

EXPLORING EXPEDITION

FROM

SELAMA, PÉRAK,

OVER THE MOUNTAINS

TO

PONG, PATANI,

IN NOVEMBER, 1883.

SIR HUGH LOW, K.C.M.G., the Resident of PéraK, having requested me (then Magistrate and Collector in charge of Selama) to try and discover if a route could be found from Sělama to Pōng, Patani, with a view of making a road, if feasible, to tap this disputed territory should the pending negotiations with Siam lead to its restoration to PéraK, I got together about thirty Patani Malays, settlers in Hulu Selama, under their Pēnghúlu MAHOMED DAHARI,* and some semi-civilised Semangs (a wild tribe of the Peninsula), and started on a journey through the jungle, pathless but for wild elephant and rhinoceros tracks, and quite unknown to all but BUNGA, the Semang, who had but a vague recollection of coming through from Pong thirteen years before! The following—my official journal of the expedition—may not perhaps be without interest.

ARTHUR T. DEW.

* The man of that name mentioned in Mr. MAXWELL'S Journal in 1876. See Journal, Straits Branch Royal Asiatic Society, No. 9, p. 11.

13th November.—Took bearings from front garden of Magistrate's quarters, Selama :—

Bukit Tengas (Kedah), ... 345° 15'

Gunong Inas (highest point), ... 38°

Eastern highest peak on chain of Gunong

Inas, ... 95° 15'

14th November.—Left at 8 A.M. on foot for Hulu Selama, 10 miles. Arrived at Hulu Selama 11.30 A.M. Gave out advances to men engaged for expedition to Pōng.

15th November.—Started from the *balei* at 10 A.M., wading through paddy fields. Crossed the Selama River, and arrived at TALIB'S house on Sungei Anak Tapa at 11.30 A.M.

Bearings :—Kampong Lúbok Buaya, ... 160°

Hot springs close by, ... 170°

Some of the men behind getting rice. Were joined here by two Semangs.

Started at 1 P.M. along path leading to Bukit Bintang.

Crossed the Sungei Rambutan several times—the path is often in its bed—water running right to left. Stopped at 3 P.M. in very heavy rain on banks of Sungei Rambutan, and commenced building camp, all hands shivering with cold and wet; leeches abundant; streams very much swollen by the rain; at one time it looked as if our camping ground would be flooded.

16th November.—It rained all night; started at 8.30 A.M. and went up a spur of the chain of Gunong Inas, called Hulu Rambutan, as the stream of that name rises here.

Went up to a height of about 400 feet; stopped at a point where three animal paths meet. Remains of old hut, tree marked with cross. We have steered about West so far. One path bearing East leads to Bukit Bintang, about a day's march distant, to where Pēnghúlu MAHOMED DAHARI'S old abandoned tin mine is. The other path, bearing away to the North, is the one we are about to take. Can hear Krian River roaring below to westward. Crossed the Krian River four times; big boulders, depth up to armpits; most uncomfortably swift. After ascending and descending a very steep spur, crossed the Sungei Bintang at 12.15 just above its confluence with the Krian River.

Crossed the Krian River three times again, and halted at 2 P.M. beside it, and set to building camp. Joined here by two other Semangs who should have started with us. One of them—named BUNGA—is a Pong Semang and came to Selama this way thirteen years ago, but has never been along it since. He is the only man to be found who has ever been at Pong, and he says he is sure he will be able to guide us there. He says we follow the Krian River, crossing and re-crossing as to-day up to its source in Gunong Inas.

We then go over the hill and eventually get to Sungei Rui, which we follow down to Pong, of course, cutting off corners. After to-night, he says, it will take us three more nights to reach Pong. Gunong Inas is said to bear from here, Camp No. 2, about N.N.E., Gunong Bintang E.S.E.

17th November.—Broke camp at 8 A.M.; crossed the Krian River fourteen times; water much shallower to-day, and the stream much narrower. Our path is now a rhinoceros track; marks of these animals quite fresh. After halting at midday, crossed Krian River eight times. Lost the path two or three times at a hot spring; a rhinoceros had evidently been just scared away from it, as the water was muddy. The water as it comes out from the rock (a sort of cave) is white and thick; tasted it, but it seemed quite tasteless. Remains of an old hut here, on top of a rock, where some Hulu Selama men once came to shoot rhinoceros. Halted at 2 P.M. at foot of a spur of Gunong Inas, on Krian River, which is a mere mountain torrent here, a series of cascades, about 6 feet wide, big rocks. Built camp.

