

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BORNEO.—Twenty years have now elapsed since the English public began to connect together the names of Sir James Brooke and Borneo. On the 1st August, 1832, Captain Brooke anchored in the *Royalist*, off the coast of Borneo. Exactly ten years afterwards, on August 1st, 1842, he received from the Sultan of Bruni the contract, "signed, sealed, and witnessed," in virtue of which he still governs Sarawak. Ten years later he was in England, defending his property against the Eastern Archipelago Company in the Queen's Bench, and his character against Mr. Hume in the House of Commons. Our readers will not expect us to enter into these controversies. The natives among whom he has resided so long must have had a far better opportunity than we in England possess of forming an opinion of their Rajah's character and conduct. What opinion the natives entertain is tolerably evident from the fact that Kuchin or Sarawak which in 1832 was "a collection of huts, erected on piles, containing about 1,500 persons," has become, under Sir J. Brooke's government, "a well-built town, with 20,000 inhabitants."†

SARAWAK—BORNEO.

"The bay is about 400 miles in extent and of some depth. The two islands of Talong Talong are situated in the centre of the bight. The mountain of Poo (*Anglicè*, Pos) rises on the main of Borneo, close to its brink, not less than 4,000 feet. At one corner is the river Lundu; and near the entrance of Sepang, the noble mountain of Santobong; close to which is the entrance of the Sarawak river. The entrance of the river is somewhat difficult, but has quarter-les-thre-fathom at the first of the ebb. We anchored just inside in seven-and-half fathom, and despatched a boat to the Rajah Muda Hassim. After many inquiries of our boat people, he despatched a Pangaran of rank to welcome us up. The scenery at the entrance of the Sarawak is noble, the peak of Santobong, clothed in richest verdure, rises close to the right bank: straggling trees, mixed with cliffs, crown the summit; a white beach, fringed with casuarinas, light and elegant, finishes the whole. Wild hogs in abundance, but as though they had been fired at all their lives, and some fine grey pigeons, very large—but we got none. We dropped up the river, taking a hasty survey, to the town of Teuchin (or Cat Town) the distance is thirty-five or thirty-seven miles; water generally sleep, but here and there with awkward rocks; on one of these being ignorant of the river, we were swept by an eddy of tide, but got off without harm, though had the ebb been running our position would have been critical.

The following morning we anchored off the town, and fired one-and-twenty guns to the Rajah: we went on shore and visited him, and were received with marked distinction, he always addressing me as 'Tuam Besar,' or 'great man.' The limits of a letter forbid my giving you details, but I must say a word of Rajah Muda Hassim—a little man mid-aged, with a plain but intelligent face. He is the uncle of the Sultan of Borneo, and virtually the governor of the vast country lying between Point Datto and the north of Borneo. He is a man of first-rate ability, and very partial to the English. Sarawak, or Teuchin, is a newly established place, and one likely to prove important in a commercial point of view. Antimony ore is produced in any quantity—gold, tin, rattans, beeswax, and bird's nests are procured from the surrounding country; and at the place itself is a white clay, excellent for pipes, and which the Dutch would prize. In short, in the opinion of the Malays, it is richer than any other locality along the whole line of coast. Two days were wasted in ceremony; the Rajah visited us, and we visited the Rajah's brother, Muda Mohammed, a sulky savage. In the evening of the same day, I intimated my wish to be allowed to visit various places in the Rajah's territory, particularly some Dyak tribes. I received his permission, to my surprise, to go to Samarahan and Lundu—the latter full of Dyaks, but he informed me that he would not answer for my safety going up the river, as he was at war with some rebellious subjects. I was too glad to get the permission, and to-morrow we started on the first of these excursions. On the evening of the same day were surprised by a visit from Pangaran Makota, the third in rank, and the governor of the place when the Rajah is absent. He came after dark, and stayed till sun, and we had a most interesting discussion on the trade and future prospects of this place."

After his last return to Borneo Sir James was attacked by the small pox. The next extract (June 28th, 1853, vol. iii. p. 231,) gives pleasing evidence of the strong attachment of the natives to their benefactor, as shown by their joy on his recovery:—

"I cannot help telling you, though it may look something like boasting, of the many simple, yet touching tokens of kindly feeling, which have been evinced by the inhabitants of this place, since my illness. Many of the Mahomedan houses have nightly had prayers; and many have been the vows that, if God granted me life, they would pray with fasting.

