the smallness of the islands may account for the marvellous enterprise of these unspoilt people.

Although this particular group spreads over a sea area of 2,226 miles, it contains only 63 square miles of actual land, and half at least of this is practically waste land. The smaller islets consist mostly of sand over coral reefs. Not so the larger, which are generally of volcanic formation, with one or more conical hills upon them, such as Mount Aguada (608 ft.) and Mount Bombon (830 ft.), and minor hills on Cuyo Island, as well as upon some of the islets in the immediate neighbourhood of it.

Cuyo town was, at the time of my visit, the



CUYO FORT AND CHURCH.



PLUGHING THE GROUND.

capital of Paragua Province, comprising not only the Cuyo and Kiniluban groups, but also the northern half of the elongated Island of Palawan with the adjacent Calamianes and Linapakan groups, Culion, Dumarán, and other large islands along the coast, and also the Cagayanes group in mid-sea between Palawan and Negros. Some recent changes have, however, taken place, the southern portion of Palawan as well as Balabac Island, formerly under military rule, having now been annexed by the Civil Government to the Province. The capital is to be in future at Puerta Princesa on Palawan Island.

Into the little Cuyo bay projected a stone jetty with an elaborate structure at the furthest end, which might have been mistaken for anything from a pagoda to a bandstand. It was really a lighthouse, where a red light should have been shown every night, but, partly owing to the carelessness of the natives, who could not be made to keep awake to watch whether the light was burning or not, partly owing to the strong wind which continually put out the light they possessed—and no other could be got—the moment it was lighted, it was safer, in my days, for navigators to endeavour to enter the anchorage by daylight, unless, of course, there was moonlight.

The arrival of a steamer was always an event in this secluded spot. The entire population turned out to witness the landing and crowded the pier. There were picturesque girls—it is such a blessing that women can be picturesque

when the word beautiful cannot be applied—mediocresly graceful, but with really pretty necks and well-modelled round arms which showed to great advantage out of the charming *camisa*. Then, amidst an abundance of bright-faced children and cheery-looking men garbed in more or less transparent clothing, one was greeted everywhere with a Spanish "*Buenas dias, senor!*" or "*Buenas tarde!*" or with an English equivalent "Good-day—good afternoon," by the younger folks. But, beyond these greetings and the usual meteorological remarks, the Spanish and English languages together do not carry one far among the inhabitants, except with a few of the better classes.

A glance around as I walked to the Governor's house at Cuyo was sufficient to demonstrate amply the beneficial effects upon the island of possessing a Governor who knew his business thoroughly, who was a practical and sensible man, and, above all, a most polished gentleman. Few men worked harder than the Governor—he believed in being an example to his people, to whose welfare and prosperity he devoted all his efforts. Nor did he ever make the common and fatal mistake of allowing politics to interfere with his true sense of lasting civilisation. Upon his people he impressed above all things the necessity of honest work and sound education, in order to raise themselves in the human social scale, and did not endeavour after the more frequent American method to turn "every little brown brother" into an ill-bred, up-to-date

politician of the worst United States type. By his infinite good-nature, his everlasting patient advice, he has made of the Cuyonos by far the most hard-working, civil, and honest natives in the Archipelago. It is true that he had good material to work with, but I have known similarly good material give very inferior results in other provinces through mismanagement and misunderstanding the natives.

Perhaps, if we go for a walk round the town with Governor Phillips (Captain of 10th Infantry) we may better judge of results, and possibly have some curious experiences. He is a jolly fellow, a remarkable observer, a profound student of human nature, and is endowed with a keen sense of humour. Nothing ever escapes him, and we shall learn from him quite a lot in a short time.

The town consists of two parallel streets stretching from north to south, with others intersecting them at right angles, and a large *plaza*, on which stands the picturesque quadrangular fort with thick earthen battlements faced outwardly with cut coral rock, and with corner towers. A church is protected from attack within its walls, and the whole is in good preservation, except the outer wall, which in one or two spots shows signs of crumbling. Next to it stand the hamboo and *nipa* school buildings and constabulary barracks. The main structures are, in the main street, the Governor's house—a modest abode, yet the best here of Spanish erection—and the Public Office building. Then there are rows of wooden and bamboo houses

perched up on piles and thatched over with *nipa*.

Of course, you are aware that nearly all houses throughout the Philippines are built on more or less high supports, and usually possess floors of split bamboo, or *palma*, or other woods, leaving interstices to let in air. This, I need hardly say, is the outcome of centuries of experience which has proved to the natives that in tropical countries the rising of the miasma from the damp surface ground, when warmed by the sun's rays at sunrise, and the reverse but equally pernicious process at sunset, are frequently the main cause of malarial fever. The Filipinos are not yet foolish enough to hold mosquitoes responsible for the importation of fever, for, although the latter is prevalent, the former are seldom to be seen. Moreover, they have sense enough to know that a well-ventilated house should let in some air from below as well as from the sides and top.

Other obvious advantages of a house raised high up, from 6 to 14 ft. above the ground, are the comparative inaccessibility of the interior to rats, snakes, scorpions, centipedes, etc., for the arrest of which unwelcome visitors a special provision is made by circular, concave, or quadrangular horizontal smooth slabs placed on the top of each support, which form an impassable barrier. A floor so raised, and with air circulating at great speed underneath, is bound to be proof against damp.

Say what you will—and no matter what imaginative civilised people may import at

greater cost—the native style of house is decidedly the only one adapted for the climate, and, as far as I could judge, neither Spanish nor American ingenuity has so far succeeded in constructing dwellings more suitable to the various local conditions. Anybody in the tropics who has lived under a roof of corrugated iron or of ruberoid, or other patent materials, and who has survived to tell the tale, can testify whether I am right or wrong. Naturally, iron roofs last longer, but not so the people who have to live under them.

There are no chimneys through the roofs in Philippine houses, the kitchen being generally in a small adjoining wing of the house, the fireplace consisting of a rectangular wooden frame filled with a thick layer of earth and ashes, upon which a fire can with impunity be lighted without setting the house ablaze. Occasionally—during the fine weather—the kitchen is bodily removed outside, often directly under, the house, and as there is always wind blowing the smoke does not interfere with the inmates of the rooms above.

The houses look inexpensive, but neatly constructed. Here are some men busy building a house. Come here and watch them, for the process is quaint. First of all, you see, they have built a solid and heavy frame for the gabled roof all ready to be thatched. Not a single nail has been used in its construction, which, mind you, is of great strength, nothing but *bejuco*—a kind of strong fibrous vine—is employed to fasten together the various sections of the frame. When

the roof is finished and duly deposited upon the ground, you will see the carpenters begin to build the house itself—of a suitable size and solidity to fit its cover.

With due leisure—for Filipinos cannot be hurried—and with undue cigarette-smoking and betel-nut chewing; with a sing-song now and then to alleviate the day's labour, and a chat with every passer-by—eventually the time comes for the roof to be hoisted bodily and placed in its position upon the house. As any other appliance beyond the strength of human arms is seldom used for this purpose, this operation—when heavy roofs for large houses have to be lifted to some 20 or 25 ft. or more above the ground—involves a good deal of excitement, not to say anxiety, on the part of the multitude of friends and neighbours who all willingly concur in lending a helping hand. When in its accurate position and well-fitting in appropriate sockets upon the upright pillars—measurements having been previously taken with mathematical accuracy—wedges and more *bejuco* fastenings make the roof secure on the habitation, and the thatching work commences, for which special ability is required.

Nipa palm and *cogon* grass are the materials most commonly used all over the Archipelago for thatching roofs and walls. Now, if you have not been in the Philippines you may not know what *nipa*, *cogon*, or *rattan* (*bejuco*) are, and as we shall constantly hear these words it may be as well to explain to you.

Rattan (also generally called *bejuco*) is one of the most useful plants found in the Archipelago, and the natives put it to every sort of use in different degrees of strength—from tying a child's umbilicus at birth to fastening the roof upon the house with firmly interlaced bands. Of it they make the rigging of sail-boats; it is largely used in making furniture, such as in hammocks, chairs, and beds, or baskets in which to convey fruit to market. There are various species of *rattan* (genus *Calamus*), a spiny climbing vine, often reaching several hundred feet in length, and of remarkable strength, practically untearable, even under very severe strain.

The *nipa* (*Nipa littoralis* and *Nipa fructifcans*) is a palm flourishing in marshy soil, particularly in the damp of tidal waters, at the mouth of rivers in proximity to the sea, or in muddy regions near the coast. As the use of *nipa* is enormous all over the Philippines, one often sees upon suitable islands regular plantations—miles and miles of *nipa* groves. *Nipa* is planted between the months of May and August when the wet season is at its height and the torrential rains saturate the soil with moisture. Planting is done with the ripe fruit, two or three fruits being duly deposited in holes four feet or so apart. The palm has a short stem, from which shoot out long leaves composed in their turn of numberless tapering—ensiform—leaflets. The palm hardly ever exceeds a height of twelve feet and is of a rich green. When intended for use in thatching or for making outer or partition

walls of a house the leaves are doubled up and sewn together so as to keep them in position before they undergo the process of drying.

Cogon grass (*Saccharum koenigii*) is an inferior but quite efficient thatching, which is also most extensively used wherever *nipa* cannot be obtained or is too expensive. It grows in dense masses to a height of six or seven feet, and its blades are so sharp that on having to traverse long patches of this grass in a trackless island one gets one's hands and face badly cut by it. The young shoots of *cogon* make good fodder for cattle, especially the growth after the ground has been cleared by fire, as is customary by the natives during the dry season.

Bamboo, the most useful cane that was ever grown upon this globe, is also to be found in abundance nearly everywhere in the Archipelago. Six or seven principal species are found and some minor ones, but the most used is probably the one commonly called "Cauayang totoo" (*Cauayang pungeas*), which grows to immense heights—thirty to forty feet—and is often as much as eight inches in diameter.

Not only is this cane used, either split or entire, to construct every possible part of the house—floors, ceilings, rafters, walls, doors, steps, fences, balusters and house supports—but beds and furniture of all kinds are manufactured of it with the aid of *bejuco* lacings. Long water-jugs, cups, baskets, chicken-coops, all kinds of traps, bridges, rafts, jew's-harps and other musical instruments, both string and wind, aqueducts

and water-pipes, blacksmiths' bellows, knives, spears, arrow-heads, fishing snares and hooks, carts, hats, and, in fact, from its entirety, from strips of its polished skin, or from its separated fibre, can be made well-nigh everything imaginable.

Indeed, a country which possesses abundance of good bamboo, such useful vines as we have seen, *rattan* and others, *nipa*, as well as other kinds of palms and serviceable thatching grasses, a great variety of most excellent woods, hard and soft, and a varied climate in which every possible fruit, grain, and vegetable can be grown has no need to go anywhere else for anything.

Here is an example. You see that girl coming along the streets carrying a long cylinder of bamboo upon her shoulder? She is returning from the water-works, and is carrying home a good supply of clean drinking water. Yes, it is a big bamboo tube—surely eight feet long and twenty-two inches, at least, in circumference. The inside divisions have been forced out by means of a stick and the internal compartments all combined into one. It holds a lot of liquid.

Well, here is another use to which bamboo is put. Watch this man—naked, except for a meagre loin string—hopping about on the tips of his toes and with his head in the air, examining the summit of every cocoanut palm. Watch him carefully. He is an interesting fellow, and one of the most typical figures in the Archipelago—

the *tuba* man, or, rather, the man who gathers *tuba*—*tuba* being a kind of wine extracted from cocoanut palms. This is how it is done.

Each *tuba* man has a certain number of trees under his care, and to those alone he devotes his fatherly inspection. That he gets to be bird-like in his manner and movements is not astonishing. He trots and hops about and flaps his folded arms, and jerkily turns his head to look from side to side, not unlike a bird of some sort—a manner which, I presume, is acquired by spending most of his time on tree-tops. Hanging prominent upon his right shoulder is a curved piece of wood lashed firmly to a bamboo joint, (*Tongan*) three or four feet long by four inches in diameter, and as we call up the man and examine him and his belongings closely, we find attached to this long churn a small box—the *teremplan*, made, too, of a bamboo joint, or often of cocoanut shell. It contains powdered bark of *Rizophora longissima*, and a little brush (*Kolaghi*), ingeniously made of the section of a leaf of the cocoanut tree pounded into pulp at one end, thus dividing the fibre and making it into a serviceable brush. Cleanliness is a most important factor in the *tuba* man's business.

The *tuba* man is attractive as well as instructive. He is always in a hurry—the only man in the Islands who is. But upon his features is engraved the sad look of the person who ever ponders over the gloomy possibility that every fresh ascent may be his last. Indeed, the news often spreads through the *pueblo* that so-and-so, the "*tuba*



WOMAN CARRYING WATER IN A BAMBOO CYLINDER.



THREE LITTLE MAIDS. (One smoking a large cigar.)

man," has been precipitated from a tree and dashed to pieces.

There—as we let him go—is the poor devil again hopping about in the cocoanut-grove, carefully examining each tree. Here he makes ready for an ascent. He rubs his bare feet upon the ground to remove all matter which may interfere with the sensibility of his soles and toes, and in good Catholic fashion crosses himself—to ensure any additional security to his climb with which religion may supply him. Now, owing to the prevalent steady strong winds, trees are generally at a slant and seldom quite vertical. This somewhat simplifies the task of the climber. Besides, by means of his sharp *bolo*, he has cut for himself upon each tree notches about an inch deep all the way up to the cluster of leaves at the summit. Up he goes, with the agility of a monkey, as one would up a ladder, and while we down below watch him with some concern he gets astride the stem of a large leaf that quivers under his weight. The bamboo joint is removed from his back and attached to a neighbouring leaf. His work now begins. In a few words here is the process followed.

Before the flower appears from the stem it is cut and a bamboo joint—a *songa*—applied at the end to receive the sap which flows out of the incision, and so that none of the liquid should be wasted the flower cluster is tied fast with *bejuco* lacings so as to adjust the bamboo tubes quite tightly. As many *songas* are generally applied as there are flower clusters. I have often seen as

many as three or four bamboo joints so placed to receive *tuba* from one cocoanut tree, but care is always taken to leave a few stems to be developed into fruit for purposes of reproduction or consumption.

To give strength and colour to the *tuba*, a sprinkling of powdered bark of the *Rizophora longissima* is placed in each cylinder, and each time that these bamboo joints are emptied into the larger churn they are thoroughly cleansed and all deposits removed by means of the brush carried for the purpose. Some new powder is then put in.

Each flower-stem is cut every time afresh with a sharp curved knife, and is calculated to exude *tuba* freely for some eight weeks.

The *tuba* begins to ferment within an hour of its collection, and in taste resembles cider. It is quite palatable when fresh, but changes into vinegar in a few hours. Artificial accelerated fermentation is then produced and the *tuba* distilled, when it becomes a powerful intoxicant.

The *tuba* man is a time and labour saving creature. Rather than have the trouble of coming down from his lofty eyrie and climbing each individual cocoanut tree, he prefers to add neck-breaking chances to his career by constructing a series of suspension bridges from one tree to another—a kind of primitive elevated thoroughfare—which makes less aerial pedestrians tremble to look at it.

Yes, just look at those bridges! Up at a

height of forty, fifty, or more feet, one solitary long horizontal bamboo joins a cocoanut-tree to the next, an occasional handrail being merely supplied when the distance between trees is very great. All one wonders at is that there are any *tuba* men left in the Philippines.

The *tuba* man receives no pay in cash from his employer. He gets the receipts of half the product of the trees.

To take a photograph of the *tuba* man at work necessitated climbing to considerable height on a neighbouring tree. As one hand was engaged in the delicate task of taking up the camera ready set for an exposure, and as the notches in my tree were quite inadequate to the breadth of my feet, the operation involved some difficulty. Besides, when I got to the top and proceeded to take my snapshot—fondly embracing the tree, swinging unpleasantly to and fro in the wind in graceful arcs of a circle—the laws of centrifugal force were brought forcibly to my mind. All the more so as Governor Phillips down below was splitting with laughter, and a crowd of anxious natives holloed words of warning.

The work done, came the descent—not nearly so graceful as the ascent. A slip which I made involved serious destruction to my lower garments, besides the loss of patches of skin from hand and knees which remained applied to the tree, marking at intervals all the length of my downward passage. Fortunately, the camera was not injured.

CHAPTER IV

The ways of the Cuyonos.

Now, as we proceed with our walk along the streets, we cannot help noticing upon the summit of each roof a peculiar rack of crossed bamboos supporting two or three large bamboo tubes filled with water. This is to minimise the chances of conflagration when neighbouring houses are ablaze. Some of the richer people have regular tanks or large earthenware vases fixed in a similar fashion, and emptied on the *nipa* roof when occasion arises.

Here is a nice place neatly fenced off. Surely it is the market place—a bright and picturesque little scene. Up to 1902, Cuyo did not possess a regular market, until Governor Phillips designed and laid out a special spot for it, on which he caused a central shed to be constructed within an angular shed of cocoanut leaves on a bamboo and *bejuco* frame. The trading seems entirely in the hands of women, who are considered in the Philippines much better at making bargains than the men. They all squat in a row, more or less gracefully, either cross-legged or sitting

upon their heels, in the last case balancing their arms upon the knees.

There is no great attraction about the goods these women sell, nor is there in the manner of the saleswomen, which is singularly uninviting. If your purchases amount to a little more than they are accustomed to sell, you are certain to have to face a long argument on arithmetical computation, for feminine arithmetic is usually weak or confused. Then, besides, women's ideas of how to transact business on a fair basis are ever enchanting—not only at Cuyo, but in all the other islands.

Here is an instance which happened to me in a similar market on the Island of Negros. I asked the price of some mangoes, and was told they were 3 cents each. There were six mangoes in the basket and I purchased them all, depositing in the lady's lap a twenty-cent piece, which more than covered the amount. But "Oh, no!" cried the angered female, returning my coin, and seizing the fruit out of my hands; "three cents each, if you buy them separately, but if you buy the lot at once you will have to pay me five cents each—thirty cents in all—for I shall have none to sell to other people!"

Well, the Cuyo ladies were not quite so bad as that. Anyhow, they showed some good-nature in explaining to me the various goods they sold, which were mostly in the eating line. Everything was displayed upon neat banana-leaf dishes cut either square or oblong, or else upon leaves twisted into ingenious baskets.

Tomatoes and fried bananas—the *cumbo*—seemed an article which had the greatest sale, and is one of the favourite dishes in Cuyono diet. Then, next to it, we see a sort of banana bread pounded up with rice flour and made into a rope pattern. “Bid-li-bid,” is the name of it, the young lady at the stall tells me, as she points at it with her pretty and subtle little hand.

“Will you try some?”

“No, thanks.”

“*Bandi*,” she shouts next, displaying between her ugly lips an even row of nice clean teeth. She was pointing at a mound of sweets made of cocoanut and sugar.

Tablets of soap imported from Ilo-ilo, one cent a bar; cheap Manila cigarettes; unflammable Japan matches; different coloured bundles of aniline-dyed thread—blue, red, and white; small penny looking-glasses; needles; all articles which give a pathetic touch of foreign civilisation, and bundles of tobacco leaf, mostly from the island of Dumarán. At this same stall *buyo* can be purchased—ten leaves doubled up and stuck one upon the other, all for one cent, Mexican money. Also you can here purchase *bunga* or *bonga* nuts (betel-nut), either whole or in sections.

The chewing of betel-nut is very common—in fact, general all over the islands, and much labour is devoted to the raising of betel-nut palm and *buyo* (*Piper anisorum*). The latter is hard to grow, and has to be constantly watered. It is very liable to be attacked by insects of all

sorts, and a regular cage has to be built round it to protect it. The *buyo* leaf has a delightful, clean, slightly pungent odour.

The betel (*Piper betel*) is a climbing plant belonging to the *Piperaceæ* group, and is largely cultivated, not only all over the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes, but also in the greater portion of Southern Asia, Borneo and other adjacent islands. Its leaves are extensively used in all those countries in preparing a chewing mixture consisting of one *buyo* leaf, a sprinkling of lime-powder, and a small chip of betel-nut. This preparation, the natives believe, has wonderful effects upon the human constitution, as we shall see later. Frequently, tobacco is added to the mixture.

As we go on examining the market-place, we come to tall baskets with shoulder-slings attached to them. They are filled with coarse salt in crystals. Then, further, is a lime merchant—an old, shrivelled lady, who sells little packages of finely pulverised lime wrapped up in a leaf. One cent, local currency, will purchase half a pound of lime.

No, those *laro* roots cooked in some sort of grease do not look very appetising, and the half balls of *puto*, another form of cocoanut and sugar sweet, seem too rich for our modest tastes. Let us pass on.

Badian leaf, it appears, is also much used in the market for wrapping purposes, being stronger than the banana leaf.

Here are potatoes baked in banana leaves, in

order to keep the moisture within, and made into a kind of paste—quite palatable, they say. Then a heap of cacao and chocolate beans, the latter of excellent flavour, but so far only cultivated in small quantities, notwithstanding the efforts of the Governor to extend plantations in the various islands in his province.

Bananas, oranges—well, we do not seem to see anything else to strike our fancy, or nothing very novel. The people are quiet, almost mournfully silent, and shy in the presence of strangers. There is a row of young girls resting in quite a typical attitude, with knees together upon the ground, but the feet spread sideways, far apart—not a graceful pose. Their simple dress has some attraction, and merely a few beads decorate their necks. The hair is plastered tight upon the head and fastened into a knot behind. They seem to have little to say to one another, but occasionally one is startled by an outburst of giggles—apparently for no reason whatever. So like other girls !

Further up a flirtation is in full swing—the market is a great place for flirtations. He, a young, slender, hatless, shoeless boy of supple frame and garbed in ample white trousers and a transparent *camisa*, worn, as is customary, outside his unmentionables. Leaning, with occasional contortions, against a convenient bamboo pillar, he gazes with dreamy eyes of beatitude at his yellow, sallow inamorata. She is a little lump of a thing—with a face as flat as a board—and she sits in a heap upon a mat, twisting her hands

about carelessly, as is usual everywhere in such contingencies. Her eyes are fixed on some pebbles on the ground. At intervals he murmurs some word or other. She never says anything, or does she ever raise her eyes to look at him. She knows it is the best way to be loved. But he never takes his eyes off her. Every now and then, he squats upon his heels and plays with stones and grass within the radius of his arms, and mumbles more words of affection ; but each time she sulkily turns to one side or the other.

Yes, young men of the Philippines are patient if they are nothing else. Hours, indeed, entire days, are wasted in these doleful and blissful sulks, until at last, with a terrible effort of condescension on the girl's part, the girl and boy become engaged ; after which—well, we had better cease watching them.

There are, of course, young men who adopt quicker and more reckless methods of making love, but they are generally young fellows who have come in contact with Spaniards or Americans, and who have substituted speed for sentiment.

The real unspoilt Filipino is by nature extremely slow, faithful, and sentimental ; doleful, yes, but not lacking in mild wit when sufficiently cheered. He may be lazy, but you cannot say that he is not ingenious. Come out of the market enclosure and watch these men making rope. They use a curious device made of a pyramidal bamboo frame, held vertically upon the ground by means of heavy stones. It is, in

other words, "the resistance" which slides along the ground when three strands of fibre are being twisted, by means of a three-spindle arrangement. At the end of the rope is placed a large wooden block with a piece of wood inserted through and projecting on either side.

In the Cuyo Islands the fibre of the *huri* palm (*Corypha umbraculifera*) is used in rope making, the leaf being beaten on a rock until all the fibres are loosened, separated and stripped of the outer skin. The *huri* is a very handsome, tall palm with huge fan-like leaves—a palm which does not require any special care in the cultivation, and which grows almost everywhere in the Archipelago. From this palm the natives extract sago by pounding in suitable wooden vessels the soft central part of the trunk, and causing the minute grains of starch to separate from the rest. These are then properly dried and reduced into sago flour—most excellent and wholesome to eat. This useful plant also produces wine—by an operation not dissimilar to that performed on the cocoanut palm. An incision is made in the fruit in order to extract the juice, which is fermented into wine. Last, but not least, from *huri* can be extracted a sweet substance of a yellowish colour, which is quite palatable.

Really, for a spot with a tropical climate, Cuyo is an enchanting place, with its long, tidy, beautifully-kept streets, nicely fenced off on either side and with something of interest at every step. When we get off the road there is

even more to scrutinise than on the thoroughfare. Near the shore, stuck in the ground, we come upon several joints of bamboo. Each joint has a little bow half-way up with a *bejuco* string duly set at a tension to shoot off an arrow passed through an aperture in the lower part of the cylinder. This is a most serviceable crab trap. It is set at the mouth of crab holes and when the poor crab proceeds to climb up to the upper part of the tube, a delicately-set hook releases the broad arrow which closes the lower aperture, and imprisons the crab.

Children have good sport with these contrivances, and while waiting for their prey amuse themselves playing the *Sipa* game—a form of civilised football, as compared with the American game of the same sort. It is played with a hollow sphere woven of *huoy*, by which name the Cuyonos call *rattan* or *bejuco*. It mainly consists of really kicking the wicker ball, rather than the heads, ribs, &c., of fellow-players in the game, as is customary in more boastful centres of civilisation.

Another graceful and quite exciting game is being played a little further on, girls and boys joining in it. It is the *Turubigan*—"the chase after water." The ground is marked into a long but rather narrow rectangle divided into six, eight, or more sections, according to the number of people playing the game—who are, in their turn, divided into two equal sides. One party tries to force its way through the rectangle, but only by running along central or side parallel

lines of the board ; while the others, who occupy the central line, one at each spot where the transverse lines cross it, try to impede their passage, each person touched being out. The members of the arrest party can only move along the transverse lines.

A little further, under the shade of a house, two pretty little girls, aged eight and ten, are seriously and industriously playing another game of a more brainy kind, which requires the use of a heavy wooden log flattened on the upper side and with fourteen small holes in two parallel lines scooped into it, as well as two large additional ones—one at each end.

“What do you call this game, dear little girls?”

“*Chonca*,” said a sweetly modest little voice—the owner of which seemed highly surprised at my ignorance.

“*Sungcan*,” uttered the other tiny mite, with undisguised merriment. “Will you play?”

“Then is it *chonca* or *sungcan*?”

Well, after a long discussion, I was none the wiser, nor is any one who ever asks anything of anybody in the Philippines. There always is a tantalising confusion as well as profusion of names for everything—probably due to the numberless languages and dialects spoken in the various islands, and to the imported words which find their way about. We will not trouble about the name—either of the above will do—but let us see how the game is played.

First, it is necessary to toss up to see who

begins, and this is done by means of two shells. The one whose shell falls upon its back has the first hand. Seven shells are placed in each of the smaller pockets, then the seven in the first recess are picked up and are deposited one in each hole, special care being taken to arrange matters so as to drop the last shell of the lot into a pocket on the player's side of the board. When this occurs she is entitled to take possession of whatever number of shells there may be in her partner's pocket directly opposite hers. The pockets on the board are not necessarily all filled, but they all go in couples, and if not used are called "dead pockets." The game continues at great length, and with various vicissitudes, until one of the players has exhausted all her shells.

Filipinos of both sexes and all ages are gamblers. Not far from the market-place at Cuyo we find the cock-pit—an institution to be found in nearly every Christian village and town in the Archipelago. On a Sunday these cock-pits are well patronised, and much betting is indulged in both by cock owners and their friends or admirers. There are few families who do not possess one or more fighting cocks, and on holidays you see fighting birds being taken about, resting placidly on their owner's hand and forearm. They—both owner and cock—have, however, a wicked look in their eyes—the brutal look of men and beasts thirsting for blood.

Now, there are, I think, few men in the world who are more appreciative than I of good whole-

some and manly sport, but I cannot really find words strong enough to condemn such cruel, disgusting, demoralising, and cowardly practices as these cock-fights. How the American Government can tolerate them, almost encourage them, is indeed beyond the understanding of anyone who can boast of even the mere suspicion of a heart. It seems somewhat incongruous to pretend to civilise the natives by pounding into their brains, *pro tem.*, more or less geometry, algebra, and singing of songs melodious but wearisomely patriotic, before the first signs of barbarism are uprooted and stamped out altogether. Moreover, this particular barbaric custom was, I believe, not a naturally inherited one, but acquired from people who, although once civilised, had decayed into a state of semi-brutality.

To me, personally, the only interesting point about these fights was the ingenious device for fastening the cocks during the hours of peace. This is a woven double loop combining into one common string, which, where it again divides into two, passes through each loop, just allowing the loops sliding room to go over the squeezed cock's claws and over the ankle. Here the *lubio*, as it is called, holds firmly, but is never tight.

Come into the cock-pit—you can judge for yourself whether the show is an edifying one or not. There are men squatting all round, each man holding upon his upturned hands his pet fighter, and endeavouring to find one to match him. Betting is heavy on champions, and silver pesos change hands in astonishing quantities for

a country where nobody is supposed to possess anything. Two cocks of presumably equal strength being eventually found, steel spurs, sharper than razors, are attached to their heels. The cocks are angered by being swung to and fro by their respective loving owners, and made to peck at each other's skulls before they are let go; when sufficiently infuriated they are flung at each other. A scuffle, violent flapping of wings, while hopping and springing with angry claws at its antagonist, and one falls down upon its back with a spout of blood and a gash that has ripped his neck and chest open. It is all over, until another pair is matched. Five, ten, twenty or more such exhibitions—until there are no cocks to be matched in the ring—take place every Sunday afternoon, and on every other possible holiday—not only at Cuyo, but, as I have said, in every Christian village and town all over the islands.

These shows are cherished by men, women, and children, as well as by Americans of the lower classes, who generally take a prominent part in the betting.

I was glad to hear that the Governor of Paragua was averse to these exhibitions. Unfortunately, he had no power to stop them.

Cuyo has a well-conducted municipality. If money is spent on public works it is generally on something useful. To the south-east end of the town, where formerly a mere muddy water hole existed, is now a neat water-plant, voted by the Consejales, and already fully paid for by the

appreciative public. It has a good pump over a 500-gallon cement tank, always filled with excellent water, that has its origin high up on Mt. Aguado. In the morning and evening crowds can be seen, each person carrying long bamboos to convey water to their homes.

Now, Mt. Aguado (608 ft.) is well worth climbing, all the more so as it is only a short distance from the town. On the summit can be seen the charred remains of the old Spanish signal station. The bird's-eye view of the entire island is interesting; small farms on the south-west side of the mountain slope, rice fields, banana palms, and long groves of cocoanuts. The little town of Batto-Batto and Lugbuan lie to the north-east, while San Carlos lies on the south-east of the island, and Igabas in the interior to the south. Bayad is southward—a tiny little place—and Suba, south south-east. The entire island is surrounded by a wide reef.

Separated from it by a narrow channel—less than half a mile wide—and standing upon another reef, is Bisucay Island, with a couple of low hills upon it. This island would be a capital one for a plantation, and contains some 6,000 acres of excellent land. It is conveniently situated in relation to the Cuyo anchorage, which it shelters nicely during the south-west monsoon; while, during the north-east monsoon, the bay is fairly well protected by Mt. Aguado and the entire Cuyo island itself. Even if the wind can sweep over the water, no high seas could be raised in the bay owing to the far

extending reefs on the north-west of the town, the continuation of this wide reef eventually joining the island of Putic to the Cuyo Island on the north, and practically extending to the westerly Indagamy rock, and other rocks awash near it, with whitish shallow water all around. The Cuyo anchorage in front (west) of the town is quite safe in five or seven fathoms of water. The soundings in the protected part of the bay average from 4 fathoms to 20, with fair bottom.

The day was clear, and the view superb. You could see Kanipo Island to the north-west, and beyond it, in delightful blue tints, the high and rugged hills of Agutaya Island. Quaint Dit Island peeped further away, just above the long western spur of Agutaya, and even Kiniluban Island and others of that group could be perceived in a faint blur far, far away to the north-west.

There remains to be seen in Cuyo the handsome old Spanish fort upon the *plaza*—quite an imposing structure of pentagonal shape. Enclosed in its solid wall, two paces wide, of earth and cut coral rock, is a spacious and nicely decorated church, also of coral rock, but with an ugly corrugated iron roof. A similar combination of the old and new offends one's eye in the otherwise picturesque interior of the fort, in a couple of side buildings. One appears to have been formerly a prison, but is used now to stow away such stucco images as are displayed on grand occasions in the church, or during the frequent processions through the town.

There is a square coral tower, with four Spanish brass bells—one very large—suspended on *bejuco* fastenings. Upon the north wall of the fort an inscription tells that it was restored in 1827, the restoration consisting mainly of an upper octagonal cement structure of no special beauty. There is a well some 12 feet deep, inside the fort, of slightly brackish water, and the remains of the convent can be seen on a level with the top of the fort. The outer walls are vertical, the corner bastions inclined, except the central one on the east side, which is vertical. Here the extra-fortified main entrance is found.

Of course, this fort would not stand against modern artillery, but for defence against ill-armed piratical assaults of years gone by the construction of this, as well as of many other similar Spanish works of defence in the various Christian settlements, shows a great deal of ingenuity and wonderful workmanship. Some antiquated pieces of ordnance lay upon their rusty backs and at rest upon the Cuyo fort wall.

CHAPTER V

Across Cuyo Island—At a dance—Fishing by torchlight.

WE will now ride across the island. Quite a good road exists, although somewhat overgrown with grass. It traverses undulating country with here and there strange tufts of black volcanic rock, especially on the north-west side at the foot of Mount Aguado. The cultivated fields extend some distance from the town, for of all the islands of this group Cuyo is undoubtedly the most fertile, and produces abundance of cocoanuts, excellent oranges, bananas, pineapples and mangoes, Indian corn, rice, cotton, cacao, and coffee. Cattle, pigs, fowls, and a few ponies are raised.

Our road takes us across the wide depression in the island between Mount Aguado (608 ft.), and Mount Bombon (830 ft.) in the northern extremity of the Island. There is not much of interest along the road. In an hour or so we find ourselves at Lugbuan, a village on the east shore of the island—a sleepy place with nobody about except a scared child or two, not clad in

the proverbial smile, but in abundant tears* at the unexpected sight of strangers.

There is a modest church with an adjoining shed for bells and an imposing wooden cross. Then, of course, the "Tribunal," that convenient building in every settlement which answers all purposes a public building can be put to, from a combination of court of justice and gaol—in many of these "tribunals" can still be seen the wooden stocks where prisoners were fastened by the legs in Spanish days—to cholera quarantine hospitals, school-room, rest-house for travellers, &c.

I had ridden out that day in the agreeable company of Mrs. Phillips, the Governor's charming wife, and her kindly face and pleasant speech drew forth from the side dwellings—after some patient coaxing—quite a little crowd of naked babies, while the giggles of their respective and more clothed mothers could be heard inside the houses, and a peeping feminine eye or two shone behind the gently-lifted shutters of the windows.

Just south of the village rose a nice little hill, from the top of which a panoramic view of the Island (except to the west) could be commanded, so up I proceeded to go. But the grass was high and troublesome the moment I was off the trail, and vines with terrible thorns seemed to catch me everywhere, tearing mercilessly wherever they caught. As though this were not enough, in a moment I was attacked by swarms of ants which penetrated with alarming haste

into the most remote parts of my garments, into the hair of my head, and my ears, biting, biting, and biting all along the route that each ant followed, down or up my tantalised anatomy. It seemed—and the estimate was not far wrong—as if hundreds of them had got upon me.

Not in the most suave of humours, I reached the top. Yes, one got a nice view. Due east just below me extended a big reef on which were a number of fish traps. Also a big shallow reef extended northwards right across the bay formed by the narrow, low peninsula joining the two mountainous sections of Cuyo Island. On scrutinising the horizon northwards from west to east, one could count more than twenty different islands scattered upon the ocean, but to the south we had mere big rocks—apparently volcanic—sticking out of the water. On the low peninsula to our north was some vegetation, and Bombon Mount (due north) looked very handsome, green all over, except a bit on the summit which appeared barren. The colours in the water were very beautiful from my high point of vantage—the delicate white and light-greenish tints of the shallow reef water, the darker, vivid greens upon its edge, and the deep heavy blue of the sea beyond, dwindling into blackish greys towards the indefinite misty horizon line.

With another suit of clothes in rags, I found myself again in Cuyo town, where I will now take you to a dance.

A Filipino *baile* (the Spanish name for a dance)

is the most depressingly interesting amusement you can possibly witness. There are slight variations in the dances, according to the local amount of foreign influence, but the type of entertainment, on a grander or more modest scale, is practically the same everywhere, only the grander the occasion the more funereal the spectacle.

Spanish influence is strongly noticeable both in Filipino music and dancing, but some of the more primitive dances preserve characteristics which are worth studying. We will attend an official dance given by the Governor, when the *élite* of Cuyo will be present. Maybe, on some future occasion, I will take you to see a less refined type of entertainment.

Kept at bay by the noise of forks and knives of our progressing dinner, the invited guests—who were beginning to arrive an hour or so before eight o'clock, the time appointed—were collecting at the foot of the staircase, while others, of a more vigorous temperament, strolled up and down the street. We, who were eating, heard the semi-suppressed voices of the arriving guests, and hurried through mountains of ice-cream, while Francesca and the other waiting-maid (I forget her name)—two girls with plenty of black hair on the head, prominent eyes, and graceful necks—signalled by expressive gestures the progress of our meal to the crowds below, every time they had an opportunity of passing the door or window.

Now, it would appear strange for servants to

be on such familiar terms with the Governor's guests, but in the Philippines there is a most delightful democracy of ideas among the natives—all mingling, as it were, unreservedly together—and yet with a thorough appreciation of each other's rank or talent, or other gifts of God, when it comes to matters not social. It is not, mind you, the distorted notion of equality which desires that every man better than yourself must come down to the lowest level of every man in the street, but it is a very just and fair estimate of one's own worth, as from human soul to human soul in the world's family, apart altogether from the respect which rank or individual merit may command. Thus, while among natives abundant human and mutual consideration prevails in a marked form between superiors and inferiors of any class, the difference of blood or merit is there all the same, and everybody knows it and has reverence for it.

Dinner over, a swarm of visitors ceremoniously entered the house by the wooden staircase, while the two or three male American residents of the place—in the educational line—preferred to make their entrance up to the first floor by climbing the outer wall, or by way of the flag-staff.

The people streamed in and seemed remarkably well-behaved, some of the women not looking their best, I thought, in consequence of having adopted badly-made European skirts instead of their native picturesque and graceful attire. But the upper portion of their dress was ever pretty, the little *camisa*, with ample but short sleeves leaving

most of the arm visible, and the ever-becoming *pagno*, as it is locally called, or large and prettily-embroidered kerchief, stiffly starched, encircling the neck and head in a graceful frame. The hair-dressing was simple and therefore becoming—the abundant jet-black hair being raised tight and fastened into a neat knot on the top of the head rather far back.

Conversation—strange as it may seem—was not a woman's forte, at least at Cuyo. Maybe, other men were more (or possibly less) fortunate, but I was not able to extract more than a few words from any of the young ladies I had the pleasure of meeting. Nor did they seem to confabulate much among themselves or with their own young men—all nicely dressed up in immaculate white clothes. When they danced—which they did most beautifully and gracefully—they had grave, almost pained, expressions on their powdered faces. As the couples spun by in polkas and mazurkas, of which the natives are very fond, whiffs of patchouli and musk suffocatingly marked the revolutions of certain couples through the room, to evade which—the patchouli, not the couples—I paid a visit to the band in the adjoining room.

Behold ! three boys—one, I think, twelve ; the other thirteen years of age—and one somewhat older ; two violins and a guitar—played, I assure you, with the *entrain* of old Hungarian musicians.

“Where did you learn this Spanish and American music ?” I inquired of the younger boy.

“I have heard it played.”

"Heard it played? Have you not learnt it with notes?"

"No, sir; I cannot read music!"

One or both these boys—if I remember right—was or were the son or sons of the native provincial secretary. He told me that many boys and girls, even younger than his sons, can pick up any tune by ear, or soon learn to play any instrument, musical talent being inborn in the race. This was quite true, as I had ample opportunity to ascertain during my long stay in the Islands.

Governor Philipps rescued me from the musicians to show me some native dancing. Native dancing, in the true sense of the word, does not exist at Cuyo, but adaptations of Spanish and Tagalo dances are given, modified evidently by age and usage.

The *fandango*, for instance, is merely the well-known Spanish dance, only somewhat slower. The man walks resolutely towards his lady partner, keeping step with the music and raising first one arm and then the other in a contortionate manner, while the girl stands immobile and impassive. Then the girl walks up towards him in a coquettish way, with a graceful swing of her body, to the accompaniment of music of the wildest kind, with terribly squeaky top notes on the violin.

Then comes quite an original dance of a somewhat violent character for Orientals—the *Pundopundo*, or Anchor Dance—so called because it comes to a most abrupt end.

The *Suring*, although suggestive, if you know the meaning of it, is most graceful and quite dignified. The point of it consists in the determination of the girl not to let her partner dance in front of her, whereas, ever keeping time with the music, he must attempt to face her—and she by rapid revolutions constantly turns her back to him. The young man dances slowly behind his fair but presumedly unapproachable inamorata with hands patiently resting on his waist. Ruse after ruse is tried to force his way before her, and as the orchestra as well as the dancers and spectators get excited, the music, in a minor key, gets quicker, more weird, and, as things go on, almost savage. This dance is more frequently indulged in by common people, and is possibly the most purely typical of the Cuyonos.

As for the “Rigodon Filipino,” by some described as a Filipino dance, it is nothing more and nothing less than our “lancers” as they were danced some forty years ago—set to Filipino music.

Another suggestive dance of Tagalo origin is the *Parol vi dar* (so called in Spanish—or Engagement Dance), which is danced to a weird and quite melodious Tagalo song—or, rather, recitative. A handkerchief waved gracefully to and fro, with numerous but never vulgar contortions of the body, plays an important part in this performance, for on it depends the entire meaning of the dance. First, she beseeches him to purchase the handkerchief, and chants all its virtues. She places it upon her partner's chest

and tells him how his beauty is greatly enhanced by it. Other similar and more advanced demonstrations of admiration and love are gone through. The voice of the singer—the woman's—although neither powerful nor over-melodious, thrills one with its extraordinary amount of tender feeling and sentiment, which would rather point to the fact that if Filipino women do not always say much, they can, nevertheless, feel and love with as much ardour as most other women. Towards the end of the dance her desperate love for him is displayed, and the handkerchief thrown upon the floor in sign of surrender.

As far as Christianised natives are concerned, Filipino music, even more than the dancing, has been influenced to such an extent by foreign ideas and importations that one very seldom indeed hears a really typical, characteristic song or air. When one does, it runs generally to the sentimental, a high falsetto voice being preferred to a more natural tone—and a plaintive tremolo being much appreciated. The Filipinos never seem to tire of repetitions. Love songs, either improvised or repeated, are the most prevalent, and I have often listened unperceived to women at work improvising doleful songs which, although of no great artistic merit, still possess some harmonious effects and some capricious flights of notes not disagreeable to the ear.

The dance is over, and it is time to go to bed. Why! look out of the window—the whole coast-line is lighted with torches, some burning

steadily, others moving rapidly to and fro. Hundreds of black figures stand clearly against the red glare, and by their violent exertions it would seem that there is some excitement going on. We will go out and see.

Men, women, and children—the entire population, practically, seems congregated along the beach and upon the shallow reef. Most are armed with bamboo or iron-pointed spears; others, especially the children, have little bows and arrows—one peculiarity of which is that the arrow is tied by a loop to the string of the bow. The bamboo spears have several points radiating from a common stock. The blazing lights that people are carrying are made of branches of dried cocoanut leaves. These people are fishing, that is all. While the fish is dazed by the brilliant light, it is speared or killed by an arrow—both of which weapons are used with considerable skill. Pictorially, the scene is as fantastic and weird as it is interesting.

CHAPTER VI.

The Cuyono and how he is built.

MORE interesting than the Island itself are the inhabitants, the Cuyonos—a really remarkable race, evidently a combination of various bloods which has produced excellent results. Of all the tribes of the Philippines, these are at present the only Christianised islanders who can honestly claim the name of workers. They are actually fond of hard work, and both their physique and unusually bright mental qualities help to make valuable citizens of them.