We are encamped at the foot of a spur of Titi Wangsa, which we shall ascend to-morrow in a northerly direction. We have travelled, so far, in an easterly direction, passing to eastward of Gunong Inas. Gunong Inas bears from here due South.

18th November.—It rained for three or four hours last night; hut pretty leaky. Very cold here all night.

Started at 8 A.M. and went up the steep side of a spur of Titi Wangsa; on reaching the ridge followed the ridge line, steering about North; this ridge at one narrow point, 6 feet broad, had a precipice of 100 feet on each side. 9.30 A.M.

—Took bearings :—

Bukit Tegas (Kedah), S. W.

Gunong Inas (highest point), 105°

10 A.M.—Titi Wangsa, highest point N.N.E., quite close ; rocky cliffs and precipices ; patches of grass.

10.30 A.M.—Came in view of a gap between Gunong Inas and Titi Wangsa bearing N.N.E. about 6 or 8 miles distant. The Semang, BUNGA, says we pass through that gap. We steer for it accordingly.

11 A.M.—Crossed a small stream, feeder of Krian River ; water running left to right.

12.—Stopped beside Krian River. It is only a little brook here, 6 feet wide ; water running left to right.

On starting again followed main wild elephant track, which leads through the pass, but, avoiding a large number of fallen trees, lost it ; went up a steep hill, along its ridge, a good way, and down the other side. Stopped at 3 P.M. in heavy rain at a small stream at bottom of hill ; water running left to right. Built camp. Elephant tracks abundant to-day. Had a great deal of unnecessary hard work, ascending and descending steep hills, through losing the way.

19th November.—Started at 8.30 A.M., about due East up a very steep hill, a spur of Titi Wangsa. No track ; cutting our way ; went on till we reached the ridge at about 1,500 feet elevation, and there struck the main wild-elephant track, which we lost yesterday afternoon, running N. and S. Followed along the ridge, down hill North for two hours ; fresh elephant tracks all the way. I think one of the elephants was going on in front of us. At noon reached the foot of the ridge, where we crossed the Sungei Krong, running right to left. Followed the main elephant track, down this river, crossing and re-crossing it eight times. This stream is very swift and rocky, about twenty feet wide, but not very deep ; there are numerous waterfalls ; one crossing-place was just above a fall, and a slip would have been dangerous. This stream runs into the Rui. We follow it down all the way, and hope, with luck, to reach Sungei Rui to-morrow. During the afternoon, the Semang, BUNGA, being behind, we thought we could pilot ourselves, at least the Pénghúlu did, with the result

that quite unnecessarily we went up a very steep hill ; lost all tracks ; wandered about and finally fetched the bottom again, and the river. We lost about two hours by this manœuvre.

It rained hard all day from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M.

Stopped to camp at 3.15 P.M. beside Sungei Krong, in heavy rain. Some of the men have run out of provisions. It will be *banyan* day with them till we reach Pong, which we shall not do until the day after to-morrow.

About 8 P.M. two big bamboos fell right on my hut, coming down with great force ; although a most fragile "lean to," strange to say, no damage was done.

20th November.—Started at 8.30 A.M. and followed down stream (Sungei Krong) steering a little East of North, the path crossing and re-crossing it. At 10 A.M. came to an old abandoned Malay camp beside the river. First sign of human beings for some days. At 11 A.M. arrived at Sungei Rui where the Krong runs into it, having crossed the Krong this morning 11 times ; shot a snake in a bush, about 6 feet long and as big round as my wrist ; the Semangs were afraid to pass it as they said it was dangerous. The Rui here is about 60 feet wide and not deep ; swift current ; roundstones at bottom, big rocks hardly any. Crossed it, and soon after, the Semangs discovering some wild fruit trees, and the track being here very well defined, I left them and most of the men behind to feast on fruit (none of them having had more than a mouthful or two of rice to-day), and pushed on with the Pēnghúlu for the hot spring, Sira Tye, which is on our track, in hopes of getting a shot at a rhinoceros or elephant before the men came up. Arrived at Sira Tye at 1.15 P.M., but no animals were to be seen, unfortunately, though marks were plentiful. This spot is all rock ; the Rui has a fall here of about 15 feet ; Sira Tye bubbles up out of the rock close to the mouth of a small stream running into the Rui. It is tolerably hot where the water bubbles up ; the stone is worn quite smooth, from animals continually licking at it. I tasted the water, but failed to see what the animals can like about it ; it has a strong sulphureous taste. The hot spring I tasted at Hulu Krian the other day was (to me) quite tasteless and was not nearly so warm. There are the remains

