


A
JOURNEY ON FOOT
TO THE
PATANI FRONTIER
IN 1876

BEING

A Journal kept during an Expedition undertaken to capture
Datoh Maharaja Lela of Perak.



N the autumn of 1875, when the recent purchase of the Suez Canal shares was the topic of the day, an event occurred which temporarily turned public attention upon a very remote part of Her Majesty's dominions in the East. The Colony of the Straits Settlements (Singapore, Penang and Malacca) had, a year or two before, undertaken new responsibilities by extending its political influence among the Independent States on the West coast of the Malay Peninsula. In October, 1874, a British Resident (Mr. BIRCH) had been stationed in Perak. In November, 1875, after little more than a year of office, he was murdered by Malay subjects of the State. The crime was distinctly political, and it was followed immediately by the despatch of a military and naval force to Perak.

A column under General COLBORNE (now Sir FRANCIS COLBORNE, K.C.B.) advanced up the country from the South and penetrated as far as Kinta—Sultan ISMAIL's capital—which that

Chief abandoned on their approach. A second column under Brigadier-General Ross (now Sir JOHN ROSS, K.C.B.) had advanced as far as Kwala Kangsa in the North, when the capture of Kinta in December, 1875, and the flight of ISMAIL, rendered all further movement of troops unnecessary. Two or three months of inactivity followed, the troops occupying numerous posts throughout the country.

The chief object of the Colonial Government, namely, the capture of those responsible for the murder of the Resident, had not, however, been attained. Sultan ISMAIL was a fugitive in the North of Perak, accompanied by Maharaja LELA (who was believed to be the actual instigator of the murder) and other influential chiefs. The part of the country in which he had taken refuge was entirely unknown to Europeans. Rapids rendered the Perak river almost altogether unavailable for the transport of stores in this part of its course, and the nature of the country, thick forest with a very sparse population on the river banks, was not favourable for the operations of civilized troops.

During January, 1876, the conduct of the Malays of Kota Lama and adjacent villages rendered necessary repressive measures on the part of the Field Force encamped at Kwala Kangsa, but after February 5th, all hostile movements of troops ceased. Proclamations issued by His Excellency the Governor offered large rewards for the capture of the murderers of Mr. BIRCH, still at large, namely, \$6,000 for Maharaja LELA and \$3,000 for each of five others suspected of being implicated.

In January, a Police expedition was sent from Province Wellesley to attempt the capture of Sultan ISMAIL at his hiding-place—Jambai, on the Perak river. It failed, for ISMAIL and his retinue, chiefly women and children, fled further North as soon as they heard of the approach of the native auxiliaries (Sumatrans furnished by CHE ABDUL KARIM of Salama) who preceded the Police. The expedition returned from Batu Berdinding (where a Chief bearing the title of Sri Adika Raja had been killed by the advance guard) without encountering ISMAIL's party. The latter made their way to the frontier and thence into the neighbouring State of Kedah, to the Raja of which they surrendered.

Maharaja LELA and the other proscribed offenders still remained

at large in Ulu Perak,* the most inaccessible part of the country. All sorts of contradictory rumours about their movements were received from time to time by the British officers serving in different parts of Perak. At the time that PANDAK INDUT, one of the proscribed persons, was reported to have been killed in Ulu Perak, information, which proved better founded, was received at Kwala Kangsa that he was living in Lower Perak more than one hundred miles from the scene of his supposed death. In March, Datoh SAGOR was captured, but, so far, the large reward offered for the principal offender, Maharaja LELA, had been ineffectual.

The Larut Field Force, which had been organised in Calcutta and despatched to the Straits in November, 1875, was recalled in March, and Kwala Kangsa, which had for some months been the head-quarters of a Brigadier-General and a force composed of detachments of two Regiments (1st Battalion "The Buffs" and 1st Ghorkhas) besides Artillery, Madras Sappers and a Naval Brigade (H. M. S. *Modeste* and *Philomel*) was comparatively deserted, the place of the departing troops being taken by a small detachment 1st Battalion 10th Regiment.

While the Larut Field Force remained in Perak, I had the honour of being attached to it as a political officer, and it was my duty to obtain information of all kinds bearing upon the objects of the expedition. By the orders of the Governor of the Straits Settlements, I had taken with me from the district (Province Wellesley), in which I had served for two years as Stipendiary Magistrate, a small body of Malays (British subjects) to facilitate communications with the Malays of Perak. These men had willingly enlisted for temporary employment without regular pay, a trifle of money in hand to leave with their families and their daily

* *Ulu* in this context signifies "upper" "up country" "interior."

Other Malay words which will be used in connection with the names of places are :—

Gunong, mountain.

Sungei, river.

Kwala, mouth of a river.

Bukit, hill.

Ayer, water, stream.

Pangkalan, place of landing and embarkation.

Kampong, village, hamlet, plantation.

Dusun, grove.

rations were all that they received. The conduct of most of them was excellent throughout, and their merits are borne witness to by a recent writer on Perak.*

Early in March, information reached me which described Maharaja LELA as living with a few followers at a place called Kwala Piah in the North of the State. He was said to be in straightened circumstances and reduced to pawning valuables in order to procure food. The information was communicated at once to the Governor at Singapore, and I received orders to attempt the capture of the fugitive.

Several difficulties had to be surmounted. The country North of Kwala Kangsa was little known to Europeans. Chigar Gala was the furthest point reached by officers of the Field Force, though the late Mr. BIRCH had penetrated as far as Buluh Miniak, several miles further North. It would have been useless to attempt a march from the British camp as a starting point, for the route lay through *kampongs* inhabited by Malays friendly to the men of Kota Lama who had lately been in arms against us. Through them warning would certainly have reached Kwala Piah, even if armed resistance were not made to the advance of any party towards that place. It seemed, therefore, advisable to take the same route as that followed by the Police expedition by whom the capture of ISMAIL had been attempted in January, and this having been decided on, a trusty messenger was despatched to Province Wellesley to collect a few men who could be depended on. At Kwala Kangsa all mention of the intended expedition was of course carefully avoided.

A week was spent in Penang and Province Wellesley busily enough in collecting men, buying provisions, arranging for transport and obtaining information. Two days after the troop-ships with the late garrison of Kwala Kangsa had left for India, I started with forty Malays on my return to Perak. How we fared the following journal will tell.

Friday, March 24th, 1876. I left Butterworth, Province Wellesley, at 8 A.M. in the Government Steam-Launch *Mata Mata* (Watchman), and steamed southwards for the mouth of the river

* Sarong and Kris, or Perak and the Malays, by Major McNAIR, R.A., p. 263.

Krian, from the head of which we were to strike across country and gain the interior of the Peninsula. The Malays engaged for the expedition were all on board, and, including my one-armed servant MASTAN, numbered exactly forty. By midday we reached Nibong Tabal, a large village on the right bank of the river. This was our frontier station before the recent accession to our territory of a strip on the left bank of the river. The station is a substantial building surrounded by a loop-holed wall, a necessary precaution here, for the Kedah and Perak frontiers are close by and the Malays on the borders have never borne a good character. At Nibong Tabal we learned that only the night before our arrival a gang of Malays had attacked and robbed a house in the village and that one life had been lost in the affray.

A short halt only was made at Nibong Tabal and then continuing our journey up the river we passed the brick pillar which marks the British and Kedah boundary. Above the boundary pillar the Krian river divides two Malay States—Kedah on the right bank and Perak on the left.

Padang Lalang, the first halting place, was reached towards evening. Here four Malay boats awaited us, as the bed of the river is much obstructed higher up by fallen trees and sunken logs and is not navigable by craft of the size of the *Mata Mata*. To them, men, baggage and arms were transferred, and during this process I landed on the Kedah bank of the river on a spot where the forest had been cleared at some time or other, and where a field of the coarse grass called *lalang* had taken its place. Fires were lighted and the evening meal was soon in course of preparation; at nightfall we were once more afloat. The Krian boatmen are skilful polers and know every bend of the river and every snag in it, so, notwithstanding the darkness, our progress was tolerably rapid. My boat had a roof of palm thatch aft, under which my servant had made a luxurious bed of rugs and wraps. The regular splash of the poles, the tramp of the four boatmen along the light bamboo grating forward as they propelled their craft along, and the shouts of the look-out man in the bow as he gave voluble directions to the steersman, were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the night and did not long interfere with my slumbers.

March 25th. Morning found us stationary at the mouth of a

tributary stream—the Serdang, on the Kedah side of the river. At this place there are a few Malay huts, the inhabitants of which made us welcome. Here a fine fish (called *tapa** by the Malays) of ten or twelve pounds weight was shewn to me. It had been caught with a night line in a deep pool.

The greater part of the day was spent on the river, the scenery being much the same as on the previous afternoon. About 3 P. M. we reached Salama, the terminus of our river journey.

Salama consists of two substantial villages, one at the mouth of the Salama river (a tributary of the Krian) where the tin produced from the mines is stored and shipped, and another higher up on the Krian river, where CHE ABDUL KARIM and the bulk of the mining population live. We landed at the former and took temporary possession of some wooden buildings, erected originally for the accommodation of a small body of police, who were stationed here until the outbreak of hostilities in Perak.

CHE ABDUL KARIM soon made his appearance with a few followers, and offered me the hospitalities of his own house. I was obliged to refuse, as much had to be done in preparation for next morning's march, but promised to pay him a visit next day before leaving his village.

He was a bright and intelligent little man, rather dark for a Malay, and with a larger share of moustache and whiskers than usually falls to the lot of his race. He came over from Sumatra in his youth, and spent several years in the employment of the Mantri of Larut and of his father CHE LONG JAFAR.

This night the arms, ammunition and rations for the next three or four days were distributed. Out of forty men, about fifteen carried smooth-bore carbines, others had spears or *ladings* (a formidable short sword); all carried the national kris. They arranged among themselves who should carry the cooking pots of each mess; the betel-nut, *sirih*, tobacco and other luxuries were entrusted to the leaders. It may be useful to the future traveller in Malay countries who has to trust to his own legs for means of locomotion.

* *Tapa*, the recluse, or ascetic. (Sanskrit, *tapasya*, religious penance.) This fish is said to be found, always alone, in the deepest and darkest pools.

tion and to a party of Malays for escort, if I describe my own preparations for the journey. A rope hammock and a waterproof sheet in case of rain, a couple of changes of clothes, a boat lamp which would burn in a gale of wind, a rough map of the country in a bamboo case, a few tins of provisions, chiefly Liebig's extract and chocolate and milk, a couple of small copper cooking pots of native manufacture and a small hand-bag containing toilet necessities and writing materials composed my equipment. Rice and fowls can be purchased at any Malay hut, if the proprietor is friendly, but in view of possible difficulties, I had a few tins of hermetically sealed provisions. Native cooking pots are much more convenient in the jungle than English saucepans, the handles of which stick out inconveniently; beer, wine and spirits were luxuries which the difficulty of transport compelled me to leave behind, but a small stock of tea and sugar was taken. Costume it is unnecessary to describe, as every traveller or sportsman has his own ideas on the subject, but thick leather boots (English shooting boots or Army *ammunition* boots) and flax leggings may be mentioned as indispensable for protection against the thorns and leeches of a Malay jungle. As for arms, I burdened myself unnecessarily with a short Snider carbine (cavalry pattern) and twenty rounds of ammunition (in addition to a Colt's revolver which I carried as a matter of precaution), but was not rewarded by any sport. An elephant, cow and calf were the only wild animals which I saw on the journey, except pigs, from first to last.

It was nearly midnight before HAJI ABUBAKAR finished doling out cartridges and rice to my followers, enjoining upon them care of the former and sparing consumption of the latter. CHE KARIM sent down an addition to our *matériel* in the shape of a Spencer repeating rifle, which was appropriated by the HAJI and carried by him, till our return to Province Wellesley. The Salama Malays seemed to take much interest in our proceedings, and I got much well-meant advice and not a little useful information about the route to the Perak river. At length they took their departure, and left me to the peaceful enjoyment of the hardest wooden bedstead ever contrived by perverse human ingenuity, a legacy from the last European occupant of the quarters.

March 26th. We were on the move betimes, and after a very

early breakfast, everything was packed, and the party moved off in single file to CHE ABDUL KARIM's *kampong*, on the Krian river. The path lay through recently cleared land, on which the stumps of trees still stuck up in all directions. Plantains and Indian corn seemed to flourish remarkably well. A bridge formed by the trunk of a tree, felled so as to rest on either bank of the Salama river, leads into CHE KARIM's village. He had promised to have guides and two or three coolies ready at his house in the morning, so thither we repaired accordingly; externally the dwelling in question is not more pretentious than most of the other houses in the village, being built simply of wood and *atap* (palm-leave thatch). I fulfilled my promise of paying the owner a visit, while waiting for the guides, who were as unpunctual as most Malays.

Sitting on a comfortable carpet spread in the narrow room, or verandah, which forms the front of most Malay houses, CHE KARIM and I discussed native politics to the accompaniment of some very good tea (the milk was Swiss, the biscuits English). The lower end of the verandah was gradually filled with Malays, and if I did not misconstrue certain whisperings and the agitation of a curtain before the door-way which communicated with the inner rooms, the ladies of the house were also interested spectators of the interview.

About five years ago, when Larut, the principal tin-producing district of Perak, was the scene of a desultory conflict between rival factions of Chinese professedly supporting rival Malay interests, CHE ABDUL KARIM emigrated with a number of his countrymen from Larut, where all mining operations were at a standstill, and sought a new sphere of industry. They found what they wanted at Salama, then unexplored, for the place, besides possessing valuable deposits of tin ore, has good soil and climate and easy water-communication with Penang. Mines were established, and a flourishing settlement soon sprung up. But with the restoration of peace and order in Larut early in 1874, there came fresh anxieties for the miners of Salama, for the neighbouring native potentates who had not troubled their heads about the place when it was undistinguishable jungle, took a deep interest in the prosperous mining district which was capable of contributing a handsome addition to the revenue of a Malay Raja in the shape of the custo-

mary royalty on the gross produce. CHE ABDUL KARIM made haste to invoke the powerful protection of the Governor of the Straits Settlements, by whose influence the troubles in Larut had been brought to an end, and was thus able to keep his place and to reap the reward of his enterprise without molestation.

Mining at Salama, and indeed in all parts of the Peninsula, is carried on by the Malays and Chinese in a primitive way. The ore is generally found at no great distance below the surface, and, after being washed and freed from the surrounding earth, stones and sand, has the appearance of black shining sand or fine gravel.

The smelting furnace is built of brick or clay and is often protected outside by a casing of wood—rough upright posts placed close to each other and bound by rattan hoops. At the foot of it there is a small hole on one side, through which the molten metal finds its way into a hollow scooped in the ground. Charcoal, of which the surrounding forest yields any quantity, is the fuel used. A hollowed log in which a wooden piston coated with cock's feathers fits closely answers the purpose of bellows. The piston is worked backwards and forwards by hand, producing a double current of air, one for each motion. The draught reaches the furnace by a nozzle fixed in the side of the log about the middle. This ingenious contrivance is a Chinese invention, and is probably as old as TUBAL CAIN or the personage who corresponds to him in Chinese mythology. I have seen a somewhat similar arrangement for producing a continuous current of air in use in the forge of a Malay iron-worker in Perak. This consisted of two upright wooden cylinders about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high placed side by side. A piston, similar to that described above, was worked perpendicularly in each by a man standing behind them. He grasped a handle in each hand and worked them up and down quickly, one rising as the other descended. Both cylinders communicated with the furnace by the same nozzle, and the effect seemed to be all that could be desired.*

* This is the national Malay bellows. From the fact that it is found among the Hovas of Madagascar, it has been concluded that the colonization of that island was subsequent to the practice of the art of iron-working in the Eastern Archipelago. (*Peschel*, *The Races of Man*, 355; *Tylor*, *Early History of Mankind*, 215.) It is found also in India in the Khasi Hills, in the Kuki and Naga villages, and also in Arakan and Burma, in Sumatra, Java and Philippine Islands. (*Journal Anthropol. Inst.*, 1880.)