A glance at a few male specimens is sufficient to demonstrate that as a type they are infinitely superior to either the Visayans, the Vicolos or the Tagalos, of whom they are, nevertheless, the descendants. Personally, I am inclined to believe that besides some remote intermarriage with the aborigines—generally called the Tagbanouas—there is in the blood of the Cuyono a good percentage of other blood, possibly of some of the piratical Samal tribes, who in former centuries often made raids upon these islands, coming up

from the south with the south-west monsoon. It is, in fact, worthy of note what excellent navigators the Cuyonos are—a feature, I think, inherited from what piratical ancestry they may possess—and how enterprising and adventurous they are is shown by the fact that nearly all the inhabited points of the adjoining Calamianes Group, Culion, the Linapakan Group, Dumarán, and nearly all the east coast points of Palawan Island are peopled by Cuyonos. Furthermore, we find that not only have the Cuyonos migrated to these distant points in their small crafts—a really wonderful feat—but, also, that they have for centuries carried on a small but constant and patient inter-island trade with these points by means of their sail-boats. I say patient, because, owing to the monsoon which, speaking roughly, blows steadily here for six months one way and six months the other, a journey to the west in the north-east monsoon involves a long stay away from home, with no prospect of returning until the monsoon changes.

The male population of Cuyo is migratory—the women only being left at home. In fact, some official publications place the population of Cuyo itself at 90 per cent. women and only 10 per cent. men—which, however, I believe to be a somewhat exaggerated proportion. At a rough guess, based on observation, 60 per cent. to 70 per cent. would, I think, be nearer the mark.

The Cuyono is an agriculturist and a trader, but his instincts ever lead him to the sea. He has of late taken largely to the cultivation of

chocolate—for which the soil and climate seem very favourable—and he exports cocoanut oil, *copra*, or dried cocoanut, wax, and bamboo. For home consumption he makes various kinds of wine, and the women weave hemp and other cloths of a fine texture. But the main industry of these islands is, without doubt, the products of the sea, such as turtle, fish, pearls, mother-of-pearl, and a gigantic and most repulsive-looking sea-slug, which is much cherished by the natives and commands a good selling price, especially on the Chinese market. I am told that this worm-like brute attains a length of even 36 inches, but I never saw any quite so big.

It appears that on the coral-reefs of the western and eastern coasts of Cuyo all kinds of sea-cucumbers or *bêche-de-mer*, starfish, jelly-fish, and all kinds of magnificent specimens of infusoria flourish in all their glory. *Holothuria edilis* and *Psolus complanatus* are the technical names of the two species of sea-slug found in the Philippines, and commercially known as *trepang*. It is cured by splitting, gutting, boiling, and drying in the sun or smoking. The trade in this article of diet is very great and extends to all the islands in and south of the Celebes Sea. It finds its way to big commercial centres mostly by native craft, through the enterprise of Chinese traders long settled in these islands.

Edible birds'-nests, or *Salangana*, also furnish a considerable revenue, mainly to Chinese local traders, and are collected at great danger on some of the more rugged volcanic islands,

Perhaps the above table of accurate measurements, giving the average of a considerable number of typical male specimens measured by me, will give a correct idea of the actual size and anatomical formation of the Cuyono.

It may be remarked that, while of no great height—metre 1·682 is the average—the reach from finger-tip to finger-tip of middle finger is metre 1·760, each specimen showing a difference of from metre 0·077 to metre 0·103 longer than the height. With the exception of very few tribes, this peculiar length of arm was noticeable to a greater or less marked extent in nearly all tribes of the Archipelago, whether Christians or non-Christians.

There was nothing abnormal in the weight—from 110 to 125 pounds—as the Cuyonos, like all other tribes, are lightly built and have a fine—not massive—skeleton. Both feet and hands had attained abnormal length in relation to the size of individuals, as compared with European extremities. Barring these peculiarities characteristic of the race, the healthy Cuyono type is wonderfully well-built, with well-padded, muscular shoulders; rounded and well-developed loins; small but solid hips, and powerful legs, wiry and well-modelled in their detail, but not always perfectly straight. A considerable curve outward generally existed in the general line of the leg, and the knees seldom could be made to touch when standing straight with feet together. Moreover, the knee at its lowest portion invariably showed undue development, which I could

not account for, unless, as I suspect, it is caused by the sitting posture common in the islands. In profile, however, the legs appeared well-set.

The arms were always remarkable for their beautiful modelling—absolutely lacking the abnormal development which some civilised people admire, but just as strong—if not more powerful in their steely wiriness—than the more lumpy arms of many a time-wasting, athletic, civilised folk. Structurally, the arms, too, occasionally showed a tendency to be slightly curved.

Perhaps an interesting point in these people was nature's protection of the spine against the powerful tropical rays of the sun. The spinal vertebræ were abnormally well-padded, in many cases so much so that each separate vertebra could not be detected by the eye. The skin, too, appeared thicker than is the case with white people or people living in colder climates. Another point which struck me forcibly in examining the various specimens was the massiveness and power of the neck as compared to the slightness of construction otherwise.

The skin of the Cuyonos is of various tints of dark yellow—very dark in some cases—and smooth in texture, plainly showing some negroid influence. In fact, negroid characteristics are quite marked in the facial features, especially about the forehead and widely-expanded nostrils. Not so about the lips, which, although prominent, are thin—generally tightly-closed and firm. The usual negroid characteristics are, nevertheless, found in the bossy forehead, not

over slanting and massive, especially directly above the eyelids in protection of the eye. But, generally speaking, the Cuyono may be classified as an impure Malayan—the characteristics of this race being more dominant than those of any other.

The eyes, of a deep velvety brown, are almond-shaped and often set at a considerable slant—but not quite *à fleur de tête*, like those of Mongolian races, for instance. The black eyebrows are thick, but the moustache and beard extremely scanty—merely a few stray hairs increasing somewhat with age. Similarly, the chest is hairless, and only scanty hair is noticeable in the armpits. The cheek-bones are prominent, with the skin adhering tight to the features and with a picturesque polish. The jet-black hair is fairly coarse and almost straight. It would tend slightly to a wave, were it grown sufficiently long.

The ear was, to me, the most interesting study in these people, for, indeed, it is from the ear more than from any other part of the human anatomy that character can be accurately gauged. I was rather surprised and pleased—considering how very few well-formed, intelligent-looking ears one meets in the world—to find that these Cuyonos possessed extremely delicate, shell-like acoustic organs—small and refined, which well explained to me their extraordinary musical talent and powers of receiving and reproducing sounds accurately, as, for instance, when made to repeat foreign words. The ears were usually

gracefully chiselled, with smooth and well-rounded curves, and with small undetached lobes. In the skull a deep depression was frequently noticeable directly over the ear.

The hands were generally very supple, the fingers and thumb capable of bending backwards at a considerable angle. The lines in the palm of the hand were few but well-defined.

The Cuyono foot has a deal of character and is peculiarly shaped—long and quite flattened. The big toe is abnormally large and widely separated from the others, which, curiously enough, are all of uniform length and size—the last two having often developed to the size of, and even to a larger size than, the two central ones. This is due, I think, to the “bow” construction of the leg, which places a greater strain and pressure on the two outer toes while walking. A thick, cushion-like development, just like a pad, is to be found in the instep—also originated by the compensating laws of nature, which pads the foot on the side where it would not otherwise touch the ground, so as to counterbalance the irregular leverage of the tibia at the ankle.

Among the Christians one cannot help being struck by the astoundingly small number of cases of violent insanity to be encountered. Idiocy is more frequent, while religious and other monomaniacs are common. Idiots are generally neglected until they die.

Abnormalities are constantly met with, the most noticeable being the hare-lip. Webbed

ears, extra fingers and toes, and numberless moles and other marks of nature upon the skin are occasionally to be seen.

The normal bodily temperature of the Cuyonos is about 96.2° Fahrenheit, but in cases of pernicious malarial fever the temperature taken by mouth frequently has been known to register as high as 108° ; and by rectum, 109° , which figures speak volumes as to their tenacity of life. The pulsations are weak and average 81 per minute.

Nearly all the numerous tribes of the Philippine Islands have abdominal breathing, and in this connection it is well to note that natives breathe through the nose in preference to the mouth, which is usually tightly closed—nature's safeguard against the evils of a tropical climate. This being the case, and notwithstanding that the chest is well developed and the lung tissues perfectly normal, with absolutely no malformation or defects, the expansion of the lungs during forced inspiration (about two inches) does not, of course, compare with the average American or English measurement (over three inches).

This fact has caused some anxiety among military authorities in regard to making the Filipino a soldier; but whatever scientific authorities may find to criticise, it is, after all, a fortunate thing that the Filipino breathes as he does in his own climate. There never was a more scientific scientist than Nature. You can believe me.

CHAPTER VII

Common local diseases and quaint popular remedies.

THE Cuyono possesses a strong constitution, but not always a determined will. Hence, when people get sick, they often succumb, because they give in from the beginning of the disease and do not expect to recover. But the complaints are not many, as the climate they live in could not possibly be healthier.

The chief diseases are malarial fever, dysentery, and pernicious fever, or *callentura perniciosa*, as the Spaniards called it. The latter is very virulent and frequently kills the persons attacked within twenty-four hours. White people seem to contract these complaints more easily than natives, possibly because of the ill-regulated diet, and if change of climate is not made, fatal results may be expected.

“Smallpox of the water,” according to a literal translation of its local name, is an unpleasant-looking eruption all over the body which principally affects fishermen. It seldom attains a virulent form, nor is it contagious, and

although it lasts from one to two months, sufferers are not obliged to lie up. It is caused by the constant wet to which the boatmen are exposed.

Then there are three classes of Beri-beri; wet, dry, and mixed; all three of which appear during the rainy season and affect natives who live on fish and rice diet, and who inhabit damp, marshy, low places.

Beri-beri is a nasty complaint. In "dry beri-beri," atrophy of the muscles of the legs is the first symptom, and can be identified at a glance—once you have seen it—by a characteristic walk, not dissimilar to locomotor ataxy, with an ankle drop and peculiar twist of foot, the lower limbs being practically paralysed. "Wet beri-beri" is differentiated from the dry merely by a swollen condition, which first attacks the lower limbs, and gradually ascends up the body. Swelling of the abdomen ensues, severely affecting the action of the heart and lungs, and if the disease runs its course unchecked, the patient eventually dies. If attempts are made to check a virulent attack of beri-beri, the patient has generally a fine opportunity to die the sooner.

Now, "mixed beri-beri" is, as its name suggests, a combination of the two above forms of the disease, and possesses at different stages all the characteristics of the dry and all those of the wet beri-beri. Occasionally an affected person may recover, but usually a month's life under such conditions is as much as most constitutions can attain.

No satisfactory remedy has yet been found for beri-beri, the present treatment consisting mainly in a thorough change from accustomed diet, tonics, and migration from damp dwellings into dry, clean, sunny quarters. The sun cure has been known to produce more beneficial results than anything else. A strange characteristic of the disease is that there very seldom is any swelling about the head. In its last stages, respiration is rendered difficult, and it is impossible for the patient to sit or lie down. It is most infrequent among Europeans, although I have known of an American officer, a friend of mine, who contracted it severely, but was, after much suffering, practically cured in the United States. His feet, however, even a year later, were still in a semi-mortified condition and gave him much trouble.

Beri-beri can always be known by a disagreeable, strong, acid odour of the skin, noticeable quite two, three, or even more feet away from the sufferer, and closely akin to that of leprosy.

Elephantiasis, with its abnormal general swelling, is known in all these islands, but is not common. Curiously enough, it seems principally to affect non-natives, the only cases which came under my direct observation in the Philippines being those of Chinese and Chinese mestizos.

The plague, cholera, and smallpox are common in the usual forms, intensified and rendered violent owing to climatic conditions. For want of any other explanation as to their origin, rats were here, as in other countries, accused by American

doctors of spreading the two former diseases. Thus war was declared on rats, and the Government paid a high reward for each dead rat produced. A native, on business bent, immediately started a rat farm, and on thorough business lines only disposed of the males—they say that he sold over 1,500 to the Government, keeping the valuable females for reproduction's sake. Then Americans maintain that Filipinos are not enterprising! The destruction of the farm and some months of Bilibid prison for the owner were the end of this venture when discovered—an unfair treatment at bottom when you consider that dead rats are not the only useless things supplied to, and paid for, without a murmur by the Government.

In suspected cases of cholera a strong piece of *bejuco* is lashed round the cramped arms and legs to cut off the circulation. The same remedy is also applied for ulcers on extremities, and the Filipinos claim—rightly to a certain extent—that this prevents absorption from the poisoned limb, and hinders the affected blood from flowing all through the system.

As one goes about, one is struck by the great number of one-eyed or altogether blind people. This is due principally to the fact that eye affections have not been properly treated, that the eyes are not protected in cases of smallpox, and also because at childbirth the eyes are not properly cleansed.

The eyesight of Cuyonos and of civilised Filipinos generally is fairly good, long-sighted enough, but lacking in acuteness. Difficulty is

experienced in trying to differentiate delicate shades of colour, although the people are by no means colour-blind. Possibly the lack of words in their language to define colours complicates matters, and renders experiments difficult and unreliable. A discoloration of the upper portion of the iris, down to the line of the eyelid when open, is always noticeable, and diseases of the eye, such as ophthalmia and purulent conjunctivitis, are very prevalent; these, although easily controllable by an efficient oculist, and seldom causing permanent injury to the eyesight, are, nevertheless, very painful, quite contagious, and keep many a child away from school and labourers from their work.

Worse than these are the affections caused by the worst of venereal complaints, infecting the eyes by contact with sore fingers, and resulting in a gonorrhœal ophthalmia, which, in the majority of cases, leads to the loss of sight. Indeed, this terrible complaint, formerly very common only among the Magindanaos, has spread with fatal rapidity all over the islands since the American occupation by troops. Owing to the climate it assumes a most virulent form, and spreads more quickly than it would in a temperate zone. In the coast towns it is, unfortunately, distressingly common, but not so where troops have not been, and the same applies to gonorrhœa, with such complications as cystitis, ureteritis, and abscesses of the kidneys or nephritis.

The Filipinos themselves have no great knowledge of medicine, but like all other nations

have some superstitions and faiths which, with various herbs and roots of some real curative value, do them good while ill. It is seldom that a sick man or woman actually takes care of himself or herself—in our meaning of the words. Take women during labour. Much unnecessary suffering is undergone, and when there is an abnormal presentation of the child, this lack of knowledge of obstetrics causes much family concern. The midwife has no idea whatever of attempting to produce a version, and her violent methods on such occasions result in death of either child or mother, or both.

Now, with absolute savages, we shall see, no midwife is ever necessary, for Nature is the best midwife after all; but the moment people get semi-civilised, like Filipinos, and begin to tamper with Nature, additional means have to be employed. Hence frequent disaster. Artificial abortion by midwives, and with rudimentary methods—frequently attended with death—is often procured among the more “highly cultivated” classes, but never among the more barbarous!

With the able assistance of Dr. Davis, I collected a number of remedies used by the natives of the Cuyo and Calamianes Group.

For a great many ailments, pains and aches, they use a resin from a species of gum-tree called *Brea*. It is found on the Island of Palawan. An infusion of *brea*, taken internally, is said to cure any pain, whether in the stomach or any other portion of the body.

Another way of using the *brea* is as follows : It is mixed with garlic, cut in four pieces, and applied to the seat of pain and bandaged over with a cloth. For rheumatism the popular remedy is to apply a cold mixture of *brea* and garlic on the soles of the feet. I suppose that the keeping the legs up in the air entailed by this treatment is as much responsible for the cure as the medicine itself. In fact, the same pain can be removed—they say—in a similar manner by the application of a palm leaf called the "Pasaon." But do not forget to keep your feet up.

Then they have a plant called *Arbon*.¹ The roots of this are made into an infusion and are used as a purgative. The natives use it widely in chills and fevers. In case of neuralgia or toothache a palm called *Badiang*, mixed with powdered wood coal from the cocoanut is applied locally where the pain exists. Another botanical and quite beneficial remedy called *Lasuna mapuka* is applied on the abdomen to facilitate the workings of the bladder.

Possibly some of the herbs, leaves, and roots used by the natives are known in civilised medicine, but I had neither the opportunity nor the time for their identification. As I give here the local names, anybody interested and with plenty of time at his disposal can easily find out.

There exists among the Filipinos a very sound notion that hearty pounding of one

¹ The names of these plants are given as pronounced in the Cuyono language.

portion of the body relieves pain in another, and it is not infrequent to see an arm rendered black and blue in order to dispel an annoying headache. More common, however, for slight attacks, is the application of copper coins on temples and forehead, or large patches of leaves from the *brea*, or from a plant the English name of which is, "sage."

The most common remedy for boils, abscesses, and ulcers is an application of an oil from the fruit of the *tuba-tuba* tree, with cocoanut oil mixed with it. This mixture is set on fire and extinguished and then applied while hot.

Perhaps the most original cure is the one for earache. The submissive invalid squats down upon the floor of his hut, while the most powerfully-lunged individual of the household blows mightily into the aching ear—the pain being expected to be forced right through the skull and out on the opposite side, viâ the companion acoustic organ.

In cases of wounds or injuries a tourniquet is applied to stop the bleeding, no matter how severe the wound may be. Not the remotest idea dwells in the average Filipino brain of the existence of blood-vessels, or arteries, nor do the Filipinos, indeed, possess any anatomical knowledge whatever; but they have presumably realised that a wounded person often bleeds to death unless a tourniquet is applied, and this precaution has saved many lives, in cases, for instance, where a blood-vessel needed compressing to prevent flow. On the other hand, this

remedy misapplied in the case of slight casualties when no blood-vessel has been severed, and too long before the patient could be attended to by a foreign surgeon, has caused gangrene to set in, with the consequent loss of an arm or leg which might otherwise have been easily saved. I think, however, that the use of this tourniquet must have been suggested by some Spanish medical man—possibly a *padre* or priest.

Now, in barbarous or semi-barbarous races, the operation of tying the umbilicus at a child's birth is generally interesting, often quaint, as in the case of the Cuyonos. The cord is tied at once with any kind of fibre—*pina*, hemp, or any wood fibre—usually by the father, who has provided himself with a small cane which, when split, has sharp razor-like edges. With this implement and at palm's length, or about six or seven inches, the cord is sawn by the loving parent, who now proceeds to roll it up on another piece of cane—just the same as one would on a spool. Upon this is properly sprinkled the fine powder from a hard cocconut shell, which has been ground for the purpose. A bandage is applied round the abdomen, and children seem to survive all right—but the marvel to me is that hernia is not more common.

An infusion of the bark of the *lumboy* tree, and also of the *guaba* or *guayaba*, are much-used remedies for certain hæmorrhages.

Repulsive, yes, but quite interesting, is the great variety of skin diseases ever to be found in all tropical climates. We will not mention here

the *casna*, the most horrid of the lot, for we shall examine it later on where it flourishes most among the Tagbanouas of Palawan Island; but *tinia* is also common among the Cuyonos and needs mention. Several are the causes which presumably originate it. A constant fish diet, they say, generates the *tinia* germ which bores its way everywhere under the skin, but particularly in the hairy scalp. Possibly other appetising diets, such as the following, may also be responsible for producing evils of some sort upon people's constitutions.

In *manga* swamps, in salt water, are found certain spongy and porous roots. They are as big round as a man's wrist, and when split with a *bolo*—a large tapering knife carried by all natives—they are found to contain a regular network of holes and chambers. Each chamber is inhabited by one or more white worms, varying from one to six inches in length, and, when full-grown and fat, about as big round as one's little finger. Do you know what they do with them? The natives pull them gently out of their secluded dwellings and either singly or in bunches—and with ever so much gusto—let them slide down their own throats, in a similar fashion to the familiar macaroni-eaters of Naples. In the Calamianes and Culion such a diet is much cherished.

White people in the Philippines are not immune from skin diseases, whether mild or severe; in fact, you can count on your fingers those who are—and those (I am one of them)

owe it mostly to the diet adopted and the taking of plenty of exercise.

Everybody—I am talking of Americans—complains of prickly heat, or *Dobi itch*, or, worst of all, the *pemphigus contagioso*, a typical but more uncommon complaint of tropical climates, affecting white people more than natives. In extreme cases, the body is literally covered with big blisters containing a turbid-looking fluid, and ranging in size from the head of a pin to half an inch in diameter. Sometimes blisters break into one another and form large, irregular sores. The eyelids, inside of ears, and the soles of the feet, do not escape and are covered with them. A more repulsive affliction cannot be imagined. After some days, when the blisters suppurate, the whole body gradually becomes encrusted, and scale-like, with the dried contents of the blisters; but after this an entirely new skin forms, which gives the patient at first a lovely, child-like complexion. The duration of violent cases is about one month.

When Cuyonos, or other Filipinos, are sick, the first thing they do is to shut up as tight as practicable every window and door in the house to prevent light and air coming in.

Dentistry is in its infancy in the Cuyo Islands and Calamianes. A tooth is never removed if it can be helped, and no wonder, when you learn how it is done. No appropriate instruments and appliances being provided, they resort to whatever mechanical means they possess. Here is how they extract a molar.

A bone, about six inches long—possibly the leg-bone of some small animal—is sharpened into a fine point at one end, and right through the gum under the roots of the tooth to be extracted is this fine tool inserted—a piece of wood being placed so as to act as fulcrum. Sufficient leverage being thus obtained, the aching tooth is forced out. Other teeth are gradually worked loose and then pulled with a string, but, as I have said, except in extreme cases, the nerve is left to die of its own accord, and decayed teeth left in the mouth until they crumble to pieces. The teeth of Filipinos are therefore seldom perfect—much less beautiful. Cross of breed, intermarriage, and other causes contribute to make them so. Besides, their chewing mixtures, their diet, their habits, and their constant smoking, bring destruction on the best of teeth.

CHAPTER VIII

Simplicity of spoken and written languages in the Archipelago
—The Cuyono tongue.

To avoid constant repetition and explanation, it may be as well to make a few general remarks on the various languages and dialects of the entire Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes, of which the Cuyono language forms an interesting branch. Remember that there are in these islands dozens of distinct languages and hundreds of dialects, some of which differ so largely from the root language from which they are derived that they might be classified as languages apart.

Cuyono, for instance, comes under this category, although it undoubtedly is a compound tongue with strong affinities to Tagalo, Visayan, some Tagbanoua, and a touch here and there of corrupted Spanish. The reason I consider Cuyono an important language is because, in a way, in its subdivision of dialects, it is understood over the entire south-west portion of the Philippine Archipelago, and, after the above-mentioned languages, is one which is largely spoken.

Regardless of what the very studious but often

erring speculating scientist at home may preach, it is quite safe to state that, with the exception of the Negrito language and some of the tongues spoken by the savage tribes of Central Mindanao and one or two tribes in Luzon, most of the languages spoken in the Philippines are of Malayan origin. To support this argument it may be said that, not only many of the words in constant use resemble one another and very closely approximate to, when they are not identical with, a Malaya root, but even the original grammatical construction has to a considerable extent been preserved.

Naturally, the difficulty of communication between islands, the many wars with the aboriginal tribes and among themselves, the constant raids made by foreign pirates, the slave trade, intermarriage and other minor causes, have brought about the corruption which the various languages and dialects have undergone; but a mere glance at the glossary of principal words, which I went to much trouble in collecting on the spot, for each leading language and dialect, will, I think, convince the most sceptical.¹

Other elements, such as the Arabic words—comparatively few—which are found among the Mahommedan tribes of the entire southern section of the Archipelago, can easily be explained by the importation of the Koran by traders and missionaries from Arabia, Afghanistan, and even from so distant a country as Bokhara. Easier still of explanation is the constant inter-

¹ The Glossary is in the Appendix at the end of this book.

larding of Spanish and Chinese words to express ideas for which words are not supplied by the local tongue.

It is but natural that the tongue of each island should have been affected by the neighbouring groups of islands often peopled by an absolutely distinct race—and we can trace, both by the language and the customs of the people, how strongly this influence has in some cases been felt. In the Cuyono language, for instance, I think, the influence of the Tagbanouas—the aborigines of the west-central Philippines—is clearly noticeable.

In all Philippine languages, the words are marked by conciseness, and seldom exceed two syllables, a characteristic of Malay. The few longer ones are generally traced either to Arabic or Sanscrit. Another and most characteristic feature is the great number of prefixes and suffixes which play an important part in the construction of sentences and in giving different meanings to words.

Considering the languages apart from the common mother Malayan root, the other languages which have had a predominant influence in the sub-dialects of the Philippines are, in the order given, as follows:—Tagalo, Visayan, Magindanao and Samal, Pangasinan, Ilocano, Vicol or Bicol, Pampango, Ibanag, Cuyono, &c.

Cuyono is the language which we will examine just now. The articles are :

<i>Si</i> , the	<i>ni</i> , of	<i>cay</i> , to
<i>ang</i> , the	<i>sa</i> , of	

Ang and *sa* are the forms more generally used, but all are interchangeable, and no particular rule is followed in their use. In speaking of names of objects, *ang* is almost invariably used, viz: *ang tinapay* = the bread.

The nouns have no gender and no number, singular or plural. To indicate masculine gender the word *lalaqui* (man) is added, and *babayi* for the feminine. In forming a plural the prefix *mğa* (pronounced in a nasal—*manga*) is added:—

Lalaqui, man. *mğa lalaqui*, men.

The nasal sound *ng* is very frequently used to blend any two words together, and has in itself no special meaning. We then find a number of curious general terms. For instance, *capatid* vaguely expresses the relationship of brother or sister, and needs the additional

capatid lalaqui = brother
capatid babayi = sister

to explain exactly which is meant.

Verbs do not exist in Cuyono, but the infinitive mood is obtained by adding the prefix *pag* to a noun. For instance—

Sulat—the writing = *pag sulat*, to write.

Mag sulat makes the imperative; *naga sulat*, the present tense indicative:

naga sulat aco = I write.

Nagsulat, particle and root combined into one word makes the past tense:

nagsulat aco = I wrote.

Maga sulat is the future tense :

maga sulat aco = I shall write.

These present, past and future tenses are the only ones used, and it may have been noticed that, when alone, pronouns always follow and do not precede the word used as a verb, which normally comes at the beginning of the sentence, either in the first or second place. In a sentence, however, the pronoun precedes the verb :

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Aco may isarañg cuti} = \\ \textit{I have a cat.} \end{array} \right.$$

The *ñg* in this case is a mere connecting suffix of the numeral *isara* (one) with the next word. The word *may*, here used for the verb "have," is frequently suppressed altogether. In present and past tenses it remains unchanged, but in the future tense is transformed into *caguiguita* in the singular and *cababagat* in the plural.

The conjugation of regular verbs is made by taking a root word and adding to it an appropriate particle, making the different moods and tenses. The passive form is generally used in preference to the active—but no definite rule seems to exist to fix when either form should be used. The passive form is indicated by adding *en* or *an* to the root when in the infinitive :

pag sulatan—to write.

En and *an* are also used for the imperative and future, but for the present and past *in* is the prefix placed before the root.

There is nothing to express the verb "to be,"

and the pronoun *aco* (I) used alone stands for "I am." Thus :

<i>Aco</i> , I am ;	<i>Cami</i> , we are ;
<i>Icao</i> , thou art ;	<i>Camo</i> , you are ;
<i>Tana</i> , he is ;	<i>Sanda</i> , they are ;

which are the personal pronouns, used in this case as verbs.

A noun becomes an adjective by prefixing *ma* to it. So, for instance, *ayad*, the good, becomes *mayad*, good.

The actual action of doing something is indicated by the particle *para* ; thus, *para sulat* is "a writer" ; *paracadlao*, a person laughing ; whereas ownership is expressed by the word *Tag* :—

Tagbalay—the owner of a house ;

Tagbaca—the owner of a cow (*baca* corruption of Spanish *vaca*).

Mara expresses resemblance :—

Mara tao—man-like ;

Mara balai—like a house.

Taga is sometimes inserted in a sentence to express interrogation, but is not an important term. Interrogation is principally indicated by the inflexion of the voice. The words in the sentence remain in their usual position, whether in interrogation or statement.

Anon (What?) is the expression used by the natives for interrogative purposes, as is also *Sino ca*—Who (are) you?—the verb being generally omitted.

Sentences are always very concise in Cuyono, as well as in other languages of the Philippines, and seldom consist of more than the bare words essential to explain ideas. The ideas to be expressed are also themselves of the greatest simplicity—almost rudimentary—even among tribes and people who have been Christianised and claim to be civilised. In the Cuyono language, I believe, there only exist four actual names to designate all colours or absence of them ; gradations and combinations of colours being ignored or classified under the broad major nomenclatures. These are *maputi*, white ; *mangitet*, black ; *mapula*, red ; and *madulao*, yellow. It is remarkable that such colours as blue and green, for instance, have no local name.

Similarly, the seasons of the year have been simplified to two—*maoran*,¹ the wet season ; and *maringet*, the dry season. No special words are wasted in expressing day and night ; *adlao*, light, and *gabi*, darkness, being considered sufficient to supply that want. Similarly, *bulan*, moon, does instead of month, as with the Chinese and other races.

As for “years,” such easy-going people have never been known to look so far back or ahead of time ; hence, no appropriate word is needed or used. The more up-to-date Filipinos, of course, when at a loss to find a word in their own native tongue, intersperse their conversation with Spanish, and in future may possibly do so with Americanised English words.

¹ *Oran* means rain.

How do the Filipinos in general write? Nowadays, the civilised ones use the Spanish alphabet entirely. But in former times primitive alphabets bearing great resemblance to one another were, to a certain extent, employed, with variations—evidently meant as improvements—or possibly the results of deterioration.

We find that even such wild tribes as the Tagbanouas of Palawan or the Batacs, and the Manguianes of Mindoro, have certain rudimentary characters which closely remind one of Tagalo, Visayan, Pampango, Ilocano, or Pangasinan characters. Yet it is not easy to tell whether the Tagalos have adopted characters from some of these aboriginal tribes, or whether the latter have acquired whatever script they possess mainly from either the Tagalos or the Visayan, distorting and simplifying the letters to such shapes as their accustomed hands could imitate and their inaccurate eye could copy. Personally, I am of the latter belief.

It is rather interesting to note in the writings of all these people that letters were almost invariably formed by curves and seldom by lines, either straight or crossed. The sound *ca* is the only one which in Tagalo, and Visayan (and with a slight variation in Ilocano) is represented by straight lines—two horizontal parallel lines joined by a central vertical bar I ; while in Tagbanoua it has been simplified into a mere cross $+$. The only other letter composed of straight lines is *la* T in Pampango.

By the formation of the letters it would appear

that the writing was done from left to right, and very likely in vertical columns, but there is much discussion as to whether it was written from below upwards, or *vice versa*.

The signs for vowels are three, but express five sounds, and the consonants from nine to thirteen, Visayan being the richest, Pangasinan, Tagalo, and Tagbanoua lacking the sound *n̄ga* (with which the plural is made) ; while Ilocano, Pampango, and Tagbanoua have no *ha*, nor *wa*, a deficiency which Tagalo also shares. Pampango, moreover, lacks *ya*. When written without any addition the letters are pronounced as if affixed to the vowel *a* :—*ca*, *ga*, *n̄ga*, *ta*, *da*, *na*, *pa*, *ba*, *ma*, *ya*, *la*, *wa*, *sa*, *ha*. However, an additional comma above a letter turns the last vowel into an E or I, or one comma below, into an O or U.

The alphabet of Java is, to my mind, the one most resembling the Visayan (the most complete of the Philippines), and that of the Toba (in the interior of Sumatra, with pure Malay inhabitants) comes next. It is not improbable that the Tagbanouas of Palawan may have acquired their writing from the Batacs, of whom a tribe is still to be found in Central Palawan, and who presumably once came from the Toba land.

The various aboriginal tribes of Negritos in the Archipelago seem to have at no time possessed a written language, so whatever written characters were adopted in modified forms all over the Archipelago came later with Malay invasions.

CHAPTER IX

Agutaya's timid folks—Culion—The Leper Colony and Stock farm—Halsey Harbour.

WE will now go again on board the coast-guardship *Balabac*, and cruise among the islands. For convenience sake I will describe places not in the exact sequel in which, for various reasons, I visited them—I visited some islands, for instance, four or five times—but in a way which will make the account less confusing for the reader, among such multitudes of unfamiliar islands.

We will call at Agutaya Island, which is the next in importance in the Cuyo group, and which has upon it a town of over 2,000 souls.

When I made a landing I was coming from the Calamianes, the north-east monsoon blowing fiercely. We were steaming in the trough of the sea, which gave the ship quite an unpleasant roll—appropriately called by sailors “corkscrew.” Sticking out of the water, and moved rapidly by an undercurrent was the mast of a sunken native boat, which, having a dear little bird, evidently

tame, perched upon its top, gave a pathetic touch to what was doubtless a recent drama of the sea.

We had passed at noon the long barren island of Nangalao and two small rocks; then to the south of our course the high, nasty-looking Solitario, the north-westerly outpost, as it were, of the Cuyo group. Then we entered among the mass of islets, Leon (210 feet) a small island; Imaruan (466 feet) a large island, with Oko north-east of it, a strange, three sharply-pointed rock 356 feet high, and flat-topped Dit Island, which we have already seen from the east side. It rises in a gentle incline to 860 feet, and except for a barren patch on its highest point is covered with thick vegetation. Here we are in front of Agutaya and cannot go very near in the steamer as the reefs and rocks around it are not properly charted.

Agutaya is a long, spreading island, about three and a half miles long, with a backbone of high hills (950 feet) in three loftier peaks to the north and gradually sloping in a gentle incline on the south, where the isle ends, into a long pointed spur projecting into the sea. As we approached it from the west its contour resembled a huge lizard floating on the water. On the west side a white beach extended all along its base, and a large white building stood prominent. After a long row in the ship's life-boat we got as near as we could to the town, but eventually stuck upon a far-extending reef, and nearly turned turtle with the next wave which came along. This necessitated being carried on shore

on a man's shoulder. Where the water was even more shallow and quieter the sea-bottom was literally covered with a great variety of large star-fish and shells of all kinds.

Once on terra-firma, and having explained to the semi-scared "presidente"¹ of the city—duly exhibiting his silver-topped cane of office—the nature of my visit, I began to look round. Ships seldom call here, hence his fears and the evident alarm of the entire population. Very fine coconut groves, with a handsome avenue between and shanties all along, spread on either side of the town. The streets were neatly fenced off. A fort with four battlements was the principal structure, and inside its quadrangle was to be found a simple and modest church, the windows of which were cut into the east wall of the fort. This house of God possessed a choir-balcony and the usual cheap images on the altar. On the north-east battlement, which was crumbling away, were the remains of a high tower.

Curiously enough, when we approached the shore, numberless fires were lighted along the coast by those few natives who had not bolted, or were not screening themselves behind coconut trees. This, I think, was a superstitious precaution of the people, either to prevent the importation of cholera or some other such belief. The "presidente" seemed vague in his explanations, but the evident reluctance of the natives to come near suggested this suspicion.

A wall of rock was at the south end of the

¹ "Presidente"—head of municipality.

village. One very extensive reef, on which breakers gave a fair warning to navigators, spread far out to the north-west.

The stock from which these natives came was practically the same as that of the Cuyonos, but the dialect spoken in this island, and called Agutaino, is so different from Cuyono that natives of the two islands have great difficulty in understanding one another. Although only twenty miles from Cuyo, no constant communication by native sail-boat is possible owing to the north-east and south-west monsoons. For six months, of course, it is feasible to sail from Agutaya to Cuyo (Agutaya being slightly west of north of Cuyo) or to sail the other way during the next monsoon, but it is not possible to return by tacking against the wind during the same monsoon, owing to the heavy sea which beats the boat back. An anchorage of some sort, in fourteen fathoms, can be found to the south-west of the island, Dit Island lying on a line with the west point of Agutaya.

We will leave the Cuyo group and go to the Calamianes.

The first visit I paid to the Island of Calamian or Culion was in January, 1903, having left Cuyo at sunrise. Besides some of the islands already described we came, upon our north-west course, to three quaint rocks eroded in big holes by dashing waves, and covered with white deposits of salt. Whether sarcastically or otherwise, the Spaniards named them *Los tres Reyes* (the Three Kings). Having cleared them well

to the north we veered due west for thirteen miles, passing round Dikabaito Island at the southern point of Culion, my object being to investigate one of the most magnificent harbours in the Philippines—Halsey Harbour.

Culion Island in its southern portion converges into an angle. It has a very hilly and much indented coast, with comparatively sparse and patchy vegetation—being much exposed on the west to the sweeping winds of the China Sea. In the east part can be noticed its highest summits. A beach of a whitish-yellow fringes the foot-hills, while a few dangerous-looking rocks stick out some distance off at sea. The narrow channel between Culion and the south-west island of Dikabaito appears much broken and strewn with rocks. The west coast of Culion is precipitous, with well-rounded hill-tops.

There are two entrances to Halsey Harbour. The southern access, very narrow and bordered with wide shoals, with nasty rocks (four large ones and two small) like pillars sticking out of the water in mid-channel, is not to be recommended except in broad daylight. In the centre of it is plenty of water, from 131 feet to 49 feet, but the channel is very narrow. The Northern or Research Channel is over half a mile wide, and has no less than 129 feet of water until Rhodes Island is passed.

The entrance to the Research Channel is quite picturesque as we go round a rough and precipitous escarpment on Alava Island, an island at the mouth of the harbour which forms the

two channels of access. Then there are a number of weird rocks projecting out of the water directly at the point where you turn to go in. One high vertical, quadrangular rock like a tower, brown, yellow, and black, marks the exact entrance of Halsey Harbour. Saddle Rock, two and an eighth miles, from the mouth of Research Channel and almost directly opposite on the west, has an enormous reef spreading eastwards for five-eighths of a mile, and southward for one-third of a nautical mile.

Thus high ridges—first, one rocky and wooded, then a second much higher, well-rounded, and well-padded with what appears to be rich brown soil, and quite clear of vegetation—stand before us to the right (S.). Behind this ridge, lies a two-humped mountain (Moss Mt.) green with thick vegetation. Under water on either side we discern wide shoals stretching some hundred yards or so from the shore. Quite a narrow channel between these two ridges opens into a shallow side bay, south and south-east of Rhodes Island, sheltering it. To our north we have a low hill-range, with a gravelly yellow beach. Shortly after this we emerge into the inner harbour, where, having altered our course from east into north-east, we find ourselves in absolutely land-locked sheltered water.

This inner harbour has a general north-east direction, spreading into three principal coves and some minor, the largest being the two northern ones. The inner harbour can be subdivided into two almost equal sections, the

northern and southern, separated by a number of islets in a row from west to east—Gage Island, Iguano Island, Alligator Island, and two or three minor islets. What is called the north arm in the northern section is interesting to us, for the Americans were, at the time of my first visit, endeavouring to build a Leper Colony. In the southern section we will visit the east arm, where a Government stock-farm was to be established, and where, in the company of Professor Lamson Scribner, Chief of the Agricultural Bureau, we made a landing in order to select a suitable spot for it.

Nature unspoilt ever has a great fascination. We glided along on the glass-like water which wind can seldom reach or ruffle, gazing at the mountains and the virgin vegetation and the numerous little side bays, and presently passed into the north arm through a channel so narrow that two ships would have difficulty in passing simultaneously. But as long as you keep in the centre you are floating on no less than 88 feet to 101 feet of water, which is plenty for any ship. In the north arm itself there are from 38 to 87 feet.

The central or north-east arm—of no interest to us—is shallower, from 38 feet to 68 feet in its deepest portion, but only a few feet in its west part, which is a mass of shoals.

A nice river some 300 feet wide at its mouth enters the north arm from the north-west. On the south bank of this river a camp had been made by the Americans—a couple of them in charge of native labourers—in order to begin the

works on the Leper Colony. They had built a small pier and constructed two strong flat-bottomed boats of imported American red-wood. They also had a serviceable bamboo raft, and this entire fleet came to meet us with due speed the moment we sounded the whistle announcing our arrival. We carried provisions and necessaries for them.

Now, let me tell you about this leper colony. One could not help seeing on landing that it was one of those fantastic schemes in which civilised people seem to revel, regardless of common or any other sense.

Naturally, the establishment of a leper colony, coupled with bombastic tales one has heard of the terrible ravages and contagiousness of the repulsive disease, and the martyrdom of Christians who have lost their lives in nursing the sufferers, are sufficiently theatrical to appeal to a highly-strung and sanitation-mad nation. The Manila papers were full of the new project, and, being much interested in leprosy, I was rather anxious to see what was being done.

First of all, let us begin from the beginning, and let me answer a few leading questions.

Are the lepers very numerous in the Philippines? No. It is only very seldom one sees one at large at all. Possibly in the 1,400 islands which compose the Philippine Archipelago, with a population of over seven million people, the lepers may amount to a few hundreds. The leprosy found in the Philippines is of the two types found all over Asia—tubercular leprosy and

a second form more directly affecting the sensitive nerves. Neither of these two forms, however, is quite so virulent as in other Asiatic countries—in fact, as leprosy goes, it is only a very mild leprosy indeed which one finds in the Philippines.

Next, is leprosy contagious? Personally—and I speak from direct experience—I firmly believe that it is not, except by inoculation or by sexual intercourse. The natives do not seclude affected people, who even share the same eating and drinking vessels, and even the bedding. Yet I have never heard of anyone catching the disease in consequence, or do you ever hear of nurses and doctors in leper asylums all over the world contracting it, except in some extreme cases of religious fanaticism, when noble but misapplied unselfishness took the place of the most rudimentary notions of care.

Are white people more liable to contract leprosy than natives? Certainly not; on the contrary, being well-fed and presumably more cleanly in their habits, and possessing soaps and disinfectants, their chance of ever getting leprosy, even after having touched a leper, would be infinitesimal, except, of course, if the open sore of the healthy man were purposely kept against the open sore of a leper—which, I think, would not be a common occurrence.

Then, why have a leper colony at all? And, if so, why select one of the most beautiful and fertile islands of the Archipelago for that purpose? I understood at the time that the entire

island would, with one exception, be reserved for these lepers. Would not an asylum with a few hundred acres of land be just as serviceable for the poor wretches? Culion is no less than 19 miles long by some 10 wide, and has several valleys which, if cultivated, would be immensely rich. Why waste such good land on people who cannot work?

Well, what I suspected from the beginning—and it did not take a very clever brain to suspect—came only too true in the end. After spending thousands upon thousands of dollars: after building a long road inland—for the colony was to be far away from everything, even from fresh water, they say—it was discovered that the colony would be a mistake altogether and should be abandoned. The town of Culion, I understand, on the east side of the Island, was next being purchased, to accommodate the forthcoming lepers, and the present residents have been ordered to leave.

Well, having done our duty and looked *en passant* at the various huts of the aboriginal Tagbanouas, hidden here and there in the forest, we will spend the evening—a fine moonlight one—in a canoe journey around some of the many coves of the harbour. A native canoe is a mere log of wood about 18 feet long and less than 2 feet wide and 1½ feet deep. For sea-going it has a single or double out-rigger, without which you would turn turtle in no time. It is propelled by one or several short flat paddles.

Professor Scribner wished to effect a landing

in order to find a suitable spot for his stock-farm, so he, his son, an assistant, the Governor of Paragua, and I—well filling the canoe—started on a reconnoissance. The night was perfect, and the canoe, under our powerful strokes, glided upon the water—not always in the direction we intended it to go, but always onward. We could hear the wind howling high up above our heads, but protected as we were by the hills, it did not reach us. We crossed the big stretch of the North Arm and steered our way between the islands of the north-east bay. We then went through a very narrow passage—only a few yards across—between Alligator Island and the mainland, the reflection of the moon shining bright upon graceful concentric rings which we generated upon the water, and lighting the disturbed edge of the channel on either side. Every now and then we heard peculiar noises in the dense forest on either side—so dense that we could nowhere make a landing, so that, after rowing steadily for a good portion of the night, and having somewhat confused our way among the islets and rocks, we at last returned to the ship, meaning to try our luck again the next morning.

The following day we were more fortunate. We first made a landing on the southern part of the first inner harbour, where, according to the latest chart of the Geodetic survey, a spring of fresh water would be found—and, indeed, the water was there right enough. We almost wished it had not been. There was too much for our easy progression, but too little for a

stock-farm. Thick vegetation—mangrove trees (not to be confused with mango), with their octopus-like roots growing into the water, spread far out and prevented our skiff approaching, so that we had to wade on shore.