of a little hut up in a tree here, made long ago by one of the men of our party, who wanted to shoot a rhinoceros from it. He came from Kupang, Kedah. From here a good elephant and buffalo track leads off to the N. E. to Kenering, Hulu Pérak. This is one of the main Kedah-Pérak jungle roads. Started again at 1.45 P.M.; our path a little East of North. Crossed the Rui 12 times altogether to-day. Stopped to camp beside Sungei Rui at 2.30 P.M. It was along this road (the Pěngghúlu says) that Sultan ISMAIL escaped into Kedah territory in 1875, going to Kupang.* Leeches very bad to-day. Got our camp built before the rain came on.

21st November.—The Semang, BUNGA, says we are sure to reach Pong by midday to-day. Started at 8 A.M. and followed the buffalo track (Pérak-Kedah) for about half-an-hour. Then we crossed a small stream, water running left to right. Here we left the big path which trends away a little to the West of North, and goes to Siah, Kedah. We went about N. by E. along animal tracks, following close to Sungei Rui. 10 A.M.—Passed the sulphur spring, Sira Buluh, on side of Sungei Rui, there was too much water to distinguish the sulphur spring, but the smell of sulphur was plain. Went up the steep side of a hill and on to its ridge; then the Semang, BUNGA, found we were going wrong. Struck off again keeping near Sungei Rui, crossing and re-crossing it four or five times. This river is now getting uncomfortably deep for fording and is very swift; passed an old abandoned Siamese hut on the bank; afterwards lost all track; kept on finding one, losing it again. Followed the river; men had been along there at some time, judging by cuts on trees, probably after fish. Came to a track cut at right-angles to the river up a steep and slippery hill; went up it; when on top rain came down in torrents; followed track and lost it; tried several directions, and at last got on a well-defined one; followed it nearly an hour, when we found we had come back to a spot we were at in the morning. We must have gone round nearly a circle. The Semang seems to have got bewildered when we

* After the murder of the first British Resident of Pérak, Mr. BIRCH, and during the war which followed.

lost the sun, and I had neglected to look at my compass. Stopped at 3.30 P.M. in pouring rain by a small stream, a feeder of Sungei Rui, (Sungei Rui quite close), and set to building camp; men much dispirited. We were sure to reach Pong at midday to-day according to BUNGA; the men have had hardly anything at all to eat for the last two days; rice has been doled out to them half a handful each; they finished the last grain this morning; my own rice all finished; shall finish my last bit of fowl to-night; nothing else left; my things all wet, the rain has found its way into my water-proof bundle; my two Klings look rather unhappy at having to try starvation for a bit, I fancy they have helped themselves pretty freely to my provisions hitherto. Leeches very thick to-day, reminding one of Ceylon.

22nd November.—The men were anxious to turn back to the road leading to Siah, Kedah, which we left yesterday morning, and make for that place. By doing this we should have made a certainty of getting food within about two more days, whilst by going on in this manner in an unknown jungle, food might remain an uncertainty for some days longer. However, BUNGA stuck to the truth of his statement of yesterday morning that we were then within half a day of Pong, and, as I was sure that yesterday we had gone a good distance in the right direction before we went round in a circle, I determined to push on, and the Pěnghúlu seemed to think it was the wisest thing to do. Should we get too weak to walk any further, we must make rafts and chance being smashed by waterfalls in the Sungei Rui.

23rd November.—Started at 8 A.M. due North up a small stream, feeder of Sungei Rui, up a steep bit of hill, and got on the ridge where we lost our way yesterday; followed it along North, descended at the end of it, and at 9.30 A.M. crossed the Sungei Sam-Sam, which BUNGA at once recognised; water running left to right; it is a feeder of Sungei Rui; remains of loose stones built up for fish-trap; ascended the opposite ridge, freshly cut marks on trees all along; this was encouraging. At 11 A.M. found we had evidently lost the right track; guessed we had gone astray where several big trees had fallen across the path; went back there about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles up hill, and pick-

ed up track again. It now leads off to the eastward; followed it along and descended the steep end of the ridge; at bottom found jungle was secondary growth and had previously been cultivated, and we now knew we were near Pong and food.