But to return to the mines. When the furnace has been heated to the proper pitch, and every blast of the bellows is sending out flames from the charcoal piled high on the top and a sharp jet of fire from the small opening below, the head workman in the smelting house takes a shovelful of ore from a box and after the proper incantations to propitiate evil spirits deposits it on the top of the furnace. Another and another follow; the men at the bellows pull the long piston with redoubled energy and send showers of sparks flying about in all directions. Presently a thin stream, red and glowing like the fire within, commences to run from the hole at the foot of the furnace and one of the Chinese workmen, shading his eyes with his hand to protect them from the fierce glare, pokes away at the hole with a rod to assist the passage of the metal. More ore and more fuel are heaped on the furnace, the molten stream continues to pour, and the men at the bellows to tramp up and down their beat, the hollow into which the liquid metal falls becomes full, it is poured into moulds made in a bed of sand close by and is cast in slabs in which shape it is taken to Penang for sale.

In the East, as in the West, miners are the most superstitious of mortals. No iron implements or weapons may be taken into a Chinese smelting house under pain of the displeasure of the spirits who preside over smelting operations and consequent loss to the miner. At the mines in Larut, visitors, if they wish to descend, must take off their shoes, the *genius loci* having an antipathy to leather! Umbrellas are also forbidden within the limits of the workings.* The rites and ceremonies which have to be gone through before a new mine can be opened with any chance of success would occupy pages in description. Among the Malays no such enterprise would be undertaken except under the auspices of a *Pawang*, or wise man, whose professional familiarity with demons and spirits procures him the deepest respect of his countrymen and is also the source of a comfortable income.

CHE ABDUL KARIM's relations with his miners are peculiar. Within the district in which he claims the sole right of mining, he

* The prejudices have, to a great extent, disappeared since British influence has been paramount at the mines in Larut, but a few years ago they were frequently the cause of quarrels and assaults.

clears from time to time a few acres of jungle and lays open the tract for intending selectors. Any one may select a spot and commence to dig for tin on condition that he sells all the ore obtained to the lord-paramount at a fixed price. The miner usually runs into debt with his landlord for the necessities of life, during the infancy of his mine and until a vein of ore has been struck. In that case, the value of the ore, instead of being paid for in cash, is deducted from the miner's advance account. In fact the truck system flourishes in Salama as it does in most native mining districts, where the owner grows rich at the expense of the coolies by charging exorbitant prices for all the staple articles of food. But as the Salama mines are supported by borrowed capital, their profits are burdened with a ruinous rate of interest to Penang money-lenders.

The population of Salama seemed to be about two thousand.

It was getting very hot when MAT DAHARI, the Penghulu or headman of Ulu Salama, the village which was to be our first halting place, arrived with a few ryots. CHE KARIM's cordial "may thy journey be prosperous" was responded to by an equally cordial "may thy tarrying be peaceful," and then we filed out of the village. As the sun got higher it was a relief to get out of the clearings and to plunge into the shady forest. There was nothing new or striking about the scenery. The narrow path winding along between lofty trees and flanked on each side by a thick undergrowth of brushwood, palms, ferns and creepers might be matched in any State in the Peninsula, and probably in Ceylon, Sumatra and Borneo. Though the forest has many beauties, its density and stillness are depressing, and the general impression left on the mind after much jungle walking is one of monotony. We met no one during our first day's journey and saw little sign of man's presence, except here and there traces of charcoal burning and sometimes long lines of rollers by means of which some dug-out canoe fashioned in the jungle had been dragged down to the river; not a bird was to be seen or heard, except perhaps when the curious cry of the hornbill (*enggang*) broke the silence.

In the course of the day we crossed two streams, tributaries of the Salama—Sungei Kinalau and Sungei Rambutan. In the afternoon we reached Ulu Salama, a small hamlet near the foot of the

mountains where the river takes its rise. The houses are on the left bank ; there are well-grown cocoanut trees near them, a fact which shows that this little settlement is of much older date than CHE KARIM's villages. MAT DAHARI invited me to his house, and here, after a bath in the river, we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable. There was a herd of twenty or thirty head of cattle in the *kampong*, which their owners, Patani Malays, were taking to Ijuk and thence to Larut. Large fires were kept burning under the cocoanut trees all night to keep away tigers.

March 27th. After an early breakfast we started for Ijuk. The herdsmen and their cattle had preceded us, and my companions vowed that the beasts were stolen, or so much expedition would not be used in driving them off, but I believe that they took away the characters of the Patanis quite unnecessarily. The day's march was entirely through forest, and there was little in it to chronicle except the streams crossed. On leaving Ulu Salama we struck the Sungei Nur, which, owing to its windings, we had to cross three times. Further on we reached another stream, the Sungei Brah, which runs into the Sungei Mangkwang. The country is undulating and abounds in these little mountain streams which are feeders of the Salama and, therefore, more remotely, of the Krian. Sometimes the path disappeared and then we followed the bed of the stream. Walking in the cool water was a welcome change, except when the bottom was stony, on which occasions the men exhausted their most scathing invective on Perak roads and their authors. We halted for some time at an open glade on the Sungei Brah, which seemed to be a recognised resting place for travellers. Fragments of broken bottles gave unmistakeable proof of a previous visit of an European. They were perhaps relics of the Police expedition after ISMAIL, undertaken two or three months before. Leaving the Sungei Brah we crossed a low range of hills which is the watershed between the Salama and Ijuk rivers. The Sungei Lepong and the Sungei Trah, both tributaries of the Ijuk, were successively reached, and eventually, after crossing some open fields, the Ijuk itself. Wading through it we soon reached the house of WAN ABUBAKAR, the headman of the Ijuk valley. By this time it was 4 P.M., and as we had been walking since 7.30 A.M., and it was raining hard, we were not sorry to take possession of WAN

ABUBAKAR's *balei* (outer reception room). To be hungry, wet and dirty are physical conditions which the traveller in the Malay Peninsula must make up his mind to endure frequently. The distances between settlements have not been accommodated to the cravings of the inner man. To stop to cook may result in being late at the intended halting place, or in being overtaken by darkness and having to camp out for the night, so the only remedy is to acquire a Malay facility for eating whenever it is convenient, and during this expedition it was my usual custom to breakfast at 6 A.M., and to walk all day until the evening halt without further food.

WAN ABUBAKAR was a man of good Patani family, and slow, deliberate and carefully courteous in manner. His voice was low, his delivery measured, and his language almost pedantically pure. He did the honours of his house perfectly, insisted on adding a present of some poultry to the commissariat supplies and looked after the comfort of the men. Four Malay policemen detached from Larut were stationed at his house to keep up communication between this part of the country and British authorities in Perak, and I found here an elephant-load of rice awaiting my arrival. It had been sent at my request by Captain SPEEDY, the Assistant Resident at Larut, for it was impossible to ascertain whether fresh supplies of food could be procured in the interior of Perak. Poor PENDEK ("the short one"), a diminutive Mandheling Malay who was in charge of the elephant, was mysteriously murdered in Larut a year later; the motive was said to be jealousy, but never did man look less like a disturber of conjugal peace.

March 28th. WAN ABUBAKAR had incautiously promised in the evening that he would send an elephant or two to help in transporting our baggage over the pass (*Bukit tiga puloh tiga*, "the thirty-three hills") which leads from Ijuk to the Perak valley. But when morning came and all were ready for the road the unpleasant truth became apparent that no elephants were forthcoming. It was in vain that our host pressed us to remain at his *kampong* for a day or two while the stray animals were being caught. It was essential that no time should be lost, the baggage was divided among the men and we started at last. PENDEK and the Larut elephant laden with rice bringing up the rear. Our way lay at

first through fields and clearings. As we approached the foot of the range the path was much obstructed by felled timber, and in some places, where the wood had been burned on the ground, was obliterated altogether. Indian corn and plantains, the first crops generally taken off new land by Malays, were growing luxuriantly, but their owners were invisible, probably from a fear of being impressed as baggage-carriers. At length the ascent was commenced. "The thirty-three hills" is the name of a pass, not of a range. The range runs nearly North and South; we were travelling from West to East. The pass follows the course of the river Ijuk to its source; a ridge, Bukit Kubu, is then crossed and the watershed of the Krian river is left behind. The streams further on run down to the river Perak. This is not the only pass where the Malays gravely assert that there are thirty-three hills to cross. To the East of Tasek in Province Wellesley there is a path over a low range of hills near the Kedah frontier by which Sardang, Mahang and Dingin (all in Kedah) can be reached. Taking this route once, on the way to Salama, I was informed that there were thirty-three hills to climb and thirty-three rivers to wade, but these obstacles resolved themselves into the usual ups and downs of a mountain path, which repeatedly crossed and recrossed a mountain torrent. The use of the number *thirty-three* is perhaps referable to a much more remote origin than the caprice of Malay peasants. Malay folk-lore is deeply tinged with Hindu superstitions, the survival of a worship which must at one time have been established in Malay countries, though Islamism supplanted it six centuries ago. The heavens of the Hindus are populated by 330,000,000 deities, though the origin of all is traceable to the three principal gods. Buddhism also affords instances of the use of the mystic number. Travellers in Japan will remember the temple of the 33,000 Buddhas. Ninety-nine, too, is a popular number. The river Dinding in Perak is credited locally with ninety-nine tributaries. Among Muhammadans there are ninety-nine names or epithets of God and the same number of names or titles of the Prophet.

On the way to Perak from Ijuk we failed to identify the popular number of hills in the pass. I took down the names of twenty-six, however, from a guide who seemed to have a name for every rock

and tree he met with. BURTON (Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah) mentions the ingenuity shown by the Bedouins in distinguishing between places the most similar, and says that it is the result of a high organisation of the perceptive faculties, perfected by the practice of observing a recurrence of landscape features few in number and varying but little among themselves. The same faculty is to be found among Malays. They name localities after little peculiarities, hardly recognisable except by a practised eye; and on a frequented route, even through forest or on a river, the names often follow each other in such rapid succession that the traveller puts up his note book in despair.

We reached at about 2 P. M. a spot near the top of the pass which seemed by the presence of a rude hut and traces of fires for cooking purposes, to be the usual halting place on this route. The Ijuk, diminished to the proportions of a little mountain stream, is here seen for the last time. Beyond lies the ridge which marks the watershed. As the men came up, one after another, several lagging behind, and all more or less knocked up, it became evident that it would be unwise to attempt to push on to Tampan in one day as we had hoped to do. The approach of rain decided me to camp where we were for the night. A second hut was hastily improvised and roofed with a waterproof sheet. We were hardly under cover when the rain came down in torrents and all annoyance at the delay vanished before the reflection that our discomfort would have been increased tenfold if we had gone on.

Rest and food had an exhilarating effect upon the men, who huddled together under the scanty shelter of the huts and enlivened the evening by relating all sorts of adventures, the point of the stories generally being the perfidy of Perak Malays, or the iniquity of Malay Rajas. Some were going to Perak for the first time, others were old acquaintances and had travelled with me frequently before. To some of them the fame of former exploits had attached nicknames by which they were known to friends and admirers. MAT LINCHIN or *Slippery Mat* was one of these, but whether he had earned his title in eluding private enemies or escaping from the officers of justice, I cannot say. Another was MAT SALEH *Lima Puloh* (fifty) and this was the history of his nickname. He and some of his neighbours had a dispute once upon a

time about a piece of land. MAT SALEH was in possession, and defied any number of rival claimants. These took counsel together, and, with friends and sympathisers to the number of fifty, went off one day to surprise their opponent. They found him on the land in question engaged in some agricultural pursuit; his wife was also there helping him, and between two posts swung the cradle of the baby who, it was natural to suppose, could not well be left at home. The brave fifty advanced with shouts and threats looking on the land as already theirs, but MAT SALEH instead of flying peacefully rocked the cradle. No sooner had the first of the half hundred put his foot across the boundary than the anxious father put his hands into the cradle and lifted out, not a Malay baby, but a mighty blunderbuss with which he threatened to do for the first man who trespassed on his ground. The fifty aggressors, so the story ran, retired incontinently, none wishing to test the sincerity of the threat. "Therefore," said the historian of the chronicles of this village hero, "was MAT SALEH called 'Fifty,' because fifty men went up against him and returned without having accomplished anything!" HAJI ABUBAKAR, the headman of my party, deserves a paragraph to himself. He was a good specimen of the native lawyer and politician (I was nearly saying *agitator*, but well-to-do Malays are too imbued with Muhammadan solemnity of demeanour to agitate), one of a class created by English civilization and law courts. On the passive cunning of his race, many years of intercourse with Europeans and of loitering in the passages and verandahs of the Colonial Courts have grafted much worldly wisdom and not a little familiarity with business. A journey to Mecca gave him a title and a turban, and added polish to his manners. He had a fluent tongue and a lively imagination, knew the weaknesses of his countrymen well, and was not slow to turn them to his own pecuniary advantage; finally, he was one of the most original and entertaining companions I ever met with among Malays, though, I fear, he was not burdened with too much principle. "In base times," says Lord BACON, "active men are of more use than virtuous!" LEBBY ABDUL MANAN was the Imam of the party, and led the devotions when any one could be persuaded to pray with him, which, I am afraid, was not often; with the Malay love for abbreviation, his friends generally spoke of him as LEBBY NAN. So MUHAMMAD

becomes MAT; OSMAN is shortened to SMAN; and SULEIMAN is barely recognisable in LEMAN and sometimes MAN. The only others of my companions, whom I need mention by name, are Penghulu SALAM, a sturdy little Patani Malay, who was headman of a village in the Krian district; DEMAN, a Perak Malay, who had joined me at Kwala Kangsa some months before; and MUSTAN, valet, cook and cashier, a Muhammadan of Indian descent, who lost a hand by some gun-accident, and yet managed to get on as well as most men do with two. The temperature at Teratah Dagon, the site of our camp at the top of the pass, was pleasantly cool, and the consoling thought that our next halt would be on the banks of the Perak river was conducive to sound slumber, even under less comfortable conditions.