It seemed like fairyland, but only to look at. Big ferns, enormous rubber-trees with their wall-like roots, vines descending like huge ropes from great heights, and thorns—everything you touched seemed to have thorns on it. The heat was suffocating under this stifling, damp vegetation, where sun never penetrates, so it was with no small delight that we discovered delicious and juicy wild lemons of great size, a profusion of which, of bright chrome yellow, lay strewn in a mature state upon the ground. We struck what seemed a trail. We followed it. Yes, here human foot had been. See those curious notches upon that tree? That is a peculiar sign used by the aborigines. In a small clearing just beyond we came upon a couple of huts—dwellings as humble as human mind can devise. Two or three *nipa* leaves plaited together and resting at a slant on a log of wood on one side and upon props on the other formed the roof—about 5 feet above the ground at its highest point. But no matter how modest and primitive these dwellings might be, they always possessed an elevated flooring, supported on forked pillars. The skin of some cane twisted firmly, but never tied into a knot, round each cane bar, kept the component pieces of the floor together;

These aborigines—Tagbanouas, or, really, Calamians, it should be—never sleep upon the ground, partly because of its dampness and also because of snakes, centipedes, and a myriad of insects which are not conducive to sound sleep. If the natives have no time to build themselves a hut—they are ever shifting their quarters—they sleep on the slanting log of a tree.

At our approach the natives fled, for they were timid in the extreme, but on inspecting what property they had left behind we found quite a clever wooden device—not unlike a modern potato-slicer—for peeling a yellow root (*corot*, as they called it) which they eat. It is a block of wood with a rectangular aperture in the centre to which is applied the blade of a *bolo*. The fireplace was made of three stones upon which a large oyster shell served as a cooking vessel. Fire was obtained by friction of two sticks. Judging by the heaps of oyster-shells lying about, as well as by ample quantities of nutshells, the diet of our vanishing friends, if not luxurious, was decidedly not scanty.

We left this spot and tried next the most eastern part of the East Arm. The canoe which we took in tow, the rope being too short, was nearly swamped on the way by the wash of the *Balabac* propeller. The Cuyono in it, however, although the boat was quickly filled with water and the outrigger creaking alarmingly under the unusual strain, never stirred from his steering paddle, and though under water up to

his waist brought the skiff safely to where we needed it again. We had no difficulty in landing here, and were confronted by a curious tree which had a large horizontal branch on which were thirty-seven vertical cuts. Now, according to some authority, these notches denote the age of the man who cut them—but I think this is not so; first, because I rather doubt whether the Tagbanouas could mark the time more exactly than by the rainy and dry seasons; then because these marks did not appear to me as if they had been cut at great intervals of time. It is more probable that these incisions denote some warning or message to other roaming tribes—if they are not, as I believe most possible of all, a crude form of symbolical worship connected with generation, such as is found in many wild tribes of Mindanao. Or possibly a superstitious device to keep evil spirits away from their settlements.

Much to our surprise, in passing under this natural archway formed by the incised branch, we found ourselves in a very extensive valley with high grass, but free from timber, stretching from east to west. There were low hills to the N.E. and a barren side of a well-rounded mountain to 20° N.N.E. To the south were high hills and to the east a higher prominence, with barren patches. The valley seemed about 3 miles long by 2½ miles wide, or approximately 8 miles in periphery. We found a fairly good spring of clear water, and an interesting excursion around showed the island to be swarm-

ing with deer and wild hog. We found traces of the natives, who were evidently hiding somewhere and not easily discoverable. One of our party, having killed a deer and hung it up while looking for more, returned and found the natives had, during his absence, stolen it.

We found here some small settlements of huts similar to those already described, and a curious archway made of cane. A snare for game consisting of a rough fence of logs of wood, converging into an angle and leading into a well-strengthened pen, was discovered in a neighbouring forest. The game is driven into this pen, the small aperture then blocked by a log and the deer or hog killed with arrows, spears, or stones.

On a second visit which I paid to this place some three weeks later I found that Prof. Lamson Scribner and his party, whom we had left here, had accomplished a good deal of work and had established a fine camp. On this journey we carried some ninety-one labourers for them and the leper colony from Cuyo, and we had a terrible crossing in a hurricane. Heavy seas washed constantly over the lower deck on which these labourers were accommodated, my cabin on the same deck being flooded several times. We considered it very lucky that nobody was washed overboard.

The establishment of one or more stock farms in the Philippines is, to my mind, a splendid idea, which, if encouraged as it should be, will be of great benefit to the islands. Owing to the

ravages of rinderpest and other epidemic diseases which have killed off most of the cattle and horses in the islands—and it is impossible for the natives to replace them—the introduction of an improved breed of domestic animals, carefully selected from other tropical climates, will, under Government supervision, I think, be most beneficial to the native agriculturists. As it is agriculture that offers the greatest prospect of riches to the Archipelago, no time should be lost in raising the depressed, distressing condition of the agricultural classes. Professor Scribner told me that improved strains of Indian cattle and a selected breed of carabao (wild buffalo) will be introduced. Thoroughbred horses will also be imported to improve the native breed of horses. For the sake of the islands I can only wish the scheme the greatest success.

Perhaps it seemed rather incongruous that, while Culion Island had been selected to segregate the leper colony upon it from the rest of the world, a stock-farm should be established upon the same Island. Well, the stock-farm will be the more useful of the two schemes, and now that the leper colony is to be shifted some miles away to Culion town, the two will be separated by a good stretch of intervening country.

Let us go to Culion town on the north-east coast of the same Island, in a sheltered inlet of what is called Coron Bay. The anchorage is small and rather narrow, in fourteen fathoms

of water, in front of the picturesque old Spanish fort occupying a prominent rock that protrudes into a spur on the east side at the entrance of the harbour. The town itself consists of a number of buildings stuck against the hillside and astride of it, the doors of one tier of houses being on a level with the roofs of the houses below. An ugly corrugated iron roof, rising high from the centre of the fort, within the walls of which it is enclosed, covers the white painted church. On the water line are the larger buildings, some quite handsome, and made of hard-wood, for example, the house of the Sandoval family—a beautiful building with many large chambers—which is expensively decorated with cut-glass hanging lamps, crude family portraits by a Filipino artist; a multitude of church images in a back room—with numberless lights in front of them, especially before a curious Spanish print of San Roque, *protector abogado de la peste*. On the wall are more large paintings of saints. The *ensemble* is a strange mixture of Spanish and Filipino styles—the only interesting point about it being the low balustrade over which you have to climb at the top of the steps, erected in order to prevent children tumbling downstairs—rather a serious occurrence when you know that man-eating alligators, from ten to fifteen feet long, come at night to play directly under your rooms.

Palanca's house, too, the finest of all—for Palanca is a wealthy merchant—has beautiful

windows, with shell panes instead of glass—such as are frequently to be seen in the better houses all over the Archipelago. After sunset and until after sunrise the natives keep their windows tightly closed to avoid contracting malarial fever.

From the fort—a quadrangle of 40 paces square, with a stone wall 32 inches thick and some 25 feet high—one gets a fine view of the town with its three parallel streets upon the hill side. Six handsome modern church bells and some bronze cannon on one bastion seem a strange contrast of peace and war—in fact, the entire structure impresses one the same way as all these forts do. Nearly half the fort is occupied by a spacious church, the lower part of stone, the upper of wood, the door ornamented with graceful fluted columns and most elaborately artistic capitols. The inside is, as usual, plastered white, and has no peculiarity except a wheel with several bells attached to it—a labour-saving device, to announce the beginning of Mass.

The following inscription was to be seen on the north side of the fort :—

COMR .SUALB \$ BK E/

DGD B DE VDM SSSN
DOROMÑ R MDCBIV JSP^T

The fort was approached by an imposing flight of semi-circular steps at the bottom of

which stood a big wooden cross. At the side, by the wall, with high grass round and a few bunches of flowers deposited by thoughtful natives, were the graves of two American soldiers.

The weird, rugged, volcanic coast of Peñon de Coron was before us to the east. We will leave this town, the future home of lepers, and will sail across.

CHAPTER X

A weird volcanic island—Musical rocks—A difficult ascent—
Lakes in extinct craters—The man-eating Octopus.

CULION as well as Coron, Busuanga, and a great many minor islands, belong to the Calamianes Group, a lot of comparatively small but very high islands lying between the north-east end of Palawan and Mindoro. The group extends between the parallels of $11^{\circ} 39'$ and $12^{\circ} 20'$ Lat. north, and the meridians of $119^{\circ} 47'$ and $120^{\circ} 23'$ Long. east. As can be seen by the above figures, the group is less than one degree in length either way, but possesses sufficient variety of scenery to satisfy the most fastidious.

If once you see Peñon de Coron Island, you will never forget it. I was lucky enough, the first time I saw it—I visited it, I think, four or five times—to approach its southern extremity, Point Kalis, just about sunset. Against a golden sky fringed, as we steamed past it, with vermilion, stood the gigantic vertical wall-like rocks rising in places to a height of 1,200 feet. The whole coastline of this island was of a similar nature, and as we tiny little things—that's just the way we

felt—looked up at its precipitous rocks towering skyward, the spectacle was most impressive.

The island has, without doubt, been shot up bodily in some volcanic commotion and subsequently raised several feet above its former level. Its southern point is very much indented, forming huge pointed pillars like pyramids, but with a vertical face towards the sea. Blackish-grey rocks, fantastically coloured in yellow and red patches, with deep cuts in the rock, most precipitous on the east side of the point, display, at different altitudes, deep eroded holes, passages, and caves, in the face of the rock, either singly or in groups. It is in these caves—several hundred feet from above or below and apparently inaccessible to ordinary mortals—that the edible birds' nests are collected. The weird tribe of aborigines—Tagbanouas—who inhabit these inhospitable rocks, manage by means of long vine ropes, and at no small risk of their lives, to reach these caves and gather the nests. These are then bartered to Chinese traders from the neighbouring island of Busuanga, who come specially in sail-boats, and who export them to their own country, where they are cherished not only as a delicacy but on account of their supposed medicinal strengthening qualities.

A little humming, swallow-like swift builds the nests, using for a material the gum from certain trees which, when fresh, is white and translucent. The breeding time is during the wet season, and these concave little nests—only about 3 inches long—are collected before the birds use them.

The Tagbanouas only, are able to reach the dangerous places upon the high walls of rock in which the birds are found, and none of the other natives are ever likely to enter into competition with them, for the dangers of the profession are too great.

When the nests are placed in water they swell and become a tender gelatine, and, when ready to eat, appear like a bunch of gelatinous sticks of a clear white substance. They are very nutritious, are said to possess wonderful qualities—native women cherish them—and they will fetch, in Coron market (Busuanga Island) as much as 12 Mexican dollars (6 dollars gold) for each bunch of 10 to 12, according to size. In Cuyono, these edible nests are called *Balensa sayao*.

South of Point Kalis, to complete this weird picture of gold and vermilion over sombre gigantic rocks in shadow, were two small conical islands—one slightly larger than the other—Bulalakao, with flattish hill tops—a white sandy beach on its north coast and sparse vegetation—separated by a narrow channel through which in the distance could be perceived, in delightful cobalt blue, yet another island with a somewhat higher hill upon it to the west. Then beyond, Culion, with a high peak towering over the otherwise undulating but comparatively low background.

Tambon Island, which we see north-west of Bulalakao—of a rugged formation—is supposed to be a terrible place for mosquitoes. East and

south-east of Tambon are dangerous reefs, and ships northward bound have to keep close to the steep coast of Coron rocks, where the water is sufficiently deep.

On Point Kalis and on the summit of the coast-line we can clearly trace a section of a funnel-like crater, and what appears to be an inlet into one of the several lakes—other extinct craters which exist in the interior of the island.

Coron Island is triangular in shape, one coast facing due east, the second south-west, joining the former at Point Kalis, and the third side of the triangle, a little more irregular, facing north-west.

We will proceed along the east coast—ever weird, ever picturesque, ever imposingly gigantic, with a much broken summit seldom lower than 1,000 feet. There is deep water alongside the rocks—24 fathoms and more—but an extensive shoal of white sand, rock, and coral lies to the east of us, about half-way along the east coast of the island, and yet another dangerous reef further north, with not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms of water upon it—almost directly in front eastwards of the Coron Harbour passage. It extends for a great distance east and west. In the day-time, and when the sea is smooth, the water above this reef is so clear that the rocks and white sand seem much nearer the surface than they actually are. A deeper and safer passage for vessels from the east is north of Delian Island, an islet 450 feet high, easily recognisable by a beach of white sand with a spit on its western shore, rocks to the south, and a reef to the north-east.

Naturally, there is no anchorage along such an abrupt coast, so we will go into Coron Harbour—sheltered by Busuanga and Coron Island, and we will make an ascent of the Coron rocks from there.

The first time I entered Coron Harbour was at night, when a full moon shone in all its glory. The vertical rocks at Peñon de Coron assumed all sorts of fantastic forms in the soft bluish light of the moon, and with the deep black shadows which they cast upon one another and upon the water. We rounded the northern point of the volcanic island, and, doing our twelve knots, steamed into the placid waters of the narrow sinuous channel between the islands of Coron and Busuanga. Here we had before us a most astounding contrast in the formation of the two islands. On one side of the channel were precipitous rocky walls of immense height; on the other, only about one-third of a mile across, the moon shone on well-rounded, semi-barren hills, smooth and well-padded with earth.

In the channel itself, pointed rocks, eroded at the base by the waves and not unlike human teeth of enormous proportions, were sticking out of the water, and also one rocky island, sharp-edged, of the same formation as Peñon de Coron, with further clusters of blackish rocks quite close to the Busuanga shore on the north side of our passage. Other rocks were so eroded underneath that they actually stood on columns and arches, and appeared in danger of imminent collapse.

The Coron Harbour itself afforded an excellent

anchorage, screened off as it was by the islands of Busuanga, Coron, Culion, Bulalakao, and other minor islands.

We will anchor here, and make an expedition in a row boat to volcanic Coron. The east and north coasts seemed from what I had seen of them so abrupt that I thought it would take too much time to reach the summit of the island, so I decided to follow the coast westwards until I found a suitable spot. A very strong wind sprang up and caught us when we were in the west channel, so we rigged up an improvised sail with two oars and a large signal flag we had brought with us. We strained our eyes as we sped along the coast to find a suitable place of approach.

At the entrance of the west channel, on Peñon de Coron, could be noticed another large extinct crater, apparently of elliptical shape, and seemingly forming a channel of solid vertical rock. Other similar but smaller craters were noticeable all along. On the sea-line, in coves, was an occasional beach of white sand. Large hollow basins were scooped into the rock at the summit, and everywhere in every crack or interstice in the rock some sort of vegetation crept up.

A native whom I had employed, and who professed to be on friendly terms with the aborigines of Coron Island, told me we must get near the west point of the Island, and he would show me something wonderful. In fact, the boat having stuck on a reef, I proceeded through the water to examine some gigantic blades of rock,

with edges as sharp as knives, projecting a good length beyond the plane of other rocks near by, and forming huge hollow spaces between and underneath. The lower portion had been broken off by the waves, and these rocks were suspended several feet above the water.

"Listen!" said the man to me, as he struck one of these rocks with a stone he carried in his hand.

A soft, most melodious deep note, as from a bronze bell, vibrated into the air and continued in peculiar, uneven tones, louder and fainter, as if some counteracting influence affected the sound waves every now and then. I think the sea washing higher or lower upon the base of the rock was the cause of this. The astonishing phenomenon having proved a success, and giving way to the imitative proclivities of all humans, Mr. Croucher, the second mate, who accompanied me, myself and the two Tagalo sailors, immediately proceeded to sound all the rocks close by. Some had sweet tones, quite clear and loud; others were hoarse and blunt; while some, which we thought by their looks would be the most musical of all, would not emit a sound of any kind.

"Those are God's bells," said my guide, a philosopher. "Give me a cigarette."

The tide was rising fast and we had water up to our waist. We pushed the boat off the reef, round the musical cape, and proceeded further down the south-west coast.

On coming out of the west channel, to the

north-west stood Mosquito Island, a high, vertical, rocky island of volcanic formation like Peñon de Coron. In front of it lay two islets, one conical, the other flat.

Mosquito Island has in recent times risen fully 8 feet above its former level, as could plainly be seen by the water-mark upon its side. On it, as on Peñon de Coron, edible birds'-nests were obtainable.

Just outside the west passage was a big bay, land-locked on all sides, and affording fair shelter. The Island of Culion to the westward could be seen close by, well protecting this channel during the south-west monsoon, and on it Mount Moss, which we had seen from the other side at the Stock-farm.

The south-west coast of Peñon was most precipitous and desolate, rocks of enormous height rising like huge walls above the sea. As we were attempting to find an indentation of some sort sheltered enough to make a landing without having our boat smashed, it seemed evident, on closely examining the formation of the rock, that this Island had been raised above the sea-level at a more recent period than the islands near it, and subsequently raised, like Mosquito Island, some 8 feet higher still.

Eventually, some distance down the coast, we came to a cove with a small white beach on which I decided to land.

The sides of the Island were vertical here, and as high as everywhere else, from 800 to 1,200 feet, but the rock appeared slightly more

broken. Hidden behind a projecting rock we discovered quite a superior Tagbanoua hut, with raised floor of *caña* on logs of wood, and *nipa* roof. Recent footprints on the sand and a smouldering fire were evident signs that the natives had just bolted at the sight of us, and none of the terms of endearment yelled at the top of his voice by our mutual friend, the guide, would induce them to come forth. In their hurry they left behind their *balabago* or nets, with natural floats made of the light (in weight) *patao* nut, called in Cuyono *bidoeng*, and an implement of bamboo evidently adapted for bailing water out of their canoes. We found upon the ground a peculiar wooden arrangement to leash a dog, and also a well-proportioned model of a boat, with beautiful lines for speed, with which children had been playing.

Perhaps the illustration taken by Mr. Croucher of the author clinging to the almost vertical rock a good many hundred feet above the sea, will give a more adequate idea of the difficulty of the ascent than any description. The rock—of a bluish-grey colour—had extremely cutting edges—when it had any edges at all—with occasional cavities and streaks, of which we took advantage to progress upwards. Here and there, in cavities and fissures, some sort of shrub or vegetation was projecting, and these were of some help in our ascent, although they did not always seem impressively secure. Each individual had to look out for himself, and we did not use ropes or other such nonsensical Alpinistic devices, my rule hav-



AUTHOR ASCENDING THE VERTICAL VOLCANIC CLIFFS OF PEÑON DE CORON.
(This photograph was taken by Mr. Croucher while we were overhanging
a precipice over 900 feet deep.)

ing' always been to use common-sense and avoid all accidents in general and collective accidents in particular.

Following this golden rule, we reached the summit safely, but with unavoidably bleeding hands, and drenched in perspiration—for pulling yourself up an almost vertical rock for ten or twelve hundred feet in a tropical climate in the middle of the day is no joke, I can tell you. Much to our disgust when we reached the summit, the rock, forming the rim of an immense crater, was in such sharp blades and points that nowhere could we sit down and rest.

The crater, like a huge funnel, was some 150 yards in diameter at the bottom, and had a lake of salt water, the level of which rose with the tide. A subterranean passage must therefore exist connecting this lake with the sea, as no visible inlet could be found. High and beautiful ferns in masses filled the lower, damper, and muddier part of the crater, and in its south-east portion grew big trees and high vegetation; but the other sides of the funnel were of barren volcanic rock terribly rough and wild—especially the northern and the western, on which we were. A few *bugu* trees of medium height and *pandan*, a small palm, had managed to sprout in interstices in the rock.

From north-west to south-east at the summit of the rim on which we were, the crater, almost a perfect oval, appeared about three-quarters of a mile long, and almost as wide, but tapering at its south-east end. On the north side stood the

highest rocky peaks with white patches of limestone.

Of the lake itself at the bottom—of dirty greenish-yellow water—only some 100 feet in diameter were clear of vegetation, the fringe of the lake being covered with a luxuriant growth of *nipa*.

After taking what photographs I could, and surveying the island on which I stood, as well as the magnificent view of the neighbouring islands, we proceeded to descend. This proved to be a more dangerous and difficult task than the ascent, for we could not see where we were placing our feet, and once or twice found ourselves hanging by our hands along the rock, our legs dangling in the air and trying to find a cavity in which to rest. As luck would have it, after having employed several hours in the ascent and descent, we safely re-entered our boat and tried to make our way back to the ship—which had to be done by rowing against the wind and current. Near the north-west point of the island we examined the strange horse-shoe bay which I had noticed on the way south—another evident crater with high perpendicular rocky cliffs, corrugated vertically.

Curiously enough, to the south-east of this crater, as in the other one we had just examined, an elongation was noticeable, less rocky, and on which some vegetation had grown. This crater formed about three-quarters of a circle, the remaining portion having collapsed and disappeared.

Six lakes in extinct craters, some with islands in the centre, are supposed to exist in the interior of Coron Island, which is ten miles long by five wide, but from my various visits I could only identify four. The largest was on the east side of the island, a small one to the north, one to the west, and one to the south, with an outlet into the sea.

In the largest lake, the natives believe, an enormous species of octopus is to be found, the body of which is over three feet in diameter and the arms eight yards in length. A man called Santiago Patero swore to me that he had seen this octopus with his own eyes. Possibly this fact may have had some effect on the measurement of the octopus's arms. Five or six of these brutes were said to live in the lake and they were credited with great age. Plausible tales were told and names given of people who have been drawn down by these monsters. The latest victim was a child, for grown up people could not, for love or money, be induced to go near the edge of the water.

No islands existed on this lake. All the lakes on Coron were as salt as the sea, except the largest, where the water was less brackish because during the rainy season the pit of the crater got filled with fresh water.

The island was so rugged, all over, that only small patches of cultivable land existed on it, mostly on the north-east side of the island

at the summit. In cracks and fissures, where sufficient earth had accumulated, wild sweet potatoes grew, and these potatoes, as well as other roots of certain plants, were eaten by the Tagbanouas when on the mountains.

Now, these Tagbanouas are such unapproachable people that it makes them quite interesting. Possibly traditional dread of slavery may account for their timidity. They will on no account live in towns, or form themselves in *barrios* (villages). They will settle for a few weeks on a patch of land to grow some sweet potatoes, but, after that, they are off again to fresh pastures. They are nomads born, and it is difficult to stamp the nomadic habit out of them. The word Tagbanoua means really nothing less nor more than *aboriginal*—or, literally translated, “people of the place”—from *Tag*, a contraction of *Taga*, local, and *banoua*, people, but the word has been applied in a vague way to indicate the particular tribes of negroid aborigines found in the Calamianes, the Linapakan group, and on Palawan Island. There is little doubt about their being the aboriginal inhabitants of the above-named districts, where they still exist, but I, moreover, think that the Negritos of Panay and Negros, and those formerly of Mindoro, were a mere degenerated race of these Tagbanouas.

To make things explicit, we will divide the Tagbanoua tribes we shall visit into :

The Calamians or Tagbanouas of the Cala-

mianes Group; the Linapakanis or Tagbanouas of the Linapakan Group; and the Palawanis or Tagbanouas of the Palawan Island.

The Calamianes tribes amount in all to a few hundred souls, some 200 of whom inhabit rugged Coron, and who are under a chieftain said to be over eighty years old. He receives a subsidy of 5 pesos (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars gold) a month from the Americans in return for keeping his fellow-tribesmen in order. Governor Phillips was telling me that the chieftain and his people have never once broken their word nor failed to pay the trifling tax inflicted upon them.

Although extremely timid, these natives can be approached by some few individuals of the neighbouring Island of Busuanga who have gained their friendship—and weird howling signals of identification have to be gone through at length before any of the savages will come out of their hiding-places and show themselves. I myself had gone to much trouble to master these cries, but found them of no avail, and had to employ other methods to catch them. It was indeed most tantalising to see with what extraordinary facility they dodged me about. On returning once from Coron, when we had shouted ourselves hoarse, I saw a raft with a number of them crossing the west passage and evidently escaping from me. Across the passage on the Island of Busuanga is one of the Chinese watch-houses, where the Tagbanouas come to dispose of birds' nests to a Chinese trader. On perceiving that I was after them, they landed

and bolted in various directions, vanishing in the entangled vegetation. Having landed soon after, and while inquiring their whereabouts of the Chinaman, what was my astonishment to turn round and see them all on the raft again and paddling away for all they were worth towards their rugged haunts. Surely those fellows have some wonderful system of signalling, either by tapping on trees or rocks, or other noises, or else I do not see how they could act so promptly and simultaneously.

There is no good fresh water on the Island of Coron, so the Tagbanouas cross the channel and bring over supplies from the point on Busuanga where our cunning Chinaman has established his trading station. He can thus keep a strict watch on any natives coming over and strike good bargains with them, fearless of Filipino competition from some miles away in the town of Coron, situated on the Island of Busuanga.

CHAPTER XI

The Calamian Aborigines—Their Ways and Customs—Fertile Busuanga Island.

PERHAPS, as there are marked differences in the appearance and customs of these Tagbanouas, it will be easier to describe each tribe separately.

The Calamian Tagbanouas are short in stature—of an average height of metre 1.523. Their skin is black and generally entirely covered with a ring-like eruption in scales—named *Garit*—which the Spaniards called *Herpes*. The Calamians attribute the origin of this disease to heredity. Possibly they are to a certain extent right, although I think the diet of shell-fish greatly contributes towards its continuance. The few Tagbanouas who have been civilised, who are fed properly and often washed with soap, get rid of it altogether.

This *garit* seems to break out mostly on the upper part of the chest and, curiously enough, on the left side of the body in preference. On the back it is very bad, particularly on the

shoulder blades. Its chief characteristic is the curious spiral ridges with outer concentric sections of rings—so neatly arranged in design that, at a distance, those affected by it might be mistaken for elaborate specimens of tattooing. The face is not often affected by this disease, no matter how scaly the entire body may be.

With a large head in relation to his body, legs of abnormal length (m. 0.930), and the body short and stumpy; with rather short arms (m. 0.697, including hand), the hair black, very coarse, very abundant, and either curly—with the regular negroid frizziness—or more frequently merely wavy. It stands up straight upon the scalp, and some of the Tagbanoua ladies pride themselves on their enormous heads of hair, never too clean, but certainly impressive—at some distance off. The Tagbanoua foot is characterised by its coarseness. It is short, stumpy, with abnormally short toes.

The nose, too, is very short and flat, where it joins the forehead and at the base, has broad nostrils of quite a characteristic shape, extending sideways almost parallel to the plane of the full face. The upper part of the head is broad, but flat in front; the cheek bones are prominent; the lower portion of the face tapers quickly into a diminutive chin. The angle of the face in profile, as can be judged by the annexed table, is so very wide as to almost form a straight line, the most prominent point of the profile angle being the upper lip. The lips are large and very protruding, but firmly closed; and the fore-



CALAMIAM TAGRANOUAS.

head overhangs the eyes considerably. I cannot help thinking that these people have many Australoid or Papuan characteristics about their features.

They are slightly hairy on the upper lip and at sides of the chin, and a few hairs also exist in the armpits; but the chest is absolutely free from hair. Although the eye has all the negroid characteristics, it nevertheless possesses a slant upward at the outer corner, and the eyebrows, slight in size and coarse in texture, have an outer curl upward.

Taking each limb separately, the Tagbanoua is solidly built on a powerful frame, and possesses great muscular strength. The lower portion of his anatomy is more developed than the upper, owing to the life he leads, but his chest is rather well-formed, although not in good proportion to the rest. The arms are graceful and well-rounded, but the hands seem primitive and coarse, with only a few deep lines in the palm at the base of the thumb.

The fingers are very long (m. 0.092) in relation to the length of the entire hand (m. 0.160). A table of other measurements from six specimens is here appended:—

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1.540	Hand	0.160
Span	1.579	Maximum length of fingers	0.092
Armpit to armpit	0.340	Thumb	0.110
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0.152		LEG.
	ARM.	Femur	0.480
Humerus	0.295	Tibia	0.380
Radius	0.242	Height of foot from ground to ankle	0.070
		Length of foot	0.232

HEAD.		Metre.	Metre.
Vertical maximum length of head	0'217	Orbital horizontal breadth	0'040
Transverse maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0'183	Transverse breadth from eye to eye	0'038
Transverse maximum breadth of cranium	0'137	Breadth of mouth	0'052
Width of forehead at temples	0'132	Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'025
Bizygomatic breadth	0'131	Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'042
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'045	Length of ear	0'058

The thumb itself is abnormally developed, except the undergrown end phalanges, which are short, with much wrinkled knuckles.

Two points struck me principally about this particular tribe. First: how well-formed their ears were to receive sound waves; not, indeed, delicately chiselled as in more highly civilised races, but yet most serviceable-looking and free from deformity, well-rounded, with detached lobes. Second: the peculiar distortion inward of their feet, all the toes showing a marked tendency inward. This distortion, which we shall notice even in a more marked degree among other tribes, such as, for instance, the Igorrotes of Luzon, was due to the constant use of the feet—gripping firmly almost as we do with our hands—while climbing trees or rocks.

The finger-nails of the Calamians had a marvellous natural polish, and shone as if these fellows had come out of a manicure shop. They were oblong and well-shaped, but not so those of the toes, which were much worn and chipped. The skin under the foot had a thick callus which split in numerous cuts.

Marriages were conducted in a somewhat

primitive manner, and without much ceremony, except a paternal blessing from the parents of the bride and groom, and the giving of whatever presents in the shape of ornaments, weapons, or food-stuff the latter can afford in order to win the heart of the young lady. More frequently, though, nature asserted itself before even such modest formal functions could take place; but women, when married, were said to be quite faithful.

The birth of a child is no greater an event than with animals, and just about as much care is taken of either mother or offspring. A belt of some fibre is applied around the mother's body and gradually tightened until the birth of the child takes place. A mode of tying the umbilicus identical to the already-described Cuyono method is employed. A curious superstition exists with those Calamians who have come in contact with Filipinos. Previous to cutting the cord it is stretched on the scabbard of a *bolo*, for, they say, by so doing the child will have its body gracefully shaped. There seems some precariousness in the existence of a newly-born babe, for, before starting on this necessary operation, either the *partida manigano* (widwife, the word *partida* being a corruption, I think, of the Spanish *partera*) or the father invokes birds to sing, to obtain a verdict whether the child is to live or not. Birds are to the Calamians the messengers of some vague divinity, and direct all human actions—a belief found in many other tribes in the Philippines. If by chance a bird

happens to sing, the tying operation is suspended, and the death of the child consequently follows ; but comparatively few singing birds exist in the islands, so that Tagbanoua children have, after all, a good chance to live.

Mothers show a good deal of affection for their young, and whenever a child cries it is at once taken to the sea and given a good wash—quite a successful antidote against tears. Violent shaking is added to the above remedy if no immediate results are obtained.

The Tagbanouas are prolific, and males predominate in the population. Various causes, such as accidents, disease, and approaching civilisation, are gradually reducing their number, and, no doubt, in a few years from now there will be but few of them left.

The Calamians do not devote much time to music, the only instrument they seemed to manufacture being a jew's-harp made of split bamboo—quite unlike the Tagbanouas of Palawan, among whom we shall find most original instruments. Large shells are, however, used to obtain sounds from. Chanting in a sad monotone is indulged in—generally improvised versions of some striking event in the lives of the singers. The Calamians of Coron possess a strange legend of a voyager who once landed or was wrecked on their island. They chant of the marvellous things which he possessed, and which excited their intense admiration.

The Calamians are docile and uncomplaining—but timid in the extreme ; those few who

have been coaxed by Filipinos are great workers—the women doing as much, if not more than, the men.

It is customary for a Calamian to select a favourite spot where he wishes to be laid at rest after death—either in a cave or in a regular grave, dug in the ground; but this expressed wish is only carried out on certain quaint conditions. If, on lifting the dead body, the mourners find it light, it is duly conveyed and interred in the spot requested; but if the body appears heavy, a totally different spot is selected for its burial. In any case, however, such weapons, utensils, and ornaments as the deceased possessed in his lifetime are ever buried with him.

Busuanga is by far the largest island of the Calamianes Group, and the most civilised. From an artistic point of view, however, Busuanga presents no very great attraction after the rugged picturesqueness of Peñon de Coron and its quaint inhabitants. It displays long stretches of hills, ranging from 1,000 to 1,200 ft., and comparatively sparsely wooded—especially on the north-east slope of each hill—a fact undoubtedly caused by the fierceness of the north-east monsoon which strikes this island with great force. One or two peaks tower above all others, such as smooth-topped Mt. Tundalara, 2,150 ft.; a conical mount 1,300 ft. near Kokonongon Point, and a three-humped summit 1,880 ft. Busuanga Island is 34 miles long from north-west to south-east and about 18 miles wide.

There are several extensive valleys in Busuanga,

with plenty of good water, and for agricultural purposes this Island is undoubtedly the richest of the group. Almost anything can be grown upon its fertile soil. For stock grazing it would also seem an ideal place. As we have seen, the Coron harbour affords excellent anchorage, screened as it is by the islands of Busuanga, Peñon de Coron, Culion, Bulalakao and other minor islands, with outlets to the east and west.

For some reason or other the principal, in fact, only, town on the south coast of Busuanga is called, for confusion's sake, Coron; it lies in a fine and fertile valley, against the background of a yellow-coloured, three-humped hill range, on the north-west far beyond, and a lower hill range covered with vegetation. Low hills also lie to the west extending from south to north, and high mountains to the north-west. Beyond the city hills to the north-west spreads a beautiful grassy valley. Coron city itself is at the north-north-west end of the Coron bay—a deep stretch of water with the exception of some side reefs.

An ascent to the summit of the high hill behind the town (north-east) will give us a bird's-eye view of the city, with its jetty of bamboo extending out into the bay, and two smaller piers for purposes of sanitation. Five hundred dollars in gold are to be spent by the Government in erecting a more solid landing-place and wharf, as there is a coal depôt here. This pier, when completed, will be of great assistance in the shipment of cattle, a process of great difficulty with the facilities at hand, as the ships

have to anchor a long distance from the town, and no proper lighters exist.

The large square—or “park,” as we are told it is to be—has so far only one magnificent mango tree in the centre, and some large *nipa* buildings, the tribunal, constabulary barracks, and school, around it. The remainder of the town consists of about 100 more *nipa* houses in parallel streets, intersecting at right angles. A church is to be built.

To the south the weird indented coast of Peñon de Coron constantly attracts our eye and distracts our attention, the summit of the island appearing from this distance like numerous humps covered with dark-green vegetation. A curious cut in the cliffs to 150°, bearings magnetic, must be, I think, the entrance into the crater-lake of which I have already spoken.

Busuanga Island is thickly wooded in its lower portion, but the tops of the mountains are barren and rocky. Trees, nevertheless, extend to a good height on the hills where sheltered from the north-east monsoon. Interesting beyond all is the harbour itself, with its many reefs—which can be plainly seen from our high point, some just on the water level, some a few inches, and others a few feet below. These reefs not only extend widely along the coast-line and around the little islands in the bay, but a row of independent reefs is to be noticed in seven different patches in the centre of the bay, extending in a direct line from the presumed entrance of the lake in Peñon de Coron towards the west end of Coron

town, in the direction of two small rocks projecting out of the water. Deep channels are, however, noticeable between these reefs, and the channel along the coast-line of Peñon is amply wide. The western passage shows reefs extending far out from the coast-line.

On Busuanga, a well-wooded ridge from south-south-west to north-north-east, has a zone of rich vegetation along the water-line, and forms a fertile valley with a stream running across it. To the north-west is Mt. Tundalara, the starting-point of another hill range extending in a crescent from west to east and dividing two flat valleys—one about one mile wide and two miles long, with an opening towards the sea (to south-west), only a low hill range separating it from Coron bay itself. Another valley, to the north-east, seems waterless.

The coast of Busuanga is most irregular and indented, and forms numerous deep bays. An inner harbour, or even a series of harbours, with many side bays and numerous islands separated by narrow channels are to be seen to the north-west of our point, but the water seems treacherous, with innumerable reefs.

The large island of Uzon, forming the two western entrances into Coron Harbour, is undulating and well-wooded, with much the same character as Busuanga. It is rich in products and heavy timber. Wild carabao and wild hog are said to be plentiful, whereas, on Busuanga itself, deer and wild hog are found, but not wild carabao. A great variety and quantity of pigeons

are to be seen, including one prevalent species of great size. Wildfowl is also common, and so are snakes, from boa constrictors of immense proportions down to the small *Ugto-ugto*—a deadly snake with a flat tail and neck, and a body in black and white rings.

The nearest hill overlooking Coron has a quadrangular stone entrenchment of twenty-four yards square, constructed by the insurgents, and on the higher hill which we climbed, another such defence of stone, 3 feet high, had been put up. Only three sides of the latter were fortified, the hill on the north-east being naturally inaccessible owing to its steepness. Remains of primitive artillery were strewn about, as well as much broken crockery, cooking utensils, and the ashes of buildings destroyed by fire.

There is nothing very remarkable about the town itself; but a good deal of commercial enterprise is shown by a couple of Chinese traders and by the wealthy Sandoval family, who carry on quite a little commerce of their own. Moreover, birds'-nests, rice, shells, hemp, cocoanuts, cinnamon, cacao, grow beautifully; cattle, pigs and chickens are raised, and horses are bred. Busuanga has, so far, escaped rinderpest and *sura*, which have caused such terrible ravages and destruction all over the archipelago.

There is a fair trade in sea products, such as the *balat* (or *balati* in Spanish), a valuable sea fruit which, when dried and prepared, looks like a potato gone black. It has a salt taste and is much in demand among the Chinese. It is said

to be delicious eating when fresh. Then the *piric*, with its spiky black shell, three to four inches in diameter, and the *mangat* with large shells, excellent eating when dried, are exported to Manila. *Lato*, or seaweed, is eaten fresh with lime-juice or vinegar. The *banaog* is a curious black seaweed of great length, extraordinarily elastic and pliable when in the water, but possessing certain chemical qualities which cause it to harden when brought in contact with the air. It is twisted into all sorts of shapes and made into walking canes and is quite hard, although of about the same degree of brittleness as vulcanite.

On S. Busuanga is to be found the best conducted farm in the Philippines. It is owned by Bernardo Ascanio y Nieves, a retired officer of the Spanish Army, who settled here in 1864—at Malbato—a few miles from Coron town. It is astonishing what this man has accomplished, and he is a fine example to those who decry the Philippines as agriculturally worthless.

Although his farm extends for several thousand acres inland, well irrigated, and has handsome buildings and offices, he has reclaimed a vast tract of land from the sea and has planted on it thousands of cocoanut trees. Now, a cocoanut tree, if you should not know its worth, bears fruit at six or seven years old and goes on until its age is over a century. It will have as many as 100 cocoanuts a year, and will bring an average minimum yearly income of two pesos, or one dollar in gold. The cocoanut groves in the

Malbato plantation were intersected by channels of salt water, and the trees were in most excellent condition.

But then this was only one out of a multitude of successful agricultural ventures at Malbato farm. Coffee, cacao, *abaca* (hemp), pepper, cinnamon, rice, wheat, oranges, mandarins of delicious flavour, lemons, limes, ten different kinds of bananas—of which *gujot*, a long greenish fruit, was the best—pineapples, were all grown to perfection. So was *pitogo*, an indigenous plant of Busuanga, which is something like a *lecco arboreo*, and gives a fruit resembling a small cocoa-nut, but not bigger than a walnut. At a distance the leaves resemble a palm, and the total height seldom surpasses 5 feet.

Very good to eat and sweet is the *nanca* (or *nañga*) a big fruit belonging to the family of bread fruit, plentiful on Busuanga Island. The fruit is oval in shape, with large seeds like a water-melon. The seeds when boiled can also be eaten. The tree gives gutta-percha sap as well. An egg-plant of most excellent taste, the *berenginas*, is to be found, and abundance of sweet potatoes of an improved quality.

Delicious mangoes are plentiful, and so is *cassui*, with its strange peculiarity of seed growing underneath, outside instead of inside the fruit. It is shaped like a pear and resembles a mango in taste, only it is more acid.

Then comes *balete*, a parasite tree growing in cavities of other trees, and *ilang-ilang*, the flower of which is used for manufacturing the well-

known scent. The fruit is a small black olive, growing in clusters, and having a number of flat, yellowish seeds in sets of two. *Guyaba* flourishes here with its small yellow fruit which makes delicious jelly, and *sampalo*, a very sour substance, growing within a brown shell, having strong medicinal qualities, and eaten as a stimulant for the stomach. The root and leaves of *calibon*, too, are supposed to possess soothing qualities when stewed. It has leaves 3 to 4 inches long and a yellow flower, and the tree stands some 8 feet in height. It is applied frequently on the forehead to relieve headache.

Very bitter and distasteful is *amargozo*, a creeping vine, both leaves and fruit of which are used internally. It creates vomit and is a powerful purgative. There are two kinds of this plant, both producing a small round yellow fruit—one growing wild, the other cultivated. The fruit is either eaten when green or else warmed on the fire. Pounded-up leaves of the *sagadsag* are placed on wounds to stop the bleeding, as this plant is said to possess healing qualities. *Samuro*, as well as *tagulanay* (a creeper) are also used to stop bleeding. The stem of the latter plant is cooked in oil previous to using.

Agongon is a plant the roots and leaves of which in decoction are much used by the Busuanga natives to help digestion, to allay fever, and to lessen women's troubles during certain stages. The fruit is very sweet.

Decoctions of green mangoes, as well as roots of cacao, followed by violent exertion, are

occasionally employed internally for criminal purposes.

Wherever we turn round in this most wonderful place we see something of interest. Ebony and *molave* trees; enormous ferns, very decorative; carabaos, cattle, cows, pigs, fowls, pigeons,—in fact, anything that a farm can produce is to be found at the model farm of Malbato, owing to the untiring energy of the owner and of Jose Mollat y Hernandez, his son-in-law.

In the vicinity of the East passage are to be found on the Busuanga coast some peculiar hot springs of sulphurous water. About 50 ft. apart are two copious springs forcing their way through picturesque rocks of beautiful colours, and through the many mud-holes in their vicinity. The springs overlook the sea, above which they are not more than 10 ft., with a gravel platform between. The temperature of the water I measured at 105° Fahrenheit.

Small volcanic islands such as Sangat (Mosquito I.) and Bintuan are to be found west of Coron city.

The way out of the Malbato Bay is through the narrow channel between Busuanga and Piña Island—a small island on which at one time a large pineapple plantation had been established. Two more extensive bays, besides the Malbato, are to be found on Busuanga, as we travel towards Culion,—one between Sangat Island (not Tangat as on the charts) and the semi-barren hills forming one end of Malbato Bay, and, next, a large bay west of Sangat.

Sangat Island is picturesque and almost as rugged as Peñon de Coron, a high rocky central mass with a spit to the south-east and a cluster of high rocks projecting into the sea on the west side.

CHAPTER XII

In the Linapakan Group—A mysterious device—The search for a town—In defence of his women—The trials of photography.

LET us go to the Linapakan Group, half-way between the Calamianes and Palawan—midway in the channel which connects the two seas of China and Mindoro. It is a desolate group of twelve islands of no great size, and a great many rocks, the inhabitants being either Calamian or a cross between Calamian and Cuyono. The entire population is estimated at some 300 souls.

The largest island of the group is Linapakan, and on it we knew there was a town, but we did not know its exact position. Nor were any of those bays properly charted, so due care had to be exercised in approaching the treacherous coast.

After a good deal of guess-work—the chart showing two large bays on the N.W. coast, we anchored in the more northerly of the two, which gave a sounding of twenty fathoms—a long and narrow bay, one mile wide—spreading from N.W. to S.E., with huge, high red

cliffs and rocks at the entrance of the bay forming a prominent headland. The hills on either side were semi-barren, and at the mouth of the bay was a small island. There were reefs spreading out very far into the bay, but the tide was high and we were able to land first at one spot where we discovered, hidden away, a curious and most mysterious device which had involved great consumption of fuel—judging by the heap of ashes near it; it appeared to me like some sort of an arrangement for smelting—possibly stolen treasure—by some filibustering ship; else why select such a hidden spot to erect their elaborate works?

We could not force our way through the dense vegetation from this spot, so we had to take to our boat again and try further up the bay. We entered what appeared at first the estuary of a small stream, but it was only formed by tide-water. Here we abandoned our boat and tried to make our way across the island—our object being to get on some high place whence we could discover the whereabouts of the town. Eventually we hit upon a faint trail and we followed it. We came to a clearing and a Tagbanoua hut. We heard voices. On cautiously advancing, so as to be able to surprise the natives and obtain information from them, we witnessed a scene which was really very noble.

The women, on seeing us, gave several piercing yells and fled, while an old man—so old that he could hardly move—seized a *bolo*, and with a

defiant attitude stood across the trail, in order to protect the flight of his family and bar our passage. As we approached—and he was trembling all over with excitement—he held his *bolo* high up and threatened us, until Governor Phillips and myself assured him that we intended to do him no harm, and patted him on the back. It took some little time to allay his suspicions, and to induce him to show us the whereabouts of the town, but eventually he consented.