A little further on, at 1 P.M., reached Sungei Rui again. Three of the men who were quite done up, set to work to make a bamboo raft to descend the river on, the remainder of us followed the stream through secondary growth; past several fallen houses and abandoned gardens. In one of these there were a few sticks of sugar-cane and some green unripe plantains, we all went at these like a pack of wolves in a sheep-fold. Some had not eaten anything for three days and were nearly exhausted. This revived every one considerably, and we went on, following the river down, crossed it, and arrived at Pong at 2.30 P.M.

Found rice plentiful here, twelve cents per *gantang*; fowls half-grown three cents, large ones nine cents each. This is a small *kampong* of six houses, Siamese; there were formerly twenty, but the Raja of Patani took all the people away to work for him for nothing, in a distant place, and many never came back again; Klian Pong, a tin mine on the Sungei Pong, is a short distance from here, but it is not worked now. There were formerly five hundred Chinese there, but the Raja wanted all the profit for himself, so it was abandoned.

The nearest mine at work is Klian Intan; Klian Kladie is on the Sungei Krong not far below Sira Tye. I am informed there used to be an elephant track from here to it. It has long been abandoned. It drew supplies from Baling. There is a high perpendicular rock here called Batu Chigar about 300 feet high, lime-stone, it looks as if half the hill had been split from it, it faces the river.

We put up at the Siamese Temple; sandflies in myriads at night, and drove me to bed at 7 P.M.

I should have liked to have taken a day's rest, as the men had had rather a rough time of it, and we should have liked a day to get our clothes dry, having got no sun in the jungle for eight days, but I thought that our long absence might cause anxiety, so resolved to push on. Going back over the

same ground was not to be thought of as we had had quite enough of it.

There was formerly a path from Pong to Siah, Kedah, one day's march, but it has been long disused, and we could get no one who could show us the way with certainty. We should have gone from here to Siah about N.W., thence to Kupang, Bakar, Sedin and Mahang, and not going to Baling at all, thus saving a day.

The only well-known route is *via* Klian Intan, Baling, Kupang, Bakar, Sedin and Mahang; this I resolved to take. Started at 9.30 A.M. with Siamese guide. Crossed the Sungei Pong twice. Steered about North keeping alongside of Sungei Rui, following it down; crossed it twice. The first time it being rather deep, the Pěngghúlu, another man and myself tried going over on a *rakit* (raft) that was moored to a tree, but when in mid-stream it capsized, and we all had a refreshing trip to the bottom. At about 10.30 A.M. four men came up with us having been despatched from Hulu Selama with a letter from Mr. BREWSTER asking me to try and be down at Parit Buntar, Krian, on the 22nd. They had followed our track the whole way, and had done the journey in four nights; very fair work. We steered between N. and E., our path chiefly along streams and ridges; only two or three bits of hill; these streams are simply a mass of tin, and all the stone is a fine, black, slaty-looking substance that I should think was full of it. The path was a pleasant contrast to what we have been accustomed to for the last week, and we went along at a great pace. At 2.20 P.M. struck the main Pérak-Kedah-Patani buffalo track; followed it along and at 2.50 P.M. arrived at Klian Kalik.* Rested here awhile, while a heavy storm of rain came on. This is a *kongsi* of about thirty or forty Hokkien Chinese, who have only been here a short time. They were very civil. There are a great number of old abandoned tin workings here, chiefly the work of Malays, and the jungle is full of magnificent great durian trees; there must have been a large settlement here once. At 4 P.M. the

* Klian Kalik and Klian Intan were visited by Mr. MAXWELL in 1876. See Journal, Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 9, p. 55.

rain being over, started for Klian Intan; went up a steep little bit of hill, down the other side, and we arrived at Klian Intan at 5 P.M., and were well received by the *towkay*. There are about one hundred Chinese here, Macaos and Hylams, all under one *towkay*, and the mines here have been worked a long time. The *towkay* was very hospitable, and made me very comfortable, and was very anxious to know when the country was coming under the Pérak Government.