March 29th. Soon after seven o'clock A.M. we were breasting the steep ascent which leads to the top of Bukit Kubu. Then began the descent on the eastern side of the range, which was easy work compared with yesterday's climb. Lofty trees obstructed the view on all sides, and, though we were travelling over high ground, not a glimpse of the surrounding country could be seen. About midday we reached the foot of the range, and emerging from the forest found ourselves at a small *kampong* called Batu Berdinding inhabited by Patani peasants. The headmen of this and two other villages were waiting here to receive me, notice having been sent to them from Ijuk. While I was waiting for some of the men who had lagged behind, the natives of the place related the circumstances under which the Chief, called Sri Adika Raja, one of the eight Perak Chiefs of the second rank, had met his death at this village two months before. I was shown the house in which he was sitting when shot by CHE KARIM's men. It had been left uninhabited ever since, for the Malays are very superstitious and often believe a place where a man has met a violent death to be haunted by his spirit. The Sri Adika Raja was in the neighbourhood of Kwala Kangsa when the headquarters of the Indian column first reached that place in December, 1875. In company with the Orang Kaya Besar, one of the four Chiefs of the first rank, he fled up the river immediately on the arrival of the troops, and remained in hiding in Ulu Perak until the arrival of Sultan ISMAIL in that part of the

country, when both Chiefs joined their fallen master. The Sri Adika Raja was at Batu Berdinding impressing the Patani peasants as labourers for the purpose of closing the pass to Ijuk by felling trees across the path, when he was surprised and killed by the scouts of the police expedition already mentioned. After this collision with the natives, the Police fell back on Teratah Dagong and the main object of the expedition, the capture of ISMAIL, was abandoned.* The natives declared to me that the closing of the pass had no hostile signification, but was intended to prevent the escape of the Sultan's elephants, some of which belonged to the Ijuk district.

After an hour's rest at Batu Berdinding, all my followers having come up, we resumed our march to Kota Tampan under the guidance of the friendly Patani Penghulus. A good path led in a south-easterly direction through fields and *kampongs*, the Perak river being still shut out from view by a low ridge which gives the name Batu Berdinding ("the rock which forms a wall") to the locality. The grave of the unfortunate Sri Adika Raja and a house belonging to our late host, WAN ABUBAKAR, at Bangul Blimbing, were the only objects of interest pointed out to us. Kota Tampan, which we reached in the afternoon, is a small hill on the right bank of the Perak river, the value of which as a strategic position in Malay warfare is well known to the Ulu (up-country) Chiefs. It has often been stockaded and held by hostile parties in the little wars which Malay Chiefs wage with each other, but had never, I believe, been reached by any European before my visit. On the land side, the approach to the hill is hidden by thick brushwood, or protected by a little stream, Ayer Tampan, which runs into the Perak river just below. On the top of the knoll I found a neat

* It was reported on their return that the Police expedition had captured ISMAIL's seventeen elephants, which, however, had somehow escaped from their captors! The Malays on the spot assured me that no such capture had been made, or any elephants seen by the force. It was officially reported, too, that PANDAK INDUT (one of the men charged with the murder of Mr. BIRCH) had been killed; but PANDAK INDUT was captured several months later, and was subsequently executed for the murder. It would be unnecessary to refer to the elephant story, but for the fresh authority given to it by the gallant author of "Sarong and Kris" (pp. 396, 405) who must have been misled.

little hut erected inside a bamboo stockade overlooking the river. A flight of rough-steps cut in the steep bank led down to the water. The fort was occupied by a number of Mandheling men under one JAH DESA, who had established himself here immediately after the Batu Berdinding affair above related. Supplied with money, arms and ammunition by the Assistant Resident at Larut, he had secured this outpost for the British authorities, and was warmly supported by the Patani inhabitants of the neighbouring districts, who welcomed protection from the exactions of Perak Chiefs.

The view up-stream from Tampan is lovely. The broad, shining river stretches away in the distance till it seems to reach the background of the picture, ranges of lofty wooded hills. When I first saw it, the afternoon sun was giving full effect to the contrasts of light and shade, and the shadows cast by the tall trees on the right bank only brought out in greater relief the clear outlines of purple mountains far away. Not a habitation was to be seen, no sight or sound, beyond our own little encampment, betokened the presence of man. In the fore-ground the smooth surface of the water was broken by a few rocks against which the current spent itself fruitlessly. The country seemed fresh from the hands of nature and still unsullied by the touch of mankind, and yet a glance round at the scene on the bamboo floor of the hut, where Malays and their weapons and baggage lay scattered about in picturesque confusion, was quite enough to dispel the illusion.

When it was cool enough, boats were procured, and, with a few men, I paddled up to the rocks in mid-stream where we bathed, and some of the more devout said their evening prayers. Then we returned to the Mandheling stockade, where culinary operations were in full swing. Haji ABUBAKAR, whose love of good living is strong, announced piously that, please God, he intended to rest to-morrow and taste Patani buffalo, a sentiment which seemed to command universal acceptance. The only stranger who visited us was one DOLAH, Penghulu of a Perak village called Beah, lower down the river. He was inquisitive as to our numbers and intentions, probably in the interests of the Kota Lama Malays, who, though scattered by the destruction of their villages, were hostile and ill-

disposed. He informed us that Raja Muda YUSUF was at Chigar Gala organising fishing operations on a large scale.

March 30th. After four days of incessant tramping through jungle, it was a relief on getting up in the morning to remember that there was to be no march to-day. Some of the men set to work to improve our temporary quarters. The steps leading down to the river were rendered safe, and a bamboo bedstead for myself was constructed under the direction of Penghulu SALAM. Indoors letters were written for transmission to Kwala Kangsa under the charge of men of the Mandheling garrison, who were waiting below in a long canoe. Mine were to let the persons most concerned in the success of the expedition know that we had reached the Perak river, but the Haji's correspondence was much more practical, being in fact an order for sugar, tobacco, opium, and other delicacies of which the chief caterer stood in need. This was a day of visits. Datoh AMAR, the Penghulu of Tampan, was the first to arrive and made himself acceptable by bringing a buffalo and some rice, which he presented to me. Most of the Malays of this part of Perak are Patani men, and are honest, quiet, and fairly industrious. Some have been settled here for generations, others are recent immigrants from the other side of the border. They dislike the Perak Malays, by whom they have been systematically oppressed and misgoverned. Datoh AMAR and his Patani brethren had some experience of the acquisitive propensities of Perak Chiefs while ISMAIL was encamped in this neighbourhood, and he groaned as he related the exactions of the Sultan's followers.

I had been making enquiries on the previous day for guides to the Patani frontier, and to-day when most of the men were occupied in the interesting task of cutting up and distributing buffalo meat, JAH DESAH mysteriously introduced a man who was willing, he said, to take me to Maharaja LELA's retreat.

ETAM was a thorough specimen of the Malay freebooter. According to his own account of himself he had made several parts of the country too hot to hold him, and he spoke of the crimes he had committed with a modesty and candour hardly to be expected from one who so evidently excelled in his own particular line. He was a big man, darker than the average Malay, with a thick moustache

and a strong Patani accent. He was naked from the waist upwards, but for a handkerchief knotted round his head, and he deposited a musket outside the door as he entered with a glance round to make sure that the avenger of blood was not one of the company. Then we proceeded to business. ETAM had lately been up to the Patani frontier, and now informed me that since the date of my last information Maharaja LELA had shifted his quarters from Kwala Piah to a place called Banai, further up the river, and had now probably crossed the frontier. Nothing could be finally settled at once, so ETAM was left to ponder for another day over his own plan for the capture of LELA, which was simply to lie in wait for him, and to shoot him with three golden bullets which a confiding Englishman was to furnish for the purpose. Other visitors soon thronged the bamboo floor, for the news of the white man's arrival had evidently spread rapidly. Datoh TUN LELA SETIA (commonly called TOH TUN), the headman of Lunggong, a neighbouring village, and an old Malay from Tumulung with the Siamese title of Mengkong, were the chief of these. The latter wore a striped silk jacket, which, in virtue of his official position, he had received on the occasion of some festivity in Siamese territory, where changes of raiment are still bestowed on those "whom the king delighteth to honour." Another visitor who deserves mention was IPUT, a Burmese, who gave the following account of himself:—Thirty years before, he had sailed from Rangoon in a native craft bound for Penang. She was driven out of her course in a storm and was wrecked on the coast of Perak, where IPUT and one or two companions landed. They wandered for ten days without falling in with a habitation, and had to support life as well as they could on such leaves and fruit as the forest supplies. When they were almost dead from exhaustion and fatigue they reached the district of Kinta, and were kindly received by the natives. There, in process of time, the narrator married a daughter of the soil and adopted her country and religion. He had not seen a white man since he had left Rangoon thirty years before. He said that he had forgotten his native language but bared his legs, and showed his tattooing in evidence of his Burmese birth.

That evening was enlivened by a second visit from the Meng-

kong, who, having got over his shyness at the presence of so many strangers, became most friendly and communicative. His stories of the Sakai tribes in the interior were as new to the Province Wellesley men as they were to me, and we sat listening for hours to descriptions of curious customs and wonderful adventures, traditions of fabulous mines guarded by the wild tribes to which no Malay can gain access, and tales of Sakai medical skill and familiarity with the occult sciences. I puzzled the old man not a little by exhibiting a map of Ulu Perak (prepared a month or two before at Kwala Kangsa from native description) from which I read off the names of *kampongs*, hills and rivers never yet visited by any European. I have an idea that he believed it to be directly referable to one of the many "Sheitan," whom the English have at their command.

March 31st. We had cultivated friendly relations with the people of the land, we had eaten buffalo and were satisfied. But there was one thing I wanted to do before we set our faces northward, and that was to visit Jambai which had been the temporary refuge of the old Sultan (ISMAIL) and his patriarchal following of women and slaves. Another day's detention was unavoidable, as ETAM and his friends had not yet joined us, and I was expecting visits from some Perak Chiefs who were reported to be coming in to see me. So this day was devoted to sight-seeing. Sending on some of the men on foot along the river bank, I started up the river in a dug-out canoe poled by a Malay in the bow and steered by another in the stern. Haji ABUBAKAR was in another, assuming vast importance on the strength of having tempted the perils of the rapids once before, and explaining the *modus operandi* as if he had originally designed the rapids of the Perak river for his private pastime.

The *anak jëram* (children of the rapids), as the boatmen of this part of the world are called, standing in the bow, took us into mid-stream with a few vigorous strokes of their light bamboo poles, and as we glided along against the current, I questioned the steersman about names and localities. He was to the full as fruitful in proper names of the places as my guide on the "thirty-three hills." Every pool, rock, bend, eddy had its title as my note-book bears witness, but they are not worth transcribing here.

Troubled water betokened that we had commenced the passage of the rapids called Jeram Kling, and the exertions of the polers were redoubled. Every effort was required to keep the head of the canoe against the stream and nothing but marvellous intimacy with the different passages could have kept us clear of the rocks over which the river was bubbling and boiling.

Evidence is not wanting that the country about here was at one time more thickly populated than it is at present. A grove of fine old *durian* trees on the left bank and a fringe of lighter green in front of them where the bamboos bent gracefully over the water, told of former cultivators, victims or fugitives, perhaps, in one of the unchronicled wars of former years. Here Datoh SANHALU, the grandfather of the late Sri Adika Raja, once lived and ruled, and a grim memorial of departed power, the *batu pembunoh* (execution rock), was pointed out further on, on the opposite bank. But it was in vain to ask for stories of naughty wives, incautious lovers, or faithless slaves who may have perished here. The silent river itself could not more effectually conceal all evidence of sins and sinners than the mist of years their memory. Jambai, too, was empty and desolate, a few charred remains of ISMAIL's huts, which had been burnt after his departure by the Salama men, and the deep footprints of his elephants in the sand being the only traces left of his sojourn. Yet Jambai was once the abode of a celebrated family, if Perak legends have any foundation, and I affirm that if the following story seems uninteresting in its English dress, it is because the adjuncts of open air and Malay scenery are wanting.

CHE PUTEH JAMBAI and his wife were very poor people, who lived many generations ago at Pulo Kambiri on the Perak river. They had so few clothes between them that when one went out the other had to stay at home.* Nothing seemed to prosper with them, so leaving Pulo Kambiri, where their poverty made them ashamed to meet their neighbours, they moved up the river to the spot since called Jambai. Shortly after they had settled here CHE PUTEH was

* The solar myth is plainly recognisable here. The husband and wife who are not seen together, but one of whom remains concealed when the other comes out, are evidently the sun and moon. I have heard the same incidents introduced in legends in other parts of Perak.

troubled by a portent which has disturbed the slumbers of many great men from the time of Pharaoh downwards. He dreamed a dream. And in his dream he was warned by a supernatural visitant to slay his wife, this being, he was assured, the only means by which he could hope to better his miserable condition.

Sorely disturbed in mind, but never doubting that the proper course was to obey, CHE PUTEH confided to his wife the commands which he had received, and desired her to prepare for death. The unhappy lady acquiesced with that conjugal submissiveness which in Malay legends as in the "Arabian Nights" is so characteristic of the Oriental female when landed in some terrible predicament. But she craved and obtained permission to first go down to the river and wash herself with lime juice. So taking a handful of limes she went forth, and, standing on the rock called Batu Pembunoh she proceeded to perform her ablutions after the Malay fashion.* The prospect of approaching death, we may presume, unnerved her, for in dividing the limes with a knife she managed to cut her own hand and the blood dripped down on the rocks and into the river; as each drop was borne away by the current, a large jar immediately rose to the surface and floated, in defiance of all natural laws, *up-stream* to the spot whence the blood came. As each jar floated up, CHE PUTEH's wife tapped it with her knife and pulled it in to the edge of the rocks. On opening them she found them all full of gold. She then went in search of her husband and told him of the treasure of which she had suddenly become

* Limes are used in Perak, as we use soap, when a Malay has resolved on having a really good "scrub." They are cut in two and squeezed (*ramas*) in the hand. In Penang a root called *sintok* is usually preferred to limes. When the body is deemed sufficiently cleansed the performer, taking his stand facing the East, spits seven times, and then counts up seven aloud. After the word *tujoh* (seven) he throws away the remains of the limes or *sintok* to the West saying aloud, *Pergi-lah samua sial jambalang deripada badan aku ka pusat tasek Panjangi*. "Misfortune and spirits of evil begone from my body to the whirlpool of the lake Panjangi!" Then he throws (*jurus*) a few buckets of water over himself and the operation is complete.

The lake Panjangi is situated in mid-ocean, and its whirlpool most likely causes the tides. All the waters of the sea and rivers are finally received there. It is probably as eligible an abode for exercised spirits as the Red Sea was once considered to be by our forefathers.

possessed. He spared her life, and they lived together in the enjoyment of great wealth and prosperity for many years. Their old age was clouded, it is believed, by the anxiety attending the possession of a beautiful daughter, who was born to them after they became rich. She grew up to the perfection of loveliness, and all the Rajas and Chiefs of the neighbouring countries were her suitors. The multitude of rival claims so bewildered the unhappy parents that, after concealing a great part of their riches in various places, they disappeared and have never since been seen. Their property was never found by their children, though, in obedience to instructions received in dreams, they braved sea-voyages and went to seek for it in the distant lands of Kachapuri and Jamulepor.

Several places near Jambai connected with the legend of CHE PUTEH are still pointed out; at Bukit Bunyian the treasure was buried and still lies concealed. A deep gorge leading down to the river is the ghaut down which CHE PUTEH's vast flocks of buffaloes used to go to the river. Its size is evidence of the great number of the animals, and, therefore, of the wealth of their owner. Two deep pools, called respectively Lubuk Gong and Lubuk Sarunai, contain a golden gong and a golden flute which were sunk here by CHE PUTEH JAMBAI. The flute may sometimes be seen lying on one of the surrounding rocks, but always disappears into the depths of the pool before any mortal can approach it. The treasures of Lubuk Gong might before now have passed into human possession, had it not been for the covetousness of the individual selected as their recipient. A Malay of Ulu Perak was told in a dream to go and fish in the pool of the gong and to take a pair of betelnut scissors (*kachip*) with him. He was to use the *kachip* immediately on being told to do so. Next morning he was at the pool early, and at his first cast hooked something heavy and commenced to draw it up. When the hook appeared above water, there was a gold chain attached to it. The lucky fisherman then commenced to pull up the chain into his canoe and hauled up fathoms of it, hand over hand, until the boat could hardly hold any more. Just then a little bird alighted on a branch close by and piped out a couple of notes which sounded for all the world like *kachip*. The man heard, but he wanted a little more and he went on hauling. *Kachip*, said the bird

again. "Just a very little more," thought the fisherman, and he still continued dragging up the chain. Again and again the warning note sounded, but in vain, and suddenly a strong pull from the bottom of the pool dragged back the chain, and before the Malay had time to divide it with his tweezers, the last link of it had disappeared beneath the waters. A warning to all persons guilty of avarice and covetousness! The pools of the gong and the golden flute still, for ought I know to the contrary, preserve their treasures. Time pressed, and we did not seek to explore their depths.