He had constructed an interesting trap for fowl and wild pigeons near his house, which was ingeniously worked by means of a trap-door suddenly released, and in his home all he possessed were some double-headed iron harpoons, with rope attachment for fishing purposes, and a few cooking utensils.

Our guide's fears now gave way to hysterical laughter, and, although his joints were swollen from rheumatism, he kept up a good pace. We passed a herd of semi-wild carabao who looked askance at our intrusion, and we—well knowing the ways of carabaos—made a good *détour* to avoid being charged by them.

A mile or so further, we arrived at the town—about half-a-dozen huts among cocoanut palms scattered on the side of the hill—upon which an ancient Spanish stone fort overlooked the western bay.

It was pentagonal in shape, with two angular bastions and three semi-circular ones, with an inner area of 600 square feet containing a humble *nipa* church in a dilapidated condition, a shelter

with three bronze bells, a rickety iron cannon on wheels—and some iron bullets for ammunition. That was all there was to the fort. The only noticeable portion of this structure was the vaulted door with a Spanish coat of arms elaborately and most artistically carved in stone, and with graceful leaf ornamentations all around it. Seen from outside, the wall of the fort looked much stronger than it really was, but where crumbling down from age—especially on its south and east sides—its flimsiness was apparent.

The few inhabitants seemed mostly occupied in gathering and preparing *trepang*, and trading in tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and birds' nests.

Our return to the row-boat was accomplished in the same way we had come, and, on being presented with some silver coins, our guide was so delighted that he howled himself hoarse to try and persuade his women to return home and meet us. But the ladies declined. All we heard were feminine cries—away, away up on the hillside in the forest—which, translated, expressed firm determination not to come back until we had left.

At sunset our sailors were striving hard to get off the wide reef on which our boat was now high and dry—the tide being low—and, had not the ship's captain come to our rescue with another boat, we should have had to spend the best part of the night waiting for the water to rise.

An incident showing the difficulties of photography in the tropics may amuse the reader

more than it did me at the time. I always use plates, instead of films, in my magazine cameras, and this involves changing them in a dark-room with a red light. I did that at night in my cabin, every suspicion of light from the port-hole and door being smothered by heavy blankets. This was all very well—but the ventilation was affected as well as the light, and the cabin being none too large, and the red lantern quickly getting over-heated, made the damp temperature of the improvised dark-room well-nigh unbearable. Moreover, I had to use candles in preference to oil in my lantern, and these, with the heat, melted away with undue rapidity, often causing great inconvenience and terrible smoke. Many an hour did I waste in trying to overcome this difficulty, until one day in the store-room I discovered a lot of red tissue-paper. "Eureka!" I thought. "All I shall have to do now is to envelop the electric lamp in several thicknesses of red paper, and I shall have a brilliant non-actinic light, a comparatively cool cabin, and no unpleasant smoke."

The electric light in the low ceiling of my cabin being thus arranged, for comfort's sake I removed most, if not all my clothing, and proceeded to reload my two cameras. No sooner had I begun my work than the overheated paper caught fire, and the lamp exploded—or, rather, contracted, driving with great force a good many pieces of glass into my shoulders and neck. Worse luck, no less than eighteen fine negatives were destroyed.

We left Linapakan at sunrise of February 14th in a heavy swell, and we made our way again out of the intricate rocks and islands round the north passage, which the captain deemed safer than the southern.

To the north-west of Linapakan I. appeared the elongated Double I., with two conical end hills connected by low land and a white sandy beach. Several other islets were either mere conical rocks, or had most peculiar humps—the latter generally with a graceful slope on the east side, and an abrupt vertical coast to the west.

The north coast of Linapakan was low but undulating, with comparatively sparse vegetation. Small sandy beaches were to be seen in each bay or indentation. For curiously shaped rocks this group had few rivals. A high cylindrical boulder with a smaller one of the same shape by its side, and a lot of spiky rocks, among which the white waves played, were three miles north of Linapakan. A large cave was on the south side of the larger rock, and a reef extended apparently between this and another beyond, which looked just like a tower near the gable roof of a church. These quaint rocks were of the most brilliantly warm colours.

Next to "Church rock"—for want of a better name—and connected by a shallow reef on which the sea broke, to the east, was a flattish island, green all over except its fringe of wide sandy beach on the south side.

Another similar island, some way off to the N.N.E. of the last also had a high tower-like rock rising upon it. And all these curious rocks had for a background in the far distance, in faint blue, Culion and Peñon de Coron, with their high mountains.

As we went eastwards we passed between Aijara I. with its vertical rocks, and Patoyas, and the four little rocky Kurianas—islands of no great beauty, but rising some three or four hundred feet above sea-level. Patoyas was separated from Linapakan by a very narrow channel strewn with huge rocks.

A most peculiar rock we noticed next, in contour not unlike a gigantic snail peeping out of its shell; but among this great confusion of rocks and islets, perhaps I should mention those rising to 400 ft. with a cutting top edge, with precipitous black and yellow rocks in patches, much disturbed on the north side by volcanic action. Nearly all these rocks and islets were fringed by sand beaches.

Of the last cluster of rocks off the north-east point of Linapakan, another cylindrical rock of great size, with neighbouring lower ones, and a cave on the south side, could be seen. The largest and most north-east island of this cluster, however, was low, but rugged, in the shape of a crescent.

Having cleared this dangerous maze of rocks we altered our course to south-west, and passed off the Linapakan coast another peculiar island with a high mountain, six or seven hundred feet

high, which had what would seem to be an extinct crater on its east side.

Thirteen miles east of Linapakan was the principal island of another group, the "Kabalauan" or "Sombrero." It received this last name from the Spaniards, because, having a small conical mound in the centre, it resembled—with a sufficient stretch of the imagination—a hat. There were five islands in this group, inhabited by a few *trepang* fishermen and birds'-nests collectors. Sombrero Island and Nangalao Island were the only two important ones, the other three, Solitario, Salinbubug, and Kanaron being mere rocks. Kanaron stood 300 feet in height.

The small horseshoe-shaped anchorage in Sombrero was on the west coast, and was well protected against the north-east monsoon. A lagoon was formed by the damming up of deposited tide sand at the mouth of a stream descending from the only hill. At high tide, however, sea water flows over the dam into the lake.

Following a course of south-west by west, in a sea not quite as smooth as glass, and with flying-fish radiating in all directions at the approach of the ship, with occasional schools of porpoises leaping in graceful curves out of the water, we will now go to strange Palawan—which we shall find much more interesting than these broken-up little groups of rocks.

The sea of Mindoro was ever heavy, quite leaden, and the sky was of a whitish, suffocating,

humid appearance, although clear enough for that latitude. Peculiar long streaks of feathery clouds spread out for great distances towards the dome of the sky, often crossing one another, occasionally horizontal, but always much higher than the heavier white globular clouds hanging clumsily near the horizon line. You never saw a beautiful limpid deep-blue sky as you do in Egypt, or Italy, or Greece. Yes, just above our heads were patches of blue, but it was a sickly pallid blue not worth looking at.

Over the larger islands you always found the heaviest clouds, which generally hid from sight the tops of even comparatively low mountains. And a curious sight it was, too, when cruising about this multitude of islands, to see that nearly each island of any size had its special cloud directly above it. Over the entire ocean hung a whitish haze, which was the destruction of everything one possessed. The clothes one wore were wringing wet with it; those packed away got mildewed; anything made of metal was affected in some way or other, and as for eatables—well, the sooner you ate them the better, or else you never would.

It will be noticed, when compared with the measurements of the Calamian Tagbanouas, that the tribe of Linapakan is smaller in every way except in the breadth of cranium, which is one millimetre larger, and the length of the radius, which exceeds by three millimetres that of the Calamians. The hand, too, as well as the fingers, is noticeably larger in proportion in the Linapa-

kanis, but not so the thumb. The considerable diminution in size is, I think, chiefly due to constant intermarriage among near relations, the tribe being small.

MEASUREMENTS OF LINAPAKAN TAGBANOUAS

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1'490	HEAD.	
Span	1'550	Vertical maximum length of head	0'202
Arm-pit to arm-pit	0'300	Transverse maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0'167
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest-ridge)	0'105	Transverse maximum breadth of cranium	0'138
ARM.		Width of forehead at temples	0'128
Humerus	0'280	Bizygomatic breadth	0'113
Radius	0'245	Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'042
Hand	0'170	Orbital horizontal breadth	0'032
Maximum length of fingers	0'095	Transverse breadth from eye to eye	0'027
Thumb	0'104	Breadth of mouth	0'052
LEG.		Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'020
Femur	0'454	Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'032
Tibia	0'380	Length of ear	0'057
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0'072		
Length of foot	0'230		

N.B.—These Tagbanouas as well as the Calamians refused to allow measurement of nasal height, and height of forehead.

CHAPTER XIII

In a gale—Kaisian Island and its timid folks—The town of Taitai on Palawan.

I VISITED the great Island of Palawan some five or six times. I will first relate an exciting visit to the north coast. We had been out some days and were caught in a terrible gale which forced us to put into Kaisian (or Collinson I.) for shelter. This little island is situated in Lat. $11^{\circ} 2' 0''$ N. and Long. $119^{\circ} 43' 0''$ E., off the Palawan coast, and forms part of a chain extending from the Linapakan Group to Dumarán I.

The anchorage, a small crescent-shaped bay to the south-west of the island, is much open to the south-east, but has on the south-west one flat-topped, rocky volcanic island, besides another almost conical, and on the east a semi-barren island separated from Kaisian by a narrow and shallow channel over a reef.

Kaisian Island itself is undulating—quite hilly—the highest prominence being on the south-west of the island, with signs of agriculture and some trees. A white beach, with a good many cocoanut trees lining it, screens the few huts

which form the settlement. We perceived no human soul about ; but two white flags, evidently intended as a signal of peace to us, had been stuck into the sand in a prominent position. Ships never touch at this place, and our unexpected visit naturally caused some concern. Beyond the village a small valley opened towards the north between low hills.

The wind was blowing very hard even in the bay, and we had some difficulty in landing. When we did, we found that most of the population had, at the sight of us, deserted the houses and made for the hills. They could not go very far, for the whole island was only just over three miles in circumference. We eventually secured the school-master—a trembling-looking youth—who seemed deliciously vague as to the present ownership of these islands. He earnestly and modestly inquired whether the Spaniards or Americans had been victorious in the war, as he had not heard yet. He once understood from someone, a long time ago, that there had been a war going on between the two countries, and that was why he had put up the white flags, in case we had come to bombard the place. He was glad, very glad, the Americans had won. Where was America ?

We sent him to call back and reassure the inhabitants, and, as we had run short of provisions on board, when the semi-scared people began to come in, in driblets, the captain, mate, and sailors began their chase after chickens and vegetables.

One point about all Filipino villages was the nice way in which the streets were always laid out and fenced off. The streets ran here in parallel lines, and there was a Tribunal with the usual stocks and chains for prisoners. As we roamed about we came upon the barn-like church, boasting of several stucco images, two coloured glass windows, and a bell tower on stilts, with two bells. There were cocoanut-oil presses here and there in the cocoanut groves, cages with pigs, and along the beach a great many built-up boats and dug-outs. The houses were thatched with *cogon* grass.

I crossed the island by the valley—about one and a half miles long. There were two lagoons, the first, nearer the town, still having some moisture in the centre—dozens of fat pigs revelling in the mud—the other almost dry. This plain connected the town by two trails with a large bay protected by two islands and some rocks on the north-east side of the island.

There was plenty of small game on Kaisian I., various species of doves and pigeons, grey or of beautiful green tints with black wing-tips; snipe, and green parrots with blue heads and red beaks. The latter can be taught to talk.

We were detained at anchor, as the gale was increasing in strength every moment, and even in the bay there was so heavy a swell that we rolled and tossed about and swung continually as well as considerably. At night one of the ship's boats, on going on shore for provisions, capsized. Worse luck, all we had been able to secure in

the way of food was a large pig—the “piggist” pig I have ever seen, so indescribably dirty was he. Fortunately, the kind captain had saved one or two tins of corned beef for me, but my American friends much rejoiced in the feast which was in store for them—all the more so when it dawned upon them at dinner that it was February 22nd, Washington’s birthday!

The captain found easy consolation in the fact that, had he decorated the rigging with flags—which he had forgotten to do—the wind would have carried them away; but, anyhow, such an auspicious day must be celebrated with due pomp. Roman-candles for signalling and rockets were accordingly fished out of the powder magazine, while all sailors not on watch were roused from their sleep to attend to the pyrotechnic display. When all was ready the ship’s side flared up in blinding vermilion and green light, while explosions made the ship quiver each time a rocket was shot skyward. The search-light, meanwhile, was played upon the little town, only 150 yards off, and clearly disclosed the commotion that was taking place therein. The several lights which we had seen in the town were quickly put out on hearing our first report, and folks could be perceived stampeding in all directions.

Some time later, after we had settled down again to a quiet evening, a native boat cautiously approached the ship. In it our friend the schoolmaster, trembling all over, had ventured out to inquire whether ours were signals of war

or distress. He would have come sooner but all the men and women had run away from the town. We reassured him, and my American friends explained that it was all in honour of Washington's birthday (blank expression on the schoolmaster's face, as he speculatively gazed at us all in order to find out which of us was Washington).

"Thank you very much," he repeated several times, with a deep sigh of relief—thanking us, I supposed, for sparing the town. He told us how the natives had been so perplexed at our sudden rejoicings that they were simply terrified. They hid in the houses at first, until the flashlight played upon the town. This was too much for them, and they made in a body for the hill. The schoolmaster, however—and it showed a certain amount of pluck on his part—believing ours were signals of distress and not signs of hostility, hastened to the Tribunal and sounded the drum in order to collect people and come to our assistance. Only six men eventually appeared, and with these he came out in the heavy sea to the ship.

Governor Phillips entertained him and showed him the wonders of the ship, such as the electric light and the engine room, neither of which he had ever seen before. His astonishment was intense when the lights were switched on and off at will, and by the time he departed he was reduced to a state of such awe by all he had seen on board that he was hardly able to speak.

In the night the gale blew fiercely, and we

had to keep steam up. Had our anchor drifted we should have been in a bad plight.

In a terrible sea we went from Kaisian to Taitai, a short but quite interesting run, with Maitiaguit Island to the north-west of our course and the rather regular, although somewhat indented, coast of Palawan, with many other little islands and volcanic rocks all along. The coast line is hilly to a certain extent, only one great conical granitic mountain, Kapoas, 3,350 ft.—with its head ever hidden in the clouds—rising to a great height above all others. Nearly half-way between Kaisian and Taitai we found another weird volcanic island of the Peñon de Coron type, rugged in the extreme. Iguano, or Lizard Island, is so called because when seen in profile it resembles a gigantic lizard with its pointed head sticking out of the water; it has a spiky backbone and one huge rock marking the exact position where the femur bone of a folded leg would be in a real lizard. A spiky tail in good proportion with the body gives the last touch to the enlarged image of this rocky monster. There is some vegetation on the west side, but hardly any on the east, where, at the precipitous summit, the rock is of wonderful warm tones and colours.

The rock of South Iguano too is very precipitous; it is volcanic, and has an indented summit like the teeth of a saw. On the sides of both these islands two distinct water-marks and degrees of erosion can be noticed: one fully 10 feet higher than the present sea-level, showing upheaval, as is the case in Peñon de Coron.

South of these weird islands, only a few hundred yards distant, two other islands are to be seen, apparently of much older formation, well-rounded, and smothered in green vegetation.

The Taitai bay is protected to a certain extent on the east side by a chain of these islets extending almost due south from Maitiaguit to South Taitai Island (Ikadambanuan), but heavy seas can be raised in the middle of the bay in a high wind. Taitai Bay affords enough shelter during the south-west monsoon only.

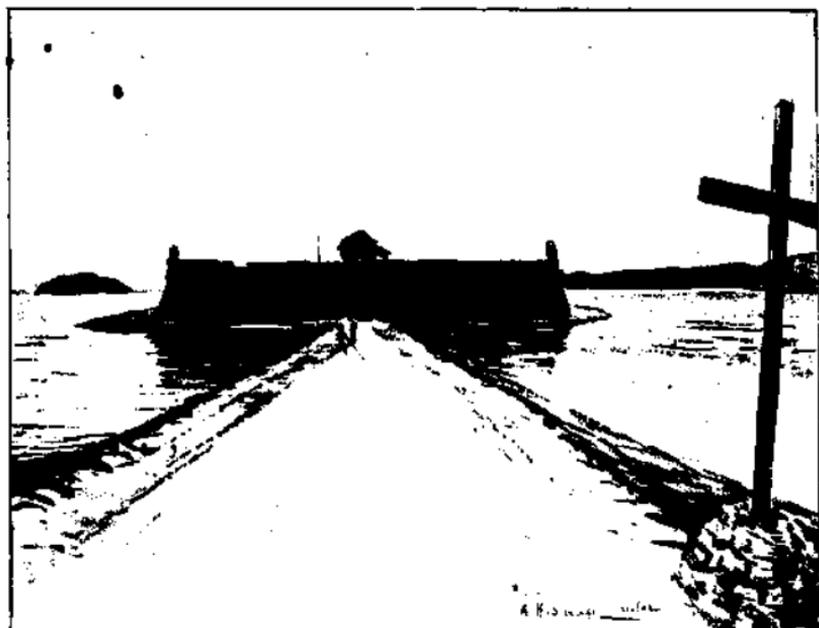
The captain, a careful navigator, ever in mortal terror of uncharted reefs (of which Taitai Bay is full), cast anchor seven miles from the shore. This involved a rowing journey of some four or five hours in the heavy swell to reach the town. However, for the sake of the ship's safety, I gladly underwent this. I had made a landing at Taitai some days previously and under very similar conditions in the middle of the night—when a beautiful moon shone over us while we struggled in the row-boat to reach the shore. We arrived after midnight, when the whole town was asleep, and set foot on shore by the old fort projecting into the bay.

A few houses along the beach, a modest church of plastered stone, with a marble font, and a bunch of strange dolls in imitation of soldiers piled upon its altar with a couple of human skulls; a high cross before the front door; a few cocoanut trees, and the remains of tumbled-down stone Spanish buildings of some magnitude, were all we could discern in our moonlight walk.

The pleasure of our moonlight stroll was not exactly enhanced by the news that *caimans* (man-eating crocodiles) had of late been very plentiful and fierce, and only a few hours before, just at the spot we were now strolling upon, a local gentleman had part of his hand bitten off by one of these brutes. On his attempting to run away, the *caiman* had further gripped him by the leg, leaving to its rightful owner little more than the tibia bone devoid of whatever flesh and muscle there had been on it.

It was, therefore, with hands buried in my pockets and with an uncomfortable creepy feeling of insecurity concerning my lower limbs, that I examined the remains of former Spanish grandeur, such as a large ruined Government building, and the traces of wonderfully well-made roads with side ditches. We further observed two big structures in a tumbling-down condition, one having spacious windows, a portion of a stone staircase in the centre, and a stone cistern, $6 \times 8 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, well cemented, and paved with bricks, with an outlet for the water leading into the annexed building. Possibly this was a swimming tank. Beyond the cistern was a deep hole in the ground, walled with stone.

Taitai was the first capital of Palawan Island in Spanish days, and it is said to have been extremely prosperous, with a population of over 3,000 people. The fort, which could accommodate six or seven hundred soldiers, was constructed on a high rock projecting into the



TAITAI FORT.



INTERIOR OF TAITAI FORT.

sea and connected with the land by an artificial causeway. There was a passage with steps, and an incline by which the summit of the fort could be reached some 35 or 40 feet above the sea-level. By the side of this incline were two dungeons, now roofless. In former times these dungeons had only one small aperture to give light and air to both chambers. On the opposite (east) side of the entrance-gate was a large cistern with a fountain at the lower portion.

The fort was one of the finest on Palawan Island, and had four bastions, those overlooking the sea to the north being semicircular, whereas the other two were angular. For its day it possessed some powerful iron artillery, such as one long 5-inch piece dated 1812, and two 4-inch (1823) cannon. A great number of one-pound bullets were to be found strewn about the fort. Possibly they were used as mitraille in the big guns; possibly smaller guns were in those times mounted upon the wall; or maybe it was ammunition fired at the fort by the Moro lantacas (brass cannon) in some attack.

The inside of the fort was at a slope, the north part being filled up to within 5 feet of the top of the wall. The two east turrets were reached by an incline, and a path was built all round the top of the castellated wall. The actual stone outer wall was no more than 30 inches wide, but it was filled in with earth and thus made of great strength. The only building inside, which was formerly a chapel with two bamboo annexes, is now used as barracks for the constabulary force

of seventeen men. The fort measured some 40 paces square, and its wall was about 42 feet high and vertical, except corner bastions at a slant, with a cornichon 20 feet above the ground all round.

CHAPTER XIV

Through a dense forest—The ideal Bakit Bay—Former volcanoes—A natural fortress.

ON my third visit to Taitai I left the ship and planned an expedition across the island, not by the Spanish road, but by a trail which I was told had never before been followed by a European, and which would give me an opportunity to examine the greater part of the northern portion of the Palawan west coast and the entire Malampaya Sound.

I had heard of a Tagbanoua trail from a place called Pallarakin in the northern part of the Taitai bay, which traversed the island to Old Bakit on the west coast. Now, to reach Pallarakin a long journey in a row-boat was necessary. I obtained a rotten and leaky old boat—the only one to be got—and ten members of the Filipino Constabulary volunteered to accompany me with Lieutenant Boren, their chief.

Having landed at 4 P.M. from the ship, it was not till 5.30 P.M. that the boat was got ready, the water of which she was full bailed out and

the several holes in the bottom stopped up with pieces of wood and rags. She seemed now as seaworthy as she ever could be, but, anyhow, we had to make the best of what we could get. We placed our provisions on board and we departed.

There was a very heavy swell in the bay and, notwithstanding the constant bailing, our craft kept filling with water. Occasionally we shipped a heavy sea, which nearly swamped us altogether. The constabulary men stuck remarkably to their oars, and all went well till eight o'clock, when, on trying to keep closer to land, we unfortunately stuck on the reef which extended very far out all along the east coast of the Taitai bay. The wave which next came along almost turned us over, and all of us had to jump overboard to try and get the boat off.

The wind was howling fiercely; the spray made it impossible to tell exactly whereabouts we were along the coast; we were drenched to the skin; and the rotten creaky wood of our boat gave every sign of falling to pieces every time a wave banged her heavily on to the reef of white sand and coral rock. We had drifted on to a regular maze of boulders and sand mounds just under the sea surface, and no sooner did we get off one than we bumped heavily on another. For two hours we struggled, and the men practically carried the boat bodily, until at last, within the reef, we found slightly deeper water.

When in the Pallarakin bay—northern part of the Taitai bay, eight miles from Taitai fort as

the crow flies—protected by a number of outer rocks and reefs, we were fortunately in smoother waters, but again, when making for a light on the shore which we deemed must be Pallarakin village, we stuck fast upon another coral reef. Our men, having investigated the situation, informed us that we must get out and walk, but Lieutenant Boren and myself preferred to be carried on men's backs, as walking with bare feet on a coral reef is somewhat more painful than it sounds. The natives on land, on hearing our calls, had come down with improvised torches, and were of some help in effecting a landing and carrying the boat to a place of safety.

It was 11 P.M. when we reached this place, which consists of twenty fishermen's huts of *nipa* and *caña bujo*, and a humble church on the slopes of a cliff about 100 feet above the sea-level. We put up in the best house which was lent us. Our room was lighted by a torch of resin called *sa' ig*, enveloped in green *nipa* leaves tied with *bejuco* rings at every two inches. It rested at an angle on a forked tripod of wood, gave as much smoke as light, and needed constant attention. We shared our lodging with sleepy chickens, puppy-dogs, and sucking-pigs—a most unattractive, restless company in the early hours of the morning.

In daylight Pallarakin (called Polarikan on maps) was quaint enough, with numerous fish-traps filling the entire bay upon the shallow reef.

I employed a local man who professed to be able to lead me across the island, but he warned me that the trail was very bad, and by a suggestive gesture indicated that I should arrive on the other side with an aching back. His prophecy came true. The vegetation was so thick and entangled in the interior of the island that it was impossible to penetrate across the forest except by the Tagbanoua trail I had decided to follow, and this was only just cleared enough of vegetation and thorns for a man to sneak through and no more. The trail, he told me, had long been abandoned by the natives, and was now overgrown with vegetation, so that we should have great difficulty in getting through at all.

I sent two men ahead provided with sharp *bolos* to clear the way as much as possible, and by keeping in a stooping position we avoided many of the entangled branches higher up, and made fair progress. One advanced with arms outstretched, pushing away overhanging vines or a cluster of reeds; now forcing one's way between solid trunks, then climbing over or crawling under gigantic fallen trees; then for hundreds of yards creeping close to the ground, dragging one's self through a lot of recalcitrant vegetation—ever with a terrible pain in the small of one's back—and after having gone some miles in this stooping position, we eventually reached a Tagbanoua hut—a dwelling of a most primitive kind, yet with some practical points about it which commended itself to the observer.

Three feet above the ground was erected a

firm platform of *batbat*, a kind of palm with large leaves. The meat of the stem of this palm is quite good to eat. There were no walls, but the roof was thatched with *banga*. A small tray of *nigo* lay on the floor. This habitation was merely a sort of parlour, for in front of the dwelling, a few feet away, were two small sleeping platforms on two tiers, just wide enough for one person to stretch on each.

The timid residents of this abode had, as usual, escaped at our approach, leaving behind whatever articles of furniture and luxury they possessed. There was a little wooden mortar, a small plaited basket, and a cup made of half a cocoanut shell; and of a similar material, ingeniously cut and shaped, they had manufactured a spoon and a scoop with a long handle of wood neatly fastened to the shell with *bejuco*. On each article the owner had engraved his "crest" or mark, in the shape of one triangle inside another. No other ornamentations could be traced upon any of their articles except three parallel lines on the upper part of the scoop-handle. A rack to hang meat or fish to dry, and a natural rustic tripod upon which to rest a torch of resin, completed the entire array of Tagbanoua belongings.

It was merely by a ruse that we managed to catch some of these wild folks—males and females—as I wanted to examine and measure them. Naturally, they were terrified at first, and it took some little time before they were restored to a sufficient state of calm—which was again much disturbed when the steel caliper for anthropo-

metrical measurements was produced, and caused a second scare.

These people had wavy, almost curly black hair tied into a knot; slight hair on the side of face and upper lip, heavy eyebrows and eyelashes of abnormal length, which gave great softness to the expression of their eyes; lips tightly closed and nose extremely flat—bunched up, as it were—at the base; prominent eyes, slightly slanting; and a deep brown complexion with many moles, especially at the side of the nose. Their small ears were strikingly elongated horizontally. They wore no earrings.

The breasts and chest were well formed, the latter slightly hairy in its upper portion. A few hairs were also noticeable in the armpits. They possessed graceful arms, with hands of a remarkable form, the fingers being long, bony, and of refined shape. The palm of the hand had but very few lines except at the base of the thumb, where the lines were deeply marked. The legs were muscular and thin but finely chiselled, with enormously powerful knee muscles—developed, no doubt, by the springy action which they use in walking, seldom resting the heel upon the ground. The ankle was small, and the foot had a characteristic twist inward, allowing it a good grip, as it were, on the ground.

One of the men I captured suffered from *garit*. On his chest and legs—in fact, all over the body—his skin peeled off in scales. His shoulders were in a terrible condition. These repulsive skin complaints made measurements and ex-

amination of the body somewhat disagreeable, as constant touching was inevitable. One interesting point regarding this particular skin affection is that, where friction of limbs is constant, such as in the inner part of the legs, under the arms, or at the loins, the skin seems to remain in its normal condition, quite devoid of scales.

I got hold of another little fellow of pale, brownish-yellow complexion, with peculiar head formation, enormous staring eyes, and an enlarged high forehead (7 centimetres), prominent brow ridges overshadowing the eyes, and glabella or central boss of abnormal development. In this case, too, the nostrils were extremely wide and flattened, so that the slits were almost parallel with the plane of the lips, instead of vertical, as is the case with Europeans. The lower lip and chin were short.

These particular Tagbanouas were short in stature—m. 1.496—with an average span of m. 1.520, or very little longer than their respective height. In fact, taking measurements separately, the span generally equalled, and in one case was less than, the height. Here are some specimens taken at random :

Height.	Span.
1.50	1.50
1.45	1.42
1.64	1.64

Compared with Cuyonos, it will be noticed that the Tagbanoua measurements are smaller in every way.

TABLE OF TAGBANOUA MEASUREMENTS.

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1'496	HEAD.	
Span	1'520	Vertical maximum length of head	0'206
Armpit to armpit	0'320	Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0'176
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0'123	Width of forehead at temples	0'115
ARM.		Bizygomatic breadth	0'115
Humerus	0'293	Nasal height	0'046
Radius	0'240	Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'038
Hand	0'170	Orbital horizontal breadth	0'031
Maximum length of fingers	0'095	Distance between eyes	0'030
Thumb	0'093	Breadth of mouth	0'050
LRG.		Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'018
Femur	0'483	Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'031
Tibia	0'400	Length of ear	0'051
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0'066		
Length of foot	0'266		

These folks did not seem overburdened with clothing, a mere loin string of *bejuco* with a fastening loop (always tied on the left side of the body) composing their entire wardrobe. The only ornaments they possessed were cheap brass and silver rings.

The Tagbanoua as a musician is eccentric, to say the least—at any rate in his instruments, which, when purely typical of the race, are only wind instruments. Now, most musicians of other nationalities play wind instruments by applying them to the mouth. The Tagbanoua plays them with his nose! The *Lantui*, a reed flute of *caña bujo*, the most characteristic of Tagbanoua instruments, has two holes, and one nose-piece at one end of the cane, at the joint of the *caña bujo*. The *Lantui* is pressed by the thumb against the left nostril, the right nostril

being held tightly closed by the first finger of the hand. The Tagbanoua nose is so flattened at the base, and has such expanded nostrils elongated at the side, that it is specially adapted for this purpose; and, really, when you come to take all things into consideration, you begin to wonder whether the Tagbanoua way is not, after all, the right way to play a flute.

Anyhow, whether right or wrong, the Tagbanoua musician can get in this fashion some sweetly pathetic sounds—by far the most melodious sounds I have ever heard from anybody's nose—and he is even bold enough to attempt—with success, too—a trill, as well as elaborate variations upon doleful tribal airs.

The tone of this nose-flute is soft and harmonious, and the music itself quite interestingly uneven and erratic, alternating from sad, lamenting, long-held notes to hysterical frenzies—the latter doing more credit to the blowing powers of the musician than to his genius.

The *sobing*, a kind of Jew's-harp, is also played by the Tagbanouas, but I believe they have borrowed this instrument from neighbours. The *sobing* is most ingeniously cut out of a strip of bamboo six or seven inches long and one-third of an inch wide; it is in three sections, and possesses a vibrating rod from one end over the mouth-piece—this instrument being, of course, applied to the lips. They can play some very nice plaintive tunes on this instrument, and it seems to be a favourite pastime for young men and women when in love. I have heard them

“buzz” their airs of infatuation by the hour— with very little variation in the melodies.

Other instruments can be seen in the hands of Tagbanouas, such as a lyre made of a bamboo joint with raised outer fibre used as strings; but I do not believe this to be typical of the race, but copied.

We continued our journey among the most astounding vegetation, enormous ebony trees being plentiful, and the immense *balao* trees, with flattened, wing-like roots spreading out at the base, with a spiral twist like the propeller of a steamer. Wheels for carts, and large tables are frequently cut from these projecting roots in one single piece.

Quaint beyond measure is the *balete* (*Ficus clusioides* and *Ficus Benjamina*). This peculiar parasitic vine, while young, creeps upon other trees, gradually envelops, and eventually altogether kills the supporting inner tree. It lets down numerous dangling, rope-like branches which, on reaching the ground, take root, and appear like a mass of columns around the central tree. The roots of the main stem are at an angle, but those let down from the stumpy branches are quite vertical. The pounded roots of this tree are said to possess medicinal qualities.

Then there is *bato bato* (or *batbat*, local pronunciation—*Litsea sp.*), a kind of palm of which, as we have seen, the inner part of the leaf stems is quite good to eat.

Where the ground is moist we find numberless

bankuang, *bacauan* or *bacagua* trees, *Rhizophora tinctoria* (also other species, such as the *tangal* and *langoray*), most peculiar trees which at first sight appear to be growing upside down, the roots up in the air and the branches in a high cone resting on the ground. Species of this tree cover the mangrove swamps so familiar all over the archipelago along the coast, and at river-mouths.

The wealth of Palawan Island in good woods will be enormous, when roads are made and the trees can be conveyed down to the coast. *Ipil* (*Eperua decandra*), so largely used for building purposes, and *narra* trees, the mahogany of the Philippines, are plentiful and of immense size; *molave* (*Vitex geniculata*), *calantas* (*Cedrela odorata*), a valuable cedar; *apiay*, typical of Palawan; *uring* (*Fragrosa peregrina*), from which gum mastic is extracted; and numberless other good woods—*alopa*, or *alupay*, *amuguis* (*Cyrtocarpa quintestila*), *camagon* (*Diospyros pilosanthera*), *cisbi*, &c. Climbers (rattan) and *nipa* are to be found in astounding quantities.

The *colang*, of a rich burnt-sienna colour, possesses a curious bark which peels off in scales. *Ipil* is a very tough and useful porous wood, of a dark yellow ochre, becoming red with age. *Narra* is found in two species, *Pterocarpus santalinus* and *Pterocarpus pallidus*. Both species produce a reddish resin. The first species is of a fine red colour, and is much used in furniture-making, and so is *nato* (*Sterculia balanghas*), also a red, compact, fibrous wood, quite common in

the neighbourhood of Malampaya, where it is chiefly used for canoes, for which purpose it is appropriate. When dry it splits. *Dulo*, a sort of teak, is also found in quantities on Mt. Kapoas, and is employed by the natives in constructing their houses, as it is very resinous, and lasts longer than other woods when made into piles to be thrust into the ground.

In a virgin forest of this kind there is more than plenty to interest and puzzle any botanist, but an average man, like the writer, gets simply bewildered by the incredible variety of trees and the dense mass of them; by their gigantic height; by the uncountable number of orchids and other creeping and parasitic plants which hang or stick out or sprout everywhere upon the larger trees; by the astonishing toughness of the numberless creepers and fibres which hang from everywhere—and all this in the moist, suffocating, used-up air of the dark forest, where sunlight in all its intensity never penetrates, so that it seems incomprehensible how the luxuriant undergrowth can not only exist but flourish as it does. It was interesting to watch the strain of the larger trees to force their way up and obtain air. Many of them were devoid of branches up to a great height.

It was all certainly very beautiful and not lacking in poetry, but I was glad when we emerged from the forest, for, indeed, no poet in the full possession of his senses, who has actually marched through a virgin forest, will, I think, ever write a poem in its praise.

The country we traversed was undulating—quite hilly in parts—and, as prophesied before our departure, it was with terribly aching back and knees that we arrived, thank heaven! across the island at Old Bakit on the west coast—not much of a place, having practically been abandoned by the natives. Three houses on one side of the stream and two on the other; a pigeon-house and chicken-coop of *caña bujo*, a few cocoanut palms were all—but did I not enjoy stretching my limbs and drinking the fluid of a couple of cocoanuts when I arrived!

Having borrowed a canoe from one of the residents, we went down the picturesque stream, bordered on both sides by mangrove swamps. Directly in front of the mouth of the river a sand-bank compelled us to find our way out into the Bakit bay by a north channel—just deep enough for us—between an islet and the main land.

On emerging into the Bakit bay we were struck by the magnificent scene before us. To the west and east—the west side of the bay being a long peninsula stretching from south to north—was a luxuriant growth of magnificent trees of great height and of a rich deep green. To the south, south-east, and south-west were high green mountains, many over 1,000 feet high, and beyond the peninsula to the west on the coastline rose a high pointed peak, Coast Hill, with a twin-brother south-south-west of us.

The most weirdly attractive portion of the

scenery was to the north-west, the bay spreading in a general direction of south-east to north-west. As we paddled along northwards there stood before us four gigantic rocks—one quite immense. They rose vertically from the water and were of a dark-grey colour with patches of brilliant yellow and burnt-sienna, some green vegetation forcing its way out of the interstices in the rock of the larger island. They formed a barrier—from north-west to south-east—the most northerly island being the largest. Wide channels separated the islands. One of the two central islands seen from the south was not unlike a huge cylindrical tower with a look-out house on the top. The other resembled a dome; whereas the most southerly, the least quaint of the group, was a mere unattractive rock.

As we proceeded northward, tossed about in our canoe, Pangutasian Island, which had so far been screened by the double-pointed peninsula to our west, came into full view—well-padded and most curiously cut like a strongly-fortified position. It was not, however, until we went beyond the barrier of rocky islands that the most extraordinary scenery was disclosed.

Lematug Island (called Lagen on maps), which we skirted next, seemed to be one half of a partly-collapsed crater, and had large caves and tunnels on the water-line and also half-way up its wall-like sides. I estimated the height of these vertical rocks at some 350 feet. On the east side, where the rock was crumbling to pieces, vertical blackened shafts and passages which had

evidently conveyed upwards tons of molten matter and lava, were exposed to sight.

This island, like Peñon de Coron and others I had examined in the Calamianes Group and off the east coast of Palawan, showed the identical features of the latter, its origin being evidently contemporaneous. Only, in the second upheaval, this particular island was raised but three feet above its former level at high water, somewhat less than Peñon and Iguano Islands.

We rowed along the east coast of these rocky cliffs, and in one little bay, where a beach had formed with a few acres of land, I was surprised to find a few cocoanut-trees, showing that someone had lived on this inhospitable place. In fact, upon inquiry, I was told that some folks from the distant Cagayancillo (Cagayanes Islands) were formerly stationed here in order to collect birds'-nests, but they have now moved over to the opposite side of the channel—less than one mile across—where life is less lonely and dreary—on the Palawan coast.

One felt mighty small and mean and our skiff very frail under these majestic, huge, dark-green rocks of lava, blackened at the summit by the intense heat to which they had been subjected, and streaked up and down with broad lines of yellow, white, and red. The island was practically joined to the mainland by a reef with shallow water upon it, with a sandy bottom and luxuriant growth of seaweed.

In going through this passage another weird view was before us to the north-west, the ex-

traordinarily picturesque islands of Pinad Buyutan (Inabuyatan on charts) and Malapacao. The first-named was just like the dome of a church, only higher, 1,130 feet high, and the lower half of the cliffs perpendicular. Malapacao was a huge rugged cone with great indentations, cracks and caves, and was joined to another minor cone of a similar formation by a wing of rock and by *débris* with some vegetation on it. A sister island to Malapacao—but turned in the opposite direction—stood in the centre of the mouth of the Bakit bay.

On rounding the high cliffs (450 feet) of Lematug Island, I found in its north part another semicircular bay, in what was evidently another large crater, and I think, judging by its shape, that rugged Malapacao Island must have formed the north-east wall of it. The distance across the channel between these two islands was a little over one-third of a mile.

Again I found vertical passages and funnels bored into the rock and huge hollows which had been subjected to abnormal temperatures, the rock, normally grey, being baked into a rich yellow colour all round these rents for an extent of four yards. These passages displayed deep corrugations of brilliant colouring, much blackened near the summit where the channels were in better preservation than in the lower portion. A number of minor channels were to the east of the main channel, which appeared to have an outlet at the summit of the mountain, some 450 feet above the sea. The marks of a

double upheaval—one four feet above the other—were conspicuous on this coast, too, and there were two curious mushroom rocks on the north side of Malapacao.

A great lump of a rock was Pinad Buyutan Island, when we got near it, stately, with its unclimbable wall and its rounded dome—which had a big slit on the east side as if a large section of it had collapsed into the sea. Some enormous boulders were still overhanging in a most dangerous fashion—why and how it would be difficult to tell. The familiar double erosion was again noticeable at the base of this island, too, but not quite in so marked a degree as on its more southern neighbours.

On the north side of Pinad were huge blackened hollows and many channels, and to the north-east could be seen corrugated depressions shooting all the way up to the summit of the island. White stalactites hung from the roofs of caves—in one cave there was one which had assumed the shape of a man's skeleton. Then, further, was an extensive grotto and several little ones half-way up on the north-west side of the rocky cliff. Other rocky islands with most irregular summits were noticeable to the west of the bay—such as Entalula Island, Pakluyaban Island, Minilok, an elongated island, &c. ; a group of limestone islands enclosing the Bakit bay on the north-west side and leaving two principal entrances, one to the north and one to the west.

To the east Palawan Island, with its mass of wild vegetation on undulating country and a

sandy beach all along, together with occasional modest little islets off the coast, afforded a great contrast to the barrenness and wildness of the volcanic rocks scattered in the bay.

At Manlalek, in a small cove on Palawan (due east of Malapacao Island), the Spaniards had a stockade with three guns on the north side of a small stream.

The Bakit bay was nine miles long and three wide. The settlement of New Bakit, to which the population of Old Bakit had migrated, lay at the north-east head of the bay. The Bakit peak in its vicinity stood as high as 1,500 feet.

We had rowed steadily for some five hours when we landed on the narrow neck of sand connecting the mainland with a big headland, on the north side of which Bakit is situated. A walk of a few minutes across this peninsula saved a long row around the cape. New Bakit was at the foot of some vertical grey rocks of immense height and with such an indented summit that they resembled a gigantic fortress wall. In fact, advantage had been taken by the natives of these natural defences for protection against former attacks of pirates and during the insurrection. A series of huge caves about 120 feet above the beach had been further strengthened with walls, and access from the larger cave to the two smaller chambers was obtained by means of steps cut in the rock, whereas access from the ground to the first cave was only practicable by means of a most unsafe bamboo ladder, which in time of danger was destroyed or pulled up. The larger

hollow is said to have sheltered as many as 300 people. It contained an altar.

The village, of no importance, except that a few native pearl fishermen and birds'-nest traders were settled there, was the most northern settlement worth noticing on the Palawan coast. The pearls found in the Malampaya and Bakit waters are, owing to the formation of the shell inside which they grow, usually oblong in shape instead of spherical.

CHAPTER XV

Timber and ghosts—The beauties of the Malampaya Sound—
Crocodiles.

AT midnight, a native trader having undertaken to navigate me down the Malampaya Sound, I made my departure in a small sailing boat laden with bags of birds'-nests, fish and shells—a most odoriferous cargo. There was moonlight. Coming northwards we had moved close under the lee of the coast and had escaped being well tossed by the gale which was still blowing, but in order to strike the mouth of the Malampaya Sound, which lay south-west of the Bakit Bay, it was necessary to go further out to sea westwards, and to skirt Minilok and Guntao Islands, and we had every prospect of getting a good blow.

Well, we did get it. Our boat was so laden with merchandise that with our extra weight she was very low down in the water—only a couple of inches above—and when we got off the lee of land we had a hard time of it. The heavy swell and current gave us a deal of trouble, and

we shipped a considerable amount of water. There was some consolation in looking at the weird scenery, except when our steering gear got out of order and we came near being dashed to pieces against the unclimbable rocks on to which we were rapidly drifting. I confess that I was rather glad when morning came—somehow or other, one generally prefers to be wrecked in the day-time, if at all—and with the sun the wind slightly abated and we made fair progress.

South-west of Bakit Bay and separated from it by a long peninsula ending in Custodio Cape, is a small horse-shoe bay called Port Kataba. We had gone steadily for twenty-seven hours, shoving along our skiff with sail and oars, struggling through against tide and currents, wind and waves, and we thought we would make for a sheltered little place called Linimacong, where some fifteen huts, a humble *nipa* church, and a bunch of cocoanut-trees were to be found.

A romantic individual—partly French, partly Filipino—lived here whom we roused out of bed at 3.30 A.M., and who, notwithstanding the trying hour, received us with open arms. Having been a naval man he had fixed up his house in nautical fashion, and a ladder had to be let down by means of pulleys and ropes, like the gangway of a ship, before we were able to enter. This man, a most interesting character, was concerned with the cutting of timber, and in his spare hours was interviewed by ghosts. Ghosts are somewhat out of my line, but timber is not, and I was able to get some information from him.