24th November.—Started at 9 A.M. for Baling along the path by which the tin is carried to Baling. Men get fifty cents per half *pikul* for carrying it. Path bears about N. W.; crossed two steep hills, and arrived at a lake in the jungle at 11.45; the part visible being about two hundred acres in extent. A very pretty spot, this is about half way between Klian Intan and Baling and there is a hut here which serves as a resting place for the tin carriers. There is no stream running into this lake, and it is said that in the *wet* weather the water in it is comparatively low, while in the *dry* weather the water comes up to where the hut stands, a rise of about four or five feet. This sounds like a traveller's yarn, but some of my men declared they have seen it. There is also said to be an enormous water-snake, *ular deradai* or *deraday*, inhabiting this lake; this reptile is said to lie in wait for animals coming down to drink, and would take a man as soon as anything else. I have heard such wonderful stories of this species of reptile, of its capabilities, &c., that I cannot help thinking that like the *naga*, it exists only in the fertile imagination of the Malays, especially as no one seems to know of any one who has seen one. There is a Siamese village near this, situated some distance from the lake, of about twenty houses. The village is called Bichah Deradah and the inhabitants plant *padi*; they have built their *kampong* away from the lake, which would be an excellent site, for fear of this rival of the snake. This is in Patani territory.* Lots of fish in the lake. Saw some wild-ducks. Men showing signs of having had about enough of this marching.

* See Journal, Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 9, p. 31, where this lake and village are mentioned.

Waited a long time for them to come up, most of them have bad feet. Passed some of the plantations of the Siamese villagers on the right ; road going up and down ; small but steep hills. Began to get into low jungle about 3 P.M.; crossed Baling River five or six times. Heavy rain came on at 3 P.M. drenching us thoroughly. Stopped a few minutes for shelter at a Siamese temple on the banks of Baling River. Went on and were joined by a Chinaman named AH SOOT, who offered to put us up at his house at Baling ; he said the Resident had stopped there on his recent tour ; gladly accepted his hospitable offer. Arrived at Baling* at 4.30 P.M. and took up our quarters in AH SOOT'S house, one of a row of ten or twelve brick buildings. This house is not occupied yet ; so we have it all to ourselves, and thoroughly appreciate the luxury of a house once more. AH SOOT says the Resident when here told him to go and search for copper near the lake just mentioned, and to let him know the result ; when I met him on the path he was just returning from there and showed me a piece of ore that looked very much like copper. He says a little distance from the lake there is a stream that flows through a cavern right underneath the hill. It was up this stream that he got the ore. He says he is going to work there for a few days longer until he is certain that he has come across plenty of it, and then he is going to take some to the Resident. He is very much afraid that the Patani people will find out what he is about, and is keeping it as dark as he can.

In front of the village here towers an almost perpendicular hill, Bukit Wang, all rocks, thickly wooded, with the rock showing out quite plainly, about 1,000 feet high, I should think. It is all limestone, and is easy of ascent along the ridge, and there are many large caves in it full of bats and therefore of guano I presume. They are a bad lot here, I have been warned by AH SOOT to be careful about opening the street door, and to have some one always watching it when open, as there are always people ready to help themselves to anything they can lay hands on.

* For a description of this place in 1876, see Journal, Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 9, p. 62.

The river is only navigable here for native boats ; can get down it to Kwala Muda in three days. The Semangs much astonished at the brick houses ; none of them have ever seen one before.

The whole place has been burnt down and looted over and over again by gang-robbers. A cart-road should be made between Klian Intan and Baling, the latter place being the outlet for the tin produced at the former.

25th November.—MARASAT, one of the Pěnghúlu of Baling's underlings, paid me a visit this morning, the Pěnghúlu being away ; I confide to his care one of my Klings, who has a bad foot and is quite unable to go any further.

As our next halting place, Kupang, was only about 4 hours' march, and the next, Bakar, too far to reach in one day, we did not leave our comfortable quarters until 10 A.M., and thus were able to get our clothes dried for the first time since leaving Selama.

Our course was about S.S.W., the first hour trudging through *padi* fields, following the course of Baling River at foot of Bukit Wang, on east side of the hill. The curious conformation of this huge rock was very striking to-day, with its numerous cavities and indentations, the southern end overhanging in a very threatening looking manner. There are two perpendicular masses of rock at top that look like old ruined castles, and at one angle there is a rock poised on a square block that looks very much like a heavy gun. At 11 A.M. crossed Sungei Pulai, feeder of Sungei Baling ; water up to our armpits ; very swift and muddy, and full of holes and snags over which I nearly broke my already much lacerated shins. Waited here nearly an hour for the men to come up. They arrived at 12, and it appears that after I had gone on ahead, the sick Kling insisted on coming on too, and the others had accommodated their pace to his ; sent him back again. The rain came on in torrents. Crossed several small streams ; rain lasted two hours. Stopped a few minutes beside a stream for refreshment ; went on, and at 2.40 P. M. crossed the Sungei Chiah, very swift indeed and up to our necks, but for a friendly stump, I should have been carried off my legs. Sungei Chiah is a tributary of the Sungei