While at Jambai I was visited by KULUP MOHAMED (a nephew of the Panglima Kinta), who was on his way to Tampan with several followers to see me. At his invitation, I made the return journey down-stream on his bamboo raft. The centre of the raft, which was of an oblong shape, was occupied by a raised bamboo platform walled on three sides and roofed like a hut. Inside, comfortable mats were spread, handsome spears and krisses were slung to rattan loops on the walls and roof, and a neat little tray containing pipes, a lamp and a small horn box of *chandoo* proclaimed that my host indulged a weakness for opium. Two men, squatted in the forepart of the raft just in front of the little stage on which we sat, plied their paddles lustily, and a third between them wielded a pole with marvellous activity. Behind, two or three more with paddles or poles worked incessantly to keep the raft straight with the current, yelling directions of all kinds to their brethren in front, for to shoot a rapid broadside on would be an experiment attended with several inconveniences and some little danger. One brawny fellow in front of me got literally red with his exertions in spite of his brown skin, when we commenced at last to slide down a long reach of troubled water perceptibly out of the horizontal. The raft buried itself under the surface, leaving dry only our little stage, and the whole fabric shook and trembled as if it were about to break up. Yelling "*Sambut, sambut*" (Receive, receive) to the spirits of the stream, whom KULUP MOHAMED was propitiating with small offerings of rice and leaves, the panting boatmen continued their struggles until we shot out once more into smooth deep water and all danger was over. "Isn't he like a buffalo?" said KULUP Mo-

HAMED, pointing to the broad back and muscular neck of my brawny friend. So we parted with Jeram Kling.

The raft was moored by the steps below the stockade at Tampan, and our new friends were admitted to a share of the rice and buffalo meat of the camp. At night KULUP MOHAMED came up to the hut and told me what he knew of affairs in Ulu Perak. Sayyid MAHMUD (*Orang Kaya Besar*) was, he said, at Tumulong, not very far off, and anxious to come in and be friendly, if sure of his reception. Maharaja Lela was said to be at Kwala Kendrong, on the other side of the Patani frontier, where no Perak Malays need hope to follow him, for KULUP MOHAMED and his men had been turned back from the border. Encouraged by the reward offered by Government, they had, it seemed, been watching the proscribed Chief in the hopes of finding means to earn it. I sent civil messages to Sayyid MAHMUD, and accepted, not without some misgivings, the offer of KULUP MOHAMED to accompany me up-country with his men.

April 1st. The first thing I encountered was the familiar face of an old Malay of Kubang Boya where the Larut Field Force had encamped at one time. PANDAK KETAH was distinguishable above his fellows by a total absence of teeth, and a habit of opening his mouth very wide at the conclusion of each sentence, as if to punctuate his remarks. Furthermore, he was perhaps more shameless in asking for small loans or presents than the generality of his countrymen. He was the bearer of a letter from Captain SPEEDY to the Orang Kaya Besar, whom he hoped to take back to a disconsolate wife and family at Kwala Kangsa. He was fed and speeded on his way, but an application for a small donation of three dollars was mildly but firmly refused.

Lunggong is a village about five miles to the North of Tampan, but, unlike the camp which we were quitting, it is at some distance from the river. It nestles under the lee of some low limestone hills, a curious mixture of white cliff and green foliage.

Reinforced by seven Mandheling men, whose service JAH DESA pressed upon me, we commenced our march northward. Delay was still unavoidable, as it was desirable to have a good understanding with Sayyid MAHMUD before leaving him in our rear, but

at all events Lunggong was one stage in the right direction, and I had promised Datoh TUN to be his guest.

The Penghulu must have borne testimony to the peaceable intentions of our party, for I observed none of that panic on the part of women and children which I had sometimes unwittingly caused in Perak hamlets. I am reluctantly compelled to bear witness that the ladies whom I saw at Lunggong were not one whit better looking than the specimens of womanhood whom I had seen from time to time in other parts of the country. Kota Lama and Kampar have the reputation of producing the best favoured damsels in Perak, but to the Western imagination it seems that even those happy spots have earned their fame too cheaply.

While a house was being prepared for my reception, and while MASTAN looked on in a superior kind of way as much as to say "Do you really expect my master to sleep here?" the Penghulu invited me into his house. Various elders were introduced, and the politest of small talk was interchanged for a time. Presently refreshments were served, consisting of bullets of dough in a molten sea of brown sugar. My host and his brother, with true Malay hospitality, shared this delicacy with me, no doubt for the usual unspoken reason—to prove that no poison was to be feared. I was glad to fall back on some excellent plantains and to leave the *bubur* to those more capable of appreciating it.

It was all very well to lie *perdu* in a hammock in my new quarters all the afternoon, but the villagers were not to be cheated in that way, and when with one or two "faithfuls" I started in the evening to bathe in a little stream which flows past the *kampung*, the whole population turned out to assist. To attend another to the bath is a polite attention among Malays!

KULUP MOHAMED brought unsatisfactory accounts of Sayyid MAHMUD. The latter, so far from meeting me at Lunggong, as I had reason to hope he would do, had written to say that illness detained him at Tumulong. It was time to settle definitely what our movements were to be, without further reference to this man, so I told my people to be ready to march on the morning of the 3rd. The neighbouring Penghulus mustered strong in our hut that evening, each with his grievance. One had been squeezed

and pillaged by CHE KARIM's men in January ; another had relatives in captivity at Salama, and there was a general wail over the exactions of the Perak Malays of Chigar Gala, whose devices for extorting supplies of rice from the Patani planters seemed to be conceived with more talent than honesty. I could do little for them then, but promised enquiry and redress at some future time.

ETAM unfolded the details of the route we were to pursue, and promised the services of three other guides and some coolies. So the day ended hopefully, and lighted by the Mandheling sentry, I picked my way over the bodies of sleeping Malays to my hammock.

It requires practice to be able to sleep in a Malay hut of the humbler sort if the lodgers be numerous and the entertainer's family large. All kinds of sounds conspired to "murder sleep" on this particular night, a middle aged *bourdon* snore imported, I think, by our own party, an intermittent infantile wail, a purely local production, and expostulation, coaxing at first but ending in wrath, of sleepy matrons ; then somebody got up in the middle of the night and said his prayers aloud, and the man on guard crooned little songs to himself. Never was daylight more welcome.

April 2nd. Detention at Lunggong being unavoidable, the only thing to do was to see something of the country ; the people of the place took me in the morning to Bukit Kajang, the limestone range which had attracted my attention the day before. These limestone hills occur in several parts of Perak and are generally honey-combed with caves and peopled by bats. We had to pass through a belt of low dark jungle, where everything was very damp and earthy, before reaching the foot of the hill and the mouth of the first cave. The latter was not of great extent, but a number of narrow dark passages branched off from it. In exploring these, our torches set in motion dozens of bats, which flitted along the low galleries just over our heads. The Malays pointed out one or two curious stalagmites, which they had honoured with names. One, I remember, bore a rough resemblance to the shape of a crocodile.

Then we went higher up the hill to a second range of galleries bearing the poetical name *Goah Putri*, or the "Cave of the

Princess." It was easy to appreciate here the imagination which had discovered in beautiful stalagmites, fashioned by ages in the likeness of drapery, the *kalambu*, or bed-curtains, of the invisible lady. They reached nearly from the floor to the arched roof where stalactites hung to meet them. Close at hand was a small chamber known locally as the bathing-apartment, in which a step led up to a bath formed in the rock. I almost wondered at not finding the looking-glass or other toilette necessities of the tenant! But such a discovery would have involved a search for the owner at the cost of unknown delay to the expedition. I know a Malay Raja who spent many days once in searching for some fair spirit in the mountains of the interior of Kedah, guided only by the report of some ryots who had disturbed her at her toilette besides a stream. I think they brought back a magic comb to witness if they lied.

Chinese come to Malay countries and ruin by their prosaic commercial habits all the association of caves with princesses and other agreeable ideas. These caverns are carpeted with the article of commerce known as *tahi kalawa*, guano, the droppings of innumerable bats. In connection with caves, the Chinaman knows of nothing more ethereal than bats' dung!

Penghulu DOLAH and some of his friends were to have met us at the caves, but they did not appear, and we returned to Lunggong. There we found out the cause of their failure in their engagement. Even in this secluded district there were to be found men capable of carrying out a housebreaking job in a fairly workmanlike manner, and it seemed that a house had been robbed the night before in the most civilized way in the world. The discovery of the loss and the subsequent search had detained our friends. I only mention this incident, because we were instrumental in arresting the offenders afterwards.

Two Sayyids of Chigar Gala to whom I had written (at the entreaty of Haji ABUBAKAR who was tired of walking) asking for the loan of two elephants, appeared to-day. They related with much *empressement* how they had hastened from their village at my call, only too honoured at being asked to lend their beasts. But where were the elephants? Alas! did not the Tuan (Master) know

that this was the *ninring* * season, and that all the male elephants were *gila*? Allah! Such a misfortune! Hardly had the descendants of the Prophet got one stage beyond their village than their elephants strayed into a herd of wild ones, and if it pleased God they might be caught again in a week! I was sufficiently versed in the guile of the Perak Malay to know how much to believe of this story, and though I dismissed them civilly, I was not at all surprised to hear, after my return to Kwala Kangsa a month later, that these two rogues had left their elephants at Beong when they came on to see me, and rejoined them there on their return!

The day was spent in Toh Tûn's house, and the only important event was the receipt of a piece of information about one of the proscribed offenders of whom we were in search, which rather surprised me. It leaked out through some of the Malays in the place, who had made friends with my men, that Si TUAH, one of the persons mentioned in the Governor's proclamation, had fallen into the hands of CHE KARIM's men after ISMAIL's flight from Jambai. They had scoured the country round Jambai for two or three weeks, and had picked up several slaves, chiefly women. TUAH had successfully concealed his identity, so said my informants, by giving his name as UNTONG, but before he had been taken over the hills to SALAMA, his master, Maharaja Lela himself, had offered to pay thirty dollars to the people in whose village TUAH was detained if they would bring about his escape. The man was said to be still in captivity at Salama, with other slaves.

JAH DESA had sent me a letter that morning warning me that a noted robber, named RAJA ABBAS† with five companions was out in the district South of Tampan; his messenger took back from me a letter, written in Haji ABUBAKAR's most flowing Malay, asking CHE KARIM of Salama, to send to Kwala Kangsa, to await my return, the person of SI UNTONG, said to be a captive in his village.

* *Ninring*, a kind of fruit. The condition, called *musth* in India, to which the male elephant is subject periodically is attributed by the natives of Perak to this fruit, which, they say, is greedily eaten, when ripe, by elephants.

† Raja Abbas was a freebooter of Bugis origin, but a native of Krian. He had escaped a few years before from the Penang Prison, where he was confined on a charge of gang-robbery and murder. He was eventually killed (in 1876) resisting an attempt to capture him.

April 3rd.—A wizened little old man named ABDUL RAOF, a messenger from KULUP MOHAMED, arrived early in the morning with the news that Sayyid MAHMUD (Orang Kaya Besar) was on his way to see me. Shortly afterwards he arrived, attended by KULUP MOHAMED and the old Mengkong of Tumulong, and followed by a string of spear-men and hangers-on. He was elaborately dressed in a green silk jacket flowered with gold, and was obsequiously addressed as "Tunku" by all his attendants.

The interview which followed took place in the Penghulu's house. Sayyid MAHMUD professed the utmost friendliness, said that as long as Sultan ISMAIL had remained in Perak he had felt bound to follow him, but that since the ex-Sultan had passed over into Kedah, he was free to bestow his political allegiance elsewhere. He spoke feelingly of the distress which the fugitives in Ulu Perak, himself among the number, had suffered during their flight, in consequence of the scarcity of provisions. Various agricultural occupations were taking him, he said, up to the North, his people having settled temporarily near Jeram Panjang ("the long rapids"), so he could not accept Captain SPEEDY's invitation to go to Kwala Kangsa. This was an opportunity of avoiding several days' marching, which did not escape Haji ABUBAKAR, and at his suggestion it was arranged that he and one or two others should accompany Sayyid MAHMUD in his boat up the river and rejoin me at Kwala Kendrong. Then, with many speeches of a reassuring nature to my new ally, and many farewells to TOH TÛN and the Malays of Lunggong, I left their hospitable *kampung*. The order of march was much the same as it had been between Salama and Tampan, the men having to carry their rations and cooking-pots besides their arms, but our numbers were augmented by five guides and three coolies (Patani Malays) and the seven Mandheling men from the Tampan stockade whom I have already mentioned. The path which we followed leads in a N. W. direction through the *kampongs* and *padi* fields of Gelok and Sumpitan. All the inhabitants were in the fields busy with the *padi* harvest, and the houses stood empty, a fact which seemed to the Province Wellesley men to speak volumes for the honesty of Patani Malays. Sumpitan boasts of a tin mine, which is worked by a few Chinese, but I did not see it, for we crossed

the Sumpitan river far below the workings. After leaving Sumpitan, cultivation ceased, and the rest of the day's journey was performed through forest. Ayer Labu, Bukit Sirai, Ayer Ninring and Siro Talak are the names of localities which we successively passed, the last-named being a kind of "salt-lick" much resorted to, according to the guides, by wild animals, a fact to which abundant footprints bore testimony. The attraction seemed to be earth of a low mound which was scratched up or otherwise disturbed in several places. Elephant tracks were numerous. In the afternoon we camped at a stream called Ayer Membalik. My hammock was slung between two trees, and above it a water-proof sheet stretched over a line and tied down to pegs in the ground formed an excellent substitute for a hut. The stream was dammed up to make a bath, and while some of the men rapidly improvised a hut of sticks and branches, others lit fires and commenced cooking operations. The only drawback to enjoyment was the persistent assault of a small kind of bee called by the Malays *peningat*, "the stinger," or *apit-apit*, a nest of them having been disturbed incautiously just after we had made ourselves comfortable.

The regular camping ground for travellers between Perak and Patani used to be, the guides informed me, at Ayer Bah, a little further on, but this place has a bad name, owing to a tragedy which occurred there a few years ago. A Malay and his wife and child, who stopped there one night, were surprised by a tiger which sprang in among them as they sat round their camp-fire and carried off the woman. The man ran away, and the child, left to itself, wandered into the forest in search of its parents. In the morning, when the father returned with assistance, the child was nowhere to be found and was never recovered. The spot is now shunned, and no one ever camps there.

This and other stories served to pass an hour or two after darkness had set in. The stillness in the forest was intense, the only sounds being the occasional call of an argus pheasant or the cry of the *wah-wah* ape.

