

Selections.

HONKHO.

The *Times* this morning publishes a long narrative, written to a personal friend by Sir James Brooke, of the massacre at Sarawak. It confirms in every respect the account we have given in a previous page, and indeed so tallies as to facts, that they would appear to have been furnished from the same source. The more personal portion, however, is full of additional interest, portrayed by the vigorous pen of the indomitable Rajah. He attributes the onslaught to some criminals secretly returned from Singapore, led by a follower of Tien-to the rebel chief, recently arrived in Sarawak:

"I had been unwell for some days, and on the night of the 18th retired early to bed. My servant was sleeping in a room near mine, and Mr. Steel and Nicholets occupied a room close by. Between twelve and one o'clock I was awakened by yells and shouts, and, seizing my sword and revolver, I opened a window and saw that the house was surrounded. The noise told me that it was by Chinese. I opened door by door, in the hope of finding means for escape, but in vain. I told Penty [his native servant], that our deaths were at hand, and, as the last hope, went down to the bathing-room, which was under repair. The door was not fastened. I opened it gently, and, seeing the way clear, ran across the lawn to the creek on the right hand side of the house, and took the water close under the bows of the boat which had brought the murderers to their bloody work. I carried my sword and pistol across with me. Glad was I to touch ground on the far side, though not above 30 yards. I struggled through the deep mud, and lay down exhausted and panting in the road. Recovering breath, I got to the nearest house, and, launching a canoe, pulled up to the Datto Bandars kampong. All was in confusion. I was too exhausted to do much, and Hercules himself could not have restored order or courage to such a panic stricken crowd. Here Crookshank joined me, bleeding from a severe sword-cut in the arm. He believed his wife to be dead, and we both apprehended that the massacre would be general. Finding all hope of restoring affairs at the Bandars gone, I proceeded to the kampongs above, and persuaded the people to secure their women and valuables in prahus, and to cross to the opposite or left side of the river, so as to prevent the assailants from attacking them by land. We got the women and children across the river, and Arthur, Crookshank, and myself retired to the same side, to the house of Nakolah Bryak. Here Crymble joined us with the intelligence that after an hour's defence, our fort or palisade had been taken, and with it all our guns, small arms, ammunition. It had been defended by Crymble, with four men and two prisoners; three of the defenders were killed, one or two wounded, and Crymble himself had been grazed by a spear in his side. Middleton, Steel, Ruppel, and Penty dropped in one after another. The bright fires went out, and the dull morning broke at length, but only disclosing to us the hopeless state of our affairs. We remained quietly at Inkodah Bryaks, doing what we could to animate the natives, and to prepare for such a defence as our means allow, should we be attacked. I may here relate the fate and misfortunes of our fellow-sufferers. Poor Harry Nicholets was murdered on the grass trying to reach my house. Crookshank and his wife escaped by their bath-room door. She ran first, and he protected her retreat with a spear in his hand, but in passing the stable, one of these villains rushed from the opposite side and cut her down. Her husband jobbed his spear into the miscreant's back, but with a twist of his body he wrenched it out and, seizing the shaft, he struggled to get the spear. Suddenly, however, letting go with his right hand, in which he held a short sword, he cut Crookshank across the fleshy part of his arm. Both staggered, both let go the spear, and Crookshank, weak with loss of blood, and believing his wife dead, staggered away and reached me. She, young and beautiful, lay for twelve hours weltering in her blood, conscious and calm in this extremity. One fiend backed at her head till he cut off the long tresses that protected it; another tore her rings from her fingers; a third—for the sake of our common nature let it be told—gave her water to drink. By this time the remainder of the Europeans had been assured of protection, but when the Bishop asked the leader's permission to carry her to his house, he was told that she should be left to perish. At length the boon was granted, and she was relieved and tended, and now, thanks be to God, is recovering. Middleton's house was attacked at the same time and in the same manner as the others. He escaped with difficulty. His poor little wife hid in a bakery, till the

burning rafters fell about her, and, from her concealment saw her assailants kicking about the head of her oldest child. The mother was paralyzed. She wished, she said, to rush out, but could not move. The youngest child was murdered and thrown into the flames, where poor Wellington's remains were likewise consumed, his head borne off in triumph alone attesting his previous murder. The day broke, as I said, and shortly after I heard that the Chinese had assured the survivors of safety; that they had communicated with the Bishop, and sent for Helms and Ruppel. I then, hopeless of doing good, started for the Siolo, a small stream which has its outlet far below the town. It was a wild walk; we swam the stream, washed out every track of our footsteps in the mud, and took refuge in a mangrove swamp as night came on. By 9 o'clock two small boats came to carry us away, and in half an hour afterwards I was in Abong Buoyong's prahu, manned by forty men, with six smaller boats in company. Our party consisted of Arthur Crookshank, Crymble, Middleton, and Penty, and, after the trials and fatigues of the twenty-four hours, we slept as though misfortune had not overtaken us."

Proceeding to Sabong, they received tender care and generous sympathy from the Malays and Dyaks. Waiting a day, they were preparing to proceed to Sarakan, when news arrived that the Chinese had again entered the town:—

"This was the only evening I felt the depression of spirits attendant on ill fortune, but I did not show it. There we were, outcasts—women and children, and helpless fugitives to be provided for—the town in flames, and my people without fire-arms and ammunition, panic stricken and fleeing with their families. A force from Sakarran was our only hope, and with a base for operations we might rally the people, re-arm and act against the enemy. The next morning I was on my way to Linga, when the steamer hove in sight. I boarded her. Skinner was most zealous and active. Here was the very base for our operations we wanted."