Kupang, and the latter of the Sungei Baling. Arrived at Kupang at 3 P.M. One of Pěnghúlu MAHOMET DAHARI's brothers lives here, and he placed a room of his house at our disposal. The men show signs of being nearly played out, lagging behind very much; most of them have got bad feet. This is not the weather for exploring trips, the rain has a most depressing effect on every one, and wet clothes and slushy paths make the marching tiring work. We encountered no hills to-day. There are three paths from Baling to Kupang, the one we took is the most direct and easiest. This is a *kampung* of about 100 houses, all the people are Patanis and they have the reputation of being a thoroughly bad lot like the Baling people. Robbery with violence is what they are most partial to. There is a farm here—opium and gambling—6 or 7 Chinamen. The *towkay* told me there were formerly several Chinese shops here, but one night the Malays of the *kampung* looted and burnt them all out. Some were killed, and Chinese enterprise is not likely to venture here again until this miserable country becomes one of the Protected States. The men mostly have a sullen, suspicious, crafty look about them. I fully expected an attempt at robbery at night through the floor, and once felt a shaking and heard a slight noise just under my head. I had my pistol ready to salute either head or hand that should appear through the floor, but it turned out to be a cow that had got under the house. One has need though to sleep with one's ears open in this country. It rained all night; house very leaky.

26th November.—Did not get under way until 9 A.M.; men very tired and no go in them; wading through swamps.

9.30 A.M. crossed the Kupang River, our course is about S.W. This is one of the most tiring days we have had, the road is a buffalo-path, and owing to the heavy rains these animals have churned it into slush often above the knee, and nearly always over one's boots. Crossed innumerable small streams, the path often being in their bed. Halted for refreshment at 12 beside Sungei Tawar, a feeder of the Baling, in a hut where some one had lately camped. Waited for men to come up, and went on at 10 o'clock. At 2 P.M. crossed the Sungei Dara; remains of old hut here. Two years ago, two

men camped in this hut ; they were searching for gutta. When they were out one day a tiger killed one of them, the other man went for help, and three others came, and they brought the remains back to the hut ; they all stopped there that night. That night the tiger came again and seized the other gutta searcher. The other men wounded it several times with their krisses, but did not kill it ; it got away after severely wounding the man.

Heavy rain came on at 2 P.M. and lasted till 3.30 P.M. Crossed a deep stream, the Si Puteh, and arrived at Bakar at 4 P.M. Men far behind ; some did not come up until dark, and two men came to grief in the stream here, soaking my cartridge bag with note-book, &c. in it and nearly losing a rifle. There are about 40 houses here. Put up in the house of the son of an old white-haired man who is slightly crazy and is Pěng-húlu MAHOMED DAHARI'S grandfather. He says he opened this place originally, and that he was the first man to settle in Hulu Selama, and that his son came afterwards and opened up the place.

They are all Patanis here ; went to sleep in the atmosphere of a cattle-shed ; there were buffaloes stabled beneath me.

27th November.—Started at 8 A.M., wading through padi fields ; crossed Sungei Bakar twice ; it runs into the Si Puteh and that into the Sedin. Some Chinese were going down with rafts of timber of three logs each. The Sedin takes them down to Kwala Muda. Went through a *lalang* field called Padang Malow, and crossed a stream of the same name ; water up to armpits. Passed some fine *padi* land all abandoned, called Padang Blam, and a stream of that name ; path under water for about half a mile ; this was a lively half-mile for all of us, as the water in this field was teeming with enormous horse-leeches, the first I have ever met with ; they were about 6 inches long. Fine groves of durian and other fruit trees all abandoned. They say that *hantu* killed all the cattle and other animals, and a lot of people died too. At 1 P.M. arrived at Kampong Badan, and stopped for refreshment beside Sungei Tawar. There are fine *padi* fields here ; eighteen houses. Went on at 2 P.M. ; crossed the Sungei Badan, and arrived at Sungei Sedin at

4 P.M. Water up to our armpits. Lucky we had no rain to-day, or we should have had to swim this river, baggage and all, as there are no boats here, and everything would have been soaked. Put up at the house of another of Pěnghúlu MAHOMED DAHARI'S brothers, at Kampong Sedin; he left Hulu Selama about two years ago. The first hour's march to-day was very bad, but afterwards the path, though a buffalo one, was much better than yesterday, and for once we got no rain. Course to-day between S. and W. There are ten houses here and few more further down the river. This river debouches at Kwala Muda; can get down in three days.