April 4th.—This day's march began and ended in the forest, and we did not see an inhabited house or meet a human being all day. The main route between Perak and Patani is nothing but a track.

through the jungle and the Semang tribes and wild animals, the rightful owners of the forest, seemed to be little disturbed by travellers. Frequently during the day, my attention was called to traces of the Semangs; now it was a path or a small clearing, now it was a hole dug at the foot of a tree from which an esculent root had been taken, and so on.

Shortly after starting, we passed Ayer Bah, the scene of the tiger story which had been related the night before, and later in the day we made a short halt at Sungei Kenering. For the rest of the day, we followed this river upstream, crossing it and recrossing it repeatedly, when a short cut could be made and a long detour avoided. The Kenering is the first considerable tributary of the Perak river (on its right bank) North of the Dedap. It rises in the mountains on the Kedah frontier and runs into the Perak several hours' journey below the place where I first crossed it.

At Padang Puroh, a clearing on the left bank of the Kenering, which seems to be a usual camping ground, we fell in with the tracks of Ismail's elephants (which we had last seen at Jambai) and followed all day the route which had been taken by the ex-Sultan. From Padang Puroh, I could see to the eastward the top of Gunong Lunei, which is on the other side of the Perak river. Sungei Pari, a little stream which runs into the Kenering, is said to be a great place for wild elephants, as it possesses a *siro*, where they and other wild animals, so the Malays rightly or wrongly declare, find some earth which they like to "eat" (lick?). We passed a deserted settlement at Sungei Pari. The houses were falling to ruin and the patch once cultivated was being invaded by jungle. Some of the men discovered some bushes of the bird pepper and helped themselves liberally.

Sungei Leweng was the name of the next stream crossed, and from an open field of *lalang* here there is a good view of Gunong Inas, looking West. This same range is one of the principal features of the landscape at Salama looking East.

These open patches were a welcome relief to the monotony of the forest, enabling me, as they did, to guess our position and direction of march from occasional glimpses of well-known peaks or ranges. Further on, at Padang Pulo Sari, Bukit Naksa, the

present boundary between Perak and Patani, was pointed out. The tracks of elephants were everywhere extremely numerous, the *lalang* was tramped down in many places, and here and there wild fruit of different kinds partially eaten lay scattered on the ground. When we had crossed the Kenering river—it seemed for the fiftieth time—at Padang Langkuas, the men in front shouted out that there were elephants in sight, and I hurried forward just in time to see a female elephant and a young one standing knee deep in the *lalang* on the edge of the forest. They were not a hundred yards from us; the cow stood still facing us, while the calf trotted round her. There were no weapons among the party fit for elephant shooting, even if I had felt inclined to try to bag a female which has no tusks, so both mother and young one were allowed to disappear into the jungle uninjured, though several of the men would have tried the effect of smooth-bore carbines if permitted to do so!

In the afternoon we camped at Ayer Jiri, a stream which runs into the Kenering. Traces were not wanting of Sultan ISMAIL's temporary encampment here. Relics were picked up and brought to me by the men—the rattan ring of a shield, the *sengkala* or hobbles of an elephant, a vessel made of bark for cooking *pulut* rice, &c., &c.

By the time that the huts were ready, the hammock slung, and dinner in course of preparation, I received a welcome surprise in the arrival of messengers from Kwala Kangsa, who brought me letters and the supplies for which Haji ABUBAKAR had written while we were at Tampan. They had been following in our wake all day. These messengers fared better than others subsequently sent off by Captain SPEEDY, with letters, &c., for me, who were surprised and disarmed by Raja ABBAS and his party, and only got away with the loss of their rifles and despatches.

The letters, curiously enough, reached me months later, having been again stolen in Kedah from the original robbers and taken to some one who could read English through whose means they were ultimately forwarded to their destination.

April 5th.—Soon after leaving camp this morning, we crossed the Kenering river for the last time and struck a much smaller

stream, the Ayer Naksa, which we followed up to its source in the hills of the same name. The general direction was North. At the summit of Bukit Naksa I found myself at the place popularly assigned as the boundary between Perak and Patani.

In all the Native States of the Peninsula, the interior of the country is under forest, roads are almost unknown, and communication by land difficult. The rivers are the main arteries by which trade is carried on, and it is on the banks of rivers and on the sea coast that the bulk of the Malay inhabitants are to be found. It follows, therefore, that the inland boundaries of the various States generally have reference to the watershed, a particular river being generally found to belong in its whole course to one particular State. Thus the State of Kedah, or rather the southern portion of it which is nearest to Penang, extends as far to the East as the sources of the Muda and the Krian. So Perak owns all the territory through which the Kinta river flows, right up to the source of that river in the mountains, beyond which is Pahang. Reasoning from this analogy one would expect to find the Perak river, in its whole length contained in one kingdom, and there is no doubt that at no distant time Perak jurisdiction extended much further to the North and North-east than Bukit Naksa and Jeram Panjang.*

The ancient boundary, say the Perak Malays, was at Gunong Jambul Mrak† (Peacock's crest mountain). Here, before the sins of mankind caused such prodigies to disappear, the Creator had, out of solicitude for the peace of Perak and Patani, placed a miraculous tree (*kakabut*), the blossoms of which were white on the side turned towards Perak and red on the side turned towards Patani. This, it is to be feared, no longer exists.

* "Malay Kingdoms are agglomerations of river settlements, and I doubt if a single instance can be found where a river district is politically divided by the river."—J. R. LOGAN, *Jour. Ind. Arch.*, vol. v., p. 64.

† ANDERSON, in his *Considerations*, calls this mountain *Sablah*. Speaking of the river Muda he says: "Its source is at the foot of the mountain 'Sablah' in the Patani country. On the opposite side, the Patani river, which empties itself on the eastern side of the Peninsula, also takes its rise, and it is positively asserted by the Malays that the Perak river has its source at the base of the same mountain, which is remarkable, the mouth of the two rivers being distant about a degree and a half of latitude."

Gunong Jambul Mrak is the water-parting between Patani and Perak. From it the Patani river, the river Sah (which runs into the Patani river) and the Kalantan river are said to flow eastward, while the Perak river takes a westward course.

But the Perak river has an important tributary, the "Rui," which runs into the main river many miles West of Gunong Jambul Mrak. The whole of the country watered by this stream was once Perak territory and the boundary with Patani was *Lobang Gandang*, a subterranean stream (a feeder of the Rui), which is said by the Malays to disappear under ground for several hundred yards. Nor are these the only defined boundaries. The inland boundary between the heads of the rivers was "Padang Limau Nipis" ("the plain of the Orange"), and here Perak Chiefs had a stockade within the present century. The ancient frontier may, therefore, be said to be a line drawn from Lobang Gandang to Padang Limau Nipis and thence to Gunong Jambul Mrak. The tin-mines of Intan and Endah were then within Perak territory. They were opened originally by a Perak Malay "PAWANG SERING," son of the Chief of the northern district "TOH LALANG." The durian trees at Dusun Kalik were planted by him. After his death, the mines were a constant source of discord between his cousin TOH LAMPOH (who had then become Sri Adika Raja) and the Patani Chiefs and a petty border warfare was the result. Sometimes one party got possession of the mines and sometimes the other. The same sort of thing went on in the time of TOH TORSON, the next Sri Adika Raja. Then came the war with Kedah (1817-8) and the mines passed into Patani hands. Since then the Patani Malays have practically owned the country down to Bukit Naksa and Berlah Bujuk at the head of Jeram Panjang ("*long rapids*"). The Perak Chiefs and ryots have had to acquiesce tacitly in this arrangement, but they have always, when possible, asserted their right to the ancient boundary, though they have not been able to enforce it. Many years have passed since the Intan and Endah mines paid a royalty to Perak and since their produce was taken on elephants to Lubok Goloh and sent down to the Perak river. But the claims of Perak are not forgotten by the men of the Ulu, and this boundary question was one of the first points on which

the assistance of the first British Resident was asked. I shall return to this subject again when describing the Intan mines.*

We descended Bukit Naksa on the Patani side and camped about eleven o'clock beside a stream called Ayer Kulim. We were getting short of rice, and the men were on half-rations on this day. By pushing on we could have reached the first Patani kampongs easily, but it was important to us to obtain information, if possible, regarding the object of the expedition before our presence in the neighbourhood became known. So I sent ETAM and two other men on to obtain information and to buy a few gantangs of rice. A shorter march than usual and a longer rest were not unacceptable. At Ayer Kulim we were overtaken, in the course of the day, by KULUP MOHAMED and his party, who brought me some deer's-meat. They had been more fortunate than we had been in falling with game. Penghulu DOLAH produced another addition to jungle fare in the shape of a basket of fish which he had caught among the boulders in the little river, much as trout are tickled in a stream on Dartmoor. He also eclipsed all his previous performances as a *raconteur* after dinner, and told story after story, traditions of early kings, and legends which would have rejoiced the hearts of lovers of folk-lore.

April 6th.—ETAM arrived early in the morning reporting Maharaja LELA to be at Kwala Kendrong with thirty men. We accordingly set out, as soon as breakfast had been despatched and baggage repacked, for Bêtang, the first Patani village beyond the frontier. We passed some hot wells called Seah Kulim, which, under any other circumstances, I should have liked to have examined. The water was uncomfortably warm to the hand when plunged into it. Crossing an open clearing (Padang Kuniêt) and then a streamlet (Ayer Bêtang), we came in sight of a few houses and buffalo pens and were guided to the house of LEBBY KASIM, the headman of the place. He was suffering from severe injuries received in an endeavour to escape from an enraged elephant, one of Sultan ISMAIL's herd. He had guided the Perak Raja in the

* Since the period of my visit to the frontier, two Siamese Officials have been sent there (by orders from Bangkok) and have surveyed the Bukit Naksa and Jeram Panjang line, which was pointed out to them by the Raja of Reman's people. A copy of their map has been sent to Singapore.

latter part of his flight towards the Kedah border, and had been attacked by the male elephant on which he rode, dragged along the ground and trampled on. He was lucky to have escaped with his life. No bone was broken, but the whole of the calf of one leg had been nearly torn away from the bone. A month or two had elapsed since the accident, and the patient seemed to be getting on fairly well under rude Malay treatment; the usual native remedy, fire, had been used to some extent apparently, for the limb was scorched and blackened. Leaning against the fence outside LEBBY KASIM's house was a Sakai youth, whose appearance seemed to interest my Province Wellesley men very much. He had the restless eyes of a wild animal and never kept them fixed upon any person or object; in fact he seemed to look right and left or up and down without moving his head. He gave his name as LECHA (*mud*), people of his race being generally named from some characteristic of the locality in which they happen to be born.

No rice or information was to be got at Bêtang, so we went on, after only a short delay, to Kampong Padang, a considerable hamlet in a pretty grove of fruit trees adjoining extensive rice-fields which seemed to be excellently cultivated. All the men of the village were assembled under the trees near the Penghulu's house, and seemed to await our approach somewhat uneasily. Most of them were armed with spears or krises, a few only had firearms. There was a sulky silence when I asked for the Penghulu, and when at length he was identified, he seemed anything but disposed to give us a friendly reception. The most civil explanations that we wanted shelter and rice and were willing to pay for both met with the unpromising reply that there was no house which we could have and no rice for sale. My conversation with the Penghulu was broken short by high words in another part of the group where some of the Malays who were with me, disgusted with the attitude of the villagers, had begun to use strong language and had started a very promising quarrel. Nothing would have been more unwelcome to me than any collision in Patani, where I probably had little right to be, and the suppression of the incipient disturbance had an excellent effect, for the Penghulu began to believe that our intentions were not hostile after

all. The minds of the villagers were set at ease when I offered to write a letter then and there to their Chief, Tuan Prang, who lived at Kernei a few miles off, and while the letter was being written by LEBBY NÂN in the Penghulu's house, a house was cleared out for our reception. It was not a very big one, and was not given very willingly. The suggestion that we should have to appropriate the Penghulu's house and help ourselves to provisions, if quarters and rice were not forthcoming, probably had something to do with the eventual compliance with both demands. I had anticipated no difficulty with the natives of this part of the country, having experienced so much attention and kindness from Patani Malays in Perak, and the delay at Kampong Padang was a great annoyance and disappointment. An understanding with the people of the place was, however, essential before I could safely divide our party and leave our baggage there. About two hours were thus wasted, but after the letter to Tuan Prang had been written, signed and handed over to Penghulu LUDIN for delivery, I left a party to look after the arrangement of quarters and the bestowal of baggage and went on with twenty picked men to Kwala Kendrong. A good path led along the bank of the Kendrong river, and this we followed in single file, two men and CHE MAT ALI, a Patani guide, preceding me. As we neared the Perak river, into which the Kendrong flows, the guide pointed out a path which turned off to the right, and said that Maharaja LELA's retreat lay in that direction. By this time it had commenced to rain in torrents; we had not met a soul in the path, and I had every hope of reaching the house unperceived. We went on silently until only a turn of the path concealed us from a house which we could distinctly see through the bamboos. It was an admirable hiding place and an exceedingly pretty spot. A small hill sloped down sheer to the water's edge and was clothed from base to summit with the large bamboo, except where a small clearing had been made and plantains and Indian corn had been planted. Two or three men crept forward to reconnoitre and returned saying that they had seen three men with muskets, but that none of them were the men we wanted. Suddenly a man behind (I found out afterwards that he was one of KULUP MOHAMED's Perak men) shouted out that

he saw people running down to the river. An advance was immediately made and the house surrounded. No fugitives were in sight and none could have been seen. The only defenders of the place were three Malays armed with muskets, who stood at bay on the far side of a low platform used for drying grain. It is much to the credit of the Malays who were with me that these men were not shot. I had given orders on starting that no shot should be fired without express direction, but I had little hope that undisciplined men would obey them implicitly in a moment of excitement. The Mandheling men who had joined me at Tampan brandished their rifles and yelled to me to let them fire, and the three men opposite seemed for a second inclined to take the initiative themselves. But, though probably Maharaja LELA's slaves or followers, they were not the men we were in search of, and a few words sent them off into the jungle unharmed, much to the disgust of some of my party. We then overhauled the house, which had evidently been very recently evacuated. One or two bundles of clothes hastily tied up for flight had been dropped outside and a few arms and some powder and bullets were secured. A path led down to the shingly bed of the river, but no boats or rafts were to be seen. The house stood quite alone, and there was nothing to shew what route the fugitives had taken. After a thorough search, therefore, we reluctantly turned back *re infectâ*, and after another miserable walk through the pouring rain reached the inhospitable *kampong* which we had left a few hours before. A supply of rice had been obtained, and there was food for everybody, but none of the villagers came near us, and the depression consequent on failure was aggravated by the inclemency of the weather and the croaking of one or two of the guides who prophesied a night attack by the people of the *kampong*.