However, in his conversation he could not talk of one subject without dragging in the other, and his spooky stories were so weird that at sunrise, although we had not had any sleep for some forty-eight hours, and had been on the go, under trying conditions, ever since, we were still sitting up in violent argument on spiritualism.

This man, who seemed to have had a remarkable life, was most hospitable and kind. At 6 A.M. we went to rest and slept a couple of hours, were entertained to a most lavish breakfast, and, restored to some of our former vigour, departed at 9 A.M. for the Malampaya Sound, now close by.

We entered the Malampaya Sound through the narrow Endeavour Channel between Buluran Island (miscalled Tularan on maps) and Palawan. It is one-fifth of a mile wide at its narrowest point, the sides clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and has no less than four fathoms anywhere in the centre of the channel. The main entrance into the sound is through the Blockade Strait (between the south coast of Buluran Island and the Kapoas Peninsula), an entrance three-fifths of a mile wide, and with minimum soundings of twenty-two fathoms. A high rock and three smaller ones stood on the south side of the passage.

The Malampaya Sound, one of the most magnificent anchorages in the Philippines, stretched from north-west to south-east, and was eighteen miles long and from three to six and a half miles wide. It was divided into two sections, the

north-west with five small bays all round and with over thirteen fathoms in the centre of the bay. There was good anchorage in fourteen fathoms in Pirate Bay, in the north-west portion of the sound, and also in other bays with six or seven fathoms. Even near the shore, three or four fathoms of water were generally to be found, but not so in the inner south-east bay, which was bordered by a wide and shallow reef. A group of islands, of which Passage Island, Tagbolo Island, and Durangan Island were the largest, formed the division between the inner and the outer bay. Six to nine fathoms of water, with mud bottom, were in the central portion of the inner bay. Many inlets and bays were to be found in the inner portion of the sound. The passage into the inner harbour was quite deep (over eleven fathoms).

On the east coast, the sound was screened by a mountainous mass: from north to south, Anata Peak (1,061 feet), Leminacon Peak (1,099 feet), Strait Peak (1,204 feet), Bando Peak (1,043 feet), North-East Bay Peaks (1,440 feet and 1,199 feet), Bay Peak (1,400 feet), Saddle Peak (1,386 feet), Pancol Peak (1,480 feet), Omid Peak (1,436 feet), Mipale Peak (1,065 feet). Large and small, there were altogether some thirty-seven islands in the bay, the highest rising between 300 and 400 feet, and most of them were green with thick vegetation.

In the afternoon the wind rose considerably, and towards two o'clock a regular gale was blowing, raising quite a sea in the bay, which made

itself felt by our small craft. Moreover, the tide going out caused very strong currents in the channels between the islands, and we had great difficulty in getting on at all. Our men were getting exhausted, and somewhat scared, as the weather was getting very dirty. They wanted to get under shelter and land. This I would not let them do. We went through the very narrow opening between Passage Island and Passage Point—where we were close to land on either side (one-twentieth of a mile the width of the channel), and we then emerged into the enormous inner bay.

A number of islets dotted the bay, but the most grandiose spectacle was the view of the granitic Mt. Kapoas to the south-west. This mountain mass, rising to a great height, is like the section of a cone, its irregular upper portion having several summits, the highest and most central of which is 3,350 feet. Between the central peak and the east shoulder is to be found quite a high waterfall.

On the north shore of the bay which we closely followed we had the utmost difficulty in advancing, wind and tide being against us, especially in rounding Balauan Point. We were nearly dashed on to some rocks and capsized by the force of the waves, and had a deal of exertion and sweating to extricate ourselves.

A sudden squall unexpectedly and instantly got up a high sea, and made our continued efforts to round the point and keep afloat look puerile. We had lots of water on board. All hands

were struggling at the oars and bailing water out, but it took us the best part of an hour to force our way through those few yards. Nor should we ever have got through had not the wind subsided as suddenly and unexpectedly as it had arisen.

There was a nasty sea on—greyish-green waves with white caps covering the whole bay in quick succession—and every little while other short squalls of great violence gave us no end of trouble. We had to take our mast down, and for greater safety used it as an outrigger. We were now following the coast and going north-east right in the face of the wind, and therefore had a lively time. To use a nautical expression, “we had to make” a second point, not quite so difficult as the first, and after that we were fairly sheltered, and, although our progress involved hard work, we had no other further excitement.

We then came to a prominence on which the Spaniards had built another stockade where fifteen soldiers were once stationed. Pankol it was called, but it was abandoned, and the name of Pankol was given to a newer settlement, formerly called Tagpan. Innumerable white sea-birds (*agrog*, in the Cuyono language) were lining the shore. A stream of good water may account for the selection of this place for a military post. At New Pankol, beyond the beach, was a good bit of ground cleared of wood and under cultivation, while the settlement boasted of a *nipa* church and fifteen houses. To the east of the village was a high hill on which cocoanuts have

lately been planted. The village was only three years old, and was established by a pearl-trader named Antonio Garcia.

After leaving this place we proceeded fairly well, and the enchanting view before our eyes made us partly forget our discomforts. I saw for a few seconds only, and for the first time in my many visits, Mt. Kapoas practically free from clouds. To the south-south-east the Malampaya sound extended among indentations in its coast-line as far as some faint blue hills far, far away.

Under the shelter of high hills to the east of us we now rowed, peacefully enough, our last three miles to the mouth of the Malampaya river. We met a canoe with some wild-looking Tagbanoua women fishing near Maipa, a farm belonging to the pearl-fisher Garcia. Two heart-shaped fish-traps with an upper platform for spearing the fish were also to be seen off the coast.

The Malampaya river forms a small bay at its mouth with three little islands; Malutone Island, Lof Stumps, and a nameless one form a screen to the west of it. This bay is very shallow—from three to four feet of water—and, with the Malampaya river, is renowned for the quantity and size of *caimans* (man-eating crocodiles). My boatmen warned me not to dangle my hands outside the boat if I wished to preserve my anatomy intact. *Caimans*, the boatman said, have an inquisitive way of occasionally peeping into boats! “Look!” said the man, in proof of his words. Sure enough, on the most

northerly islet of the barrier a huge crocodile, some 14 or 15 feet long, was sleeping soundly on the beach. Lieut. Boren sent a bullet into him, which woke up the brute with a start. It ran at a terrific pace towards us—not dragging its body, as most people would imagine, upon the ground, but with outstretched limbs supporting his entire body and tail high up in the air; then it gave a splendid leap into space and disappeared with a big splash into the water.

We entered the river at sunset, and bade good-bye to glorious Kapoas Mount against a golden sky. Night was coming on fast, and the wind was again howling fiercely, making a deafening noise among the clashing trees. At the mouth, where the river is some 200 yards wide, the remains of a stockade on a small artificial islet off the south bank can be seen. Another stockade also existed $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of this point at Baulau to protect the most south-east portion of the sound, where it would be possible for an offensive party to make a landing. The river came from the east-south-east and got narrower and narrower as we went up it for some two miles, with all sorts of tropical plants overhanging it and forming arches.

It was getting very dark, and curious noises were constantly heard in the water. Towards nine o'clock we were able to leave the boat, make some torches with dried grass—as the moon was not up yet—and, having struck the old Spanish trail (now uncared for and much overgrown with grass), crossed the island east-

wards—only a distance of three miles at this narrow neck—and arrived at Taitai soon after 10 o'clock, having travelled continuously 78 hours, with only some six hours' rest.

Glad I was beyond measure to have seen the largest and most magnificent natural harbour in the Philippine Islands—a harbour which to my mind will some day be of great naval importance because of its geographical situation, equidistant from all the most important points in the archipelago; its exit direct into the China Sea; its immense size, comparatively free from rocks and reefs, and resources of all kinds for a naval station in the way of plentiful timber, good water, and good anchoring bottom.

CHAPTER XVI

An instance of Filipino endurance and pluck—On Dumaran Island—Infamous deed of the s.s. *Fanny*—Cholera at Araceli.

AT Taitai we learnt that the s.s. *Balabac* had been compelled, owing to the fierce gale which was still blowing, to weigh her anchor and seek shelter under the lee of a little island 10 miles off, but the captain had left word that, if possible, he would come to pick us up the next day. The next morning, in fact, we saw the little cruiser tossing about in the bay, but, evidently finding the experiment too risky, and before we had time even to signal to her, she turned her heels and steamed back to her sheltered anchorage.

I decided to go out to her in the same row-boat in which I had accomplished my journey to Pallarakin. I had promised to be back on board on that day, and be back I would. Further, I wanted to experiment on that much-debated question of Filipino pluck and faithfulness. Here was a fine opportunity to test both.

Lieut. Boren joined me with eight of his Constabulary (all Filipinos), who gaily volunteered to row us out. The experience of that day, I must confess, raised my estimate of the Filipino in no mean degree. It is all very well for certain Americans to call Filipinos this, and that, but if those same Americans would first treat Filipinos fairly and then put them to even excessive tests of courage and faithfulness, they would find that behind the much-abused yellow sallow countenance is an indomitable will and a sense of duty and fidelity that few white men possess.

Listen to this. Now, to row 10 miles in a smooth sea, in a good boat with good oars, would be a considerable exertion in itself, and if the sea was too rough for the cruiser of 250 tons to be about, all the more so was it for us, in a most unseaworthy boat, only some 14 feet long, leaking everywhere, no two paddles of the same size, and very rickety steering-gear. There was a heavy head sea and a head wind—a regular hurricane—the tide coming in against us. We pulled out at 4.30 p.m. and shipped a deal of water from the very beginning. The efforts of the men seemed incapable to move us along and we made but poor progress.

We tried to keep as much as possible under the lee of the land, where the tidal current affected us less, but on coming to a prominent point we were caught in the stream and helplessly drifted back several hundred feet. Each time we tried to round this point we had equal

success, but each time afresh, without a murmur, would the men row with all their might in order not to lose ground or, rather, water. In a last desperate effort, having spent some two hours off this cape, we at last pushed through, and up and down we rode upon the waves which seemed a fearful height above us when we dipped in the trough of the sea, and no wave went past us without getting some of it on board. Once or twice things looked pretty bad.

But the worst was to come when we had to round the second point forming the south-east end of the Taitai bay. From this point we had to cross over the channel between it and Ikadambanuan (or South Taitai Island). The current was so strong that, had the men not made super-human efforts, we could have never pushed through. We took over three hours to go a couple of hundred yards. When on the crest of the waves we could see the ship's lights, but the howling wind against us made it impossible to signal, and we had no lights to burn !

It felt very cold, as we had been drenched to the marrow of our bones for some ten hours. An hour longer of our unabated struggle brought us alongside the *Balabac* and safe on board. Three-thirty A.M., or exactly eleven hours' desperate steady rowing. There was endurance for you !

We got the men on board and pressed them to take some refreshments. Unseen by their officer, I even tried to make them accept a present ; but these brave little fellows politely

declined everything, modestly saying they had only done their duty. They were glad they had taken us on board, although sorry their bad rowing had caused us to be wet! After drinking some plain water—they positively would have nothing in it—they got into their boat and, having put up a sail, in a whiff disappeared.

On a further visit, some weeks later, I heard that they had safely reached their post again.

On going down the Palawan coast, some twenty-one miles from Taitai as the crow flies (but fully fifty-eight by navigation), is Araceli, quite an important settlement on the south-east coast of Dumarán Island. Dumarán is a triangular-shaped island, quite fertile and well-peopled by inhabitants who have migrated there from Bisucay Island (just off Cuyo Island to the west). Next to Balabac Island at the extreme south-west, Dumarán is the largest island, directly off the coast of Palawan, being separated by Cook Channel, only about one mile wide.

As we approached, three rocky islands stood in front of Araceli, and the little town began to disclose itself along the flat white sandy beach, literally covered with cocoanut palms, against a background of undulating wooded country stretching south-west. On most charts Araceli is not marked at all, nor is the coast properly charted, so that navigation in these waters was not devoid of risk. A big reef stretched across the passage between Dumarán and Kimitad Island to the east of Araceli.

Eighteen miles to the north-east-by-east of

Araceli was Calandayan Island, with the village of Tudela upon it and a population of 400 souls. Seemingly, this island makes part of a group of three islands, but as a matter of fact, two of these are united by a reef. One is semispherical, the other conical, with a crater like a volcano.

There is quite an extensive bay west of Araceli, which the Spaniards used as an anchorage, and were it properly surveyed, it would be a fair harbour in both monsoons. There are many dangerous rocks extending far out. The inner harbour can be reached by small-draft boats along a tortuous channel, like the letter S. The bottom of the bay is sandy, and its depth varies slightly according to the monsoon, the south-west monsoon driving the sand up into the bay, whereas the north-east monsoon carries it all back again. A high whitish beach has been formed in this way, and mangrove stumps can be noticed quite far out into the bay. December and January are the months when the north-east monsoon blows hardest here.

At low tide it is possible to walk on the long coral reef extending from north to south, and occupying the entire large bay, to the island off Araceli. Padre Tiburzio Fernandez, the local priest, was telling me that one day as he was walking on the beach he saw a huge serpent, some eighteen feet long, cross over from the island, and when the *padre* shot at it with his gun, the snake actually attacked him. Fortunately the second shot at very close range finished off the snake, much to the relief of the plucky *padre*.

Most prominent in the settlement, as usual, is the convent of gaily-painted wood. The church, which collapsed in an earthquake, was formerly of stone, but has now been reconstructed, upon the ruins, of wooden planks and mats roofed with *cogon*. The church tower, on high stilts of bamboo, stands at a dangerous angle, supporting two heavy bronze bells.

Araceli settlement boasts of 100 houses or so—forty or fifty in the village, the others scattered about all over the hills and valleys, and each with a patch of cultivation near it. The population is estimated at 300 souls, and 2,500 in the entire island of Dumarán.

Palay, or unhulled rice, is the main crop; cocoanuts come next; while goats and pigs and chickens are raised in quantities. The houses were walled with plaited *boho* (Tagalo word pronounced *bolo* by Cuyonos, owing to their inability to pronounce the letter *h*), and the streets were neatly fenced off with cane.

When I arrived the place was, for various reasons, in a state of demoralisation. An American steamer called the *Fanny* had one day put in here and left on the beach two men infected with cholera. The natives, with much good-nature, nursed these fellows, with the result that within the next few days 240 people died of cholera in the village, or nearly the entire population. Much ill-feeling and a deal of distrust was the outcome of this infamous deed, and the ignorant natives naturally accused the Americans of maliciously intending to destroy the entire

population, and brought the usual accusations against officials of having poisoned wells in return for the great friendliness they had shown towards the United States.

The few natives still alive were sulky when we landed. The children up to eight years of age seemed quite intelligent and bright, but for some reason or other they grow dull as they get older.

Two Spanish priests resided at Araceli when I visited the place, and they seemed hospitable and intelligent fellows. Padre Tiburzio Fernandez gave me an interesting account of the cholera epidemic—which was of a virulent character, the first symptoms being, as usual, violent vomit and diarrhœa. The eyes became sunken and black underneath, and the entire body quickly turned as black as coal. In two hours the arms and legs turned icy cold, the respiration grew difficult and hasty, and there were acute pains under the heart. In three to four hours the majority of the people attacked were dead, but those few who survived so long were eventually saved. The principal cure employed by natives was vinegar and pepper rubbed externally with great violence to restore circulation.

Fever was the only other common complaint in the island and rheumatism occasional, whereas insanity, the *padre* exclaimed, was never to be found, for nothing was ever known to tax the brain of a Filipino!

There are a few Tagbanouas on Dumarán, but only scattered upon the mountains several miles

off, and they are not easily approachable. They are good-natured, but timid. Like those we have already examined, they wear a loin-string of fibre, and the women are garbed in a kind of short skirt reaching to the knee and made from the natural textile of a fibrous plant. The hair of this particular tribe is curly and woolly, of the Australoid type. The women adorn themselves with wooden and bone bracelets, anklets, and earrings, and they ornament their hair with leaves and flowers. The men wear bracelets also.

The general architecture of Araceli houses is very similar to that of Cuyo, with floors of *caña bujo*, and *nipa* or *cogon* roofs; while in the interiors one finds the familiar *pinao* (Spanish *fogon*), the square wooden frame with five stones in the centre to support two or three *coron* (earthenware round pots with curled brims), and a swinging *bejuco* hammock for children. A string or two of tobacco leaves hang to dry somewhere about the room, and there are numerous *bueretañgan* or cocoanut shells made into cups. Ingenious funnels are made of half a cocoanut with a bamboo channel. Various-sized suspenders to store away cooking pots, triangular or made of twisted *bejuco*, hang from the kitchen ceiling. Wooden mortars are used for pounding rice by means of three long pestles held in the centre with both hands. A typical implement is the *battea*, a round tray, three feet in diameter and three inches deep, of hard wood, on which clothes are washed, and a number of

little baskets and trays of the plaited skin of *caña bujo*. Other more elaborate circular baskets of *pandan* with a cover are used for work-baskets. The usual assortment of *banit* (Cuyono language) or *petate* (Spanish) mats are made of the *buri* fibre or of *pandan*, with designs in which squares play an important part. These mats are frequently of three or four colours. The narrow cane benches all round the wall of the main room are characteristic of most Filipino houses.

A weaving loom is often to be seen in the house, and across the ceiling a couple of *bejuco* lines on which to hang clothes, blankets, bedding, &c. The bedroom is usually separated from the main room by a plank wall some 7 feet high. The fastenings of the doors and windows show great ingenuity, and are entirely made of bamboo and *bejuco*.

The Araceli people were great fishermen, and various patterns of nets were noticeable; the *tarraya*, a circular throwing-net with weights, reminding one very closely of the Italian *scandaglio*, which is used on the west coast of Central Italy. To the long straight nets which were placed out at sea were fastened floats of *bitoeng* (pronounced *botong* at Araceli, and usually called *estrella* by the Spaniards) a sort of large and most useful nut, for not only does it help the fisherman to find his nets again at sea, but, taken internally in smaller quantities, it is supposed to be a remedy for cholera.

The *bitoeng* fruit is quadrangular, and in colour is of a dark rich-brown ochre, getting lighter

at its tapering lower end, where two split leaves formerly enclosed the flower. It has a hard, well-polished shell. The flower looks like a small egg, between two concave green leaves which enclose it when young. On opening the white leaves of the flower one finds a most beautiful set of stamens twisted up in a double curve, but over five inches long when extended—white with red—lacquer-coloured anthers, and yellow seed in four sections shaped like a double grain of corn. In the centre is a larger pistil, protected at the root by a white conical envelope.

The fruit has under its polished skin a fibrous envelope enclosing a spongy layer occupying the wider part of the fruit in lines symmetrical with its outer shape. Inside this another envelope is found, protected by strong fibrous ribs, which hold, as in a cage, a large seed of the shape of the fruit, only in an inverted position. This seed has in its turn a fibrous shell, forming a thick tissue of brown skin enclosing some white elastic matter in which nail or tooth can with difficulty make an incision. When squeezed it ejects some moisture of strong caustic properties. In experimenting, I tried to split the nut open with my teeth, with the result that I burnt my lips, gums, palate, and throat quite severely.

They claim that either the branches of the *bitoeng* or the fruit thrown into the sea are a deadly poison to fish. Many natives during the cholera scare were believed to have died from having partaken of an infusion of *bitoeng* as a

cure for cholera, and many more would have died had the natives carried out their intention of throwing *bitoeng* nuts into the wells to counteract the poison alleged to have been thrown into the water by the Americans! Padre Tiburzio Fernandez forbade them to carry out their intention.

The leaf of the *bitoeng* is very pretty, wax-like, of shiny green, with light pink ribs of a strong fibre, and curled-up top edges—but so strong that it is difficult to tear it in a straight pull.

On the west coast of Dumarán Island, on Cook's Strait, is the *pueblo* of Dumarán of some 400 souls. A church and a stone fort are to be found there, and a considerable amount of land under cultivation, principally Indian corn, rice, *camotes* (stringy sweet potatoes), cotton, and tobacco.

CHAPTER XVII

The Batacs of Palawan.

PALAWAN is a most peculiar island in every way, quite unlike the others of the Philippine Group. Its fauna and flora are those of Borneo, and we find here the *balenton* or scaly armadillo—long-nosed ant-eater ; the *pantud*—a pig-like animal which exhales noxious gases in its own defence ; monkeys, wild hog, a beautiful little ferret-like squirrel, white and green parrots, and a great variety of fine coloured plumage birds, small quail, wild pigeons, a diminutive species of wild peacock, and a variety of snakes, large and small, from boa-constrictors to a small flat-headed reptile some eight inches long, resembling a puff-adder. The waters of the rivers and sea abound in fish, crocodiles, and turtles of enormous size—while clams and oysters are plentiful. Lizards, large and small, are also abundant.

There are no very important civilised places between Araceli and Puerto Princesa. Malcampo is a mere little settlement, and so is Barbacan ; two pueblos of 300 souls each, and

each possessing a church ; but Taradungan is somewhat larger, with a church and convent built of wood, and a population of 800 souls.

Between Tinitian and Taradungan is Punta Fleccia in a large swampy bay ; also Ilian, a small village of 150 people.

The west coast of Palawan seems to be on a limestone-rock base, but the east watershed shows granite, sandstone, and slate.

Tinitian—which we had some difficulty in finding, as it is not marked on charts—is quite a large settlement on a beach, south-west of two low flat islands (North Green Island and South Green Island), just off the coast. There seems to be an extensive valley with a barrier of high mountains beyond, the striking Cleopatra Needle, 5,200 feet, being due west of Tinitian—visible even as far south as Puerto Princesa and further.

In the north part of Deep Bay, south-west of Tinitian, Palawan is so narrow and low that it can be easily crossed in one hour's walk, but south of this narrow neck is another mountainous mass including Thumb Peak, 4,260 feet high ; Mt. Beaufort, 3,680 feet ; Mt. Stavely, 3,930 feet ; and other peaks over 3,000 feet above the sea-level.

At Punta Acantillada, south of Tinitian, there formerly lived a *padre*. A stone church and a large convent exist, and the Cuyono population of the district is said to number thirteen to fifteen hundred people.

But Palawan is chiefly interesting to us for the diversity of tribes found upon it. Tinitian

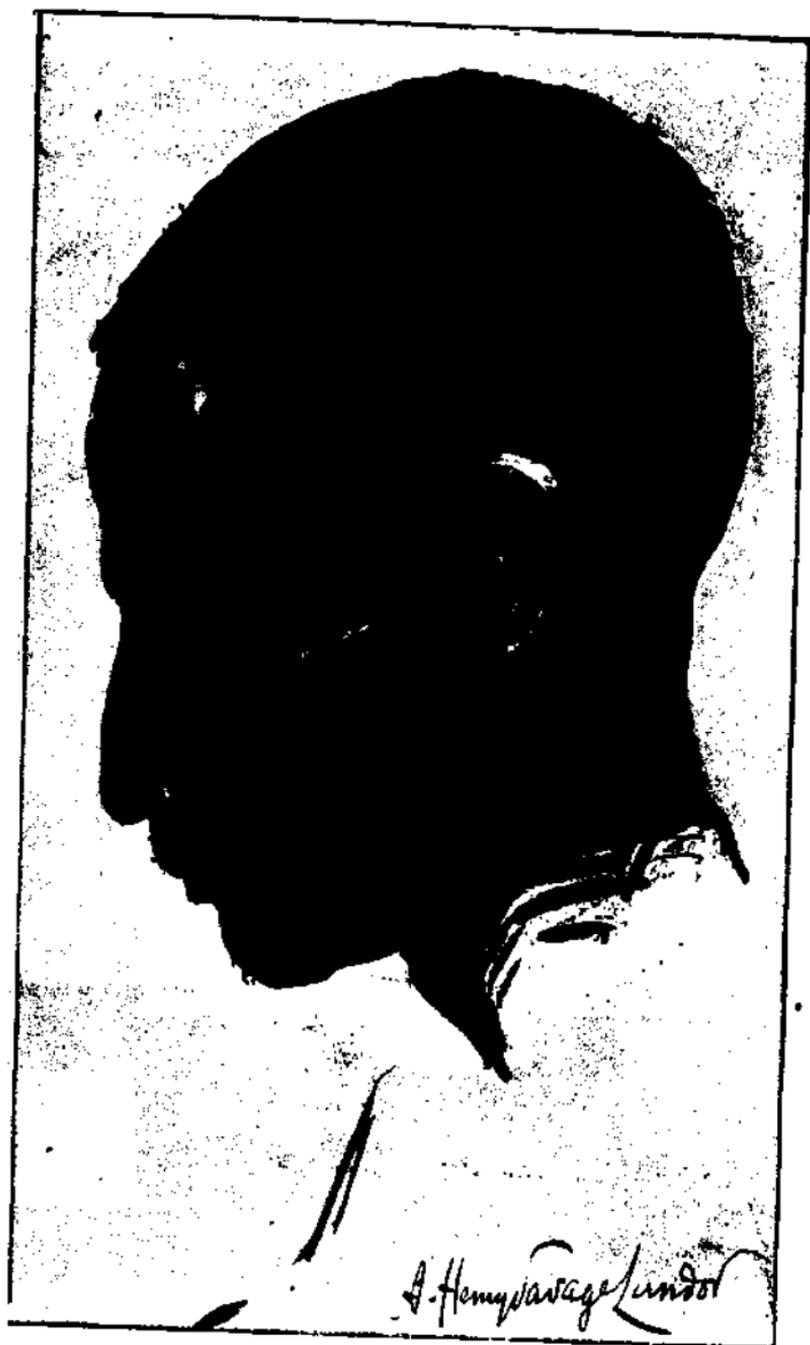
is the nearest landing-point to a settlement of Batacs, a tribe of some 700 people under Chief Caijetano Igao, a man of remarkable dignity, sound sense, and suave manner. His settlement lies south of the big mountain near Babuyan on the coast, his district being called Tanabang.

These Batacs are very quaint people, and how they ever came to Palawan is somewhat a mystery. Their name and many of their characteristics would suggest an original Sumatran ancestry, and it is quite possible that they may have got here by skirting the Borneo coast.

The men are short and thickly set, with marked Papuan noses, the more refined, such as the chief—who was, however, not a pure type—possessing an almost aquiline nose. The hair of pure types is usually very thick and curly, quite frizzy; the colour of the skin is of a rich dark yellowish-brown, in many cases almost black—but always with a strong yellowish tinge in it: never of a bluish-black.

Their clothing—what there is of it—is quite picturesque, and consists—on grand occasions—of a triple loin-cloth of the natural fibrous bark of some palm. One of these natural fabrics is dyed yellow, the second is white, and the third brown. Primitive ornamentations in squares and angles—generally in sets of three parallel lines to each side—and dots were noticeable on these loin-cloths, which were tied so as to leave the three coloured ends pendant in front.

The Batacs I saw were not hairy on the face



CHIEF OF BATAKS.

or chest, but had a considerable hairy growth on the legs below the knee. One or two hairs only were traceable on the upper lip and chin. The knees were extremely powerful and big, and the length of the humerus quite abnormal; whereas the spinal column was comparatively short, with the chest extraordinarily developed in proportion.

The eyes were at an opposite slant to that of Malay eyes, the inner angle being higher than the outer. From pupil to pupil of the eyes, when staring straight in front, the distance was 0.07 centimetre—quite a considerable width in relation to the size of the skull. The great length of thumb will be noticed in the table of measurements. The webbing of fingers was considerable. Abdominal breathing was dominant. Neither the sense of sight nor hearing seemed over-developed.

They objected greatly to have a caliper flourished round the head, and after much trouble I had reluctantly to give up all hope of getting a complete series of cranium measurements. They also refused to be measured for height or span, as they fully believed this was a trick to kill them while they were in a pose which made them unable to defend themselves. They also declined to have their lips measured.

Length of spinal column . . .	Metre.	Circumference of hips	Metre.
Circumference of chest, normal	0.67		0.83
Armpit to armpit	0.81		
	0.31	ARM.	
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-		Humerus	0.28
blade (highest ridge)	0.12	Radius	0.24
Circumference of waist, normal	0.70	Hand	0.18

flowers—wherein certain meanings are applied to certain blooms.

The Batac language as spoken is musical and graceful, and they speak it in a pleasing, low, soft tone of voice.

The chieftainship among Batacs is hereditary, and they call their chief a *dato*—a word evidently borrowed from the Mahommedans. Some twenty Batac families of Silanganen, or ancient people of North Palawan, are semi-civilised, but the other tribes are quite wild.

Caijetano Igao, the chief of the Babuyan tribe, is a cross of Batac and Silanganen blood, and became chief by rights of conquest inherited from his grandfather. He seemed a most interesting type of superior breeding—with a Papuan nose, very flat but so well-rounded that, although squashed flat at the lower portion, it appeared aquiline in profile. The nose bridge was high. Unlike pure Batac types, he possessed an elongated face, small eyes slanting upwards at the outer corners, and a forehead protruding in its upper portion. The cheek-bones were prominent and high up on the face, with a protruding brow shading small, beady, sunk-in eyes. When not speaking, the mouth was kept tightly closed, and, although the upper lip was rounded and protruding, it was not abnormally developed as with the Tagbanouas. The general appearance of the skull was slightly elongated, but otherwise the cranium was well-shaped and balanced.

This man possessed small and fairly well-formed ears, but they protruded so that they

looked like two wings at the side of the head. His hair was slightly wavy, but not kinky. A stray hair or two could be detected on his upper lip and chin and a few in the armpits. He possessed fine hands, with long, well-proportioned, tapering fingers, spoiled somewhat by square, stumpy nails.

His teeth were filed, by means of a stone, and what remained of them was dyed black with *day è dé* (or *daiëdën*). He seemed remarkably wiry and self-composed, and seldom indulged in a good laugh.

The special measurements of this man are interesting.

MEASUREMENTS OF BATAK CHIEF (BATAK-SILANGANEN CROSS).

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1'61	HEAD.	
Length of spinal column . . .	0'70	Vertical maximum length of head	0'23
Circumference of chest, normal	0'78	Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0'18
Armpit to armpit	0'28	Width of forehead at temples	0'115
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0'12	Height of forehead	0'08
Distance between breast nipples	0'19	Bizygomatic breadth	0'12
ARM.		Nasal height	0'06
Humerus	0'33	Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'04
Radius	0'26	Orbital horizontal breadth	0'04
Hand	0'18	Width between eyes	0'03
Maximum length of fingers . .	0'10	Breadth of mouth	0'06
Thumb	0'11	Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'02
LEG.		Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'033
Femur	0'51	Length of ear	0'05
Tibia	0'40	Jaw, maximum breadth	0'10
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0'06		
Length of foot	0'21		

The Batacs are most peaceful people, shy and retiring. They never fight among them-

selves, much less with other people. Yet you very seldom see a Batak go about without his bow and arrows or his blow-gun, or both, but that is mainly because of his sporting instincts. They have a craving for honey, and they make an intoxicating liquor called *tabad*, which they drink during their rejoicings.

Hugo Venturillo, an intelligent native, former President of Puerta Princesa, who knows these people better than anyone, declares—from information received from old men of the tribe—that, of the Batacs who dwell on the east coast along the streams of Babuyan, Tanatay, Tarabanan, Langugan, Tinitian, Caramay, Quinaratan and Buhayan, and on the west coast at Caruray and Tagdunan, those of the Caruray tribe on the west coast were the firstcomers to Palawan, and the others are mere ramifications of that tribe.

The legend goes that two families occupied Caruray village, the chiefs of which were brothers, the elder named Aletang, the other Abucay. Aletang's family increased more rapidly than his brother's, and eventually dominated their own and neighbouring tribes in all northern Palawan, which fact made Abucay jealous and unhappy. Domestic quarrels with his wife, who accused him of infidelity, eventually drove him to suicide.

He went to a lonely islet where, for want of suicidal weapons, he became perplexed how to die. A convenient harpoon being procured—the legend is vague as to how—and an obliging

turtle of immense size passing by, he threw the harpoon and made it fast into its shell, taking the precaution to tie the other end of the harpoon rope to his own belt. Thus turtle and Abucay disappeared in a subaquean expedition, both finding their way into the Bay of Ulugan (on the west coast of central Palawan), where a second fisherman again harpooned the turtle. The turtle seemed so exhausted from dragging Abucay's dead body about that it offered no resistance, and what was not the astonishment of the fisherman to find two harpoon ropes attached to the animal, and greater still was his surprise, after taking in the second rope, to find at its end a headless, armless, and legless body. Aletang, his more successful and merciful brother, on hearing of this, had the remains duly buried.

The settlement of Caruray appears to have been visited by epidemics of smallpox and measles, which caused terrible ravages among the people. The uncleanly habits of the Batacs may account for the contagion spreading so rapidly. They have a great fear of disease and drive away from their tribe any sick person. In former times sick people, they say, were buried alive.

Catarrh, Venturillo—who has lived twenty years with the tribe—says, is a frequent complaint among them, but most common are *bubas* and *herpes*, skin complaints which are also prevalent among Tagbanouas.

Children are named after places where they are born, and a curious ceremony is practised

when they reach the age of puberty. A boy and a girl who are in love with one another are made to lie down by each other's side, while tree bark and grass are piled upon them, the girl using her own arm as a pillow. They remain thus, absolutely motionless, for some time, no immorality being suspected, much less committed, after which they rise and give each other some present, such as a shell bracelet or glass beads.

If marriage is contemplated, the young man must pay the *bandi* or purchase price. The marriage ceremony is simple enough. The older men of the tribe being assembled, the girl gives her bridegroom three mouthfuls of rice, and he does the same to her, the godfather and godmother imitating their example. A feast may or may not take place afterwards, according to the means of the people.

Both polyandry and polygamy are practised in a mild form by the Batacs, but divorce is unknown, unfaithfulness being punished with a sound thrashing. The wife can, however, be thrown out of the house, and she can go and live with her lover, provided he pays the former husband a fine—which he has to pay anyhow, even in case he does not get the lady of his heart. Occasionally a mutual arrangement is entered into, when the second husband becomes a partner in the matrimonial advantages and actually takes up his abode with the former happy couple—but his love for the lady has to be very strong to stand this, as he becomes the

slave of the first husband and must do all the work. The same arrangement holds good in regard to polygamy.

Assassination is punished by a fine, or else by personal revenge, which is permissible.

In a report on the Batacs, drawn up by Hugo Venturillo and translated by Captain Eli Helmick, is an interesting account of the religious beliefs of these people. They believe in the transmigration of the soul, which on leaving the deceased body of a human being immediately enters that of an animal—generally a large lizard or *iguano*—or, in default, that of a shark or a mammal. They maintain that these transmigrated souls have the power to help the living when in trouble, and even to cure their infirmities, and, one of the points which they have in common with the Tagbanouas, the Batacs have quite a veneration for the bird *darait*—which they call *laguay-laguay*, in imitation of its singing.

Beyond this, they claim a rudimentary sort of worship for a deity called Paraen and his bride Benguelen, two formerly existing minor deities invoked through medicine men or priests (Babalians) in time of sickness. I said “formerly existing minor deities” because, according to legend, it seems that their principal god Maguimba (possibly this is a corruption of Maguinduza, the deity also of the Palawan Tagbanouas) abandoned them owing to a deception practised upon him by the Tandulanos, which roused his anger.

It appears that to test his magic powers

Maguimba was invoked by these practical jokers, who had wrapped a live shark in a mat and asked him to restore one of their dead to life. Maguimba, who often appeared among them in human guise, inquired where was the dead man, and the Tandulanos triumphantly pointed to the bundle of matting. The unsuspecting deity thereupon proceeded with his spells, and on opening the quivering mat discovered the "dead man" to be a "live shark." With threats of never again answering their calls in case of need or sickness, and with hearty wishes that evils of all kinds should in the future be showered upon all the tribes of Palawan, the god vanished.

A mysterious lizard, the legend says (a most common little lizard in these islands, resembling a chameleon, let me tell you), thereupon entered upon the scene and spoke thus: "*Celi, celi, mani,*" its favourite squeal, which, however, was interpreted on that occasion as meaning: "Your sons will live, you will die."

From that day the natives will not kill "lizards of changing colour," or, in fact, any other lizard, and if by chance one of these chameleons, which often drop from ceilings, should happen to fall on a man's right arm, the entire family is doomed to die, whereas if it falls on the left arm, only some relative may perish.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Apurahuano Tribe and their Customs—The savage Quency—Balabac Island and its Inhabitants.

PUERTA PRINCESA or Port Royalist, formerly a Spanish penal colony, is undoubtedly the best anchorage on the east coast of Palawan, and is well protected from both monsoons. The bay forms an elbow, the general direction of which is from south-east to north-west. A high mountainous mass stands in a crescent to the west, and to the east a peninsula, on which the town is located, protects the bay. The entrance into the harbour is picturesque, but heavy swells may be experienced previous to getting under shelter. Both the north and south spits, one mile apart on either side of the entrance, have broad coral reefs extending far out.

The bottom of the bay can be divided into four terraces, the deeper and most westerly at the entrance gradually decreasing from 37 to 21 fathoms; the next, at the elbow of the bay, varies from 20 to 11 fathoms; the third, from 10 to 4 fathoms; and the most eastern, from 3 fathoms, dwindles to $\frac{1}{2}$ fathom.

There is a great similarity in the general appearance of all Spanish stations, but perhaps Puerta Princesa wins a prominent place in our heart, being located higher than most of them on a promontory, and from the very first attractive, as it gradually discloses itself upon the hillside. The impressive background of high, thickly-wooded mountains, Thumb Peak (4,260 feet), to the north-west, and its neighbour, Mt. Beaufort (3,680 feet), add great charm to the scenery.

There is a pier at this place, alongside of which steamers can go, and also a lighthouse on Tide Pole Point, low down near the water, and only visible a short distance to the south-east. There are a number of buildings with corrugated iron roofs, a large covered market-place with a central square and public well, and plaited-bamboo-walled shops all round, in the north part of the city; a large wooden church in the shape of a cross, with three altars, presented in 1881 to the town by Don Felipe Canga-Arguelles, Captain of Frigate; and in front of the church a large reservoir and distilling plant (the water of Puerta Princesa is not good) and storehouses.

The convent and hospital are on the south side of the church, whereas the large barracks, quartermaster's and commissary storehouses are located near the landing-place. So is the former Governor's house in the north-west part of the city. But the place, like most others, shows unfortunate signs of destruction. Nearly the entire east portion of the city was destroyed by

fire, and only the grand names remain of such streets as Magellanes Street, the longest artery leading to the graveyard, with Legaspi, Santiago, Concepcion, and Luna Streets parallel to it, intersected at right angles by Lawton Street, Rizal and Taft Streets.

Extensive cocoanut groves to the south of the city spread down to the water edge. The population, some three or four hundred people, is a mixture of Tagalos, Cuyonos, and Visayans. Formerly, many folks from Borneo resided here, and a brisk trade with Saindakan (British North Borneo) was carried on. Now all has been stopped, owing to the protection laws that are enforced, and the natives suffer a good deal in consequence. *Palay*, *maize*, and *camotes*, for local consumption, are the extent of agricultural enterprise of Puerta Princesa people.

Across the bay, two miles east of Puerta Princesa and three miles further up on the River Ihuahig, is the settlement of Tagbibi, peopled by Apurahuanos—people who resemble very closely the Tagbanouas of north Palawan, with, however, certain local peculiarities. They are called Apurahuno according to the written alphabet which they possess.

I went up the Ihuahig river in a small boat with Hugo Venturillo, former President of Puerta Princesa, who knew these people intimately. He told me that there were in the municipality some 1,000 Tagbanouas, mainly on the China sea coast, the island being narrow at this point—some nine miles as the crow flies.

A small island at the mouth of the Ihuahig river forms two passages, the larger of which we followed, and having rowed and sailed up for three miles, we landed. Through a forest of beautiful trees, including fine ebony trees of great size, we reached a settlement, a much finer place than any Tagbanoua dwellings I had seen in north Palawan. The huts were quite primitively elaborate, supported on crossed piles of *potian* wood, 6 feet high, with rafters and floors and supports of walls of *caña bujo*. The house consisted usually of a spacious verandah with a grated floor, access to which was given by an outside ladder, and three feet or so above the level of this balcony was a sort of sitting-room, with one side unwallled, the other three screened by a *nipa* mat or two fastened to the horizontal bars. A raised section of cane, like a double bed, occupied one side of the hut, while under the structure a store-room of *nipa* was to be seen, where roots and food were preserved.

These were the better houses. They were never built very strong, lest the owner should become attached to his house, and consequently lose his racial nomadic habits. It was seldom that more than two or three houses were found together. They were generally scattered about, one here, one there, a good distance from one another. When anyone died, the house was abandoned there and then.

Drinking vessels and vessels for carrying water were made of bamboo joints.

The natives were somewhat frightened when

we appeared, the ladies, as usual, trembling visibly with fear. One damsel, on being requested to stand for her photograph, actually fainted—quite unlike women of most countries!

Venturillo claims that these people formerly came from Aburlan, which fertile place they abandoned owing to raids for slaves made upon them by the fierce Mindanao Mahommedans. In 1872, when the Spanish penal colony was established at Puerta Princesa, they were said to have numbered 150 souls, but in 1900 a smallpox epidemic wrought great havoc among them.

The arms used by the Tagbanouas of central Palawan are various and not always typical nor manufactured by themselves. Moro *kris* and *barong* can be seen worn by them, but the *supucan* or blow-gun of fine bamboo three joints long (about 5 or 6 feet) with a bundle of poisoned darts (about 11 inches in length) is their favourite and most characteristic weapon. The points of the darts are dipped into a poison derived from resinous plants, and its effects are so instantaneous that a wounded man, if not attended to at once, collapses and dies in a few minutes. Lemon-juice, they say, is the infallible antidote, if applied immediately, and the natives abstain from eating lemons often, for they believe—rightly, I think—that the lemon-juice loses much of its power as a remedy if the system is already saturated with its acid. Sucking of the wound, as is done previously to applying the lemon, may also account in no small measure for the recovery of the wounded. The



TAGBANOUAS.



AUTHOR TAKING ANTHROPOMETRICAL MEASUREMENTS OF TAGBANOUAS.

Tagbanouas use other poisons, for which no antidote is known, but they are loath to explain what they are. The Ihuahig Tagbanouas do not use bow and arrows but occasionally carry a spear. There is no commerce worth mentioning between these retiring savages and the Filipinos, but under pressure they collect and occasionally barter or sell beeswax, resin, and rattan. They are fond of hunting wild hog and killing birds and monkeys. In character they are unreliable, or, rather, irresponsible for their actions, but hardworking when compelled, slippery if they have a chance, superstitious and guided in their actions, like the Tagbanouas of Coron, by the song of birds, or, like the Batacs, by the cry of lizards. They exhibit certain marks of reverence for certain phases of the moon—especially when planting rice or collecting beeswax; and, Venturillo tells me, when the rice crop is ripe they begin cutting when the sea is at high tide, for, according to their mode of thinking, this ensures a plentiful crop.

Now, with all this, you may rightly accuse these folks of being ignorant, but they possess many good traits. They are fast and affectionate friends, when they are your friends, patient, generous beyond words with what little they possess, and even trustful in strangers, although they have often suffered for their misplaced confidence. The Mahommedans, ingratiating themselves with these poor people, were entertained by them, and rewarded them by seizing their women and children as slaves. Their Christian

neighbours frequently take advantage of them in other ways.

Venturillo states that there are seven principal settlements of these "Apurahuano" Tagbanouas, viz: Ihuahig, Inagahuan, Irahuan, Mailigan, Upper Napsahan, Apurahuan, and Aburlan, most of which are located on the banks of a stream. All these tribes speak the same language, except those of Lower Aburlan. They maintain continual friendly relations, and are bound in honour to help one another when in trouble.

Like the Batacs, the Apurahuano are great collectors and eaters of honey. They preserve it in jars, after it has undergone a rudimentary cooking process to remove the acid part, so that it may keep unspoil. It is also preserved by adding some salt to it which, they say, does not alter the taste of honey—to the Tagbanoua palate at least. Honey eaten with meat has great strengthening qualities.

The Tagbanouas are polygamists, but, unlike the Batacs, never practise polyandry. They are extremely moral in their marital relations and, I think, faithful and affectionate. The women have been accused of immorality because they do not wear skirts and bodices and frills and feathered hats; also because they are somewhat primitive and natural in their speech and manner; but I think the accusation is quite undeserved. I believe the Tagbanoua women to be as moral as anyone else. When there are more wives than one in the household, the first is "the ruling" element in the *ménage*, and the husband adopts a

smooth-working plan of cohabiting with each wife separately for a few days at a time. The other females who belong to him are in no way to interfere with his happiness during that time—a golden rule strictly observed.