Met people on the path to-day for the first time since leaving Selama.

28th November.—Started at 7.30 A.M. *en route* for Hulu Selama. Had no sooner started than a drenching shower came on. This did not much matter as regards clothes, as we always put on wet ones in the morning, keeping the dry ones for camp; but it made walking heavy work. Crossed Sungei Teruna several times, a small rocky stream. Got to top of Bukit Teruna at 9.30 A.M., a steep and slippery hill. Rain now stopped. The path the other side very bad; plain mud up to the middle, often buffalo path; crossed Sungei Dingin, a small stream, four or five times; there is an old tin mine here, Klian Dingin; the Malays came and looted the *kongsi* house, and it has been abandoned ever since. Crossed the Sungei Mahang three times, and stopped at noon on its bank for refreshment and for the men to come up. Went on at 1 P.M.; crossed the Krian River at 2.30 P.M.; glad to get on Selama soil again; arrived at the Hulu Krian Kampong at 3 P.M. Stopped a short time and then pushed on; met a big python in the path. For the first time during the cruise, I had let another man carry my rifle, and when I got it the snake had gone. The only time I ever went out unarmed on the Kurau Sapatang road I met a rhinoceros face to face. I made for camp, and he followed me quite half a mile; it does not do to go in the jungle unarmed. The path now got worse and worse as we got near Sungei Rambutan and past the *kampung*, it was terribly churned up by buffaloes and other cattle; crossed the Selama River and arrived at

the *balei*, Hulu Selama, at 5.30 P.M., just as it was getting dark, a good day's work considering the road and that we had been on the steady march without a spell off for 15 days.

29th November.—7.30 A.M. started in boat for Kwala Selama. Delayed a good deal by fallen trees in three places; arrived about 3 P.M.

ARTHUR T. DEW.

[In connection with Mr. DEW's paper, the following brief account of a journey on foot from Province Wellesley to Selama on the 9th and 10th October, 1874, may be of interest. Selama was then in its infancy as a mining settlement and the paths leading to it were entirely unexplored by Europeans.—W. E. M.]

I went to Sempang Ampat on Thursday, the 8th instant, and passed the night at the police station there in order to effect an early start on the following morning. On Friday morning I was met by five Pěnghúlus* and about fifteen ra'iyats, who were to accompany me to Selama, and started with them and four Hindu coolies as baggage-carriers at 9 a.m.

The Kedah boundary is reached immediately on leaving Tasek Estate, which extends up to the frontier; from thence there are paths which have been made at different times by Chinese wood-cutters, by one of which I reached the foot of the range of hills which lies between Tasek and Serdang. The first two or three hours were occupied in crossing the range by a difficult path, which, in most places, was nothing but a mere track in the jungle. A succession of small hills had to be crossed (the Malays declare that there are thirty-three of them) the last and highest of which is called Bělakang

* ISMAIL, Pěnghúlu of Chero Tukun; MAT PUTEH, Pěnghúlu of Junjong; DAUD, Pěnghúlu of Pijangan; JAMAL, Pěnghúlu of Chempadak; and LANANG, Pěnghúlu of Tasek.