April 7th.—Kampong Padang and its inhabitants improved upon better acquaintance. After last night's rain the fields through which I walked in the morning were cool and glistening; teal flew up out of the ripe padi and gave prospect of sport; among the native, curiosity had evidently succeeded to fear, and my men were making acquaintances on all sides. We by no means gave up hope of gaining the object of our long journey, and ETAM and the other

Patani guides went off at an early hour to try to get information in the neighbourhood as to the whereabouts of the fugitives. In the course of the morning Haji ABUBAKAR arrived, having left Sayyid MAHMUD in his boat at Kwala Kendrong. He had heard before he saw me that we had made our attempt and had failed, and pursuit being out of the question as long as we did not know the direction taken by Maharaja LELA and his companions, philosophically occupied himself during the day in conciliating our new acquaintances in the *kampong* and actively reorganising the commissariat. Many of the villagers came to see me in the course of the day, each with a little offering of rice, fruits, or eggs, &c. They seemed sorry and ashamed that their reception of me on the day before had been so unfriendly, but explained the fact by saying that they were utterly unprepared for the sudden appearance of a white man and a body of armed followers, and suspected hostile intentions. They had received strict orders (sent through Siam) that they were not to receive any persons from Perak into Patani territory, and had on this account already refused a passage to Sultan ISMAIL; they would, therefore, have sent us back again into the forest without any supplies if our numbers had been less formidable. I heard to-day an unfortunate circumstance which had materially assisted in defeating my plans. We had happened to enter the *kampong* on a day fixed for a feast, given by the Penghulu in observance of the seventh day from the death of some near relation who had been drowned in descending the Berhala rapids. A buffalo had been killed and the people from several neighbouring villages had flocked in, when the ceremonies were brought to a standstill by our arrival. Some of the slaves and followers of Maharaja LELA had been actually in the *kampong* when we arrived and had hastened at once to Kwala Kendrong to give the alarm. We were shewn the loads of *padi* in mat bags which they had been carrying home and which they had thrown down in the fields when hurrying off to warn their Chief. (I learned later that the person who actually carried the warning and enabled Maharaja LELA to escape us, was one SIRAT, son of the Penghulu of Grik, a village close by: he was one of those invited to the feast and would not have been at Kampong Padang on ordinary days.)

It was annoying to think that all our calculations had been upset by the unlucky chance which had made our arrival coincide with a village festivity. It was an accident which could not have been guarded against.

Intervals of leisure which the curiosity of our visitors left me were bestowed in writting letters reporting progress for the information of Government and others. Haji ABUBAKAR superintended the transformation of our ball of opium into *chandoo*, the form in which the drug is used by smokers. This was effected by cooking the raw opium in a copper vessel with the addition of a little molasses and other ingredients. It was a task which seemed to require the undivided attention of several men for a good many hours and resulted in the production of a large bottle full of a brown semi-liquid substance of the consistency of treacle. It was very useful afterwards in dealing with Sayyid MAHMUD and Kulup MOHAMED, both devoted to opium-smoking.

I saw to-day a Sakai girl who had been adopted by a Patani family. She was dressed in all respects like Malay girls, but differed a good deal from them in height and features. She wore a pair of huge silver earrings, which I was told are a national characteristic of Patani costume. As an illustration of the size of the holes which Patani women produce in the lobes of their ears by the use of these enormous earrings, I was told by some old inhabitants that many women taken prisoners by the Siamese in Tunku KUDIN's war (1831), were tied together on the march by long lines of *rotan seni* (a fine kind of rattan) passed through the holes in their ears.

ETAM returned in the afternoon and announced that Maharaja LELA and his people were certainly on the other side of the Perak river, most likely at Berkuning, just opposite the mouth of the Rui river.

At night the Penghulu paid me a visit to inform me that he had received intelligence from Kernei, where Tuan Prang resides, that WAN MOHBIN, the brother-in-law of this Chief, would come and see me to-morrow. Tuan Prang's wife is the sister of the Raja of Reman and is credited with much power and influence. Penghulu LUDIN evidently and very naturally did not like his position. He

was afraid that any friendliness towards us might be an offence in the eyes of his Raja and was determined to do as little for us as he could until he should see his way clearer. In the meantime supplies were plentiful, as everything was paid for promptly and liberally.

There are generally numbers of Sakai in this neighbourhood, but the Penghulu declares that the sight of so many armed men alarmed them, and that they have moved five days' journey off. He gave me some interesting details about some of the customs of the Sakai tribes. I also ascertained from him the names of the principal neighbouring Patani Chiefs. They are MENGKONG CHI of Betong, TOH TIANG of Tumungau, and MENGKONG JAMA, his son.

April 8th.—The Malay Kingdom of Patani is divided into seven districts, each governed by a Raja or Chief, subordinate to the Siamese Governor of Sangora. The district or petty kingdom adjacent to the Perak frontier in which I now found myself is called Reman, and its Raja lives at Kota Bahru, six or seven days' journey to the North-east. The Penghulus or village headmen of the neighbouring hamlets stand in great awe of the Raja of Reman, who in his turn has, no doubt, a wholesome dread of Siamese severity. Hence it became daily more apparent that I should get no local assistance in tracing and arresting the Perak fugitives until an understanding should be arrived at with the Raja, the distance of whose capital (Kota Bahru) from the Perak border makes communication difficult. Any move on our part towards Kota Bahru with a view of opening personal negotiations with the Raja would be treated as an act of hostility, and would be promptly resisted. It was impossible to form any plans until the promised interview with WAN MOHBIN had taken place, and to this I looked forward with great interest.

This morning a long lithe Malay lad carrying a *chandong*, a formidable weapon curved like a reaping hook, introduced himself as the bearer of news from Kernei, the residence of the nearest Patani Chief, Tuan Prang. He had lately come from Baling in Kedah, and gave me a most intelligent description of the route, which was the one I intended to pursue on the homeward journey.

WAN MOHBIN arrived in the middle of the day attended by

Haji DAI, the Kazi of an adjoining village, and Penghulu PAH SIRAT, the father of the youth who had warned Maharaja LELA two days before. In Patani a man often drops his name as soon as he becomes a father, and is thenceforth known as the father of such-a-one, son or daughter as the case may be. Tuan Prang's brother-in-law and envoy was not a prepossessing person. He was spare and thin, had a restless, suspicious look, and was very guarded and cautious in his remarks. I explained to him that I had ascertained that certain enemies of the British Government had been received in Patani territory, in spite of the strict orders of the Siamese Government to the contrary, and that I believed them to be still in the neighbourhood. Under these circumstances, it was expected that he and other influential men in Reman would lose no time in tracking the fugitives and giving me full information of their movements, besides actively co-operating, if necessary, in effecting their capture. WAN MOHBIN was not at all prepared to accept this programme, and with much shrewdness commenced by disputing my premises. Neither he nor Tuan Prang, he declared, had any knowledge that Maharaja LELA or other fugitives had been received in Patani territory, and he appealed to the Penghulus who were present for confirmation of this assertion of his absolute ignorance on the subject. Of course the Penghulus were equally ignorant and had no information whatever on the subject of political offenders. I hinted that I had excellent reason to believe that Maharaja LELA had been supplied with rice from the very village in which we were then sitting, and that he had also been received at Kernei. WAN MOHBIN shuffled uneasily when any attempt was made to persuade him to adopt any definite line. He would willingly communicate all my wishes to the Raja of Reman, but until an answer came from Kota Bahru he could not promise to do anything. He had no men to follow up the fugitives, he did not know where they were, and he had no arms. He could give orders that no more rice or other provisions should be sold to them by Patani ryots, but that was all that could be got out of him. The only point on which he was really candid was in his reply to a question of mine whether I could go on to Kota Bahru and see the Raja of Reman. He very emphatically assured me

that this was out of the question, unless the Raja's leave was first obtained. Before he left, I handed him an open letter addressed to the Rajas and Chiefs of Patani demanding, in the name of the Governor of the Straits Settlements, the surrender of the Perak refugees. The result of the interview was not altogether satisfactory, but every allowance had to be made for one of the high contracting parties, who had, very likely, never seen an Englishman before and suspected treachery in every sentence. That a man should march about the country with a number of armed followers, and yet have no intention of killing men, capturing women, and burning villages, was not to be explained by any ordinary Malay reasoning.

Rather a singular incident occurred in our little camp in the evening. I have mentioned a robbery which took place near Lunggong on the day before we left that place. I had not connected with that occurrence the casual appearance of two men at Sumpitan the next day, who asked to be allowed to travel North with us. To-day, however, I received a letter from JAH DESA charging two men named SULIMAN and DOLAH with the offence, and stating that he understood that they had joined my party. Haji ABUBAKAR at once undertook their arrest. They were beguiled into friendly conversation and then deprived of their crises suddenly. Then there being no bloodshed to be feared they were secured and brought to me. Both confessed their guilt, and several small articles of jewellery were found on their persons. Then the question arose: How were we to secure them for the night in a land which did not offer the usual facilities of civilization—stocks, handcuffs, or iron bars? Let me explain how this little difficulty is surmounted in a Malay State. A long bamboo pole is split up the middle, and the neck, wrists and ankles of the criminal (who is placed in a sitting position) are fastened between the two halves of the pole. He is thus trussed in a most effectual manner and escape is impossible, for he cannot rise. The people of the village thought the arrest of two of my own followers a most unaccountable proceeding, it being sufficient usually in Malay countries to be a great man's adherent to have the right to commit every ordinary crime with impunity.

The man on whose information I had originally proposed the expedition, made his appearance for the first time this evening. He could give me no certain tidings of the fugitives, and did not console me much by the assurance that we had been very close upon them on the 6th, many having had to wade the river to get away, leaving the greater part of their property behind.

Their plight in the jungle must be most lamentable, for it has rained steadily ever since the 6th, and all the rivers are rising.

April 9th.—All preparations were made this morning for breaking up our camp here as soon as possible, neither information nor assistance being obtainable from the Patani authorities. Pending reference to the Raja of Reman, I decided to return to Penang through Kedah territory, travelling down the Muda river to the sea. I selected twenty men to accompany me, and ordered the rest to remain here with Haji ABUBAKAR and get information, it being my intention to return, if necessary, after reporting the situation of affairs and getting further orders from Singapore. A messenger was despatched to Tuan Prang at Kernei to say that he might expect to see us there on the following day, but our departure was postponed in consequence of a letter from Tuan Prang which I received that evening. In it he said that he would come and see me on the following day, and would work with me to get what I wanted "if it were to be found in the land of Reman."

One of the men produced this afternoon a *sumpitam*, or blow-pipe, the weapon of the aborigines, and some of the natives of the place made some very good practice with it. The mouth-piece is put *into* the mouth, not merely to the lips, and then by a sudden puff the poisoned dart may be propelled for a considerable distance. The blow-pipe itself is formed of two tubes of bamboo, both perfectly straight and one fitting inside the other. The poisoned darts are carried in a kind of quiver attached to a belt which goes round the waist. Some tribes use the bow and arrow in preference to the blow-pipe.

April 10th.—Imprisonment under the cocoa-nut trees of Kampong Padang, which a steady downpour of three days' duration rendered unavoidable, began to get rather tedious, and I took advantage of a fine morning to visit the junction of the Kendrong

and Perak rivers. The Kendrong river, which we followed down to its confluence with the parent stream, was an angry yellow flood, and it was hard to recognize in it the clear, sparkling, well-behaved little river which we had passed on the 6th. The path unfortunately does not follow one bank of the stream the whole way, and we had to cross the Kendrong six times, wading waist deep at an imminent risk of being carried off our legs by the force of the current. The Perak river even as far up the country as this, nearly two hundred miles from its mouth, is still a noble stream. The left bank is high and steep, while the right bank on which we stood is a long stretch of pebbles and shingle. With the exception of an unimportant village at the mouth of the Kendrong, there is no sign of life or cultivation. Here, as lower down, every reach has its legend. A little further up-stream two rocks facing each other, one on each side of the river, are said to have been the forts of two rival tribes of monkeys, the Mawah (*Simia lar*) and the Siamang (*Simia syndactyla*) in a terrible war which was waged between them in a bygone age. The Siamangs defeated their adversaries, whom they have ever since confined to the right bank of the river. If any matter-of-fact person should doubt the truth of this tradition, are there not two facts for the discomfiture of scepticism—the monkey forts (called Batu Mawah to this day) threatening each other from opposite banks of the river, and the assurance of all Perak Malays that no Mawah is to be found on the left bank?

A journey of two days further up this beautiful river brings the traveller to Tumungau, in the neighbourhood of which is the Belong gold mine. Here gold dust is the currency, and silver dollars are scarce. I am not aware that this place has ever been visited by an European. The writer of a work on the Peninsula, published in Penang in 1824, (ANDERSON), mentions Belong, of which he had heard from native report. He states the probable yield in his day to have been about ten *catties* (about thirteen pounds avoirdupois) annually, not a very startling quantity.

A Malay opium-smoker is not an early riser. He begins to live about the middle of the day and is probably at his best late in the afternoon. He will sit up to any hour at night and is then

less drowsy than the non-smoker, but morning finds him a very poor creature. Sayyid MAHMUD was no exception to this rule. No one was stirring at the chief's house when we reached Kuala Kendrong, and when at length he appeared he was shaky and unstrung. We visited the house which had harboured Maharaja LELA and which he had so suddenly vacated a few days before. It was a much better dwelling than my hut at Kampong Padang, and if I had contemplated remaining longer in the country I should have shifted my quarters. As it was, I put ten men in it, to be in the way of getting information if any were to be obtained in the neighbourhood.

On my return to Kampong Padang I found that the indefatigable Haji had adorned the hut with clean mats and hangings borrowed from the villagers in anticipation of Tuan Prang's visit. A messenger had reported the arrival of the chief at Grih, the next village, but the latter, with a deliberation of movement which befitted his rank, did not put in an appearance for some hours. Nothing is more undignified in the eyes of a Malay, or indeed of any Mohamedan, than hurry. Haste is discountenanced in an increasing ratio as you ascend the social scale, till a royal wedding has become a proverbial illustration of Malay procrastination. "Put off again and again, as if a Raja were being married" is a homely smile well-known to the Perak peasant. A feverish impetuosity and anything approaching to fussiness often procure for Englishmen in the East the hearty contempt and pity of Orientals.

Haji ABUBAKAR did not allow the process of waiting for our visitor to become tedious. His stories were numerous and excellently told, but alas! Oriental humour is not always suited to the sober pages of an English journal. One, however, I will transcribe here because I recognised in it an old Indian fable and it was interesting to find it domesticated among Malays.

"A certain crane (*burong pala*) who had long found his living in a pool which was well supplied with fish, began to feel the approach of old age. He was no longer as active as he had been and the fish were too quick for him. In vain he stalked round the pond; the fish sought refuge in the middle before he could snap one up and he was in imminent danger of perishing of hun-

ger. In this difficulty he bethought himself of a plan. He persuaded the fish to give him one little fish of the smallest kind (*anak sampilei*) and he flew off with him to a neighbouring pond, where there were no fish, and put him into the water. The little fish enjoyed himself amazingly, having no big fish to dispute it with him. After a time the crane carried him back to the original pool, and before long all the fish in it had heard glowing descriptions of the delights of the new pond and all wanted to go there. The crane very kindly promised to take them there one by one and the confiding fish believed in him. Every day he came for a fish, and, when he had carried him a little way, of course, he ate him up. At last all the fish were finished and nothing eatable was left except an old crab at the bottom of the pond. The crane carried him off also with his usual evil intention. But the crab, suspecting that all was not right, laid hold of the crane's neck with one of his claws and put an end to him." From this let all men learn that fraud and cunning, though they may be temporarily successful, bring their own punishment or discomfiture in the end! *

Tuan Prang appeared at last attended by the Penghulus and a number of followers. He wore a tight fitting blue jacket and a short *sarong* which left his legs bare from the knee downwards. His hair which was cut in the Siamese fashion stood straight up on his head in a tuft like a shaving-brush. He was not so intelligent as WAN MOHBIN, but much more open and straight-forward. He did not attempt to deny that Maharaja LELA had been in the neighbourhood, but lamented that he had not had private intimation of what I wanted before I appeared on the scene in person. I explained that when I started I believed the man to be still in Perak territory and that if I had known all along that he was in Patani my journey would probably not have been undertaken.