A marriage ceremony of such folks is bound to be quaint. Naturally, all the relations of both bride and groom assemble, and some revered old man is called upon to declaim certain exorcisms to Diwata Maguindusa and Dumaneg-Daniguin, the God of Heaven and the God of Earth. Protection of the couple and good fortune are implored; then the first finger of the bridegroom is painted with cocoanut oil, by means of a split bamboo brush, the palm of the hand being kept down. Then up goes the hand the other way round, palm up, the old man invoking good luck for the bridegroom. The same is repeated with the bride, and married couple and guests squat down to a lavish repast of chicken, wild hog, honey, roots, sugar-cane, rice, and they drink, by means of straws or, rather, fine bamboo tubes, *tabad* or *pangase*—a liquor of rice fermented with yeast. Four people drink simultaneously, four straws being provided in each cocoanut cup.

Much *bonhomie* is displayed at these functions, social distinctions being unknown. A dance follows; the “tarec,” consisting of a woman surrounded by twenty men who circle round, leaping high and wildly in the air and clapping their hands. Women take it in turns to occupy the centre of the ring. The “calipandang,” Venturillo told me, is a more refined dance,

lightly stepped by a man and a woman ; and the *guemba-guemba* is a dance for women only, each woman waving a kerchief in each hand. "Quendan" is a masculine performance of great rapidity of motion—so quick that it is impossible to see, much less describe, what movements take place.

These particular Tagbanouas have adopted instruments from the Mahommedans, such as the *agung* and the *babandil*, large and small gongs, and also a drum which they call a *guimbal*.

They have some fairly melodious songs—resembling closely those of the Calamians—and called "Dagoy," "Sud-sud," and "Damupan" ; whereas the "Culi-guet" is a rowdy musical entertainment concluding with an accompaniment of fists and clubs upon one another's skulls.

The laws of the Tagbanouas are rudimentary. Assassination and adultery give the offended party or relations the right to kill the offender there and then, or, if preferred, the case is laid before the council of old men. The fine—usually a heavy one—is levied upon goods in the possession of the criminal. Theft is much looked down upon by the Tagbanouas ; the restitution of the stolen property is enforced, and on a third offence the thief may be put to death.

The funeral ceremonies of these particular Tagbanouas vary little from those of the Calamians. The dead are usually buried in a grave, except the "*babalian*" or "wise men," whose bodies are placed after death in a specially built hut surrounded by a massive fence. In the case

of well-to-do citizens, the friends and relations remain to feast around the body until the stench of decomposition is well advanced and burial is necessitated.

The present religion of the Tagbanouas has developed, I think, to a great extent from contact with Mahommedans and Christians—they believe in two deities or *Diwata*, one dwelling above in Heaven, the other, a delegate of the first, below in the “Basad,” a place not full of flames and excessive heat like our hell, but full of thorns and in complete darkness. Much mockery on the part of assistant deities has to be undergone by the souls of the dead in these lower regions, but, notwithstanding all this, the demands of applicants are readily granted, and, except criminals, most seem to find their way to a sort of paradise where lost relations and friends are again encountered—for, unlike the Batacs, they do not believe in the transmigration of the soul—in fine houses with gardens, plentiful fruit, fish, meat, and beautiful women: a paradise which has, I think, been suggested and adopted, in a somewhat humbler form, by contact with Mahommedan tribes.

The *babalian* (not *babailanes*, as some call them) are merely implorers of divine mercy in case of calamity, and can be of either sex. They answer the double purpose of “medicine men” and priests, and being usually men or women of recognised ability they are presumed to be direct instruments of the deities. They perform certain exorcisms, such as the “chicken process,” for

restoring the sick to health—when a fowl with a ring round its neck is offered (but not sacrificed) as a gift to *Diwata*, so that he may discharge his further wrath, if any, on the bird, and release the patient from whatever aches he may suffer. Disease, they believe, is merely the anger of *Diwata* showered upon individuals. Patients are kept in confinement by the *babalian*, who place sun-dried palm-leaves near them to keep friends away. The powers of the *babalian* are not considered infallible. Naturally, the *babalian* becomes a sort of adviser and prophet of the tribe, but the Tagbanouas are so superstitious that even the song of birds or of a lizard, or the yawn of a person, are taken as evil omens.

In the appendix will be found a short glossary of Tagbanoua words in common use. Of the written language I have already spoken. The close resemblance to Magindanao, Cuyono, and Sulu can be noticed at a glance. The numerals are borrowed, with slight inflexions, from the Sulu language. The particular *ya*, which is so often heard in the spoken Tagbanoua, corresponds to the article "the," and is always a prefix. There are no words beginning with the letters *h*, *v*, *x*, *y* (except *ya*), and *z*.

There are in Apurahuano sixteen letters, of which the three first given in the adjoining table are vowels, the second being given three sounds—*e*, *o*, *i*, according to circumstances.

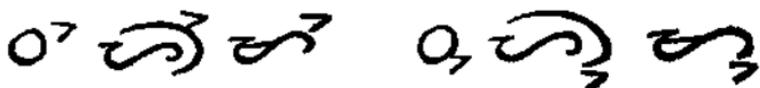


a *e-i* *o* *da* *ba* *ca(ka)* *la* *ma*



na *ga* *ta* *pa* *ya* *sa* *nga* *ua*

Example of Consonants affected by additional angle above or below—



bi *di* *mi* *bo* *do* *mo*

The last consonant may also be considered as a semi-vowel or a double vowel, and is not varied in any way by the additional angle >, or comma, as other consonants are. The characters are read as shown in the table, and have a double sound when no comma is placed above. With an > angular sign thus placed above each letter they become followed by the vowels *e* or *i*; if the > angle is written under, then the word ends in *o* or *u*. This angular sign is placed at the extreme right of the letter, either above or below it. In the way of punctuation, a vertical line separates a word from another. A certain amount of confusion arises in the attempt to express in Tagbanoua characters words which are not purely Tagbanoua, owing to the lack of signs to represent the following letters: *f*, *h*, *j*, *ñ*, *g*, *r*, *v*, *w*, *y*, *z*.

The Apurahuano women wear brass bracelets and anklets, but the men only bracelets. Instead of earrings, some of the ladies I saw had inserted little bundles of tobacco leaf in the large lobe holes of their ears. The ears are perforated with a pointed palm leaf when girls are seven or eight years of age. Earrings of beads, necklaces of numerous strings, and head decorations are much admired when obtainable, but, as can be seen by the illustrations, the clothing and ornaments of these people were not superabundant.

They have skins of a dark brown, almost black colour, with abundance of moles, strongly Papuan features and flattened noses; very protruding upper lips, although both lips are well-shaped and not too large; ears well formed and generally with undetached lobes; shoulders well-rounded and padded with muscle, and legs of extraordinary muscular chiselling, but not abnormally developed. The inner part of the knee seemed slightly enlarged in proportion to the remainder of the leg, both in males and females, and all walked with toes turned well in. Their toes were frequently much distorted, as is the case with other Tagbanouas we have examined. Their hands were much wrinkled—in young people, too—and they displayed malformed thumbs and fingers considerably distorted from the normal position.

The women were gracefully enough formed when not too fat; in that case the breasts, which were otherwise quite firm and statuesque, became pendant. But the arms and legs were well-

rounded. The terrible skin eruptions (*herpes*), from which most of the natives suffered, often interfered with their complexion, as in the case of a fat lady whose skin was disfigured all over by patches of dark brown and white. Most people were hairless, except on the scalp, where they possessed a fairly luxuriant growth of wavy long black hair (about fifty centimetres long). These ladies possessed somewhat stumpy and flat, but quite nice, feet, which they swung strictly parallel to one another while walking. The eyes were straight and dark brown in colour, with bluish-grey instead of white balls. The prominent lips, in many cases, had the appearance of being bunched up and were always tightly closed. Neither the sight nor the hearing of these ladies was very acute, the ticking of a watch being heard by them no further than four feet. Men could detect it some six feet off. The sight also, on being tested, became confused and inaccurate at an average of thirty feet away.

After they got over their first fright, these natives took much interest in being measured all over, and they firmly believed it was done in admiration of their great beauty. One lady, having undergone measurement, I noticed, suddenly became quite sulky. Having inquired the reason, she remarked that I had measured her friend's forearm and not hers. In comparing the measurements in my note-book, I found the omission had inadvertently occurred, and as a reward for her keen power of observation she was instantly restored to her former happiness by

having the measurement taken and a looking-glass given to her as a present.

Both men and women file their upper teeth—they grind them with a stone and dye them black with *apag*, which dyeing process, they say, takes about an hour. Both processes are endured for beauty's sake, and they believe that after the torture of undergoing the first operation it preserves—what little there is to preserve—the teeth. Men only file both upper and lower front teeth.

The men seemed generally to have hair more curly than the women, possibly because they wore it shorter, and they displayed a few slight hairs on the upper lip and chin. The curly-headed men possessed a little hair in the armpits.

As can be seen from the photographs annexed, the supra-orbital bosses, both glabella and brow-ridges, were extraordinarily developed, and the forehead in its upper portion projected beyond its lower portion, although it had a flattish appearance. The upper lid was entirely overlapped by the brow-ridges.

The pulse beat regularly, but very slowly (fifty-four pulsations a minute), and so faintly that it could hardly be felt, even in persons who were very vigorous looking and (barring the *herpes*) quite healthy.

When standing at ease they always kept their legs slightly separated. They were most graceful walkers, as light as a feather on their feet, their soles resting at each step quite flat on the ground.

Whereas in north Palawan we find some Batacs,* in Southern Palawan we find none but Tagbanouas except at Ipolote, in the bay of St. Antonio (south of Marangas), where a very wild tribe of people called Queney is to be found. The Mahommedans call them Bono-bono. They are believed to be a cross-breed of Tagbanouas and Batacs. They are cruel, extremely savage, and will have no dealings with any one. Only a few Tagbanouas well-known to the tribe have occasional intercourse with them. The Queneys are clothed like the Batacs, and use a blow-pipe, bow and arrows, spears closely resembling Batac weapons, and also a *badang*, a large knife of Moro¹ importation. Lada is the name of one of their villages, and Pula is their chief.

Alfonso XIII., a former Spanish military port in the Malanut Bay (west coast of Palawan), is a place of no great importance except strategically, and except this, no good anchorages are found in Southern Palawan either on the east or west coasts. But mention should be made of Balabac Island, the most westerly of the Archipelago, and separated by the north Balabac Strait (19 to 60 fathoms deep) from Palawan, and by the Balabac Strait 34 statute miles across from Borneo. Through this channel passes the boundary line between the north-east possessions and British Borneo. The Mussulman inhabitants of Southern Palawan and Balabac call themselves Islam (after their religion), and they pay allegiance to the Sultan of Sulu. Their

¹ Spanish word applied to Mahommedan tribes.

looks show plainly the infusion of Tagbanoua blood, owing to intermarriage with slaves, and some of them, like the woman represented in the illustration, possess strongly Papuan characteristics.

Balabac is principally known for its dwarf mouse deer, no taller than one foot, called *pelandoc*, and for its Melville lighthouse of the first class on its most southern point. This light is supposed to show one white flash every 20 seconds, and is a handsome six-sided tapering stone tower standing on high ground, the top of which is 297 feet above the sea-level. It is visible for a radius of 28 miles.

Balabac has great reefs on its west side, but on the east coast there is a fair anchorage in Kalandorang Bay, where Balabac town and military station formerly stood, with a fort, warehouses, pier, barracks, and handsome Government houses. Mt. Balabac, 1,690 feet high, rises to the south of the bay.

There were some ten Mahommedan settlements on Balabac, and the friars estimated the population in 1897 at some 2,000 souls, of whom only some 400 were Christians; but now the Christians have almost altogether deserted the island, and many of the Moros have also returned to the Sulu Archipelago.

Balabac, like Palawan, possesses excellent gums, resins, fibres, and precious woods. Deposits of good coal have been found, and also mercury.

East and south-east of Balabac Islands, in a line north to south, extending from the most southerly point of Palawan to Banguey Islands



CAPE MELVILLE LIGHTHOUSE,
BALABAC ISLAND.



TAGBANOUA WOMEN,
SOUTH PALAWAN.



BALABAC MAHOMMEDANS
(From Village one-half mile from Melville Lighthouse).

(off Borneo) are dangerous reefs and shoals, such as Simanahan Reef, Great Danger Bank, Mangsi Danger Bank, Mangsi Great Reef, and a number of smaller ones, on which as little as one and two fathoms are registered. There are deep channels between these reefs, the Nasubatta Channel, of great depth (88 to 134 fathoms), the Lumbukan and the Middle Channels, with not less than 23 fathoms, and the Main Channel, the most southern, with 13 fathoms and over.

	APURAHUANOS.		TAGBANOUAS CENTRAL PALAWAN.
	Men. Metre.	Women. Metre.	Metre.
Standing height	1'597	1'466	—
Span	1'660	1'475	1'590
Length of spinal column	0'633	0'560	0'670
From base of neck to nipple of breast	0'175	0'187	—
Circumference of chest {	Inflated	—	0'750
	Normal	—	0'670
Arm-pit to arm-pit	0'327	0'290	0'310
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0'138	0'130	0'120
Circumference of waist (normal)	—	—	0'750
Humerus	0'317	0'263	0'310
Radius	0'267	0'233	0'240
Hand	0'180	0'166	0'190
Maximum length of fingers	0'099	0'096	0'100
Thumb	0'107	0'100	0'100
Circumference of arm (round bicep)	—	—	0'210
Circumference of wrist	—	—	0'170
Femur	0'497	0'487	0'530
Tibia	0'410	0'400	0'480
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0'070	0'060	0'080
Length of foot	0'251	0'218	0'230
Toes (maximum length)	—	—	0'040

	APURAHUANOS.		TAGRANOUAS CENTRAL PALAWAN.
	Men. Metre.	Women. Metre.	Metre.
Vertical maximum length of head	0'220	0'197	0'230
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . .	0'183	0'173	0'190
Circumference of cranium			0'530
Width of forehead at temples	0'115	0'106	0'110
Height of forehead	0'071	0'055	0'117
Bizygomatic breadth	0'128	0'117	0'120
Bigonial breadth	0'108	0'105	0'115
Nasal height	0'049	0'045	0'050
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'042	0'039	0'040
Orbital horizontal breadth	0'032	0'032	0'030
Distance between eyes	0'031	0'035	—
Breadth of mouth	0'053	0'049	0'050
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'020	0'019	0'025
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'042	0'041	0'045
Length of ear	0'061	0'051	0'060

CHAPTER XIX

The Cagayanes Group and Cagayan de Sulu.

WE will now visit the Cagayanes Group in the centre of the Mindoro Sea—not to be confounded with Cagayan de Sulu. I visited this group twice, and both times had very dirty weather in the crossing. The currents were so strong in the centre of the Mindoro Sea that, one night, in a terrible gale, we drifted some fifty miles out of our course. On approaching this group great caution has to be practised, for the islands have never been properly charted, and reefs are numerous and treacherous. Besides, many of the islands are so low that in a dark night they cannot be distinguished above the water. Having been much delayed, and fancying that we saw a light on what we believed to be Kalusa Island, we cruised about the whole night in order to wait for daylight to approach Cagayancillo.

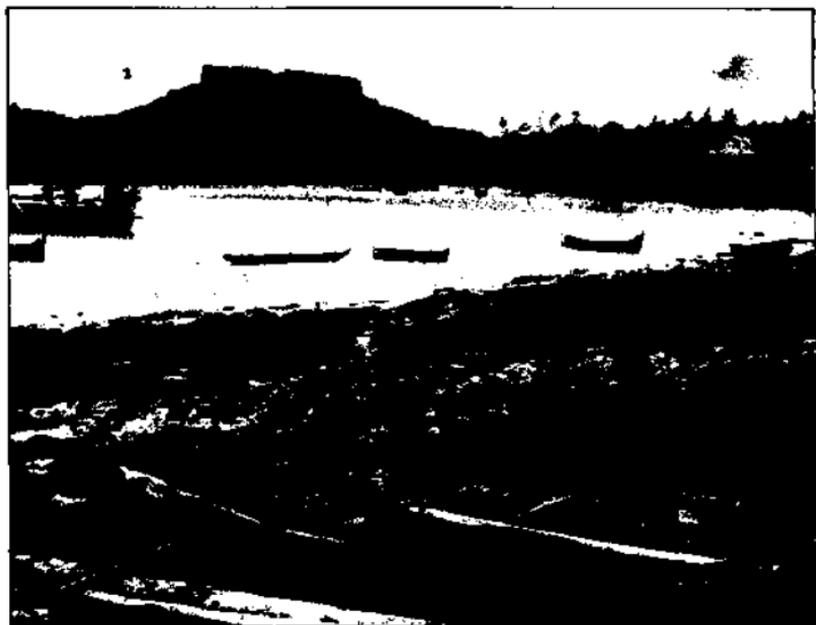
Kalusa, the most westerly of the group, is a mere flat low sand stretch with a growth of cocoanuts along the beach. The sea is enormously deep in the neighbourhood of these islands, as much as 1,000 fathoms to the south-east, and 2,030 fathoms north-east of Cagayan and east of Sultana Bank.

Cagayan Island, of coral and volcanic rock formation, is the largest and only important one of the group, and with its northerly reef forms two inverted curves, fifteen miles in length from end to end in a straight line.

Ships had not called at this island for a great many years, and we had some difficulty at first in finding the town. There was a very heavy swell on, and when we made our way towards what we believed to be the settlement we were tossed about considerably. It was a terrible pull of some hours before we reached the shore, and when we did, the entire population had sought refuge inside the fort. It took some time before we could induce anybody to come out. We were able to send a pilot out to the ship so that she could find shelter in the smoother water of the Eastern bay, but at best this harbour is most dangerous, huge rocks being plentifully scattered amid a white sand bottom, and rising almost up to the surface, some, indeed, above it.

Cagayan is a flat island, the highest point (285 feet) being at its south-west and with an extension of semi-barren low hills, some 150 feet high, eastward. The wide beach of white sand on the south of the island is lined with groves of cocoanuts.

At the south-west point of the island is a remarkable coral reef, which formerly extended four miles out. Portions of it, the natives say, have of late years collapsed and sunk, but nasty green patches of treacherous water can be seen spreading a long distance from the shore.



THE FORT AND BAY AT CAGAYANCILLO (CAGAYANES ISLANDS).



A WOMAN 124 YEARS OLD (CAGAYANES ISLANDS).

Where this reef is, the charts show 415 fathoms of water, which is the correct sounding directly you get off the reef.

A Spanish frigate on attempting to round this island several years ago, ran aground on this west reef. During the night, before she could be got off, the portion of the reef on which she was fast collapsed, and the ship, with all hands on board, disappeared in 415 fathoms of water. A freight steamer was wrecked in a similar fashion on the east coast, where reefs spread out for some five miles. The Spanish war vessel *Reina Augustina* was lost in the north part of Cagayan. So the record of the only ships which had called here before us was not encouraging.

Both southern bays, separated by a point of land on which the fort is situated, are strewn with innumerable little islands and rocks of most peculiar shapes owing to erosion from the waves and tide. Some formed regular arches, others resembled magnified mushrooms.

The natives, severed as they are for months at a time from the remainder of the world, are enterprising and grow wheat, Indian corn, and some hill rice, enough to support the population—mainly Visayan and speaking a dialect of the Visayan language. The little town itself is of the purely Filipino type, the houses on posts of hard wood instead of bamboo, and some of the better dwellings are handsomely panelled. The streets, except the main street, were strewn with volcanic boulders, and were somewhat irregular; but the church, with its fluted wooden pillars, its

solid coral stone walls, and its huge sea-shells for holy water, was quite remarkable in comparison with most other buildings. The school and the now abandoned two-storied convent were spacious and solidly built of stone and mortar, and the latter's façade was effectively decorated with huge shells, each over four feet in diameter. The ancient and barbarous wooden stocks for a number of prisoners were noticeable in the large tribunal. The fort was irregularly constructed, advantage having been taken of a natural rock, and had no particular beauty or interest, but it possibly answered the purpose for which it was built—to resist attacks of piratical Moros. Along the beach, and under the houses, boats were to be seen, with primitive wooden anchors, weighted with rocks, and plaited *nipa* sails.

There can be little cause to grumble about the climate of Cagayancillo, where the inhabitants seem to live to a great age—possibly because of lack of communication with the outer world. No telegraph, no post, no ships, no newspapers! There is absolutely nothing left to kill them.

The old lady whose photograph is reproduced in the illustration was, according to church records, 124 years of age—and she looked it. A neighbour of hers had just died who was 126! The one whom I portrayed seemed quite upset at the loss of her friend, and feared her turn would come next! Her legs were paralysed, but she seemed in excellent spirits and in the full enjoyment of her senses.

I was struck at this place by the two distinct types of natives one met. One was a marked Malay type: the other had strong negroid features. In the men noticeably prominent cheek-bones with hollow cheeks, well-developed lips firmly set and drooping at the ends, and heavy thickly-set necks may be seen. The ears are remarkably small and well-formed, but slightly protruding forwards. The lobes are undetached, in the Malay type, and both the length and breadth of the ear are smaller than in the negroid. They possess the stolid facial expression of Malays, and steadier eyes than either the Cuyonos, the Visayans or Tagalos.

But the two types into which the population can be divided differ mostly in this: one has eyes wide apart, an expanded flat nose, a small bunched-up mouth with heavy lips, a smooth complexion of rich yellowish-brown, arched eyebrows high up on the brow-ridges, and typical Malay eyelids. The second type has a blackish complexion, eyes fiery and always shifty instead of soft and steady, placed quite close to a better modelled nose, and a frowning bossy brow. In the first type the eyes are elongated, slanting and *à fleur de tête*; in the second they are straight, widely open, with heavy long eyelashes. Both types have a thick growth of hair, jet black, straight, and wiry.

The skull is fairly well-formed and spacious in its back part, but square and flattish on the top of the head. In the Cagayan-Malay type the forehead is smooth, serene looking, wide,

flattish, and fairly high; whereas in the other type it is low, slanting backwards, much wrinkled, with a frowning appearance caused by excessively developed bosses on the lower portion of the forehead, and with heavy eyebrows forming an obtuse angle in the centre instead of graceful curves as in the first type.

In the Cagayan-Malay type the hands are infinitely more supple and refined than in the Cagayan-Negroid, the fingers long and tapering and the thumb somewhat square-topped, with beautifully shaped rectangular nails. In the negroid type the hands, as well as the feet, are short and stumpy, but well-rounded and coarsely powerful, with only three deep main lines in the palm and no ramifications.

Here is a comparative table of the average measurements of Cagayan-Malay and Cagayan-Negroid types taken from a number of most characteristic specimens:—

	Cagayan- Malay.	Cagayan- Negroid.
	Metre.	Metre.
Vertical maximum length of head	0'217	0'225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium from forehead to back of head	0'180	0'182
Width of forehead	0'121	0'111
Bizygomatic breadth	0'158	0'139
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'041	0'046
Breadth of mouth	0'055	0'053
Length of ear	0'055	0'060
Width of ear	0'027	0'031

North-east of Cagayan are the dangerous Sultana and Nicholson Banks which extend from north to south for some 16 miles. Then 27 miles to the south-west of Cagayan is Kavilli islet and a sandy spit next to it, and, some 70 or

80 miles off, the uncertain Jessie Beazley reef which shows 4 feet above water. South of this is Tub Bataha, a rock 20 feet high at the northern end and about 7 feet high at the south-west end joined by a neck of sand only 2 feet above high water. Other rocks, Temerario, and other reefs are scattered on the south-west portion of the Sulu Sea and in lat. 7° north and long. 118° 30' E. is the attractive Cagayan de Sulu Island with its 3 pointed peaks, Mt. Leban the highest, 1,105 feet.

It possesses a delightful climate and a fertile soil, on which yams, sweet potatoes, and tapioca are grown. The vegetation is luxuriant, with great richness of ferns and epiphytes. On the south side of the island are one semi-fresh- and one fresh-water lake evidently filling extinct circular craters. Also a third and smaller one. The western lake is entered by a narrow gap, across which is a coral reef with shallow water. This lake, about half a mile in diameter, is encircled by vertical sandstone cliffs over 200 feet high, with luxuriant vegetation upon their summit. The second lake is separated from the first by a sandstone wall, and its level is said to be about 50 feet higher than the first. Birds of beautiful plumage are plentiful, although a great variety of species does not exist: the *calorius panayensis*, a starling with brilliant vermilion, metallic green, and violet feathers being possibly the handsomest. Blue and white kingfishers, lorikeets, wild pigeons, and sun-birds are also numerous.

CHAPTER XX

The Samales Group—The fanatical people of Sulu—The Sultan and the American General.

AFTER leaving the Province of Paragua—of which all the islands already described make part—the *Balabac* brought me to Ilo-ilo, where another coastguard cruiser, named the *Tablas*, called in order to pick me up. She was bound on a long and special cruise of research in the Sulu, Tapul, and Tawi-tawi Archipelagoes, Pearl Bank, and the Pangutarang Group, and was in charge of Dr. Barrows, Chief of the Bureau of non-Christian tribes—to whom I am greatly indebted for the invitation and privilege of taking such an extended and interesting journey among the fanatical Mahommedan islanders and seafarers. Many of the islands at which we were to touch had never been visited by a foreign ship.

From Ilo-ilo we proceeded to Zamboanga (on Mindanao) and at 5 A.M. on March 11th left for Jolo, the chief city on the Island of Sulu. At 9 o'clock we passed between the islands of Baluk-Baluk and Pilas, the first a most peculiar islet

with a rounded hill on the north point and a long stretch of flat land with luxuriant vegetation. To the south lies a flat little island, and behind it yet another.

Pilas, which is about four times the size of Baluk, has two peaks, 918 feet and 522 feet high, on its north portion. Westward are several reefs and low islands such as the Puju Bank, Salon Island, quite flat, and Manangal, a triangular island with four rounded hills, respectively 321 feet, 338 feet, 407 feet, and 325 feet high—while to the east is rocky Tagutu with a sand beach on its southern portion.

When to the south of Pilas, we could see in the distance to the north the Sangboi Islands (Hares' ears) rising to 851 feet and 616 feet. A curious fact in the formation of the islands in this neighbourhood was that the highest prominence was generally to be seen on the north, while a long flat spit extended to the south. Baluk, Pilas, Tagutu, Manangal, and Sangboi all showed this characteristic.

We steered first a course of south 48° west until the centre of the Pilas Channel was reached, then south 6° west until the reef south of Pilas was cleared. A sort of lagoon is to be perceived in the southern part of Pilas, practically dividing the island into two. It has a narrow entrance channel to the east, and two to the west of the island. After that we steered a practically clear course south 53° west direct for Sulu—though we still had islands on the east, such as Mataja, Taikela, Tamuk, Kankuman, Babuan, a flat island

with a conical hill 498 feet high, sandy Minis, Lanauan, and Tatalan; the quaint Bolod Islands, one resembling a huge fortress rising to 597 feet on a steep conical peak, the other of somewhat more regular lines but higher, 643 feet, and the rock of Takut Sangu. All these belong to the Samales group, as well as larger islands of considerable height (1,134 feet), two of which, Bukutua and Bulim, lie close together.

To the west we cannot help being interested in Halcon or Wilhelmina Rock, awash at high water, and the reefs of Takut Pabunuan.

On nearing Sulu Island we have before us high mountains in the central portion, and also to the south-west towards Point Silangan. A white beach extends almost all along the north shore of the island. The lofty Mt. Bahu in the northern part of the island is not thickly wooded, as one generally expects in the tropics, but even shows signs of cultivation up to a considerable height. Green patches of grass crown its summit.

Just off the coast of Sulu to the north-east are a number of islands, among which is the crescent-shaped Paticolo.

Pangasinan Island, forming a strait with Sulu, is somewhat more attractive than most islands hereabout, owing to the two quaint and precipitous peaks upon it, but behind it (west) Kabukan Island is flat and uninteresting. Marongas Island, south-west of Pangasinan, has a most irregular prominence, 285 feet high at its south-western end, whereas to the north-east it



PILE-BUILT CHINESE SETTLEMENT (JOLO).



STASSI.

spreads into a long, flat spur covered with vegetation.

We went round the Diangappik Point, a spit of white sand with lots of trees upon it, and we now had, disclosing itself gradually before our eyes, the neat, quite ideal little walled town of Jolo—dwarfed somewhat in its appearance by hills and the high Mt. Bahu (2,766 feet) towering above it.

Jolo is undoubtedly the prettiest and cleanest little settlement in the archipelago. The houses within the walls are handsome, of whitewashed masonry and wood, with corrugated iron roofs. Steamers of small draught can go alongside a masonry pier, which has a lighthouse upon it.

Sulu settlements occupy the coast line on each side of the town, the houses being built on piles upon the water. There is also an extensive Chinese settlement pile-built on a rambling jetty, which stretches a long distance over the water. Coconut groves are numerous, as usual, along the beach, and a broad valley on an inclined plane stretches beyond the city to the east.

Fascinating as it is, Jolo (a Spanish corruption of Sulu) is much better known, and therefore less interesting to us, than its people. These folks are inaccurately called Moros. They call themselves—and we will call them, too—by their real name *Sug*, or Sulus. They are nice people, with curious fanatical notions, such as most nice people possess in a greater or lesser degree, but circumstances have made them very treacherous,

and innocent people frequently suffer from their fanatical outbursts.

The American military colony was in a commotion when we arrived. A soldier had been terribly gashed and killed by a *juramentado*. These *juramentados*, as the Spanish word expresses, are religious maniacs, who, after having undergone certain exorcisms in the mosque, proceed to kill any non-Mahommedan and then commit suicide, in order to obtain a happy existence in paradise. This makes it rather unpleasant for those who do not believe in the Koran, for one never knows when one of these devils may be about and treacherously hack one to pieces.

The Americans had given strict orders that no one should go outside the city without an escort. These *juramentados*, when they run amuck, show a good deal of grit, and I have known of one man actually attacking an entire troop of cavalry, while every soldier was firing at him. The heavy knives and *kris* of the Sulus inflict terrible wounds, and on one occasion in Jolo I saw a number of persons who had been killed by three of these fanatics. One had the left side of the skull cut as clean as with a razor, and the sword had also made a groove several inches deep in the shoulder. Another gash sideways had cut the body in two as far as the spine.

I had an opportunity of measuring three of these *juramentados*—when they were dead—and they interested me greatly. As a type they all three bore marked characteristics of criminal lunacy, and I firmly believe that the *sherifs* or

priests select these weak-minded fellows who are murderously inclined, and play upon their credulity until they reduce them to a condition of wild frenzy and incite them to commit murder.

These men had square faces, very flattened skulls, and low foreheads, cheek bones low down in the face, and so prominent that when in profile they nearly hid the excessively flat noses; weak and small receding chins, and the square-fingered, stumpy, repulsive-looking hands typical of criminals—as cruel hands and heads as I have ever examined, the animal qualities being extraordinarily developed. Their repulsive appearance was also somewhat enhanced by the hair of the head being shaved clean, and the moustache and eyelashes removed so as to leave a mere horizontal strip of black hair. The teeth had been freshly filed and stained black; the hair of the arm-pits pulled out, and the nails of the fingers and toes trimmed very short.

The measurements of these types may be of some interest to criminologists, and I therefore give them in full.

	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Length of spinal column	0'625	0'650	0'660
From base of neck to nipple of breast	0'170	0'150	0'180
Arm-pit to arm-pit	0'300	0'380	0'340
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0'140	0'170	0'120

ARM.

Humerus	0'320	0'330	0'300
Radius	0'270	0'270	0'260
Hand	0'200	0'200	0'185
Maximum length of fingers	0'110	0'110	0'100
Thumb	0'135	0'105	0'105

	LEG.		
	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Femur	0'500	0'470	0'440
Tibia	0'410	0'390	0'375
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0'070	0'070	0'070
Length of foot	0'250	0'255	0'215

	HEAD.		
Vertical maximum length of head	0'210	0'210	0'215
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0'170	0'180	0'177
Width of forehead at temples	0'131	0'137	0'135
Height of forehead	0'070	0'060	0'060
Bizygomatic breadth	0'120	0'127	0'121
Nasal height	0'050	0'060	0'060
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'040	0'045	0'040
Orbital horizontal breadth	0'035	0'035	0'045
Distance between eyes	0'040	0'045	0'040
Breadth of mouth	0'055	0'050	0'060
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'020	0'020	
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'037	0'045	0'040
Length of ear	0'060	0'060	0'062

These fellows had entered the market-place with their *barongs* hidden in bunches of fruit—as no Sulu is allowed to enter the place with his weapons. Once in the crowd they slashed about, killing several and wounding a number of people.

This occurrence produced a good deal of uneasiness among the Sulus, and the Americans feared that these murders were only the preliminary of serious trouble. They were. Without in any way criticising the conduct of the Americans, I, nevertheless, personally believe that a good deal of the trouble arose from mutual misunderstanding, and from the unavoidable clash of manners so diametrically opposed as the American and the Sulu.

That matters were indeed coming to a crisis

was unmistakable. Captain Marshall and I, with an escort of cavalry, made a reconnaissance in the more troublesome villages to which the assassins belonged, on the day of the murders, and the sulkiness of the natives we met was apparent. They would not answer the greetings of the soldiers, did not reply to our questions, had their spears nicely polished and ready for fight in front of their dwellings, and, as we approached, all, with no exception, held their hands on their vicious-looking *barongs* or *kris*, ready to strike on the slightest provocation—or even without.

The Spaniards at one time endeavoured to instal a pretender—Datto Aliuddin—the Sultan's half-brother—and they built him a handsome house with a tower, a short distance from the town. He was unfit to reign, and Datto Harun was next put up by the Spaniards. He managed to destroy the Sultan's capital at Maibun and compelled the Sultan to retire to North Borneo. But eventually, to pacify the Sulus, Spain had to restore to them their original ruler. The palace—built by the Spaniards in order to have the Sultan in closer touch—was never permanently occupied, and is altogether abandoned now, the Sultan preferring his more rambling abode on the opposite side of the island at Maibun.

Captain Marshall and I visited the villages of Moubu, Tandu, and Yoakanan, north-east of Jolo, and met a cool reception everywhere. We saw on our trail a magnificent banyan tree, surpassing in size and beauty the world-famous one

of Honolulu. Most of the houses were built upon the water, and we came across one or two mosques—nothing so great or elaborately beautiful as the mosques of Egypt, Morocco, Arabia, or India, but mere huts with a bamboo fence around, and thatched with *nipa*. They lacked, too, the familiar minarets from which the faithful are called to prayer at sunrise and sundown in more developed Mussulman countries.

While General Sumner remained in command of the troops in the American protectorate of Sulu, he managed, with his patience and tact, to avoid a conflict. I was present at a conference which he had with the Sultan and the leading Dattos, or chiefs, in order to suppress the frequent murders and come to a thorough understanding with the natives. It was not devoid of much pathetic humour. The Sultan and Dattos had come in great pomp, all heavily armed with *barongs*, silver mounted *kris*, well-polished spears, and with numerous followers flourishing old Remington or more antiquated fire-arms. They indeed looked warlike, but in their speech and manner were puerile and childish. The contrast between the business-like ideas of the very Christian American and the *ne plus ultra* Mussulman way of thinking gave one plenty of scope for reflection. Let me give you some of the conversation at that impressive ceremony.

General Sumner : "There has been trouble in Jolo, and I have come to see about it."

Sultan : "What trouble? Not all Sulus understand the treaty made by the Americans,

and we are poor and ignorant. We do not understand why we should pay duty on everything. We never did before. The Sulus are poor, they do not get paid for their work like the Americans, and they do not understand why they should now pay so much more than before for the same things they import."

General Sumner : " We came here to help the Moros."

Sultan : " Please, then, stop the duties for a while. The people are in great distress. Sugar is very dear now and out of reach of the people, and so is tobacco. Cloth has become too expensive and the Sulus cannot weave."

General Sumner : " I have to pay duty on my own clothes."

Sultan : " Americans have money to pay for cloth. I would like to be informed when Americans go about the island, to prevent trouble, otherwise I cannot be responsible if they are killed. The Sulus are different in their habits from other nations."

Much concern, the Sultan stated, had been caused by an American gunboat's hoisting white surveying flags on shore near his palace. The Sulus had torn the flags down and fired on the surveyors. General Sumner explained that the sovereignty of the United States gave officers the right to survey these waters in order to secure safe navigation, and that if trouble occurred again, the war vessel would fire upon the Sulus. The Sultan said the white flags caused cholera among his people—and if the object was to

survey the water, why have the flags on land? He begged the General to stop the survey until the cholera was over.

All explanations of the usefulness of charts and maps and of how the surveying was done were answered with entreaties to suspend it for pity of the superstitious and ignorant people. Some Sulus had lost their father, others their mother, owing to these flags being up, and there were folks in other places—Singapore, for instance—as well as here, who ran amuck. But if the Americans must continue, the Sultan must not be held responsible if trouble arose. He will punish his subjects if he knows those who molest the Americans.

General Sumner: "If anybody molests the American Navy, they will kill them themselves; they will not wait for anybody else."

Sultan: "If you kill the people, that will be all right."

General Sumner: "That's it! We cannot tell where we shall shoot when we get started. But I have asked the Navy to wait till I could talk with the Sultan."

Sultan: "Please do not punish the innocent for the wrongs of the bad people."

General Sumner: "The innocent must get out of the way. The Sulus must learn to obey American customs, or somebody is going to get hurt. When people fight they cannot tell who is innocent. Again, I warn them to stop this juramentado business. We cannot stand having soldiers and other peaceful people killed. The

Sultan and Dattos must be held responsible if permission is given to these fellows to go juramentado."

Sultan: "But the Sultan and Dattos do not know any more than you when these people go mad. When people lose their fathers and mothers, and will even kill their own near relatives—a woman lately killed her mother—how can you hold me responsible for the actions of these people?"

General Sumner: "Because you are the Sultan."

Sultan: "I am not God, though. I tell you this beforehand. If, however, we know about any one, we will kill him or arrest him. We will endeavour to prevent juramentados."

Datto Calbi: "The other day when a soldier was killed I started down to help, but the other soldiers were going to shoot me."

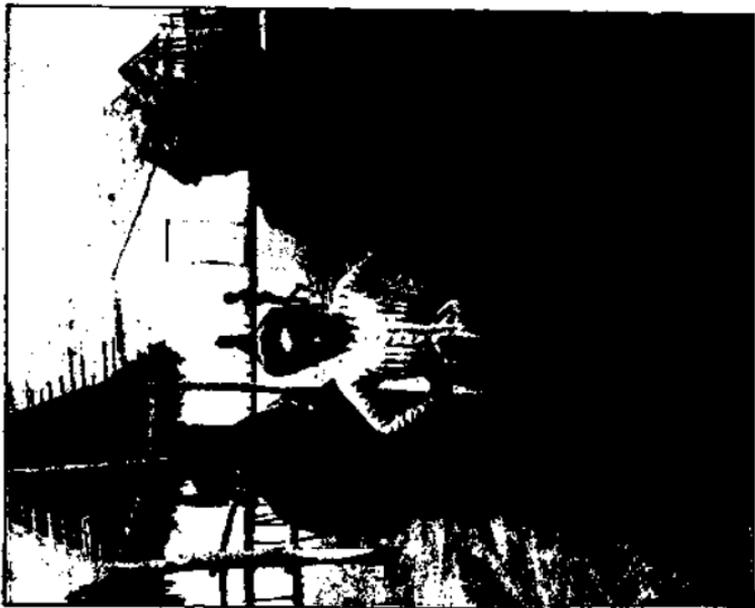
General Sumner: "They did not know you. When a soldier gets killed the others will kill anybody in sight."

Sultan: "Then all the people who are friendly to you are likely to get killed?"

General Sumner: "There is a list of men in our Treaty with you who are paid by the United States to preserve order."

Sultan: "You have taken up Spain's position in these Islands. During Spanish times the money was not paid as a salary, but because of the occupation of Jolo. You Americans want to do everything at once. You might go more slowly at it."

The patience and tact of General Sumner and his officers on that occasion were greatly to be commended and admired. The same answers and questions were repeated endless times. Eventually, everybody left the picturesque assemblage in a happy mood, the Sultan being snapshotted in twenty different poses by amateur photographers, as, on unsteady legs and with dazed countenance, he made his exit from the Government building under the shade of an umbrella held over his head by a slave. Other slaves carried his sword, and a betel-nut brass case, a bundle of clothing and various other articles, while a spare-looking, shambling son—an intensified replica of a depraved father—followed some few steps behind. Only one man left sulky and sullen—Datto Calbi, one of the principal and possibly the worst of the hot-headed chiefs of Sulu Island, if Panglima Hassan—very anti-American—be excepted.



MAGINDANAOS.



DATTO CALBI.

CHAPTER XXI

The American political situation in the Sulu Archipelago—
The Sultan's proposed Treaty—The Bates Treaty.

PERHAPS, to get a clear idea of the American political position in the Sulu Archipelago, it is necessary to explain some points which are not universally known. Without going into the earlier vicissitudes of these islands, we find that in 1836 the Spaniards concluded with the Sultan Mahommed Dimalul Quiram a commercial agreement, giving the Sultan certain privileges regarding duties to be paid by Spanish craft in Jolo and by Jolo craft in Philippine ports; yet another treaty was drawn up in 1851, and in 1878 a further agreement was signed between Spain and the Sultan. By the treaty of 1851 the Sultan rendered allegiance to Spain, adopted the Spanish flag, obtained freedom of religion, and had hereditary royal rights conferred upon him. He promised to put down piracy and promote commerce; he was to receive a subsidy of 1,500 pesos a year, and his three chief dattos each 600 pesos a year.

In 1878 the Sultan and his followers acknowledged Spanish sovereignty and the Spanish flag, but the Sultan was authorised to receive taxes from foreign trading vessels, to issue passports and licenses for guns to his own people, and was allowed the privilege of communicating direct with the Captain-General. His subsidy was increased to 2,400 pesos, with 700 pesos to his chief datto, and 600 to four others. Free trade and commerce for vessels of all nations have ever existed in the Archipelago until the American treaty was signed.

In 1877, the Spaniards destroyed the Sultan's capital on the north side of Sulu Island, and established the present little fortified town of Jolo, but at no time did they endeavour to deprive the Sultan of the administration of the island. The Sultan made his new capital at Maibun on the south of Sulu Island, and the Spaniards established posts at Siassi, at Tawi-tawi Island, and Bongao Island.

In 1885 the sovereignty of Spain over the group was recognised by Great Britain and Germany, the Archipelago comprising all the islands between the west extremity of Mindanao and Borneo and Palawan on the east; Balabangan, Banganey, and Malawali, as well as the islands in the zone administered by the British North Borneo Company, excepted.

The present Sultanate of Sulu was therefore rather under a protectorate than an annexed territory of Spain, although for three consecutive centuries the Spanish had nominally held suzerain

rights over these islands. The Sultan, after the Spanish-American war, applied to the United States for protection, and not annexation.

It was not till May, 1899, that two battalions of the 23rd United States Infantry relieved the Spanish garrison and occupied Jolo town and the two outlying blockhouses. The arrival of the Americans was greeted in a friendly manner by the Sulus, as a reputation for honesty and fairness had preceded them. The inhabitants believed that their rights and their religion would be respected by the new-comers. The Sultana sent messages of welcome to the American Captain Pratt, who was in command, requesting him to pay a friendly visit to her capital, Maibun.

On the 3rd of July, 1899, Major-General Otis, U.S.V., Military Governor, ordered Brigadier-General J. C. Bates, U.S.V., to proceed to Jolo in order to negotiate a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu. General Bates was appointed and constituted agent of the United States military authorities in the Philippines, and was authorised to enter into negotiations between the United States Government and the inhabitants of the Archipelago, in order to form and control further relations, social and political, between the two countries.

The Sultan and Dattos were apparently under the belief that the Spanish authorities had, before evacuating the Archipelago, transferred the full sovereignty of the islands to the Sultan and people themselves. But, as by the Treaty of Paris the sovereignty over all these islands was

transferred to the United States, this gift was impossible and illegal, and the United States undoubtedly succeeded Spain in all the rights which that country held in the Archipelago. But it should be borne in mind that such rights did not practically extend beyond the limits of their military posts, which were few and far apart, and no influence had been exercised in the interior nor over many of the islands of the Archipelago, which, indeed, the Spaniards never visited at all.