Parang. About half way over the range I crossed a stream called Prenggan Junjong, just above a small waterfall. This stream runs into the Tasek River. The descent after crossing the last hill is very steep, but the country on the other side is level for a long distance. After leaving the hills, the path runs through lofty forest with patches of *lalang* grass here and there, shewing where former clearings have been made, up to the Sungei Punti, a small and very winding river. The route then lay along the sandy bed of the stream which we repeatedly crossed to avoid going round all the turnings, and finally bore off towards the left to a deserted *kampung* formerly occupied by one HADI, who, with five others, was hanged at Bukit Tengah some years ago for a gang robbery and murder at Tasek village. A few fruit trees remain, but the place is rapidly relapsing into jungle. A little further on I came to the Serdang River, which runs into the Krian, a day's journey (according to my guides) from the place where I crossed it. I noticed two Malay graves on the bank of the river at this spot. A little beyond the river, the track which we had been following joins a much broader path, which runs from the village of Sungei Serdang to some tin-mines on Sungei Trap, which had lately been established by a number of Sumatra Malays (*orang rawah*), refugees from Larut. Avoiding the village of Sungei Serdang (thirty houses), which was, I was told, a considerable distance off on our right and would have been out of our way though it would have afforded shelter for the night, we followed the road to the left for some distance, and then turned off (again to the left) along a path leading to Dingin. Finding that it was impossible to reach Dingin, much less Selama, on that evening, I halted at about 3.30 p.m. on a piece of rising ground called Serdang Kudong, and camped out for the night in the jungle. On Saturday, October 10th, we started again soon after 6 a.m., and reached Sungei Trap in about half an hour. It is a larger river than the Serdang, and, like it, runs into the Krian. We followed the course of the Sungei Trap for some distance, crossing it four times to avoid making circuits. The path was a tolerably well beaten track, and the walking was easy enough, except where swamps had to be crossed. At Sungei Krising, a com-

bination of swamp and river, I heard at 7.45 a.m. three volleys of musketry fired some distance off. I learnt afterwards at Selama that they had been fired by the Police there under the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. W. W. BIRCH) as a salute on hoisting the British flag. The next stream which I crossed was Sungei Kasai, near which (at Sungei Buluh) there was a deserted house formerly occupied by some Pérak Malays who had opened a tin mine here without success. Near this place we met two Malays proceeding from Dingin to Sungei Kechil, who were induced to return and guide us to Selama, as my own guides did not profess to know anything of the route beyond Dingin. After passing another swamp (Sungei Tengas River) we crossed the lower part of Bukit Tengas, the only hill on the way after leaving HADI'S *kampung*. After descending the hill, we soon struck the Sungei Tengas, the stream of which we followed until its junction with the Sungei Dingin, which runs into the Krian. At this place there is a large clearing. Paddy was growing on recently cleared ground, and there were several houses surrounded by small plantations of Indian corn and plantains. At the junction of the two rivers, the stream was almost choked by large logs of timber ready to be made up into rafts and floated down the Dingin River to the Krian and thence to the Penang market. At a short distance beyond the Dingin River we reached the house of the Chinese wood-cutters, twelve in all, to whom the timber belonged. They had a shed full of rattans as well. Two creeks of the Krian River were next successively crossed, and at 1 p.m. we reached the Krian River itself. At this point the Malay facilities for crossing the river, which is very rapid, are some sunken logs to serve as footing and a slack rattan line fastened to trees on either side with which to steady oneself. My party were spared the necessity of testing the value of this apparatus by the timely appearance of two boats bound for Mahang (further up the river) by which we were ferried across. The place where we crossed the river was considerably above Kwala Selama (CHE KARIM'S settlement), and we had a long walk through the forest, passing several houses of wood-cutters and boat-builders, to the Selama River, which we reached about 3 p.m.

I was hospitably received at Salema by CHE KARIM, and met there the Colonial Secretary and the officers who had accompanied him. They had reached Selama on the previous (Friday) evening. As I ascertained from Mr. BIRCH that there was no prospect of any occurrence in which my services or those of my Malays were likely to be called for, I left Selama on the following morning by boat, and returned to Butterworth.

The route which I followed to Selama is not the best one. Instead of starting from Tasek, I ought to have started from Sungei Kechil near the boundary pillar on the right bank of the Krian, and so have avoided the route over the thirty-three hills. I am told that there is a good path from Sungei Kechil to Sungei Serdang; thence the route is as I have described it, but Selama would have been sooner reached if, instead of proceeding on foot from Dingin, I had gone by boat down that river to the point of its debouchure into the Krian, which is close to the Kwala Selama. The swamps and rivers are the principal obstacles to be encountered in making a good bridle-road from Sungei Kechil to Dingin, and the difficulties which they present are not serious, for I passed nothing except the Krian River which was not fordable. I saw no signs of stone suitable for road-making except in one place. After passing Sungei Trap, the present path is well defined in most places, but muddy and slippery in general and often blocked up by fallen logs. Leeches abound. I met only two parties of natives on the road in the whole distance, and I noticed fresh tracks of elephants and a tiger, showing that the road is not very much used.

W. E. M.

BUTTERWORTH, PROVINCE WELLESLEY,
October, 1874.



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