The Teling, our despised people of the Malabar coast, have distributed alms to the poor, as an offer-

ing for my safety; and the Chinese, after their fashion, have made votive offerings for the purpose.

How I turn from the suspicious and at ease of some of my own countrymen, to the simple attachment of those who live about me!

The Dyaks are again quiet, and there is no doubt, that, with the mass of them living towards the sea, a great change is taking place in their habits, and that a propensity for trade is gradually gaining ground over the habit of piracy, as that occupation becomes more difficult and more dangerous.

Directly I grow strong enough, I shall go on to Borneo, to meet and arrange matters with the new Sultan; and see what can be done for his good, and more for the good of the people.

Brooke [his nephew] left me last night, to go up a mountain called Paningow, where we are about to build a small sanatorium as my residence, the climate there will be some six or eight degrees cooler than down below, and the scene is one of the most charming in the world.

Our last extract (dated Sept. 23rd, 1852 vol. iii. p. 271) shows the Rajah in a state of convalescence, again carrying on his plans for the amelioration of his subjects:—

"In Sarawak our progress is most satisfactory, and even our revenue is not deficient for our present want. I am going to allow the Chinese to farm land, and this will lead to the cultivation of pepper and gambier—but the most important measure about to be carried out, is the taking the Dyaks from the Dattus into my own hands—of course giving them an equivalent sum from the revenue in money. This has long been an object near my heart, and the time has now arrived when I can carry it out with safety and with advantage to all parties. This will bring 25,000 Dyaks under the direct rule of the English, and we shall see them advance as I wish. Brooke has been up to my mountain residence at Paningow, where he reports it is cold enough for a fire and blankets. When I get over the business I have to do, and provided I can keep the peace with honour, I shall retire there. On Saturday next I meet the country, to explain the present position of the government in relation to Brunei, to England, and to Serelias."

The present condition of the Mission may be gathered from Mrs. McDougall's interesting "Letters from Sarawak," and from the publications of the Society, which has recently adopted the Mission. The affections of the natives have been evidently gained. The Mission has branched out from Sarawak itself. Whilst Mr. McDougall remains in England, his post at Sarawak is occupied by the Rev. A. Horsburgh. The Rev. W. Chambers has been sent to the east of Sarawak, among the Dyaks on the banks of the Batang Lupar, between the mouths of the Linga and the Sakarran. The Rev. W. H. Gomez, in the country west of Sarawak, has established himself among the Sibuyows on the River Lundu; and four additional stations are already marked out, which might be at once occupied with advantage, if Missionaries could be obtained. At least fifty persons have been already baptized; candidates readily offer themselves, but are not admitted without careful instruction and probation. A Mission-house has been built, and a Church built and consecrated at Sarawak. Two Schools are in operation at Sarawak, and one (attended by nineteen Sibuyows) on the Lundu. A Hospital is maintained at the expense of Sir J. Brooke.

The work of translation has not stood still, though the Missionaries have proceeded with great caution in the Malay language, a Prayer-book is at present the great desideratum; and a MS. of a great portion of the Prayer-book is now, we are informed, ready for press. The Dyak language, probably with dialectic variations, has yet to be reduced to writing. The small Mission Press of Sarawak has already produced an elementary book containing Dyak spelling lessons, and prayers in the Roman character. It seems that in this language the largest field remains for the exertions of the Missionaries. Chinese is the third language with which a Borneo Missionary has to deal. Abundance of Chinese books are supplied by the labours of various Societies.

A good Missionary Library is in process of accumulation at Sarawak, as the centre of future missionary operations. Mr. McDougall is now engaged in collecting additions to its stores.

Such is a brief outline of the present position of the Borneo Mission. The prayers and the efforts of our readers will not, we trust, be wanting to procure for it a large addition of labourers, and a more satisfactory ecclesiastical organization. But these two wants have been so often mentioned in our pages, that for the present we forbear to enter on them at length.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF METAPHYSICS.—John Lamb (brother of Charles) once knocked down Hazlitt, who was imitating him; and on those who were present interfering and begging of Hazlitt to shake hands and forgive him, H. said, "Well I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and do not mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts me."