After a considerable amount of haggling—consisting mainly in futile attempts on the part of the Sulu Sultan to hoodwink the shrewd American General respecting the hoisting and use of his own flag—and after long delays caused by the Sultan's alleged illnesses; after tedious and patient interviews of General Bates with inferior chiefs in order to discuss and re-discuss matters, and listen to petty local jealousies—eventually—and, I must confess, General Bates was too lenient and put up with too much nonsense from the Sultan—the American General, seeing that the Sultan postponed for ever his visit to him, proceeded in person to the Sultan's capital.

On August 9th, 1899, the following agreement was proposed by the Sultan—an impudent document, proving that the Sultan and his Dattos had a somewhat exaggerated opinion of themselves and their own rights.

Proposed by Sultan.

JOLO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
August 5th, 1899.

Article 1. The Sultan can hoist the American flag in his country here in Sulu together with his own, but if the Sultan goes to foreign lands he can fly his own flag to show his rank as Datto of Sulu, but his subjects sailing about need not fly any flag so long as they have written authority from the Sultan.

Article 2. The Americans will give salary to the Sultan of \$200 per month, payable monthly; and to the big dattos \$100 per month, payable monthly; and to the advisers, people of the lower class, who are in the council of the country, \$50 a month, payable monthly.

Article 3. The Americans are not allowed to occupy any of the islands or any place on the seashore of Sulu except by permission of the Sultan and the four dattos—they are the Paduka Raja Muda, the Paduka Datto Attik, the Paduka Datto Calbi, and the Paduka Datto Joakanain; and they must pay tribute, profit to the Sultan, whatever is arranged. If no arrangement is come to, it is all right, but they cannot force the occupation of same.

Article 4. The Americans will respect the dignity of the Sultan and the dattos and his advisers; above all, will respect the Mahomedan religion; they will not change or oppose any execution of the same.

Article 5. The Sultan and the dattos and his

advisers can keep arms for fighting in order to watch the bad people, because it is a caution of people in power and the Americans cannot oppose that.

Article 6. The Sultan can give written authority to people sailing and trading in all the islands ; at the same time these people have to go to Jolo to ask permission from the American Governor there, and all other nations can trade in the islands by giving notice to the Americans.

Article 7. The Sultan can take duties from trading vessels from any nation coming to the lands of the Sultan or to all the islands. The Americans shall not oppose this because it is a gift of God to the people of the land.

Article 8. If there is a case of dispute between the American Governor here or the commander of any vessel, the Sultan may communicate direct with the Governor-General of Manila that he may know about it.

Article 9. We will prevent any piracy and give orders that it shall not happen, but if the orders are not obeyed we will notify the Governor of Jolo and together suppress it.

Article 10. If any American goes about the country he must notify the Sultan that the Sultan may give him an escort. If he goes without notifying the Sultan and anything happens to him the Sultan will not take any responsibility. It is the same with any soldier living in any place, without consultation and agreement, and if anything happens to him the Sultan will not be responsible for it.

Article 11. If any of the American subjects run away and come to us we will give them up to the Americans, because he may be a convict, therefore we give him back ; the same shall be done with our followers who run away to the Americans ; they will be returned to us ; but if the Americans will pay for them the price that will be agreed to, all right, but if we do not come to arrangement they will be given back at once to avoid ill-feeling.

Article 12. If the Sultan should have any trouble with European nations the Americans will stand by him, because my protection lies with the American nation.

Article 13. In case the American Governor shall have any trouble with any of my subjects, he must not at once resort to arms, but must examine into the facts of the case, because we trust and look toward the Governor for our protection.

Article 14. The Americans shall not judge any Sulu (native subject to the Sultan) and shall not settle any dispute between the Sulus, and shall not judge any dispute of the Mahommedan religion in Sulu and the different islands.

Article 15. If the Americans should not like to stay in the village of Jolo they are not authorised to sell Jolo to any other nation without first consulting the Sultan. In case they do not agree with the Sultan, they can sell it to somebody else, at the same time consulting the Sultan's wishes.

Article 16. The Americans and the Sultan

will hold to this agreement, and we ask for pity sake, because this is what we can fulfil. *

LIST OF DATTOS AND CHIEFS.

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Location.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>
The Sultan	Maibun, Sulu Island.	
Datto Rajah Muda	Do.	Heir-apparent, Sultan's oldest brother.
Datto Attik	Do.	Sultan's youngest brother.
Datto Calbi	Tandi, Sulu Island	Member of Council, who, with Sultan, signed the agreement.
Datto Joakanain	Patikol, do.	
Datto Sakilan	Bongao, Tawi-twai Group	Brother-in-law to Datto Tantung.
Datto Tantung	Sikubun, do.	
Datto Aliudin	Tungpatung, do.	
Datto Puyo	Siassi.	
Datto Amir Hussein	Lugus Island.	
Datto Hadji	Zamboanga	At present at Landang, Sakol Island.
Datto Hadji Amil-hamdja	Cagayan Jolo	Located at Pauan.
Datto Kalun (Pedro Cuevas)	Basilan Island	At Gibauan.
Don Candedo	Isabela	Cuevas' Assistant.
Hadji Musin	Siassi	Representing Sultan.
Hadji Usmen	Do.	Do.
Datto Dacola	Maibun (near)	Personal following of Sultan.
Datto Soog	Buallo	Do.
Habib Mura	Maibun	Sultan's adviser.
Hadji Butu	Do.	Sultan's secretary.

Finally, however, after much discussion, particularly on certain points such as the occupation of Siassi, which the Sultan was endeavouring to have restored entirely to his control, the following more rational agreement was drawn up between Brigadier-General John C. Bates, representing the United States, of the one part, and His Highness the Sultan of Jolo, the Datto Rajah Muda, the Datto Attik, the Datto Calbi, and

the Datto Joakanain, of the other part ; it being understood that this agreement was to come into full force only when approved by the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands and confirmed by the President of the United States, and to be subject to future modifications by the mutual consent of the parties interested.

Article 1. The sovereignty of the United States over the whole Archipelago of Jolo¹ and its dependencies is declared and acknowledged.

Article 2. The United States flag will be used in the Archipelago of Jolo and its dependencies, on land and sea.

Article 3. The rights and dignities of His Highness the Sultan and his dattos shall be fully respected ; the Moros shall not be interfered with on account of their religion ; all their religious customs shall be respected, and no one shall be persecuted on account of his religion.

Article 4. While the United States may occupy and control such points in the Archipelago of Jolo as public interests seem to demand, encroachment will not be made upon the lands immediately about the residence of His Highness the Sultan, unless military necessity requires such occupation in case of war with a foreign Power ; and where the property of individuals is taken, due compensation will be made in each case.

Article 5. All trade in domestic products of

¹ N.B.—It is Jolo in the agreement but it should read Sulu.

the Archipelago of Jolo, when carried on by the Sultan and his people with any part of the Philippine Islands, and when conducted under the American flag, shall be free, unlimited, and undutiable.

Article 6. The Sultan of Jolo shall be allowed to communicate direct with the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands in making complaint against the commanding officer of Jolo or against any naval commander.

Article 7. The introduction of firearms and war material is forbidden, except under specific authority of the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands.

Article 8. Piracy must be suppressed, and the Sultan and his dattos agree to heartily cooperate with the United States authorities to that end, and to make every possible effort to arrest and bring to justice all persons engaged in piracy.

Article 9. Where crimes and offences are committed by Moros against Moros, the government of the Sultan will bring to trial and punishment the criminals and offenders, who will be delivered to the government of the Sultan by the United States authorities if in their possession. In all other cases persons charged with crimes or offences will be delivered to the United States authorities for trial and punishment.

Article 10. Any slave in the Archipelago of Jolo shall have the right to purchase freedom by paying to the master the usual market value.

Article 11. In cases of any trouble with subjects of the Sultan, the American authorities in the islands will be instructed to make careful investigation before resorting to harsh measures, as in most cases serious trouble can thus be avoided.

Article 12. At present, Americans or foreigners wishing to go into the country should state their wishes to the Moro authorities and ask for an escort, but it is hoped that this will become unnecessary as we know each other better.

Article 13. The United States will give full protection to the Sultan and his subjects in case any foreign nation should attempt to impose upon them.

Article 14. The United States will not sell the island of Jolo or any other island of the Jolo Archipelago to any foreign nation without the consent of the Sultan of Jolo.

Article 15. The United States Government will pay the following monthly salaries :

	Mexican dollars.
To the Sultan	250
, Datto Raja Muda	75
, Datto Attik	60
, Datto Calbi	75
, Datto Joakanain	75
, Datto Puyo	60
, Datto Amir Hussein	60
, Hadji Butu	50
, Habib Mura	40
, Sherif Saguir	15

N.B.—By Moros, General Bates means Sulus.

Signed in triplicate, in English and Sulu, at Jolo, this 20th day of August, A.D. 1899 (13 Arabuil, Abril 1517).

(Signed) John C. Bates,
Brigadier-General, United
States.

(Signed) Sultan of Sulu.

(Signed) Datto Rajah Muda.

(Signed) Datto Attik.

(Signed) Datto Calbi and Datto Joa-
kanain.

As it stands the agreement is as good and fair as was possible to get under the circumstances, the Americans at that time being anxious to avoid fighting the Sulus and Magindanaos, and everything having to be done in order to conciliate these Mahommedan tribes temporarily and prevent them from rising.

CHAPTER XXII

A visit to the Sultan of Sulu—His Palace—Maibun, the Capital.

I WENT to pay a visit to the Sultan at his residence near Maibun on the south side of Sulu Island. This necessitated riding across the entire island by a fair trail on which military wagons with four or six horses can proceed. Some dozen people or so had been murdered in Jolo by fanatical Sulus within a few days, and there were grave fears of riots. A great number of Sulus, with spear and *barong*, paraded about on their ponies on the outskirts of the town.

Colonel Wallace, who was in command, very kindly offered a cavalry escort, and with Captain Marshall, Dr. Barrows, and a party we started out early one morning, passing one or two villages where cholera was raging. On leaving Jolo town one begins a gradual ascent through curious remains of walls made of large boulders—possibly the ruins of the former capital (1776) of the Sulus, which went by the name of Bowan and was peopled by Illanos or Oran Illano.

Some, however, appear to be the ruins of Spanish outer defences of early date.

We first went through a fine valley with a luxuriant growth of teak wood, which is used by the natives for the piles which they thrust into the sea to build their houses upon. Having ascended some 200 feet over the ridge, we descended through another beautiful valley several miles long and wide, with huts scattered here and there. Cholera was raging everywhere among these people. Agriculturally the country on either side was rich.

As the crow flies the distance from Jolo to the Sultan's Palace is $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles, so if you double that figure, you will be near the correct distance by road. Within a wall of earth and volcanic rock is enclosed a two-storied, rambling wooden house with a corrugated iron roof—and over the front gate a watch house is constructed which gives a certain picturesqueness to the otherwise ugly structure, elevated like all other native houses on high piles. A great many feminine faces, plastered with white paint, lined the windows of the upper storey—the Sultan's harem—at our arrival, while a swarm of children precipitated themselves down the main staircase to witness at closer quarters the display of American soldiers.

All were friendly enough, although they seemed puzzled as to what we had come for. On being reassured—messengers running up and down the staircase to inform the Sultan of everything that was being said—the Sultan sent word he would be glad to see us all in a few minutes.



MARIN

We adjourned to a neighbouring shady spot—to speak more strictly, a spot with some shade—where Captain Marshall provided us with lunch and refreshing drinks, including actual lumps of ice in each tumbler! Of course the ice was artificial, made by the American ice-plant at Jolo—the temperature that day being well above 90° in the shade.

Now for the Sultan's audience. We all went in anyhow, and everybody shook hands with everybody else, American fashion. The Sultan—a depraved, weak, sullen, conceited, and almost contemptible-looking person—received us with an air of mixed superiority and boredom. He yawned whenever any of the American gentlemen spoke to him, and copiously expectorated reddened saliva, the flow being stimulated by his betel-nut and lime chewing mixture, of which his mouth and lips were reeking in a disgusting manner. Even to the simplest questions his answers were non-committal, and he treated us all as if we had been a band of robbers. Every now and then he turned round to his aides-de-camp and advisers and made personal remarks about his American guests which, judging by the hilarity they caused among his subjects, were decidedly of no flattering character.

Inexcusable as on that particular occasion this was, this rudeness is, in a way, pardonable if one can go to the bottom of things. There is no doubt about the American being the most generous and kind-hearted fellow living, but his experience of Eastern natives is still somewhat

crude. With the tenderest intentions in the world, he unfortunately bitterly offends folks who do not understand his ultra-democratic ideas nor his rapid commercial notions.

I will not enter here into the delicate question of the liability of American ladies to be misunderstood by these Mahommedans, unaccustomed to the American freedom of women, nor to their exposing themselves to unnecessary insults, through lack of knowledge of local religious customs, and by being thrown into contact with women of a class which—did they only know—they would most certainly avoid and look upon with contempt. Much ridicule and scorn, I regret to say, is unnecessarily cast upon respectable ladies by the natives, who cannot be trained in a moment to civilised ways.

Personally, I believe that in order to uphold American prestige it would be wise to follow one of two distinct courses. Either to demand absolute respect and positively forbid Sultan or dattos to allow white ladies to be entertained by concubines, or worse, instead of by their first and legal wife; or else adopt the simpler plan of conforming to a certain extent with Mahomedan ways and not allowing white ladies even to speak to, much less enter the house of, native chiefs, even in the company of their husbands.

So degrading is, in the eyes of Mahommedans, the sight of a lady entering the house of a strange man that, notwithstanding all that may be told to them of American ways and customs, they seldom recover from the shock, or, at the best

retain a very unflattering opinion of foreign ladies. * This, I think, is a great pity.

Then again, the irresistible mania for collecting curios and mementoes at all costs does not always raise the United States collector in the eyes of the native. I have known of people who have been entertained by proud and stately chiefs and who insisted on purchasing the cups and coffee-pot, or even the chief's best sword or the turban which adorned his head. The scorn on the chief's countenance was mistaken by the enthusiastic collector for the refusal of an inadequate offer, and the dollars and cents were doubled and trebled and quadrupled, silver coins being flourished under the chief's nose so that his presumed greed for cash might induce him to part with his heirlooms.

Possibly, were a Sulu to be entertained by President Roosevelt and to offer, before leaving, to purchase a valued cup and silver spoon in the White House, or the President's top-hat and walking-cane, he would cause, to say the least, some amusement. So does the jovial American—only in a more marked degree; for Americans know the Sulus to be ignorant people, whereas the Sulus expect the Americans to be superior beings and know everything.

Of course, on the other hand, the temptation of such occasions for the curio-hunter is presumably irresistible, and any means are considered good which may attain his end.

The Sultan believed he had quite an up-to-date foreign palace. The most conspicuous articles

of furniture on the dirty floor of the spacious nine-angled room were a number of cuspidores of all sizes and shapes, much needed indeed, for everybody spat.

Slaves crept humbly along the floor to attend to the Sultan's needs, but when they did not creep they seemed on quite familiar terms with the more prominent members of the household. They were certainly well fed and seemed quite happy.

Beyond the articles mentioned, an American sideboard—which was in the centre of the room—a wooden bedstead, a writing-desk, and a number of folding chairs were all in the way of furniture. A few kerosene lamps of the cheapest kind hung from the ceiling.

The Sultan's attire was not impressive. He wore a white turban with a pendant fringed end over his left shoulder, and a short violet zouave with a double row of gold buttons in front and some embroidery upon the shoulders. His trousers were tight-fitting and held up by an ample kamarband of Japanese crape. Perhaps the richly gold-embroidered slippers distracted the observer's attention a good deal from the Sultan's smallpox-marked face, with its sunken half alive eyes and prominent lascivious lips adorned by a small drooping moustache. Rings with fine pearls he wore on the small finger of the left hand, and on the second finger of the right hand he displayed a really beautiful pearl of great size and perfect shape.

As long as the audience lasted, chairs and tables

and folding benches were transported—with much ado—by slaves from the upper storey to the reception room in which we were, in order to accommodate the many people who unceremoniously kept pouring in. The Sultan's advisers and interpreters stood behind the potentate, some in white coats and variegated turbans, others with black caps. All were armed with beautiful *barongs* of unusual sharpness, with ivory or silver-mounted handles.

The Sultanship of Sulu is hereditary, passing to the eldest son, but an election may sometimes be made by the chief dattos of the Sultanate. Women, daughters of the Sultan, can be Sultanas, but must within a period of seven days unite themselves to a chief. The Sultan bears the title of *Majasari*, which signifies legitimate, and the Spaniards accorded him the title of "His Excellency." His flag showed the Gates of Mecca, red on a white ground.

His yearly income was said to amount to 15,000 dollars gold. The government was composed of some fifteen dattos, who were mainly responsible for the legislature. The Sultan had two votes, the dattos one each, whereas the heir apparent had two votes, if these were given on the side of the Sultan, and one if against. There were two representatives of the people, or *Manteries*.

The Sultan possessed absolute powers over the people, which, however, if excessive, could be restricted by a council of the Elders, but, in a way, his government was very democratic. The

doors of his palace were ever open, and anyone, whether rich or poor, could come to his presence and bring forth his grievances. The dattos were dispersed through the territory of the Sultanate, and in their own locality became practically small independent rulers.

Besides the dattos, who were the leading chiefs, there were the *Panglima*, *Maharaja*, *Naquiba*, *Satias*, *Ulangas*, or delegates, mandarins, and priests, who possessed various degrees of power.

The Sultan's government was despotic and claimed tribute from the vassals, with whom frequent wars were carried on.

The modern history of Sulu commences with the Spanish campaign of 1876, and the definite occupation of Sulu Island by the Spaniards. The history of Mindanao is intermixed with that of Sulu, but the Sultan of this Archipelago never exercised any actual sovereignty over Mindanao, although he ruled over Sulu, Tawi-tawi, and a good portion of North Borneo.

North Borneo he ceded to the British North Borneo Company for a yearly payment of 5,000 Mexican dollars, and in virtue of a treaty drawn in 1885 this portion of Borneo was ceded by Spain to Great Britain, and free traffic was granted to all nations in the Sultan's dominions. Other treaties, as we have seen, have been signed, but none seem to have been strictly observed by either party.

The Sultan has at different times been in direct correspondence with European Powers, and on

disembarking in Singapore was saluted by a company of British soldiers and the firing of twenty-one guns. Much deference has been shown him as a recognised ruling personage.

A curious incident happened. The soldiers of the escort had given some Sulu boys three or four small lumps of clear ice—a thing they had never seen nor heard about before. Believing them to be precious crystals of great value they wrapped them up carefully in pieces of silk and hid them in their pockets. As their clothing was thin, their astonishment was great on experiencing a curious “burning” feeling against their ribs next to where the precious gifts lay, and, on discovering when they opened the handkerchief, that the “precious crystal” had vanished, leaving a wet handkerchief and jacket. Their amazement at this incomprehensible phenomenon was amusing to watch. They became quite perplexed, and for some time the entire assembly was greatly excited by it. The Sultan begged to be given some ice, too, and one high personage wished to know how he could preserve his piece as he wanted to set it in a ring!

At a short distance from the Palace was the town of Maibun on the coast, with picturesque houses built over the shallow water in the bay. A number of Chinamen's houses occupied the water front, and were reached by a rickety platform of planks with unsafe bamboo bridges. These sons of the Heavenly Empire flew a yellow flag over their settlement, and seemed to live on friendly terms with the Sulus, with whom

they did much trading in pearls, sea products, shells, and also *copra* (dried cocoanut).

Although sullen, the natives were civil enough, the Sultan having sent some of his men with us. The scene was a picturesque one ; boys and girls ran about naked, their bronzed skins and beautifully-chiselled features shining brightly in the sun, and their arms adorned with heavy conical white shell bracelets. The women—as in all Mussulman countries—had retiring habits and kept away, but the men, who had high cheek-bones, and nasty small rounded chins, crowded round in a disrespectful manner, a few of them trying to sell at a profit of 1,000 per cent.—and they got it—their *barongs* and turbans. Perhaps one or two individuals who hung about, and had undergone the usual preliminary initiations of juramentados, made one feel somewhat anxious for the sake of our unsuspecting American friends—but, happily, although they were incautious to the utmost degree, nothing happened.

We beheld a *plaza* with a high two-storied wooden house, another large house on piles with low platforms only a few inches above high water ; a little hut of bamboo ; a low structure within which were a number of gaily attired old women and unclothed children ; a few sheds of *nipa* built over their elaborately carved boats pulled on shore ; a stable, and a long structure in the distance, in which a number of young girls were sitting on the verandah, their hair tied into a knot, either on the top of the skull, or occasionally behind.

In the bay, which opened due south, were a number of reefs, but from 3 to 10 fathoms of water were to be found in the deeper parts of the bay. Innumerable fish traps covered the water where shallow. In front of the Chinese houses were displayed quantities of *copra* drying in the sun, and also neat cubes (one inch) of compressed tobacco for chewing purposes.

In the cool of the evening we returned to Jolo.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Sulu Island, its people, its products—Mahommedan Missionaries—The trade of Sulu.

THE inhabitants of the Sulu Islands may be roughly divided into true Sulus, or descendants of the Mahommedan invaders now dominating other tribes ; the Bajao and Samales or seafarers ; a Malay (mostly Visayan) element evolving from captured slaves, and the Guimbayanos (or Guimpalauanos)—the oldest race, now driven mostly to the mountains.

The Sulu language is a mixture of Magindanao, Visayan, and some pure Malay words, and it is said to resemble Fijian. The better educated people understand Malay, and the writing, when there is any, is in Arabic characters. There are merely three vowels, *a*, *u*, *i*, in their alphabet, and thirty-six consonants. The only article is *in*, and the plural is made by suffixing or prefixing *maŋga* to the noun. Similarly, a noun preceded by *mag* becomes a verb, which altered into *nak* forms the past tense, and into *mak* the future. In the Appendix will be

found a list of Sulu, Malay, Magindanao, and Visayan words.

The Sulus may by nature be rapacious, fond of adventure, and warlike ; they are not devoid of certain forms of honour, and are industrious. Their island is well cultivated, and superior in agricultural enterprise to many others in the Archipelago. There is no fixed rainy season in Sulu, but the south-west monsoon generally brings heavy wet weather, which occurs also at the change of either monsoon. The Sulus cultivate rice to a certain extent, but principally *camotes* (sweet potatoes), tapioca, and fruit, for which the climate is specially adapted, such as *madang* (a custard apple), *mangustines*, and *rambustines*, oranges, *bolana* (like a large plum, white inside), the *durian*, which has a sickening smell but is said to be delicious eating if you can overcome the shock to your nose—I never did—and a most delicious fruit, the *lancey*. Almost any fruit can be grown in this ideal climate of perpetual summer—bread-fruit, bananas, mangoes, etc.

The staples are rice (black, red, green rice, bearded paddy, and other varieties), coffee, chocolate, cacao, corn, hemp, saffron, indigo, sesame, and cotton, mostly for local use ; the exports consisting chiefly of black and white *swallo* or sea-slug, wax, *teepye*, or pearl-oyster shells, birds'-nests, tortoise-shell, seaweed, cinnamon, rattans, various dyeing barks, cassia, pepper, camphor, sandal wood, and ornamental shells.

The flora is similar to that of Mindanao, and the many species of wood found are valuable, especially teak, which, as we have seen, is plentiful on this island. This tree has a broad leaf which, crushed between the fingers, stains them red. The Chinese gather these leaves and the leaves of the fruit tree called *madang*, and use them to line the cane baskets in which they pack the *swallo* for export. *Narra*, *molave*, *camuning*, *ipil*, *cedro*, and other equally important timbers also abound, and coconuts, *buri* and *nipa* palm flourish. Gum mastic, and resins of various kinds are also obtainable. The soil is of the richest volcanic nature, and on it anything can be grown, but so far it seems to be devoid of any mineral substance in commercial quantities.

Quite a good breed of nice-looking, sturdy ponies is kept by the Sulus, and trained to a fast amble. The natives seldom gallop. They use clumsy saddles, and short stirrups, which are held tight between the large toe and the next, a mere slit in the conical vertical piece serving as a *point-d'appui*. They say that formerly a small breed of wild elephants was to be found on this island—very likely the offspring of Malay or Borneo elephants sent as gifts to the Sulu Sultan—but none are in existence now. Spotted deer and wild hog are common.

The people of Sulu Island enjoy comparative freedom as compared with the natives of other islands of the Sultanate, where, owing to lack of communication, the local dattos treat the people in a tyrannical manner.

As in most Mahommedan (possibly also in Christian) countries, the men of wealth and in power often become dissolute. Their religion allows them the privilege of possessing four legal wives—and no more—which arrangement under the strict rules of the Koran seems to work well, but possibly the greatest evils of all are the excessive opium smoking and whisky drinking.

The Sulus are often accused of being dirty, but they are not. They bathe constantly, and their clothes are usually neat and clean.

All able-bodied Sulus from sixteen to fifty years of age are warriors and are armed with *kris* (long wave-bladed sword), which they never on any account leave behind. To disarm them is considered an insult. They also possess old-fashioned firearms obtained from filibustering ships which frequently prowled about these waters.

Sulu women bathe often, are submissive, considerate, and, as local beauty goes, fairly good-looking, with great big expressive eyes, set in flabby, white-chalked faces. It is possible that Sulu men look upon them as mere blind instruments of pleasure. They own terrible mouths with teeth blackened and dirty-looking, their lips reeking with the red juice of *buyo*, the betel leaves, *bonga* nut, and lime, of which their mouths are stuffed full.

The general belief is that *buyo* is a powerful stimulant, permitting the body to do hard work on little nourishment or at long intervals between meals, but I will give my own opinion on this

subject later. The real reason for its use is a very different one. Used in excess *buvo* has detrimental effects upon the human frame.

Marriages are conducted on the usual Mahomedan principles, somewhat simplified in their ceremonial. Marriage is practically a contract allowing the father of the girl a bonus in cattle and products—which, if satisfactory, concludes the bargain. A *pandita* performs the marriage ceremony. In case of unfaithfulness a man can abandon his wife or turn her into a slave.

The men wear very tight trousers, black, brown, or striped, with a row of tiny little buttons from the ankle up. Except the richer ones, they mostly go about with bare chests—and these are abnormally developed, having extraordinarily prominent breasts, some men's being almost as well marked as a girl's. The hair is cut short, the skin smooth and dark brown; the forehead slanting; the lips overhanging; the eyebrows tapering and black as if pencilled; the eyes staring, intelligent, but unreliable, like those of feline animals.

The Sulus are proud, dignified, independent, and the general masses quite moral. A life of wild adventure seems to have been from time immemorial their favourite existence. Piracy on a large scale was a profitable and engrossing pastime, and regular fleets of "vinta" (sailing boats), varying in size from 4 to 40 tons burden, and possessing magnificent sailing qualities, with bipod masts and rolling sails, carried on successful depredations as far as Bangkok and New

Guinea, going down with one monsoon and returning with the other. From the arrival of Magellanes and Lopez de Legaspi on the Island of Sebu, wars against these pirates were incessant for 300 years.

Papuans have undoubtedly been imported into this country in considerable numbers as slaves, and strong traces of them can frequently be detected in the type of natives. Records are said to exist of Papuans being actually offered as a present by a former Sulu Sultan to the Spanish Governor of Zamboanga.

It is claimed that these daring navigators extended their raids even as far as Polynesia; and even to this day small expeditions are made to neighbouring islands, principally with the object of capturing slaves. The Sulus have been known, not many years since, to attack merchant ships, murder the crews, and sell the booty in different markets. Maybe these piratical habits are responsible for the reputation of disgusting treachery and ferocity which the Sulus have and for the hatred with which they are regarded, not only by the white people who know them, but also by the neighbouring tribes.

One redeeming point about the Sulus is that since they adopted the Koran they have resisted to the utmost all efforts to change their religion. Islamism, it appears, found its way into the Archipelago through the Sultans of Borneo, by means of Holy Wars, in which anyone refusing to accept the religion of

Mahommed was either beheaded or thrown into slavery until he submitted to conversion. °

We talk a good deal of our missionaries travelling to distant countries in order to spread Christianity, but few people are aware that Mahommedan missionaries have for centuries past accomplished similar if not infinitely more daring deeds. I found in the most remote parts of the Archipelago Mahommedan priests from Arabia, from Asia Minor, from Afghanistan, and even from so distant a country as Bokhara—facts which, when one understands the nature of the countries to be traversed for some thousands of miles on foot or in native craft, not, as our missionaries travel, in comfortable mail steamers and fast express trains, show quite a wholesome and venturesome spirit in these propagators of the Faith. Even as early as 1773 many of these foreign *panditas* (Hindustani *pandit*) or priests were to be found carrying on their work in these islands, and, in fact, the Califa of Sulu at that time was said to be a Turk (Arab).

Pearl fishing is one of the most remunerative occupations in the Sulu Islands, and the trade, carried on principally with Singapore, is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. The trade has of late declined, and although the pearls of Sulu are handsome, their colour is rather chalky and their shape seldom perfectly spherical. The Sultan claims certain privileges regarding these pearl fisheries, the finest pearls obtained going by right to him, besides certain percentages and presents from the fishers. There is a small fleet

of pearl fishing boats at Sulu, a Filipino owning three or four boats and the Chinese possessing eight boats. Formerly an English company also existed and seems to have done pretty well. These crafts are all of the same type, each of twenty-six tons, and with a crew of seven men, mostly natives of Zamboanga (Mindanao).

Maibun (Mayenbun) and Parang are good localities for pearls, Maibun particularly; there are good fishing grounds also off the islands of Tapul (south-west of Maibun) and of Lagos, separated by a narrow channel from Tapul. The fishing is found to be best in 19 or 20 to 25 fathoms of water, the pearls growing healthier on rocky gravelly soil, and where a strong current exists as in the channel between the above-named islands. Off Laminusa (east of Siassi) and north and east of Tawi-tawi, pearls are found, as well as rich banks of *teepye* (pearl oyster). Pearl shell, which is worth in Singapore 80 Mexican dollars a *picul*, forms the largest and most valuable export from the Sulu Island, and is obtained by the Chinese by barter from the Sulus.

The two steamers *Mamcon* and *Patani* belonging to a German company frequently called for cargoes of shells and brought away from 150 to 300 pairs of shells each time, which was considered a good cargo. They fetched an average of 4 pesetas (80 cents. Mexican) a pound all the year round, and were exported chiefly to Singapore, the leading Eastern market for pearls and mother-of-pearl. No pearls of any value

are to be purchased in Sulu, the best being sent by contract direct to Singapore.

Sharks' fins, obtained in some quantity in these waters, are prepared by the Chinese, and these, too, are a relatively important item of export.

There are in Jolo some 650 or 700 Filipinos (Cuyonos, Visayans, Cagayanes, and Zamboangans), and they formerly held land, but some lost their cattle and horses by rinderpest in 1900, and the fear which they felt of going inland since the American occupation, and the sudden revolutionising of Sulu habits, has compelled them to migrate to other islands. The few who had remained had formed an organisation for their own protection called the *partido federal*, with Señor Hilario Cruz as President. These fellows, who walked about armed with heavy sticks, occupied a very unenviable position, because they were a target to Mahommedan fanatics owing to their religion, while the Americans did not allow them to carry firearms for their own protection.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Tapul Group—Lapak and Siassi—The seafaring Bajao.

AT sunrise we left Jolo and its most delightfully hospitable American colony. We passed west of Sulu, on a course first of south 63° west, till the Busson Rock and Tulian Island were passed, then steamed south 11° west till we got clear of the Sulade Group of coral islets, lying only slightly above water and with a reef extending some distance around them. A curious phenomenon was noticeable here. A long line of breakers in a north-east direction—appearing at first like shallow water—was caused by the two tides, one from the north, the other from the south, meeting and clashing here in this enclosed sea.

Mount Temontangis (2,894 feet) and Mount Tulipan (2,108 feet) to the north-east of us were very interesting—two volcanic mountains of almost identical conical lines, with flattened summits, as if the top of the mountain had been blown off, leaving a crater.

Kabalian Point, the most south-westerly of

Sulu Island, is mountainous, and stretches gradually into a low point, diving into the sea." Tapul Island in gentle slopes on either side rises to a central height of two peaks (1,676 feet), and is fairly free from trees for three-quarters of its height, those visible being principally low on the water-line. There seemed to be cultivation up to a fair height, and the remainder of the island showed a luxuriant growth of high grass.

Separated by a narrow channel south-west of Tapul is Bulipongpong Island (or Lugus Island), an island double the size of Tapul but less high, 955 feet at its south-west point being the highest summit.

Having deviated somewhat to clear this island, we altered our course to south 27° east, heading for Siassi, and obtained a fine view of the long south-west plateau-like peninsula (150 feet high) on Lugus, Gondra Island being to the east of it. Two parallel ridges were visible, one on the western, the other in the eastern portion of Lugus Island. Numberless little boats were to be seen off the coast of the pearl-fishermen's island.

At a first glance, coming the way we came, Lapak and Siassi appeared to be one island, and continued to seem so until we entered the channel, not as much as half a mile wide but fairly deep, from 4 to 15 fathoms. A broad cone, 1,673 feet, rose nearly in the centre of Siassi, and was remarkably free from trees—except for a dark cluster on its summit. The mountain had nice gentle sloping sides of a delicate green tint

intermixed with brown, quite a contrast to the vegetation-smothered mountains one constantly saw in this Archipelago.

Lapak Island had two mounts, one 1,010 feet at its northern, the other a two-peaked fellow, 1,306 feet, at its southern end, and quite unlike in semblance to its Siassi neighbour. The northern mountain, dome-like, was covered with heavy, dark, blackish-green vegetation for two-thirds of its height, and had a similar black cap on its summit, leaving a horizontal strip of faint yellow grass between. A spur, well rounded and grassy, extended north-north-east, forming the Luangat Point.

Between the northern and the southern peak was a flat plain. Little flat Pandami Island stood off the west coast, as well as Sirun, a rock with a sand beach surmounted by trees to the south, but cut vertically on the north side. Mamakolat Island, 773 feet high, which appeared of a greater size, but not of greater importance, was of a conical shape and lay to the south-west of Lapak, while its southern neighbour, Bubuan Island, a flattish, uneven isle, rose 200 feet above the sea-level. Both Bubuan and Mamakolat stood on an elongated reef, one of a series of three lying parallel, and having a general direction of north-west to south-east. Kakataan Island rose on the westerly reef of this group.

We arrived at Siassi town—a lot of little roofs and corrugated iron structures. On approaching, the channel between Lapak and Siassi, on which the town is situated, gets very narrow and pretty.

Two islands stand on extensive reefs at the southern end of the channel, while upon the water are a number of houses on stilts, with the usual cocoanuts peeping over their roofs in the background. Between the town and the mountain lies a flat stretch of open country.

We landed at the formidable looking gateway of solid masonry supported on four columns, and found ourselves in the main street of Siassi leading to the Plaza, which had a market-shed and an old whitewashed Spanish fort, made up of a high building in the centre, and a battlement with two towers, one hexagonal and one quadrangular.

From information given by old Chinese and Sulu residents, this is approximately the history of Siassi. In 1865 the Spaniards arrived with three companies of soldiers and raised the Spanish flag on a tree, at the place where the town is now, which was then a salt marsh. Near was Tau-sug (meaning *landsmen*), the native settlement, located east of the present position. Thick forest environed the place.

In 1882 a detachment of three officers, twelve Spanish soldiers, and thirty-five convicts began erecting the barracks and other Government buildings. In 1889 the fort was practically rebuilt, and a good portion of the land on which the settlement stands has since been gradually reclaimed from the sea. About that same time the Bajaos or seafaring tribe arrived from Musuk and Manubul and built the settlements on each flank of the town. At one time these quaint villages were much larger than at present,

but just before the American occupation these folk—~~over~~ suspicious of everybody—removed their homes to Sibalung Island and Laminusa, where we will soon pay them a visit. They are now gradually returning to Siassi, being satisfied that the Americans are good and peaceful people.

There are in the entire Tapul group, of which Siassi forms part, 33 Filipino Christians, some 300 Chinese, 150 Sulus and about 1,500 Baiaos or seafarers.

Since 1887 several little battles and reprisals have taken place between Datto Dacola (now Sultan) and the Spaniards.

In 1898 the Spaniards (one company of infantry, consisting of 3 officers and 48 enlisted Filipinos) evacuated Siassi and between that time and the appearance of the Americans attempts were made by the Sulus to loot the stores of Chinese traders and the homes of the Bajaos. But these attempts were frustrated by the local Datto Puyo and Panglima Jeramia, who combined and assumed a protectorate over the little town.

The rest we know already. Older history of the place is vague. There are legends of a Dyak chief coming here and establishing himself as a ruler. He was the chief of the Sulu pirates and is said to have had an understanding with the Spanish Government. The ruling class claims descent from pure Arab blood, which, however, is a mere legend. They profess to have been stronger in ancient days than now, and the people talk of the numerous *lantacas* (cannon) and

guns they once possessed—long before the Spaniards came to fight them; but that is also another legend—very much of a legend.

Each Bajao tribe is controlled by a Panglima, who, curiously enough, is always a Sulu datto. This is because these dattos have married into the Sulu Sultan's family, and are given by that ruler, partly as a dowry, certain property, authority, and rights in districts of his Sultanate, in order to hold these tribes under Sulu rule. Often settlements of three or four hundred Bajao are found ruled by a single Sulu chief, who is always looked upon by them of superior race and birth to their own, and, no matter how disreputable, always commands respect.

The Bajao people, called *Oran-bajao*, or itinerant fishermen, are said, according to some authorities, to have come from Johore at the east entrance of the Straits of Malacca. One of their legends relates that at a certain festival in Johore the *bajao* had tied all their boats astern of the craft on which was their prince. A storm arose from the land and they were driven out to sea, across the China Ocean, to the Borneo coast. In fact, many *bajao* are to be found in North-west Borneo—as well as at Macassar and on Paternoster Islands. To this day the Bajao (and the Sulus, too) celebrate the anniversary of this event—the men and women bathing together in the sea.

The Bajao are found living chiefly in their small covered boats along the coasts of Borneo, the Celebes and adjacent islands. Some of the

less nomadic tribes settle for periods of time along the coast, or at the mouth of the river, in houses raised high upon the water upon solid posts. Like the Sulus, they are Mahomedans in a rudimentary manner. There are few of them who can read Arabic—even the Koran—and fewer still who can write.

The Bajao generally shifts his quarters with the monsoon in order to enjoy everlasting fair weather and a calm sea on the lea of some island. The chief employment of these people is fishing. They go shrimping with small hand nets which they force through the mud. The catch is well washed in sea water and dried in the sun, after which it is pounded into a paste called *blatchong*—a terribly scented article of diet. They also go after sea-slug, which, as it lies on the sea-bottom, they strike with a four-barbed harpoon heavily weighted at the point. Occasionally, in deep water, they dive for the slugs and catch them with their hands. Black sea-slug is considered the best eating, although *swallo*, of a lighter colour, found in deeper water, is larger and is said to fetch a better price (on the Chinese market). White *swallo* is obtained in shoal water and on the dry sand among coral rocks at low water. It is the least valuable of all.

CHAPTER XXV

The Bajao of Laminusa—Their depraved Datto—Slavery—
American breach of faith.

BOTH Lapak and Siassi are encircled by a broad reef, but it is chiefly to the east of Siassi Island that a shallow and dangerous shoal with rocks and islets extends for some $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from west to east. Upon it is Laminusa, where one finds a large settlement of Bajaos. I visited that place on March 16th, 1903, having reached it through the channel between Siassi and Lugus, and passed Tara, a crescent-shaped island directly off the north coast of Siassi. It was under the rule of Chief Ulankaya Dalis.

Other little settlements were noticeable on the Siassi coast, such as Manta, Punnungen, and Tamangunen—quite a new town, established by Bajaos from Tawi-tawi who had migrated here.

Laminusa Island was flat, only a few feet above high water, but on the northern beach possessed a few cocoanut trees. An extensive city on piles was built upon the sea, and was reflected upside down in the shallow protected water undisturbed by wind.



A THOROUGHFARE IN A BAJAO SETTLEMENT.



PLAYING A GADDAN AND NATIVE VIOLIN.

We anchored in a channel between nasty-looking emerald-green water and breakers to the east, and another unpleasant-looking reef just below the water surface to the west. On landing upon terra firma, one was struck by the elaborate graves which were the most attractive objects in the place, having walls of coral stones, either piled in their original rough condition or neatly cut and adorned with upright pieces of wood in four points, or other similar simple ornamentations.

We came upon a fort 90 feet square with a coral stone wall, 6 feet deep on the north side, but lower to the south, it being customary among these tribes when attacking a position to do so where it is strongest, the idea of an enemy turning a position never occurring to them.

We called upon the Datto—a miserably depraved creature, so much under the influence of opium that he could hardly keep awake. Garbed in a dirty sweater discarded by some American soldier, he lay under a canopy with useless legs and pendant arms, head and lips, his discoloured eyes stupefied, glassy, and staring, his skin of a sickly yellow, his hearing and speech dulled. A host of followers crowded round us and their chief—all men armed with fine *barongs* having silver mounts or rare wood handles; while the handles of others were neatly wound round with *bejuco* or rope.

We tried to make the Datto speak. His suite—somewhat ashamed of the appearance of their chief—attempted to make him sit

up, and crossed his powerless legs under him while supporting him from behind; but he was as bad as a man in the last stage of drunkenness. His name was Datto Pangiran, and he had a number of sub-chiefs, all Sulus, the number of his fighting men being 700 Bajaos with some 35 guns. The population under him was estimated at 2,500 souls.

The room in which we were was very large, with neat walls and a *nipa* roof, and in the centre was a platform reached by two steps where the Datto lay under the canopy. There were drums and numerous spears, and a few metal gongs of Chinese importation. One could not help being impressed by the extreme coolness of these abodes, when one came from the hot sun—we were in Lat. $5^{\circ} 33' 14''$ N. The floor of thin parallel bamboos allowed a fine view of the shoal water underneath, the evaporation of which was the principal cause of this fresh air. On perceiving something move in the water, what was not my surprise in discovering two gigantic turtles which the Datto kept in captivity in a cage under his house. The usual metal cases for *buyo* and lime lay about the floor, and a number of more or less greasy pillows and articles of bedding.

From this place we went to Kabinggaan Island, north-east of Siassi, to pay a visit to Amir Hussein (he pronounced it Hussan) at his capital, Tamkapan, which has an estimated population of 1,800. For a Datto, this fellow was more intelligent than most, with wideawake, unsteady eyes, nose very flat at the bridge, but very ex-

panded at the nostrils, and a moustache consisting of two hairy curls at the mouth's corners, the hair being removed from the central part of the lip. His lips were prominent and firm, his complexion sallow. He wore a bright red fez, a cotton shawl thrown across his chest and over his shoulders, and yellow slippers.

He was born in Siassi, and stated that he and all his people were Sulus. He had built himself a fortified house on the summit of a low prominence about three-quarters of a mile from the shore. The interior was panelled off into three rooms, with one square platform screened with mats for sleeping accommodation. To the left of the entrance were the women's quarters. In the central room, in which we sat, the ceiling had been adorned with imported coloured cotton fabrics. A wooden Spanish bedstead with a bald-aquin was perched upon the raised platform which occupied the entire length of the wall opposite the entrance. The two other end rooms were raised four feet above the central room, and had seating benches along the walls. A paraffin lamp and two red glass globes hung from the ceiling; a writing desk adorned the room, besides the usual spears, *barongs*, and some fishing implements.

The men were dressed in Sulu fashion, with tight trousers of gay colours, and the single or double row of buttons at the ankle—generally left unbuttoned. The *barong* was inserted on the left side in a broad sash, usually white. These people, although they call themselves

Sulus, impressed me as being not pure Sulus, but a cross of Sulus and Bajao. Their faces were elongated as compared to the square faces of the Sulus proper, and their mouths very prominent, with pinched lips.

The women were not devoid of comparative good looks—spoiled a good deal by the custom of blackening their teeth. The Datto's wife seemed modest enough, but not overburdened with brains, and attached a good deal of importance to her personal appearance. She had plastered her face with white chalk, pencilled her eyebrows, and intensified the black under the eyes to give expression. The copious black hair was quaintly tied into a knot behind, and the long end lock, which had been inserted through the centre, was left hanging prettily on one side—rather an attractive fashion.

The Datto was just recovering from an attack of cholera when we called on him, many people having died from the scourge both in his dominions and on Laminusa. Besides being in poor health, he seemed to have a grievance against the Americans regarding a number of his slaves—fifteen altogether—who had recently run away and had been freed by the Americans at Siassi, causing him a great financial loss.