* Dr. BACKER has noticed the parallel between this fable, which the Siamese possess in the collection called *Nonthuk Pakkaranam* (the Prudent Ox) and La Fontaine's fable of the Heron. Is it not probably to be found in the Malay *Kalila wa Damnah* (also called *Hakayat Si teruboh* after the bull who became the lion's friend) and, therefore, to go further back, in the *Hitopadesa* and *Panchatantra*? See Dr. BACKER's translation of the Malay poem *Bidasari*, Introduction, p. 42. I have not got a copy of the *Anwar-i-Suhaili* to which to refer.

The question now was would Tuan Prang give me active assistance in tracking and following up the fugitives if they were still in Patani territory? The advantages to be gained by performing a signal service for the British Government were placed prominently before him. Would he assemble some men and co-operate with me, or would he undertake himself the seizure and surrender of the proscribed persons? Tuan Prang vowed and declared that he was powerless and that he could not move hand or foot without orders from his Raja. He would not help the Perak men, but at the same time he could not act against them without orders.

After this, it was of no use to remain longer at Kampong Padang, and I told the Chief that I should now return to Penang to report to my Government. I asked his permission to travel through Patani territory to the Kedah frontier, as my intention was to return by a shorter and less fatiguing route than that by which we had come. Tuan Prang made no objection to this, stipulating only that I should not take more than twenty men with me, as a larger number might alarm his people. Before leaving, Tuan Prang presented me with an elephant load of rice, and we parted with mutual protestations of friendship, he to pass the night at the house of PAH SIRAT in trying to conjecture whether our intentions were really as peaceful as described, and I to make all arrangements for an early move on the morrow.

April 11th.—“The *pelandok* (mouse-deer) may forget the net, but the net does not forget the *pelandok*.” So quoted Haji ABUBAKAR sententiously in reply to farewell wishes for our ultimate success. He and about twenty men were to move to-day to the empty house by the river side and were to report all movements of Maharaja LELA and his followers to me at Kuala Kangsa, where I hoped to be in a week or so. LEBBY NAN and some invalids were sent down the river on a raft, preferring the perils of the rapids to another long jungle tramp. The rest of the men, numbering with the guides about twenty, started with me about 7 A.M. on the first stage of our homeward journey. A good path through comparatively open ground led us to Grih, PAH SIRAT's *kampong*, where we stopped for a moment to exchange farewells with Tuan Prang, who was sitting at the door of the Penghulu's house. He

was in undress, the blue jacket of the day before being dispensed with, and the shaving-brush was more striking than ever. He had sent on messengers to his own village, he said, to let the people know that we should pass by, and he hoped that I was not taking more than twenty men. Heads were counted, and it was found that the number agreed upon had not been exceeded. The peaks of Gunong Kendrong and Gunong Kernei are very striking features in the landscape as viewed from this village. Their steep conical peaks are very unlike the rounded undulating ranges (granitic) elsewhere so common. I should imagine that they are composed of limestone, but they were too distant to allow of my visiting them. Seen from some points, the two peaks appear to be close together, but I was assured that they are a long distance apart.

After leaving Grih we entered the forest and struggled for some hours over one of the worst jungle paths that I can imagine possible even in a Malay jungle. It may be described as a network of roots of trees separated from each other by deep elephant tracks which the recent rains had filled with water. There was hardly a square yard of sound footing in a mile of it. At last, crossing a little river (Ayer Kernei), we reached open ground again, and, passing through some fields, came in sight of a grove of fruit trees, which concealed from view the houses of Kernei. At the entrance of the village we became aware of the presence of three or four armed men at a stile across the path. They told us that we were to take the lower path, and must not march through the *kampong*. This was altogether too unfriendly, and I heard significant growls behind me at this latest evidence of Patani suspicion. We did *not* take the lower path through the *padi* fields, and the few lads with *ladings* (Malay swords) who guarded the entrance moved aside with some alacrity when we made for the opening. They made no rejoinder to a good humoured remark that we had come too far to be willing to return without having a look at Kernei, of which we had heard so much. There was not much to see. There was the usual group of atap houses scattered about irregularly under the cocoanut trees; the Chief's own house was not distinguishable from the others by any architectural pretensions. My excellent

acquaintance, WAN MOHBIN, who had visited me in the character of an envoy only a few days before, now came hurrying down a sidepath in a very bad temper carrying a Snider rifle in his hands. He made no salutation, and did not reply to my polite greeting. Evidently he did not approve of our presence in Kernei, but this mattered little as the Chief's permission had been obtained. His wrath had a visible effect on the villagers, however, who would not enter into conversation with my men or tell them anything. At the other end of the village we met some Malay acquaintances, British subjects of Province Wellesley, of whom some were here on a quest similar to ours and others were temporarily settled in Patani territory. British law occasionally obliges even prominent citizens to remove for a time from the shadow of the British flag, and to seek an asylum in lands where more liberal views are entertained on the subject of penal legislation. A polite and hospitable outlaw supplied us with green cocoanuts, and sent us on our way refreshed.

Kernei is on the river Rui, which runs into the Perak river some distance above Kuala Kendrong. For the rest of the day we travelled up the right bank of the Rui, crossing several minor streams which run into it. For some way the country was open and shewed signs of considerable cultivation. Acres of *lalang* grass had in some places covered ground formerly cleared for upland *padi*, but in others there were promising plantations. Rain overtook us at Kampong Jong soon after we quitted Kernei, and left me little inclination to observe beauties of scenery. A range of seven peaks (Bukit Tujoh) on the other side of the Rui did not fail, however, to impress me with its beauty.

Our halting place for the night was the deserted village of Plan. It was a group of half-a-dozen houses, some in good preservation, others falling into ruin, surrounded by fruit trees. It had been abandoned by its inhabitants, because they found that living on the main route between Kernei and Baling exposed them to the exactions of too many travellers. Hospitality is a virtue when exercised voluntarily, but the perpetual involuntary harbouring of strangers is apt to try the temper. The inhabitants of Plan came back periodically, I was told, when their fruit ripened, but at other

seasons the desolation which we now encountered was the normal condition of the Settlement. We took possession of the principal house, not sorry to get under cover after an afternoon of incessant rain. The abandoned gardens supplied us liberally with vegetables of various kinds, but leeches, mosquitoes, and sand-flies made us regret the departure of the Malay owners. Rank vegetation grew right up to the houses, and, of course, harboured an undesirable quantity of insect life.

April 12th.—"Before the flies were astir," as the Malays say, we were up and preparing for an onward movement. The decaying huts of Plan were soon left behind, and we went forward with the energy of men whose faces are turned towards home. During the early part of the day we were still marching up the valley of the Rui river, through the usual jungle scenery, silent forest and running water. Five times did we wade through the Rui, which, even as far up as this, is no inconsiderable stream. Groves of ancient *durian* trees, telling of former cultivators, long dead and gone, fringed the river bank in places, but no hut or column of smoke betokened human life anywhere. Crossing over a hill (Bukit Berapit), which overhangs the river, we descended to a stream, Lubok Golok, which runs into the Rui close by. Here, in former days of Perak supremacy, the tin produced from the mines of Intan and Endah was put into boats for conveyance down the Rui to the Perak river. But all signs of trade have long disappeared, for the Patani rulers find a nearer market for their metal at Baling in Kedah than at any point in Ulu Perak. At Kuala Kapayang signs of cultivation were apparent. A field or two of Indian corn and a few Siamese and Malay kampongs in the vicinity—the first inhabited places we had fallen in with since leaving Kernei—were a relief after miles of undisturbed jungle. A woman who stood in her corn-patch, astonished at the sight of so many strangers, said, in answer to questions, that there were six or seven houses (Siamese) about here. Wondering what induced people to settle in this remote place, we went on again along the forest track which we had followed since the morning. Truly, Malay travelling, if one travels as a Malay, is a rough experience. The jungle abounds in traps for the unwary, tangled nets of roots which catch

the feet and disturb the centre of gravity, long graceful fronds of the *rotan* cane armed with a series of claws which claim a portion of everything in which they fix their hold, fallen logs which have to be climbed over wearily and painfully when a break in the pace is an additional exertion. Here the torrents of the rainy season have worn the path into a minor watercourse, high and slippery on the sides, rough and uneven at the bottom; would you walk on the sides you can get no footing and slip at every step; you follow the centre of the track, and the result is a series of jars decidedly trying to the vertebræ. Rivers and streams must be crossed by wading, except when a bridge of, perhaps, a single narrow log offers a dry passage. While in the forest you are stifled for want of air, when you emerge into the plain you are roasted for want of shade. Arms and impediments of any sort become a burden, and I often thought when we halted late in the day, tired, hungry and half-blinded with the glare of the sun, that men in our position were not exactly in the trim to offer a very effectual resistance in case of attack. But all hostile possibilities had been left behind when we quitted Kernei and another day would see us in Kedah territory.

As we approached the famous Intan mines we passed the scenes of other unsuccessful mining adventures. A drove of wild pigs scampered across the path as we neared Galian Che Drahman, where the remains of an old smelting house and furnace were slowly mouldering into decay amid the ever encroaching vegetation. The story of this mine is not an uncommon one in Malay mining districts; the discovery of a lode of ore, the opening of a mine by a party of Malays, a quarrel about shares, a fatal blow with a *kris*, the flight of the murderers and abandonment of the works. The story was told as we followed the little river, *Ayer Kapayang*, up-stream. Passing another abandoned mine, Galian Isang, which had once been worked by Chinese, we emerged from the forest at an old clearing, Padang Kalik, beyond which is a fine grove of *durian* trees. Then, descending into a valley at the foot of a steep hill, we came upon the small colony of Chinese who work the Kalik mine. Here we sat and rested for a while, and I talked to the Chinese headman about his prospects. The majority

of his men looked ill and anything but hopeful or prosperous. The *towkay* said that he had worked here for ten years, and, though he found it difficult to make money now, he could not find it in his heart to abandon the place, and was working on in hope of better times. His name was BOEY TAH. He said that the terms on which he held his mine from the Patani Chief of the district were terribly high, that he had to give the Raja half of his produce and to pay an extortionate price for opium. All that he saw of the outside world was comprised in a monthly visit to Baling, with an elephant hired from MENGKONG CHI, to convey his tin to market and to buy rice and other provisions for his coolies. Once there were a good many people living at Kuala Kapayang, and rice could be obtained there, but now nothing to eat can be got nearer than Baling, almost all the former inhabitants of Kuala Kapayang having left it. His monthly output, he said, is, in good months, two or three *bharas*; sometimes it does not exceed two or three slabs (*jungkong*). He had about twelve coolies altogether.

It was rather a melancholy tale, and I could not help feeling sorry for the man when we rose to continue our journey, leaving him at the bottom of his cheerless valley to pursue the chimæra of making a fortune as well as Malay rapacity will let him. The enterprise of the ubiquitous Chinaman is very great, and there are few places in the Peninsula where trade is possible to which he has not penetrated. It is a pity that he cannot teach the Malay to imitate his industry as well as his vices. But gambling and opium-smoking are more easily domesticated in a Malay *kampong* than a taste for hard work and a dogged perseverance that overcomes all obstacles.

The pull up to the top of Bukit Intan is a very steep one, but fortunately the hill is not very high. From the top of it we caught a farewell glimpse of the distant peak of Gunong Kendrong. Descending on the other side we soon reached a cluster of houses and a smelting-house which constitute the mining village of Intan. The inhabitants—Chinese, Siamese, and a few Malays—were full of curiosity, but very civil. We were shewn a hut usually assigned to the use of travellers between Kedah and Patani which was placed at our disposal. While some of the men got it ready for

occupation I stopped with some of the others at the smelting-house where the furnace was being prepared for the night's operations. Smelting is always carried on at night, principally, I fancy, because it is cooler at night than during the day. While looking on I was amused at the request of the Chinese operators that I would send away one of my men who was carrying a musket, as no iron or steel instrument was allowed inside the smelting-house. Of course this concession to superstition was readily made and the forbidden metal was removed. The head of the village, or Panglima as he is called, is an intelligent Chinese called CHWANG. He paid me every attention, and willingly gave me all the information I asked for. At night I sat for hours, in such a scene as I have before described in Salama, watching the molten metal running out of the glowing mouth of the furnace and listening to the Chinese complaints of the hard terms on which they hold their mines from Patani.

The Perak Malays claim that the mines of Intan were originally opened by men of their country under the auspices of the Sri Adika Raja, Chief of Ulu Perak. The first allusion to these mines which I have found in any European author occurs in ANDERSON'S "Considerations" (p. 168) where he mentions a letter written by the Raja of Perak to the Raja of Kedah in 1814 containing the following passage: "The Patani people have attacked our country and taken possession of our tin-mines." After this occurrence considerable exertions seem to have been made by the Government of Penang to facilitate intercourse with Patani and to encourage the export of tin with the view of benefiting the trade of their Settlement. Among the objects of Mr. CRAWFORD'S mission to Siam in 1822 was an effort "to open free intercourse with the tin-mines of Patani, whence large supplies were offered to Colonel BANNERMAN (Governor of Penang) and where there is no doubt almost any quantity may be derived through the Murbow, Muda and Prye rivers." *

Mr. ANDERSON, who was in the service of the East India Company at Penang, appears to have employed every means, short of visiting the localities himself, to obtain information about the

* ANDERSON'S "Considerations," p. 97.

mines of Kroh, Intan and others. Perhaps the most interesting statement he makes regarding them is that "a very intelligent native who came from Banca and surveyed the tin-mines up the Kuala Muda declared that the produce might, in a few years, be rendered fully equal to Banca, and offered to establish a colony of miners, but was prevented by the exorbitant demands of the King, who wished to have one half of all the produce." The monthly produce of the mines seems to have been, prior to 1824, about 50 bharas from Kroh and 200 from Intan. These two mines, together with Galian Mas and Ampat Ayer, are described by ANDERSON as being "the principal tin-mines in the Patani country." In his time, as at the present day, the tin exported from this district was taken on elephants over the hills to Pulai and thence sent down the river to Kuala Muda in small boats.

I gather from observations in some of Colonel Low's contributions to the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago* * that he visited these mines in 1836, but I am not aware that he ever published any account of his journey.

At the period of my visit, the miners at Intan numbered about 40 persons, all being under the control of Panglima CHWANG, who seems to share the Banca man's opinion as to the value of the mines, for he told me that, if the term were easier, he would have no difficulty in getting 1,000 men to work there. The Raja of Reman and his Mengkongs certainly seem determined to kill the goose with the golden eggs. The title on which Panglima CHWANG holds his mine was shewn to me and I read it aloud to a group in the smelting house amid various expressions of opinion not favourable to the dynasty of Reman. It was a long Malay document with the Raja's seal stamped in red upon it in the upper right hand corner. The conditions were that all the tin produced from the mines should be delivered to the Mengkong of Betong at the rate of \$24 a bhara. No smelting was to be carried on except in the presence of an agent sent by the Mengkong, who would check the amount of tin produced. Opium was to be supplied by the Patani Chief at \$24 a ball, and provisions of various kinds at fixed prices.

* Vol. III., 23, 180. Dissertation on Province Wellesley, 228*n*.