SELECTIONS.

[THE following graphic sketch gives, to the life, what we have witnessed many a time, with feelings of commiseration, in the miserably holes misnamed School houses, in our own Province. If the wise and humane suggestions of our late Superintendent, Mr. Dewar, were heeded, our Schools would soon become attractive, and not repulsive to the poor youngsters whom doomed to imprisonment within their dirty walls. Ld. C. T.]

MISERIES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

It was our misfortune, in boyhood, to go to a District School. It was a little square pine building, lying in the sun, upon the high-way, without a tree shade or sight near it, without bush, yard, fence, or ornament to take off its bare, cold, hard, hateful look. Before the door, in winter, was the pile of wood fuel, and in summer, there were all the chips of winter's wood. In winter, we were squeezed in the recess of the furthest corner, among little boys, who seemed to be sent to school merely to fill up the clock between the bigger boys. Certainly we were sent for any such absurd purpose as an education. There were the great scholars, the school in the winter was for them, not for us piccaninnies. We were read and spelt twice a day, unless something happened to prevent, which *did* happen about every day. In the rest of the time we were busy in keeping warm. And a time we had of it. Our shoes always were scraping on the floor, or knocking the skin off the chins who were also being "educated." All of us little legs together, (poor, tired, nervous, really with nothing to do,) would fill up the corner with such a noise, that every ten or fifteen minutes the master would bring down his two-foot lucky stick on the desk, with a clap that sent shivers through hearts, to think how that would have felt if it fallen somewhere else; and then, with a look he swept us all into utter extremity of stillness, he would cry, "silence! in the corner!" It would last for few minutes, but little boys' memories are not forgetful. Moreover, some of the boys had mischievous mirthfulness, and some had both together. The consequence was, that just when we were the afraid to laugh, we saw the most comical things. Temptations, which we old have vanquished with smiles out in the free air, were irresistible in our corner, where a laugh was a spank were very apt to follow each other. So, we would hold on and fill up till by-and-by the weakest would let go a mere hiss of a laugh, and then down went all their pretence, and one went off, and another, and another, till the others off like a pack of fire-crackers! It was vain to deny it. But as the process of snapping heads, and pulling our ears went on with ringing bray, we each in turn, with fearful eyes, and boring lips, declared "we didn't mean to," and it was true; and that "we wouldn't do any more," and that was a lie, however unintentional; for we were failed to do just so again, and that about once or twice all the day long.

Besides this, our principal business was to shiver at the beginning of the school for very cold and to sweat and stew for the rest of the time, between the fervid glances of a great box-iron stove and the cold of the air. There was one event of horror and two of pleasure. The first was the act of going to school, comprehending the leaving spell before the master came, and then cry "there he is; the master is coming," the hot spurling rush, and the noisy clattering to our seats. The other two events of pleasure, were play-spell and dismissal. Oh dear! can there be anything more lively, muscular, mirthful, active little boy, than a winter district school? Yes—Going to a summer district school! There is no comparison. It is one is the Miltonic deep below the deepest depths.

A woman kept the school, sharp, precise, unapproachable, keen, and untiring. Of all ingenious ways of fretting little boys, doubtless her ways were the expert. Not a tree to shelter the house, the roof down on the shingles and clapboards till the place shed pitchy tears; and the air was redolent of pine wood smell. The benches were slabs with holes in them. The desks were slabs at an angle, hacked, scratched, each year's edition of jack literature over-laying its predecessor, until it was a mass of cuttings and carvings two or three inches deep. But if we cut a morsel, or stuck in pins, or pried off splinters, the little sharp-eyed mistress was on us, and one look of her was worse than a silver in the foot, and one nip of her fingers was equal to a jab in the pin; for we had tried both.

We envied the flies—merry fellows; boys

† The Private Letters of Sir James Brooke, K. C. H. Edited by J. C. Templer, Esq. London: Bentley, 1853.
† Letters from Sarawak, p. 139.