That slavery exists in all these islands is an indisputable fact, but to my mind the Americans make a great deal of unnecessary fuss about it. Slavery is nowadays practised in such a mild form and the slaves are treated so well by the Sulus—a slave sharing the home and partaking

of the identical food of his master—that, looking at things from a practical point of view, interference will do more harm than good. It is greatly in the interests of slave-owners to maintain their slaves in good health and not overwork them—a condition which would be most doubtful were all the slaves suddenly freed, as some theoretical dreamers desire. One might with equally judicious reasoning let loose in a town horses which had always been cared for in stables.

Much friction has already been caused by the Americans offering to free slaves who chose to run away and ask for protection from Uncle Sam, no reimbursement whatever being given by the Government to the injured owner. Besides, this protection is mostly illusory, and consists in the slaves merely being told that they are “free,” and left to their own devices or to die of starvation. The freedom acquired, moreover, means confinement to the narrow limits of the American settlement; whereas, while slaves, they could go anywhere at will. So that American freedom for a freed slave is, after all, a mere illusion and a farce.

The Sulus or Bajasos have never worked for wages, and experience some difficulty in grasping American labour laws by which the master practically becomes the slave of the labourer. But I think it would be reasonable first to bring the savages to the American level of civilisation before giving them a diametrically opposite system—they say that extremes meet—of regulating the labour question.

Slaves have been known to purchase their own freedom and that of their entire family at the price of their life by becoming *sabil*, or running amuck and slaying as many non-believers as practicable.

The sons of slaves remain slaves in the Sulu islands if they cannot buy themselves out—the average price for an adult male being about fifty dollars gold, and from twenty to thirty for a female, according to strength and beauty. Slaves are captured from other tribes, or debtors become slaves if they cannot settle their accounts; and here is an amusing case which arose in Siassi while I was there.

A woman accused a man of undue familiarity—kissing her and touching her breasts—the latter a terrible insult among Sulus. She reported this to her lover, who became indignant and brought the case before the Datto, and the accused appeared for trial. According to the Bates Treaty, when crimes and offences are committed by Sulus against Sulus, the officers of the Sultan bring the offender to trial and punishment. According to Sulu law, the woman, being the accuser and only witness, was allowed to give her evidence, but the accused was denied the privilege of testifying in his own behalf. In cases of a fine—such as this would be—the accuser receives half the amount, the Sultan receiving the other half. This may or may not form a tendency to promote accusations. It certainly would in less savage countries.

But besides these peculiarities of Sulu law, perhaps the most interesting is that the testimony of a woman is always taken against that of a man. In this case the accused was found guilty without being heard in defence and fined 300 pesos, he and his relatives being unable to pay the fine. The custom is, when a fine is not paid, that the accused is turned over to a Datto as a slave and becomes his legal property. Now, according to the American treaty, the rights of the Sultan and Dattos were to be fully respected. But when this offender appealed to the Commanding Officer at Siassi for protection against slavery, he was immediately declared a free man and let loose, greatly to the disgust of the indignant Datto.

Much as I think slavery should be gradually abolished by educating the natives, this conduct was a sheer breach of faith on the part of the Americans, and certainly not calculated to increase their prestige or honour among those savages. Other cases of a similar character have also occurred and caused friction.

If the Americans, on sentimental grounds, wish to free all slaves, let them by all means do it, but let them pay the purchase price as stipulated by their agreement (Art. XI, Bates Treaty), and not stoop to underhand—although possibly cheaper—ways. It must be remembered that in Sulu and the Moro country slaves are far from anxious to be freed except in cases of criminals, and those few, I maintain, are better under the direct supervision of a Datto than at

large in some American post depending on unforthcoming charity or upon theft.

Here is another case. A Sulu killed three people and robbed them. According to Sulu law, heavy fines were inflicted, viz. : for killing three people, 630 pesos ; for robbing them, 105 pesos ; making a grand total of 735 pesos. This man was poor and could not pay, therefore he was condemned to slavery. He, too, appealed for the convenient American protection against slavery, and placed the authorities in a very awkward predicament, as Uncle Sam blindly accords his protection to any slave asking for it !

The Sulus and Bजाos are not bad people at heart, and if not constantly worried will, I believe—with the Mahommedans of Mindanao—be the best citizens in the eastern American possessions. But nagging and unfair treatment—principally the breaking of one's word—is much felt by them and creates a deep desire for revenge.

While at Siassi I heard of one man who is the happy possessor of four wives, thirteen concubines, and 66 children. He had applied for permission to start a "family colony" in the centre of the island, and wished to have some land granted. A useful man of this kind certainly should.

Perhaps in days to come there will be a good deal of trouble in these islands by the application of the letter of the law regarding the possession of land. Naturally, none of these fellows have written titles to show for the land they

occupy—although in the case of Sulus, who are not migratory in their habits, some have been in possession long enough to claim owner's rights. It is to be hoped, however, that no undue advantage will be taken of the natives by over-sharp officials, and that Uncle Sam's fairness may blossom out in the end—as it generally does—although often late.

There are deposits of coal on Siassi Island, said to be equal if not superior to the Borneo coal.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Bajaos—Across Lapak Island—A gigantic tree and its ghosts—Many settlements of Samals.

THE Bajaos, like the Papuans, Polynesians, and Melanesians, adorn themselves with a series of elongated almond-shaped cicatrices—generally a double row—from the wrist to the shoulder on the outer side of the arms. Circumcision is practised both on boys and girls.

When seated, the Bajao crosses his legs and lets his arms droop in the centre, the hands together, unlike the Melanesian, who, like most Asiatics, squats upon his heels with arms balancing on his knees.

The Bajaos possess strong and determined facial features; well-modelled, broad skulls; deep velvety-brown eyes with well-defined iris on yellowish-blue—almost green—eyeballs. Occasionally one notices the discoloration of the upper part of the iris where covered by the lid—general in most other tribes of the archipelago. The eyelashes are short, and but a few stray hairs are noticeable on the chin and upper lip, as well

as on the chest and in the armpits. The eyes are slanting, and the jaw-bone extremely wide at the sides—usually as broad or broader than the cheek-bones.

The hands are simply but gracefully and powerfully formed, intersected by few lines, and the fingers thin and long, their points so tapered as to appear like triangles. The nails are good. The Bajasos file their teeth, young ladies filing them in sets of two in the lower jaw.

The weaker sex is fond of ornaments, and bone, silver, or shell rings are sported on the first and third fingers of both hands. A piece of wood is thrust through the lobe of the ear.

I examined three ladies from Lugus Island—most curious types, quite negroid, with long and rather curly hair, and lips very prominent. They had a flattish facial angle, and the upper eyelid overhanging so that it at first appeared swollen. These creatures were somewhat repulsive-looking, with faces much marked by small-pox—especially what remained of the nose. With scanty eyebrows, long but uneven and not plentiful eyelashes, Malay eyes, the lower half of the eyeball turned of a yellowish colour owing to some local cause affecting the eye—probably the constant reflection of the sun from the sea while fishing—the upper portion, where under the lid, of a clear bluish colour blending into the iris and in most cases discolouring nearly one-third of the upper section of it. The remainder of the iris was of a deep brown. The pupils were abnormally expanded.

These three particular types were very skinny, with pendant breasts, and extraordinarily large black nipples. Their feet were stumpy, with not well-defined instep and short toes. They walked with feet quite straight.

Children were adorned with silver or brass anklets, and the men carried, besides a formidable looking *barong*, a useful chatelaine with ear and tooth picks, pincers, etc.

While in Siassi I met the Datto of Simutu—a young man with clean-shaven head, large expressive eyes, and very decided quick ways about him. His thin legs were garbed in tight brown trousers, while his square powerfully-constructed shoulders were squeezed into a short zouave with sleeves tight to bursting-point. A picturesque sash, violet and yellow, was wound round his waist.

The current was so strong in the channel that the ship swung constantly from one side to the other, and once our anchor drifted. Dr. Barrows and I crossed over to Lapak Island in a row-boat on a journey on foot through that island, the s.s. *Tablas* being despatched to the other side to pick us up. We entered a swampy, muddy river lined with mangroves on either side, and had it not been for natives coming to our rescue in their canoes we should have had some trouble in making a dry landing.

We walked through a fine undulating valley, forcing our way through high *cogon* grass. To the north was Shigangan Mountain, 1,010 feet high, on the slope of which, in a commanding

	Cross of Sulu and Bajaos from Siassi Island.		Sulus from Siassi.	Natives of Lugus Island.	Chino- Bajao cross.	Bajaos from Laminusa Island.
	Men.	Women.	Women.	Women.	Men.	Men.
	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height	1'630	1'500	1'510	1'440	1'560	1'585
Span	1'655	1'580	1'510	1'440	1'585	1'518
From base of neck to nipple of breast	0'152	0'220	0'200	0'200	0'180	0'178
Arm-pit to arm-pit	0'334	0'280	0'300	0'300	0'350	0'332
Shoulder-blade to shoulder- blade (highest ridge)	0'145	0'130	0'160	0'160	0'170	0'140
ARM.						
Humerus	0'306	0'380	0'300	0'270	0'290	0'292
Radius	0'255	0'240	0'230	0'220	0'240	0'240
Hand	0'193	0'170	0'170	0'175	0'180	0'187
Maximum length of fingers . .	0'110	0'095	0'100	0'100	0'105	0'100
Thumb	0'110	0'100	0'105	0'095	0'105	0'105
LEG.						
Femur	0'502	0'460	0'460	0'430	0'440	0'497
Tibia	0'420	0'380	0'370	0'350	0'370	0'390
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0'072	0'066	0'060	0'070	0'080	0'065
Length of foot	0'250	0'210	0'230	0'240	0'240	0'225
HEAD.						
Vertical maximum length of head	0'223	0'210	0'210	0'200	0'227	0'235
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0'185	0'177	0'184	0'175	0'184	0'176
Width of forehead at temples . .	0'135	0'118	0'123	0'120	0'135	0'148
Height of forehead	0'069	0'070	0'070	0'060	0'060	0'072
Bizygomatic breadth	0'127	0'112	0'116	0'124	0'135	0'126
Nasal height	0'056	0'060	0'065	0'065	0'062	0'060
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . .	0'042	0'036	0'035	0'040	0'045	0'040
Orbital horizontal breadth	0'033	0'030	0'030	0'032	0'035	0'033
Distance between eyes	0'033	0'025	0'030	0'030	0'035	0'035
Breadth of mouth	0'053	0'047	0'042	0'050	0'055	0'052
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'021	0'022	0'025	0'025	0'022	0'024
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'044	0'045	0'040	0'035	0'041	0'042
Length of ear	0'062	0'065	0'070	0'063	0'067	0'056

place, the Spaniards had constructed a small fort. To the south was Pandangin Mountain, 1,306 feet, while directly between these two mountains, at the extreme north and south of the island, was an elevated grassy plateau.

We came upon a spot where a former geyser existed, called by the natives *Lungaep galap*, or "ghost hole," where up to some ten or twenty years ago—my informant was vague about dates—salt water spouted out to a great height.

There was a faint trail across the island which led to Datto Dakola's place, but we turned off towards Datto Puyo's settlement. Here again, as on Laminusa, we were first of all attracted by the handsome graves, generally made to resemble the shape of a boat and nicely carved.

Cholera was raging on this island at the time of my visit, and these graveyards—the bodies being plentiful and not deep underground—were somewhat smelly. However, partly owing to a good experience of how to hold my breath for long periods of time, partly by the application of a handkerchief to my mouth and nose, I was able to examine the quaint ornamentations on these tombs.

The men's graves were massive and had no minor ornamentations; on each stood a solid column of black wood, the summit of which was generally a quadrangle with indentations; whereas the women's graves had a flat upright slab, prettily carved either with scrolls or with a series of triangles at both ends, as well as attempts at a leaf pattern. On young girls'

graves, a four-leafed flower with a wave pattern seemed a favourite adornment. The boat-like grave was raised above ground on an ornamented winged support.

Near this place of eternal rest we found a *nunuk* or "ghost tree," against which the natives burnt a kind of incense called *camanian*. A primitive cane platform or altar had been erected, upon which food for the ethereal visitors was served in cocoanut-shell dishes. The natives professed to see ghosts (which they called *Malun* or *gin*, from the Arabic) constantly hovering near this haunted spot. One, they told me, appeared in the guise of a nice-looking woman with yellow clothes, but when anybody approached her she vanished.

Beyond a gigantic banyan tree, we arrived at the village—five or six huts—ruled over by no less a personage than Datto Maharaja Adinda Mohammed Aranen Puyo, a pleasant old fellow with white hair and beard, who displayed a gaudy silver-topped cane. A sash of Chinese silk—yellow, red, and black—was surmounted by a large and much ornamented silver clasp, and was tied into a big knot in front with flowing tassels. A coloured kerchief was twirled into a turban, while tight brown breeches and a European towel around his neck completed his attire. He and his men possessed beautiful weapons, some with handles entirely of silver, others of precious woods set in gold.

Datto Dakola arrived, and seemed sulky because we had not visited him, and then came

Panglima Ipa with some friends. They were also much depressed, but principally because of the loss of relations from cholera.

These folks lived in and for their boats. Their graves were in the shape of boats of reduced size—(formerly they actually buried the dead in proper boats)—and boat-like were the carved wooden mortars in which they pounded their daily rice, after it had been freed from skin and dirt by being tossed about in circular trays. The pestles used were 7 feet long, and the pounding was done by women. Pearl and shell fishing was the chief occupation of the men.

When the ship arrived we went on board and steamed away at once.

Manakobat Island (773 feet) came next under my observation, a flattish cone of regular lines—quite unlike its southern neighbour Bubuan, which is undulating with a low depression in its north portion, some hundred feet above the sea-level and higher hills on the south. Both its north and south coasts seemed precipitous as we steamed past them, and a great reef extended all round both islands. This had, however, plenty of water upon it. Bubuan had a lake in its west side. In the Sigboye Channel were currents strong and irregular.

Going southward we now gazed on Magpeos, a most peculiar island, with vertical sides to the south, but a somewhat gentler slope to the north—the whole surmounted by a high, pointed cone. Tagao, a little further, had no peculiarity except two spurs of land, one north the other south,

with an elongated flat-topped hill, and next to it another, almost semispherical.

Bintulan, Nusa, and Tabawan were islands absolutely flat, of coral formation on extensive reefs, with sand beaches lining the entire coast; Kinapusan, belonging to the same group (to which it gives its name), rose somewhat higher than the others, although quite flat too.

A current running six miles an hour in a south-east direction forced its way through the Sigboye Channel, causing a choppy sea with white caps. A dome-like rock (Tanka la luan), 107 feet high, stuck out in mid-ocean west of Tagao.

Tabawan possessed on its west side a large settlement of Samals. A big reef extended in a triangular shape to the south, and shallow water was noticeable for a considerable distance out at the west point of the island. Several islets lay to the south. On maps and charts one little island can be seen marked due west. But this is wrong. There were, not only one, but thirteen little islands, south-west, not west of the island, directly off the coast.

Four-fifths of Loran Island was flat, and one-fifth, to the north-west, hilly. A neighbouring flat island lay to the south-east of it.

Our next destination was South Ubian Island, where we expected to find large settlements. It was really one large settlement subdivided into six, north-west of which were three separate islets—one small, the others larger. On the north-east coast long groves of cocoanuts lined the

beach, and in mid-channel to the south, between Ubian and Loran, was Manote Island.

As soon as we were at anchor a number of boats came out to inquire our intentions, and Urankaya Sanau, an old man, came on board with half-a-dozen fully armed followers. Two more boat-loads came alongside the ship, and in a moment the small decks of the *Tablas* were swarming with these former pirates. Panglima Tattun was among the later arrivals, and all were entertained to cigarettes, cigars, and ginger-ale, which beverage, with its sparkling qualities, caused great excitement among them.

There were two principal settlements of Samals upon South Ubian—one (under Panglima Utubanin) called Tampakan, the other called Tubedayan. As the island was not very productive, they got all their rice from Tawi-tawi. A most curious feature of Ubian Island was that no fresh water was to be found, and the natives actually got their drinking water from the island of Tunbagaan, fifteen miles off, where a creek existed.

At first I believed this to be an excuse for not showing us their wells, owing to their suspicions and superstitions; and, in fact, when Dr. Barrows and I started to walk across the island, the natives were greatly concerned and entreated us not to continue our trip. They first stated that no trail existed, then that there was a treacherous marsh, that bad and cruel people lived on the other side of the island who would surely kill us. As a matter of fact, most of the women had



SAMAL PIRATES INQUIRING OUR INTENTIONS.

bolted from the village when we landed and had taken that trail to go and conceal themselves.

The Samals professed that no village existed on the west coast of South Ubian. On going around the island, nevertheless, we discovered two very large settlements on the south-west side. We remained the whole night at Ubian. The natives were grumpy and suspicious, and their Datto told us that the population had been much scared at our arrival. Most of the people had fled. In fact, we noticed numberless boats hovering about in the distance, evidently watching the movements of the coastguard cruiser.

It was an undoubted fact, however, that, if not all, most of the drinking water for this large population was fetched over in bamboos and jugs from Tumbagaan Island.

These Samals possessed most beautiful boats, with picturesque coloured sails ending in long end tassels. Besides having, like Bajao boats, the bipod mast, these, too, possessed a sail which could be rolled, thus obviating the troublesome work of taking in reefs in squally weather or high wind. They could certainly attain great speed, and seemed to slide upon the water easier and faster than any sail-boats I have ever seen.

They manufacture these crafts on Basilan Island, where excellent woods are found, and also at Balambing, the stronghold of the Celebes Sea pirates under Panglima Jeimal.

We met the Maharanee Attaola, an old Sulu woman, daughter of Datto Dakola, who had some power over these people. Sullugan was the

most northern settlement on South Ubian. We found upon this island a different style of graves—the body being preserved above ground. This was partly because on these low islands of coral formation one strikes water in digging even a couple of feet. Each grave was neatly walled up around with coral slabs cut smooth, and some had a head pillar to the north-west, others not. There were single graves, and composite family graves; those of the better people being adorned with canopies and locally manufactured sunshades of white cotton; also with banners. Primitive but occasionally handsome carvings were noticeable on the coral rock. The dead and living seemed to dwell in harmony side by side, each house possessing an adjoining family grave.

Along the coast, to protect the settlement, several forts with coral walls six feet high were to be seen, but most of them were filled with graves, cholera having wrought great havoc among the people.

On leaving South Ubian and proceeding south-west towards Tawi-tawi, we had to the north along our passage a number of islands of a flat coral formation similar to those of the Kinapusan Group, with sandy beaches and some wild vegetation upon them. A great shoal, on which rose Tubuan, Pomelean, and Calendat Islands, uninhabited, and a circular coral reef with an eroded rock in the centre resembling, to the naked eye, a ship aground, were most peculiarly interesting. On the larger island the sand had accumulated to a great height.

We were now cruising in the Tawi-tawi Group, and flat Tandubas Island was the first of importance—one of a series of seven—upon a long reef that formed a crescent 27 miles long in the south-east portion of the group. The triangular and hilly island of Tandubato (635 feet) could be perceived rising in a semispherical mound in the distance to the north-west above the lower island, while Kalupag and Tigungun, the most northerly isles of the crescent, rose to 590 feet and 420 feet respectively.

On Tandubas, also called Ungas Matata, were two Samal settlements very similar to those already described. The Samal villages, instead of being built upon the water like those of the Bajaos, were constructed some little distance from the water on the sandy beach. These people had evidently come here to stay and had built themselves solid houses of planks with grass roofs—all the doorways facing the sea. The houses were constructed on very high posts. Upon the beach at this place we saw a foreign ship's boat, but how and why it came to be there was somewhat of a mystery. Probably a wreck, possibly worse.

Sekubun, which was the most elongated island to the south-west upon the same reef, also displayed two settlements in its north-east portion, and here, too, as on Tandubas, a few squalid cocconut and a few other palms were grown upon the coral reef. This reef, which extended all along from half a mile to three-quarters of a mile out, had at its edge no less than 114

fathoms of water—but that was not extraordinary if one knows how coral reefs are formed.

In the reef between Sebukun and Lataan Island there was the Paragua Channel—extremely narrow but quite deep, giving access to a sheltered bay; but a wider and better entrance into the same anchorage was found between Lataan and Mantauan Island, four to eight fathoms deep.

On passing this channel we got a good glimpse of Santiago Mount, 1,161 feet, on Linitian Island (practically joined to Tawi-tawi), and with it a number of lower hills forming a kind of peninsula in the south-east part of Tawi-tawi. Linitian was an island only at high tide, the entire coast in that section being a mass of coral reefs.

SIMONOR NATIVES.

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1'593	Vertical maximum length of head	0'232
Span	1'586	Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0'183
From base of neck to nipple of breast	0'175	Width of forehead at temples	0'122
From nipple to nipple of breast	0'185	Height of forehead	0'068
Arm-pit to arm-pit	0'313	Bizygomatic breadth	0'125
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0'158	Nasal height	0'060
Humerus	0'296	Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0'040
Radius	0'261	Orbital horizontal breadth	0'038
Hand	0'185	Distance between the eyes	0'028
Maximum length of fingers	0'105	Breadth of mouth	0'057
Thumb	0'106	Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0'028
Femur	0'490	Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0'045
Tibia	0'413	Length of ear	0'063
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0'070		
Length of foot	0'240		

CHAPTER XXVII

Immense reefs—The folks of Simonor—Unfamiliar mirror and electric light—Wonderful graves—The most southern point occupied by Americans.

ABOVE a mass of reefs which make the water appear of all colours, fine scenery is displayed to the north on Tawi-tawi Island, Dromedary Peak, 1,941 feet, with three humps of equal height, forming a prominent landmark, while a fourth conical lower peak rising west of it, extends into a regular chain of rather indented mountains with yet another notable peak (Thumb Hill, 730 feet) at its south-western terminus. In north Tawi-tawi, Batua Mountain, 1,283 feet, and Bujimba, 897 feet, are distinguishable in the distance.

This mountain mass, which practically stretches right across Tawi-tawi from north-east to south-west, possesses grand sweeping lines against the sky, with low depressions in some sections.

A village upon the west coast of the coral island of Mantabuan and a settlement on Banaran Island, are visible, the reef, $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles, between being almost all above water, with patches of

sand, from which sticks out the Sasal rock with a tuft of green. An uncharted islet lies off the south Banaran coast.

As navigation is risky among these islands and reefs, which are not properly surveyed, we had to seek shelter for the night near the Basibuli Reef the centre of which rises well above water and upon the deep sand deposits of which a good cluster of vegetation has sprouted. A regular maze of reefs lie north, east, and west of Basibuli, not to mention the immense south westerly reef on which Bilatan Island is situated. Eight little islands and one large are to the west of Northern Banaran, and a broad reef spreads off that island to a good distance westwards all along its coast. A narrow passage with 36 fathoms lies to the west of the Basibuli, where fair shelter from both the north-east and south-west monsoons can be obtained.

Datto Tata was the ruler of Bilatan when we were there—a most unprepossessing place.

At sunrise we continued our journey to the south-west, along the Bilatan reef stretching for 9 miles in a south-west direction, with nine islets of sand rising here and there above water showing some green vegetation upon them.

Manuk-Manka—the most southerly of the Tawi-tawi group, with Paklahatan settlement—is a mere flat stretch of sand and coral rising some 100 feet above water, with a lot of vegetation upon it. There is a channel two miles wide between it and Simonor Island (north of it), with soundings from 40 to 100 fathoms in the

centre of the channel, and as much as 250 outside on the east. But we passed east of Simonor between Tiji Tiji or Sandy Cay Bank, the last islets on the huge Bilitan reef.

A village of thirty-seven houses and a nice cocoanut grove was visible on the east side of Simonor, each house flying a white flag to scare away those evil spirits who bring cholera. This settlement rejoiced in the name of Tubiggin-dannan. Here we found again houses of the Bajao type built over the water. A lagoon with an inlet to the north occupied a good part of central Simonor, with the village of Tongusan on the west of the entrance channel.

The folks of Simonor possess a dialect of their own, and in Bajao fashion adorn their arms with cicatrices caused by fire. Long nails are displayed, and rings of immense size are worn on all fingers of the left hand. They profess to be a race akin to no one, but they are nothing more or less than a degraded tribe of Bजाos with practically identical customs and manners. They, too, file their teeth.

Two distinct types are noticeable in the population. One, the more common, has an aquiline nose—like the Batacs of Palawan—and highly-raised nostrils. The other has a rounded nose, not much depressed at the bridge—in fact, as races go in these regions, with quite an elevated nasal bridge. Traces of negroid influence were apparent in many instances. I was much struck by the great depression of the chest, even in the most powerful types, and the

over-developed muscular padding of the shoulders—which, I think, is caused by the constant paddling when in their boats.

A few of the natives had adopted the tight clothing of the Sulus, but most wore immensely loose, straight trousers reaching to the ankle.

These folks kept their toe-nails beautifully trimmed, their attention being constantly devoted, while sitting down, to the appearance of their lower extremities.

There are three Imams, two Dattos, and four Panglimas at Simonor, Datto Tantung being the principal one and Datto Baghinda next in importance. The Panglimas were Hussein, Ugasa, Abdurrahim, Asmawil. The Dattos were Sulus, Tantung—a man of powerful features, long shaggy hair, and slight drooping moustache and beard—being quite a character in his way. He wore a red fez with a black tassel, and a steel umbrella rod with an ivory handle for a walking cane. He was dressed in a pair of cheap European-made pink flannel pyjamas, with a Mauser pistol slung to his belt, while his feet were presumably aching inside discarded American military boots.

Altogether four settlements existed on Simonor—Tubiggindannan, Tungasan, Tampakan, and Obol.

Maharaja Ismail, an old one-footed fellow with drooping lips, was the chief of the latter village, where Datto Baghinda, a young man who displayed a golden devil on the top of his fez, and a son of Tantung, were the most interesting

men we met among the better folks. They came on board with many followers, and exhibited a mixture of rudeness and politeness, their constantly changing facial expression being a composition of sulkiness, jealousy, amusement, impudence, and fear. Their piratical racial traits came prominently to the fore—a bouncing manner and loud-toned speech, rapid inquisitiveness, and a bluffing tone of ostentatious honesty.

An amusing incident happened, when I played a practical joke on these haughty and impudent barbarians. They had been treating everybody on board *de haut en bas*—the Dattos evidently doing this to impress their own folks. They had appropriated the most comfortable chairs to sit upon, leaving the American officers standing; and I must say that these American gentlemen behaved with remarkable patience and good-nature, such as no Englishman would have ever displayed towards natives. Meanwhile, these seafaring folks—wonderful readers of human nature—took advantage of it, and swaggered about as if the ship belonged to them. Night was coming on.

I led the chief Datto and a number of his men into my cabin, where it was so dark that they could see nothing, and having explained to them that by the mere snapping of my fingers I could produce light at will and make them see as many people again as were present, they received the statement with undisguised merriment. The uproars of laughter were soon changed into exclamations of terror, when, on my turning the

switch, the electric lights flared up and they perceived in a large mirror as many again of their folks as had come into the cabin.

As these proud people were neither familiar with mirrors nor with the electric light, and as each time I snapped my fingers with one hand (and, of course, unsuspected, turned the switch with the other) the lights went up or down, my Samal friends became, one and all, so terrified that as soon as they recovered their senses they slammed the door open, dashed like lunatic upon the deck, and scrambled overboard, pell-mell, into their canoes.

The amusing part came the next morning when we landed. The natives would approach and converse with my American friends, but no one would come within several yards of where I was—the natives looking at me in perfect awe. Once or twice when I pretended to snap my fingers, there was a general stampede.

Perhaps of all the islands of the Tawi-tawi Group, Simonor was the most weirdly interesting. Great excitement prevailed when we landed, the natives—evidently suspicious of our intentions—turning out in great force armed with their spears and swords, these mostly of the Borneo pattern, and imported.

The two points which impressed one in this place were the astounding birth-rate—the beach being simply swarming with naked, semi-scared children—and the mass of elaborate graves which formed the essential part of these settlements. In a way there must be a certain charm in pos-

sessing one's own grave handily attached to one's house, and in having so close by what remains of those one loved—duly encased in coral rock—but on sanitary grounds things might possibly be improved. Cholera was bad when we landed, and the numerous new graves with canopies and flags and sunshades bore full testimony to the terrific mortality of late.

“One hundred and six have succumbed within a few days,” Hadji Harun—a high priest in a brilliant yellow robe and tasselled turban—told us, after a computation. This man was here to protect the Sultan's interests.

“Do you see those white flags over each house? Those are to scare cholera away.” Each house had one or more.

The Hadji showed us a mosque—but would not let us go inside—quite an imposing structure with spiral carved wooden columns. The roof supports and rafters were also handsomely decorated, as were the sides of this temple of worship, which could only be reached by a ladder. A big drum was used to call people to prayer.

For variety of graves this spot was supreme. There were some above ground, others below. Single graves and composite graves. Rustic graves of coral rock in its natural form piled up anyhow, and others elaborately beautiful with really extraordinarily artistic carvings upon them. Each grave possessed an upright slab or pillar called *okil* to the north-west (the direction of Mecca)—these uprights being generally some

two yards high, and most elaborately ornamented, principally with a leaf pattern. They were flat or else pillar-like, according to the sex of the deceased. In the first case, the edge was in graceful curves, the summit generally in a series of semi-circles. The Panglima's tomb, made of limestone, was really beautiful, had a massive quadrangle head-pillar and tricuspidal end slab, and showed intrinsic artistic merit. All the graves—unlike those of the Lapak people—were rectangular, the rock being cut and carved with great geometrical precision.

Further was the Maharaja's tomb—who had only just died—a really imposing affair of immense proportions, enclosed in a temporary frame of hard wood. One feature of these graves was that the greater the man the more spacious his place of rest. The entire grave was covered by a cotton canopy in red and white stripes, and no less than five sunshades on high bamboos—three white and two yellow—with ornamental fringes, decorated the tomb.

Datto Tangtun lived at Tongusan in the north-east of Simonor. His settlement had but twenty or thirty houses, some quite large and handsome. One only of these was built upon the sea, the others stood far back among the cocoanuts on the coral and sand beach. The place stood at the north side of the entrance into the lagoon, and possessed an entrenchment of coral stone. Here, too, were numerous graves—many very recent, with yellow and red sunshades on high sticks.



SAMAL GRAVES, TAWI-TAWI ARCHIPELAGO.

The natives were armed and never kept their hands off the handles of their swords, but taking things all round, they were jovial enough—and certainly the nicest of all the Simonor people. They were much depressed by the great mortality among them from cholera.

Hadji Harun took us into his house—a very spacious abode on piles over the sea. There was a platform raised $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the rest of the floor, and occupying two-thirds of the entire length of the house, and on this was the usual contingent of boxes, knives, and more or less greasy pillows under a central canopy.

After the innumerable, dreary, long, flat, nasty-looking reefs, one could not help being attracted—when proceeding towards Bongao—by the impressive rugged volcanic mountains on that island. We experienced a strong current in a northerly direction in the Simonor channel, our course being north $\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ west, then north-west $\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ west and further north $\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ east. This to avoid Sanguisiapo Island on a reef of white sand.

Bongao, seen from the south, appears almost like a punch-bowl formed by a deep depression caused by a volcanic commotion between precipitous Mt. Vigia (1,151 feet) and a peak to the east of it, 717 feet high. South-west is another peak, 872 feet, and south-south-east Pajor, 620 feet—a very pointed hill.

As the settlement lies to the north of the island, we rounded Papahag Island, which forms two narrow entrance channels into the Bongao anchorage, and eventually entered the well-pro-

tected harbour, landlocked on all sides. The tiny settlement lies on a point, and possesses a small pier to which ships of 8 to 10 feet draught can make fast.

Nine large wooden buildings with corrugated iron roofs were prominent, amid half-a-dozen smaller ones ; there was a meagre cocoanut grove—but the vegetation some way off the settlement was dense, almost impenetrable. The Spaniards established a small military post here in 1881, and constructed a little fort. A garrison is kept in this lonely spot, the most southerly point in the Archipelago occupied by Americans.

Barring the garrison, the population was neither numerous nor attractive ; some 35 Filipinos, Tagalos, Visayan, Zamboangans—mostly discharged Spanish soldiers ; 13 Chinese, *plus* five Japanese young ladies of doubtful character.

I was much interested in a number of covered boats scattered over the bay and in groups along the entrance channels, which were the floating homes of the nomad Samals. They appeared and vanished at a moment's notice, and no one was ever certain of their mysterious movements. The natives of all this portion of the Archipelago were extremely unreliable and slippery. Some, like Datto Maullana on Tatang, have shown great independence, and have refused to obey American orders.

Sanga-Sanga Island, north of Bongao, really forms part of Tawi-tawi Island, from which it is separated merely by a narrow and shallow

channel only navigable in canoes or small boats. In its northern portion, however, this channel expands into an almost circular lagoon. There are no regular villages on Sanga-Sanga, but merely single houses scattered here and there along the coast. The natives are under Panglima Cangan.

The people speak Samal and they call themselves "Bangao," in distinction from the natives of Sulu, whom they call "Sug."

The pottery used by these folks was picturesque, the cooking stoves on their boats being sensibly constructed of unglazed terra-cotta, red, with a frieze, and bold angular ornamentations of black and deep red. Vessels and cooking-pots had neat bands of half circles in two colours, or vertical parallel lines, or rows of superposed angles; some again displayed the lozenge pattern, radiating from a central point, and all were singularly graceful in shape and nicely turned, but not always properly baked. They were very brittle. The cooking pots were glazed in their lower portion with a deep green varnish. Inverted angles, red and black, and dots were favourite ornamentations, too. These pots and vessels varied in size from 3 inches to 10 or 12 inches in diameter. Large green glazed earthen jars were used for carrying and preserving water in their boats.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Stronghold of the Celebes Sea Pirates—A fleet of beautiful boats—Expensive reefs

MOST people have heard of the pirates of the Celebes Sea who, until quite recently, attacked even foreign merchant ships, and to this day make raids upon neighbouring islands—either on slave-capturing expeditions or for looting purposes. A small unprotected craft would, I think, even now, under the Stars and Stripes protectorate, run some risk in navigating in these waters.

Well, the home and stronghold of these pirates is a place called Balambing, a rather inaccessible spot among reefs and islets on the south coast of Tawa-tawi. An expedition to this place proved quite interesting. We went as far as practicable on the S.S. "Tablas," and, on approaching the locality, a number of boats crammed with pirates came out. They took good care to fly the American flag or a white flag of truce, to show that they had no evil intentions, but they stood aloof, and when seen through spy-glasses the faces



A STREET IN THE PIRATES' STRONGHOLD.

of these fellows bore unmistakable marks of inquisitiveness and fear. At last a *vinta* came alongside with a man, Adela, a Sulu who understood Spanish, and who displayed upon his chest a decoration—a cross—obtained at Bongao from an American officer.

This Sulu, who seemed on excellent terms with the Samal pirates, was of great assistance to us, and he acted as intermediary and interpreter. Adela carried in his hand a white flag which he would not lay down, even when assured of our friendly intentions, and he seemed much exercised by our inquisitiveness when we landed.

There was an air of wealth—and even luxury—about the place, after we had reached it, passing through intricate channels in the extensive coral reef. The thoroughfares—a sort of elevated track of shaky bamboos and planks upon lofty posts high up over the water—in some places it required a good deal of accurate balancing to prevent a sudden plunge into the sea—did not impress the visitor by their convenience or solidity, but the houses themselves were very large and beautiful.

Here, again, the houses were built upon the water—Bajao fashion—and each house had its own landing-place, where a beautiful boat was made fast. Naturally, this was a professional convenience. There was a regular fleet of swift boats in the bay, and many more could be perceived with spy-glasses along the coast, the more timid having made their escape by water.

I was much struck by the admirable manner

in which their boats were constructed—on lines, indeed, similar to, if not better than, our modern racers, with an enormously elongated prow. They sat gracefully on the water, on which they could glide at an incredible speed in the slightest breeze. Nor were these craft all small. Indeed, some were over 40 feet long, although the majority averaged between 20 feet and 40 feet. They were beautifully decorated astern, and the outrigger was constructed on the most practically scientific principles for speed, safety, strength, and simplicity—these pirates being evidently masters of the laws of leverage and elasticity—combined with the compensating principles of balance. I have been out on boats like these in very terrible seas, and could not help being struck by their marvellous sea-qualities.

Personally, in a really dangerous sea, I would feel safer on one of these boats than on any European or American sail-boat. It is true that in the smaller crafts, when sailing in a high wind, you have to cultivate agility and get accustomed to be perched for hours upon one of the bamboo outriggers raised some feet above the water, in order to establish some sort of balance to the outrigger on the other side as it digs a groove through the water, and one hears of a “one-man breeze, a two-men breeze, a four-men breeze,” according to the number of the crew required thus to perch on the bamboo outrigger in order to prevent turning turtle; but a similar process is necessary on any fast-going craft in a gale.

No iron nails are used in the construction of these boats, which are either riveted with wood, or most ingeniously and tightly laced with *bejuco* or other untearable fibrous vines. The rollable square sail is used here, too—a most excellent device in squally weather.

The chief of the pirates was Panglima Jeimal—a fellow of negroid features, with an extremely dark complexion, who possessed considerable magnetic powers and ample lack of conscience. The next in importance was Panglima Maojur.

Jeimal professed faithfulness to the American flag, which he displayed upon his roof; but his sincerity remains yet to be proved. Possibly, were the neighbouring garrison at Bongao (14 miles off) withdrawn, a good deal of the allegiance would soon wear off. He was very civil to us—although rather haughty, I thought—and received us in his beautiful home—an immense place crowded with men whose countenances inspired little confidence, and women of doubtful morals. The latter had made themselves attractive, as they thought, in a ghastly manner by smearing their faces with white rice paste, and painting their eyebrows in a straight, heavy, continuous black line that ran across the brow-ridges and ended in bold inverted angles. Expression was added to the already expressive dark eyes by blackening the under lid, and the lips were touched up; the jet-black hair hung in two long graceful locks at each side of the head. They were not reserved in their manner.

Ample evidence that much debauchery took

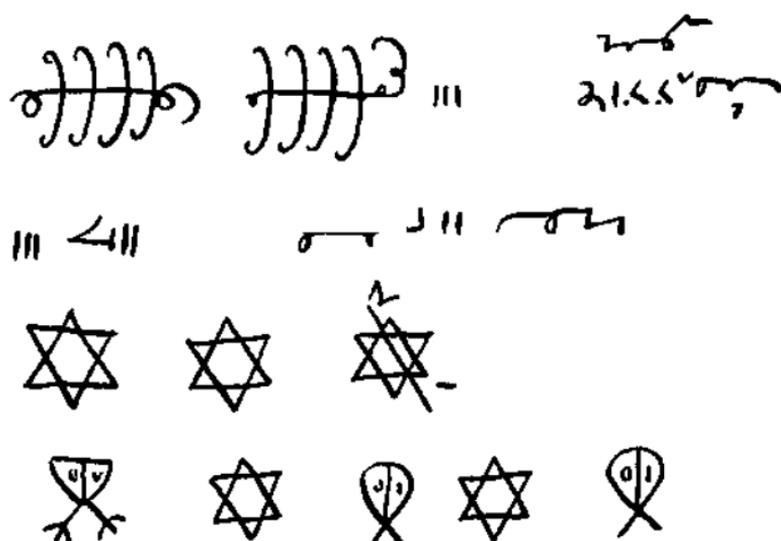
place in all these houses was presented by the number of brass and wooden vessels, drinking cups used in their feasts, and of musical instruments, among which was the highly ornamented *gabban*—a coffin-like instrument, suggested, I think, to the Sulus by the Spaniards and eventually copied by the Samals and Bajaos. It had 16 keys upon it made of different-sized pieces of *ipil* wood, each producing a different note when tapped upon by a hammer, which hammer was artistically carved in the shape of a bird. A string instrument like a violin—also not purely Samal—was played in doleful notes held on for an interminable time, and with variations of a chromatic scale, while the *gabban* was thumped wearily on one single high note. Then there was the set of brass gongs, an instrument on the principle of musical bells, imported from Singapore.

Huge conical baskets were used for storing away rice, and ample supplies could be smelt and seen of dried fish, possibly to be used when on their expeditions.

Ingenious lights were made from plaited *buri* held in a cup of either glass, porcelain, or brass. Large shells were used for water.

Amidst a deafening racket of excited voices there slept peacefully, in a hammock for two, a pair of twin babies, only a few days old, a double arrangement of sticks upon which it was suspended being calculated to give the hammock a gentle swinging side movement as well as an up-and-down motion. In another corner,

another sleeping baby. . . . Heavens! there were swarms of babies of all sizes everywhere in these houses! Above each hammock upon a card or piece of wood was a charm with an inscription, scrolls, and certain mystic signs—one very much resembling the Masonic star of inverted triangles. Here is the reproduction of one :



Weapons were numerous—and so were strong chests in which treasured objects were kept; their sails and articles pertaining to their vessels were stored away in convenient places.

There were some 30 large houses built on piles upon the shallow reef—some 150 yards off the shore. The gabled *cogon* roofs were ornamented with carved cross beams back and front, projecting high above the roof summit. The floors were made of split cocoanut palm; the

walls of solid wooden boards. Some of the houses were divided into two or three rooms inside, and possessed an outer kitchen with the usual fireplace—a square wooden tray with a layer of ashes and a great number of earthenware cooking pots.

Curiously enough, these people obtained their drinking water from the jungle no less than two miles from their settlement.

We went from house to house, balancing ourselves on creaky bridges, preceded and followed by a rabble of these pirates—our friend Adela to the fore. Out of business hours these fellows seemed pleasant enough, although I did not see a single face there I would care to trust. Indeed, a Government report which describes Jeimal as a “pirate, a liar, and a thief,” and his people as untrustworthy and only to be controlled by mere fear, is, I think, not far wrong.

These pirates nurse a tender hatred for the people of Simonor, and they do not yield allegiance to the Sultan of Tawi-tawi, but they recognise the higher authority of the Sultan of Sulu.

It may be recollected that, in 1900, these fellows murdered three American soldiers and wounded a fourth, for no reason whatever except thirst of blood.

A good deal of smuggling, I think, is carried on by these people with the coast of Borneo, and one thing that is certain is that a garrison of a few soldiers stranded without means of transportation on an island 14 miles away is absolutely



BALAMBING, THE STRONGHOLD OF PIRATES

unable to repress whatever escapades these adventurous seafarers elect to indulge in.

The appearance of the coastguard cruiser in the neighbourhood of their stronghold caused quite a sensation, and may have accounted for the civil manner in which we were received.

I left Bongao in the afternoon of March 19th, and passed out of the bay through the channel south of Papahag Island. Having rounded the southern part of Bongao we were now in sight of the strange Sibutu Islands, with one peak 500 feet high standing against the horizon line—the rest a flat, densely wooded, elongated island separated by a deep channel from a row of rocks and islets upon an immense coral reef of ovoid shape, 23 miles long by 8 miles wide, and with a central lagoon. This reef is in its turn separated on the west by another deep channel, 107 to 150 fathoms deep, from two other elongated principal reefs (including Meridian Reef)—all these reefs of the Sibutu Group having a general direction from north to south.

These worthless islands are of no importance whatever except that through an oversight they cost the U.S. Government one hundred thousand gold dollars. In the Paris Convention, it appears that the demarcation line of the new American possessions was marked through the Sibutu Passage, east of these islands, leaving this group out. It was subsequently discovered that these reefs had formed part of the former Spanish dominions, and Uncle Sam ratified the treaty by purchasing from Spain, for the above handsome

amount, these jewels—the most southerly (Lat. $4^{\circ} 1' 11''$ N.) and certainly the most God-forsaken islands of the entire archipelago.

Sibutu Island itself is 17 miles long and about $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide. A shallow lagoon is enclosed in the reef to the south of the island where the reef extends southward for $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and is 3 miles wide, with an islet on it 120 feet high.

The channel west of Sibutu stretching from north to south is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, and as much as 100 to 205 fathoms deep in its northern portion and from 73 to 90 fathoms in its southern. The western side of the channel is formed by an immense oval reef enclosing a large lagoon in the north, and by the islets of Tumindao, Sipankat, Omopui, and others, rising from 100 to 190 feet above the sea. There is a current both ways in the two channels west and east of this reef, the strength varying according to the tide, of from 2 to 4 knots an hour. In 1903 there were two settlements of nomadic seafaring tribes on Sibutu.

END OF VOL. I.