The Mengkong of Betong receives the tin at the mines and conveys it on elephants to Baling in Kedah, where the market price is usually \$22 less than the price ruling in Penang. This is accounted for by the fact that the Raja of Kedah imposes a tax of \$20 per bhara on all tin brought down the Muda river. Six slabs, or one bhara, more or less, form an elephant's load. When I was at Intan the price of tin in Penang was \$62 a bhara, and at Baling \$40, so the Patani Government made a profit of \$16 a bhara upon their sales at the latter place.

The water used for washing the ore obtained at Intan is the stream called Ayer Kwah, which runs into the Rui near Bukit Berapit already mentioned. I had no opportunity of examining the workings in the valley, but it is clear that the ore must be obtained with great facility to enable men to produce tin, at a point so remote from supplies, at the price of \$24 per bhara. The mines at Kroh mentioned by ANDERSON are now abandoned, probably the result of the illiberal Malay policy of driving the hardest possible bargain with the Chinese.*

There can be little doubt that, under proper management, and a government which would give some security for life and property, these mines might be rendered very productive and remunerative. Whether the Patani Malays will ever see the wisdom of encouraging Chinese miners by the offer of better terms, it is impossible to say; the Perak claim, which has been dormant since the war between that State and Kedah in 1818, may perhaps some day receive consideration, and its recognition would probably be the best security for the future prosperity of the Intan tin industry.

April 13th.—This morning, while preparations were being made for quitting our temporary lodging, a friendly Chinese presented himself for an interview. He gave his name as FONG KWI, and had many questions to ask as to the object of our visit. His curiosity having been satisfied on this head, he volunteered much interesting information about Intan and its neighbourhood. Two Siamese, he informed me, passed yesterday on their way to Betong, commissioned by Tuan Prang to inform the MENGKONG that I had insisted upon passing through Patani territory and was even now

* I heard in 1881 that they were again being worked.

on my way. They were the bearers of a letter of which this was said to be the purport. Malays, unlike us, do not put in a letter all that they have to say; the despatch of a letter usually involves a special messenger, and to him are confided *vivá voce* most of the requests, commissions or information, which we should entrust to the penny post. The letter itself often contains little beyond complimentary phrases, and is useful rather as evidence of the genuineness of the errand than anything else. This accounts for Tuan Prang's messengers being able to tell the Chinese of Intan the nature of the communication of which they were the bearers. FONG KWI was anxious to know if there was any chance that this part of the Peninsula would come under British rule. The progress of events in Perak was evidently being closely watched by the Chinese in Patani who would like to find themselves independent of the Malays.

When all was ready for the start, a financial difficulty had to be encountered. Various purchases had been made on the evening before, and dollars were now tendered in payment. Copper coin, however, was terribly scarce and change was not to be had. The shopkeeper proved to be the gainer by this, for additional articles had to be bought to bring the account up to an even sum in silver.

From Intan there is a path towards the N. E. which goes to Endah and Kroh. Avoiding this, we commenced the day's march by a short but steep ascent which took us to the top of a hill W. of the mines. At the foot of it, on the other side, the path crosses Ayer Kajang, a stream which runs into the river Kwah, one of the tributaries of the Rui. From this point the ground again rises and several slight elevations have to be crossed before the Kedah frontier is reached. From two of these—Bukit Petai and Bukit Daru—good views of the white cliffs of Gunong Wang near Baling were obtained. Monkeys were numerous on this part of the track and we repeatedly encountered troops of them (a long-tailed species) leaping and chattering among the trees to which wild fruit of some kind had probably attracted them. At one point the monotony of the march through the never-ending forest was broken by the appearance of two men coming from the direc-

tion in which we were going. They were Malays, and both were armed with *kris* and spear. The usual enquiry "where are you going?" which among Malays is a mark of polite solicitude, not of ill-bred curiosity, elicited the information that they were bound from Baling to Kernei. Shortly afterwards we reached an opening in the forest which was occupied by a pool of dark-coloured water. It was a sombre, uninviting looking place, but is dignified by the Malays by the name of Tasek, or "the lake." This is the boundary between the States of Patani and Kedah.

"The lake" did not present sufficient attractions to induce us to prolong our stay there, and after a brief halt the journey was resumed. High ground was again in front of us, and two hills—Bukit Tumsu and Bukit Sempang—were successively passed. *Sempang* means "cross-road" and at the hill so called a path branches off to the right, which leads, I was told, to Percha Deredah, a Siamese hamlet of some fourteen or fifteen houses on the Patani side of the border. Leaving the hills at last, we descended to a clearing occupied by Siamese peasants. We were now fairly out of the forest, and evidences of life and industry were to be seen on every side. At a Siamese kampong called Ayer Juang, we crossed a river (Sungei Rambong) by a good plank bridge and followed a path which intersected a wide expanse of open *padi* fields. The village of Rambong, which we did not visit, was left on our right when we passed Ayer Juang. Right ahead of us, and seen to great advantage beyond an open foreground of green fields, was the singularly shaped mass of Gunong Wang, a large limestone mountain which dominates Baling. It stands alone and seems to rise abruptly from the plain, its white, precipitous sides being in places altogether free from vegetation for hundreds of feet while the summit and slopes are covered with a thick forest of stunted trees.

The path seemed to improve as we proceeded, especially after we had passed a junction at which the track from Kroh and that from Intan (which we had been following) unite. Presently the river Baling was reached and crossed, and we entered a Siamese kampong. Comfortable looking houses, flourishing plantations and a stone causeway, which led through the hamlet, gave this place an air of long-established prosperity such as I had not seen since

leaving British territory. A Siamese priest in his yellow robes sauntering about idly under the trees had evidently chosen an exceedingly pleasant spot for his meditations on the virtues of Buddha.

Our march was now nearly ended. At a short distance further on we came to a Chinese village built of sun-dried bricks, where a small crowd turned out to look at us as we passed, and thence my guide piloted me to the house of the Malay Penghulu, which we reached at 1 P.M.

MAT ARIS, the Penghulu of Baling, who governs this district for the Raja of Kedah, presently appeared and made us welcome. Green cocoa-nuts were produced and soon emptied of their refreshing contents. Declining all hospitable invitations to prolong my stay, I opened negotiations at once on the subject of boats for the river journey to Kuala Muda. I thought at one time that Malay procrastination would be too strong for me, but I formed an unexpected ally in a Penang acquaintance, MAT ARIF by name, whom an approaching wedding, the preparations for which were going forward in the Penghulu's house, had brought to Baling. He undertook to engage a boat and polers, and in the meantime I visited the Chinese quarter with the Penghulu. The right to keep a gaming house and the privilege of selling opium and spirits are farmed out to monopolists, and we visited their establishments in turn. The only foreign spirit obtainable was a vile concoction known in the British Settlements as "Eagle Brandy," which is imported, I believe, from Hamburg or some other German town. It is sold wholesale in the towns of the Straits Settlements at a price which, when the cost of bottles, corks, capsules, labels, case, packing and freight is deducted, seems to leave little for the liquid. There can be little doubt that it is a most deleterious compound, but either the state of the Colonial law, or the inaction of the authorities, permits our soldiers and sailors to be poisoned with it in the streets of our own sea-ports. HUNTLEY & PALMER's biscuits in tins and some bundles of Burmah cigars also formed part of the stock-in-trade of the spirit-seller. Fowls were cheap, and a number were secured by my people at five cents (about $2\frac{1}{2}d$) a piece. In Patani, the Penghulu told me, they are much cheaper and can be

obtained for one cent each, or eight cents a dozen. Bullocks and buffaloes seemed to be plentiful in Baling, and altogether it is a thriving place. The Chinese traders there purchase the tin produced at Intan and all kinds of produce from the Malays and send periodical cargoes to Penang.

Several individuals of the aboriginal tribe called Sakai were noticed by my people at Baling. Some of them are slaves in the houses of Malays, by whom they have been brought up from childhood.

In the evening, after an infinity of trouble, I succeeded in obtaining a covered boat, large enough to convey my whole party of 20 men, with the requisite number of polers. Our few possessions were put on board, and we were soon floating down the Giti river on our way to the Muda. The Baling river, which I have previously mentioned, is a minor stream which joins the Giti near the town. The latter river winds in the most picturesque manner round the base of Gunong Wang, at the gigantic cliffs of which we gazed up as we passed. All these limestone mountains abound in caves, the homes of bats and of the swallows which furnish the edible bird's nests of Chinese commerce. Gunong Wang is honey-combed with caves, and so are Gunong Geriyang* (commonly known as the "Elephant" mountain) near the Kedah capital, and Gunong Pondoh and others in Perak. It is only on the crags and peaks of mountains of this formation that the *kambing gurun* ("wild goat") is found. It is as shy and active as the chamois, and rarely falls into the hands of the Malays. I have, however, seen specimens of the horns in Perak, and Colonel Low mentions having seen a live one on the very mountain which I was passing.†

* *Geriyang*, "the mountain of the Divinity," from *giri* (Sansk.), a mountain, and *hyang*, godhead or divinity in the ancient religion of the Javanese and Malays. So *Chenderiang*, the name of a river and district in Perak, is derived from *chandra* (Sansk.), the moon, and *hyang*. Other Malay words of similar derivation are *kuyangan*, the heavens, (*ka-byangan*, of or belonging to the deities) and *sembahyang*, to pray (from *sembah*, to pay homage, and *hyang*).

† "I observed one of these animals far above my head standing on the point of the perpendicular limestone rock of *Khow Wong* near the frontier of Patani." Colonel Low. *Journal Indian Archipelago*, III., 23 (1849).

Pulai was the first settlement on the river bank which I noticed. The population seemed to be numerous and a good many groups assembled at the river side to stare at us. At Kampong Datoh a little lower down the river we stopped for the night. Penghulu CHE WANG, the headman of the place, came on board to see me and to offer his services and the resources of his village such as they were. It was dark by this time and it was not worth while to land, I remained on board the boat for the night, while most of my people billeted themselves on the villagers.

April 14th. The Giti is terribly obstructed in the whole of its course by fallen timber. The conservancy of rivers is not understood in Malay forests, and where every successive rainy season, by the undermining of the river-banks by floods, causes the fall of numbers of trees into the stream below, the state of the navigable highway may be conceived. Just enough is cleared away to permit boats to pass, but in going down-stream, even by daylight, the most skilful steering is required to avoid contact with snags, and at night progress is almost impossible except in very small boats. Ours was one of the largest boats in use on the river and the bumps which she received in the course of the day were so numerous and severe that it was wonderful how she held together. Before the day was over we had lost a great part of the framework in the stern, which formed a sort of deck-house and supported a palm-thatch roof or awning. After a very winding course of a good many miles, the Giti joins the river Soh and from the junction the broad placid stream which flows down to the sea is known as the Muda River.

I was determined not to spend another night on the Giti river, but to push on to the Muda in one day, so before daylight everybody was on board and we were under weigh. The history of this day would only be an account of the exertions made to keep the polers at work and to prevent them from idling and losing time. From the first they declared that it was quite impossible to reach Kuala Giti in one day, that it had never been done in their recollection except by small boats and that we should be overtaken by darkness and capsized by collision with snags. No halt was permitted for cooking; our morning meal was prepared on board, and

we stopped once all day. The principal places passed were Sungei Limau and Kubang Panjang (right bank); Kuala Kupang (mouth of the Kupang river); Kamoong Lela, where there was a considerable patch of sugar-cane; Kuala Pegang;* Kotumbah; Kuala Balu; Mangkwang; Kuala Kijang (river and village); Tawah; Sungei Soh Kudong (a clearing on the left bank); Besah; Kuala Injun; Kampong Tiban and Padang Gias.

At Mangkwang our boat was for a few moments a scene of the liveliest commotion. From my place, under the mat-awning aft, I heard shouts of alarm forward. All the men yelled to one another at once so that I could catch no intelligible words at first, and, the view ahead of me being interrupted by squatting figures and hanging clothes and weapons, it was impossible to see what the impending danger was. When, however, those nearest to me caught the infection, and, yelling *lèb uh* (bees), threw themselves down and pulled their jackets or the nearest garments available over their heads, I understood that we had encountered a swarm of bees and lost no time in seeking shelter under the mosquito curtain. The swarm was following the course of the river upstream, finding no doubt that the open passage through the forest, formed by the channel of the river, afforded an easy route for emigration. They passed right over our boat from stem to stern. A few of the men were stung, but the unfortunate steersman suffered most, for he could not leave the rudder to seek protection.

At Tiban the river winds so much as to form a loop, and, in order to avoid the fatigue and delay of going a long distance only to return to nearly the same point again, the Malays have cut an artificial channel connecting the two sides of the loop. This cutting is called Sungei Trus, and the reach at which we emerged at the other end bears the name of Rantau Goah Petai. Both at Tiban and at Padang Gias the boatmen made strenuous efforts to soften my determination to proceed, but I was inexorable. It was pitch-dark before we reached Padang Gias, the last place on the Giti at which camping was possible, there being no other clearing until

* At Kuala Pegang and other places there were rafts of telegraph poles destined for the construction of a line of telegraph from Kedah to Siam, a useful work, which has never, I believe, been carried out.

the junction of the two rivers is reached ; snags were still numerous and repeated bumps warned us that the boatmen had reason on their side in representing that there was danger to a large boat proceeding down the river by night. The poler who stood in the bow directing the boat's course solemnly disclaimed all responsibility and declared that he could see nothing ahead and could not therefore avoid obstacles. Still we proceeded and were rewarded at last about 9 P.M. by quitting the tortuous and timber-choked Giti for the broad, smoothly-flowing Muda. The tired boatmen were now permitted to lie down and rest, the poles were laid aside, and half a dozen of my own men took up the paddles. We paddled all night, and before daylight on the 15th, landed at Pangkalam Bongoh in Province Wellesley, in British territory once more.

* * * * *

A few words are wanting to complete the narrative. The expedition, though it failed in its primary object—the surprise and capture of Maharaja LELA—was not altogether barren of result. The man TUAH, who, it has already been mentioned, had been taken to Salama as a captive of their bow and spear by CHE KARIM's followers, had been sent down to Province Wellesley with other slaves at the request of the Lieutenant-Governor of Penang. The latter had interfered in the interests of humanity to free these captives from slavery, but no one suspected that one of them was the person for whom a reward of \$3,000 had been offered as one of the principal actors in the tragedy of Pasir Sala. In anticipation of this, and acting on the information which I had obtained at Lunggong, I had brought with me to Province Wellesley the Patani Penghulu DOLAH, who, when confronted with TUAH, identified him at once. He was eventually tried with the other prisoners and condemned to death, but reprieved on the ground of weakness of intellect.

The detachment of twenty men whom I left behind at Kendrong, occupied the house which our arrival had compelled Maharaja LELA to quit, and their presence effectually prevented his return to the right bank of the Perak river. There was no safety for him in Patani, for Tuan Prang and other chiefs to whom I had applied for assistance were now afraid to harbour him. He was,

therefore, obliged to retrace his steps and to take refuge at a place called Kota Lama on the Perak river, where he eventually surrendered. He and others were tried for the murder of Mr. BIRCH, convicted and executed.

The passage of the expedition through a part of the country, never previously visited by a European, had its interesting side from a geographical point of view. I had no instruments of any kind with me, and the service on which I was engaged did not permit of any delay for exploring or map-making. The knowledge gained, however, led in 1877 to the despatch of a government surveyor to Ulu Perak by whom part of the route has been laid down in the new map of the Peninsula lately published by STANFORD & Co.

W. E. MAXWELL.





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