

**THE PANGLIMA  
MUDA: A ROMANCE  
OF MALAYA**

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The Panglima Muda: A Romance of Malaya by Rounsevelle Wildman

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**ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN**

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MUDA: A ROMANCE  
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THE PRAU SHOT OUT INTO THE OPEN WATERS OF THE SEMANTAN.



THE  
PANGLIMA MUDA

A ROMANCE OF MALAYA

BY  
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN



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TO MY  
WIFE

I dedicate this little book  
in remembrance of  
those three glorious years in the  
Golden Chersonese,  
our Honeymoon.

At U. S. Consulate,  
Singapore, S. S., June, 1891.



Illustrations  
By Pierre N. Boeringer.

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S. L. S.  
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THE  
**PANGLIMA MUDA.**  
A ROMANCE OF MALAYA.

I.

THE prau Besar moved slowly, almost noiselessly, up the stream.

The sharp, greaseless squeak and ever continuing groan of the rattan oarlocks might have been mistaken by the uninitiated as an evidence of animal life in the impenetrable green arch above.

The six Malays hardly bent their backs as they cut the water almost vertically with their spear-shaped oar-blades, only pausing in their task from time to time to dash a handful of tepid water on the locks, whenever the gradually increasing volume of ear-piercing sounds threatened to awake their sleeping passengers.

From under a small half-deck, shaded by a palm leaf *cadjang*, arranged like the detached roof of a barn, with openings fore and aft, projected two pairs of shooting boots. The old *punghulo*, or chief, in the stern, directed the boat in silence, casting at intervals swift, searching glances into the dense jungle on either side. The heavy splash of a crocodile among the sinuous roots that bound the stream

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like a fretwork of lace caused him to drop his head, and grasp the handle of his kris with a seemingly more than necessary apprehension.

A hearty laugh came from under the cadjang: "O, I say, Wahpering, brace up. If you dodge every time a gecko clucks, you will dislocate your dorsal vertebræ before night."

The steersman only shook his head,—

"Baniak jahat, Tuan!" (Very bad, my lord!)

The river wound and twisted along mile after mile, and finally lost itself in a maze of rich, moist tropical foliage, only to emerge a little later into a series of open lagoons where the great bordering trees, columnar and beautiful, were mirrored in amber black waters. A white eagle glided silently athwart the stream and disappeared in a thin streak of azure, high above. A kingfisher, like a brilliant flash of blue, darted out of a gnarled old trunk, from whose decrepit limbs hung orchids of dazzling colors, in pursuit of its gorgeously-scaled prey. Ever and anon the noisy call of the cicada rivaled the persistent squeak of the oarlocks, and cut short the shrill, defiant crow of the jungle-cock. The green and gold fronds of a half dozen cocoa-nut trees raised their graceful plumes above a bit of sandy shore.

The steersman changed his paddle from one hand to the other, and with a few deft strokes sent the sharp-pointed prau far up on the little beach.

One pair of boots disappeared from under the roof, the other pair moved restlessly. In a moment the owner of the first pair appeared on his hands and knees, and gazed curiously about; the owner