These operations are described in our extract from the *Straits Times*, and agree exactly in details with Sir James's narrative. He adds:—

"The punishment has been severe. The Chinese will play no further treachery here, and in future we shall prevent their being associated in companies, disavow them, and reduce them to a daily obedience to the laws and a strict surveillance. Sarawak has now passed through the ordeal that Hong Kong is passing through, and Singapore has yet to meet. The country is secure; the authority of Government has been vindicated; the principles on which it is based proved to be right by the fidelity and ardour of its native population. Our guns have been recovered with a proportion of our musketry, and the principal loss falls on myself, on Crookshank, and Middleton. For myself, I may say that I never knew the small value of worldly goods till I lost them. I do not pretend to any sentimental cant over my noble library, my costly plate, or all the decorations and tokens of honour which were once showered upon me and have been lost even more suddenly than they were acquired. Man's happiness consists not in such things, and he destroys the chances of finding it if he persuades himself that it does. As to the causes of these events. Wherever there is a Chinaman there is a conceit of supremacy and the desire of dominion. When associated in bodies, as in Sambas formerly, and thence in Sarawak before my arrival, this lust of rule grows stronger. The stringent proceedings of the Dutch have recently thrown many desperate characters into Sarawak, and the miserably feeble Government of Singapore, with its toleration of secret societies, has strengthened the Chinese Kungsi here and given it advisers aware of the state of British affairs and policy. Without such advisers the idea of encouraging trade while murdering the officers of Government would never have entered the head of any of the ruder Chinese here, and without the means of livelihood from without and the support of the European community, so mad a project could hardly have been undertaken. To upset the Government by the murder of its principal officers and heads, and to establish other Englishmen to carry on the trade, was the suggestion of the Chinese of Singapore, well acquainted with the isolated position of Sarawak, and possessed with the idea that the murder of Sarawak officers and the Sarawak Rajah would be a matter of supreme indifference to the British nation, provided that trade was continued and cottons sold. It was a high compliment to my Government that, murdering me with the intention of obtaining power, these stupidly clever Chinese desired as little change as possible. They forgot the native element, and hence their destruction has come."

It was a grand superstructure, cleverly devised by men acquainted with English policy and mode of proceeding, but miserably based as regards the feelings and the serenity of the native population.

We are really not much hurt; our sinners will suffer, but will recover, as even now, owing to the speedy and complete destruction of the Kungsi, confidence is not wanting. The loss of the Company is trifling. It is fortunate that you will hear of our disaster and its retrieval at the same time; and, for myself, I may say that I am in good heart and spirits, and ready to rough it with the best of them. Our ladies behaved with great fortitude and resignation. Charlie Johnston, as usual, has been my right hand, and every Government servant has declared he will follow its fortunes in evil as well as in good fortune. I have written to retrench every superfluous expense, and I have appropriated my pension from the East India Company to pay the pensions I grant to others. Everything else is superfluous. No books, no papers, no wine, no nothing."

FRANCE.—(From our Correspondent.)—Paris, May 4, 1857.—To Louis Napoleon seems reserved the happy privilege of rendering himself at once most formidable to his enemies, and, if not exactly most beloved, at least most respected by, and least obnoxious to them. After having carried off, in the opinion of his own subjects certainly, and, perhaps, in that of Europe, and even of England herself, by far the larger portion of the laurels of war, he is just now enjoying the satisfaction of receiving a homage, higher and more flattering than the homage of allies; that, namely, of recent enemies, converted, by a mingled sentiment, probably, of policy and admiration, into friends and supporters. It is but the other day that a Queen of England, passing down the stately proportions of the Salle des Glaces, started, or might well have done so, to see herself reflected in the same mirrors which had so often given back the forms of King Louis and King James. The miracle was great certainly, and the transformation of circumstances in that instance rendered more astounding by the very length of time, and by the long ages of rivalry and animosity which might well seem to place such a *dénouement* beyond the range of probability. In the present example of what the prestige and influence of Napoleon III. is able to bring about, the change is striking rather by the suddenness and abruptness of its contrast with what is so lately gone before. For surely it is a remarkable tergiversation, even amidst the strange vicissitudes of mundane affairs, to see the near descendant of the terrible overthrower of this man's progenitor, the son and brother of his own immediate adversaries, leave his august mother and come so far out of his way, traverse the whole length and breadth of the dominions of the hereditary foe of his house and country, to put the seal to their reconciliation and now compact of alliance and amity before the eyes of England and Austria, moody, as it is said, at the sight—to exhibit the family of Romanoff paying such a tribute of homage almost, rather than mere courtesy, to that of Bonaparte—to show us the curious spectacle, not the least remarked upon in this singular train of incidents, of his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, sitting cheek by jowl—pardon the expression—by the side of a Grand-Duke of the Imperial family of Russia. All this, however, accompanied with other circumstances, calculated to give rise to further reflections, with which I shall not trouble you, might be seen taking place *de facto* on Thursday afternoon last, at half past five o'clock, when the brother of the Emperor Alexander passed down the Parisian Boulevards with at least equal outward demonstrations of public approbation as those which welcomed his Majesty of Sardinia. The vast concourse of people collected to witness the arrival of the expected guest might perhaps be owing to the gay period of the season; but, certainly, I have rarely seen the great artery of the metropolis more crowded with men and horses and carriages, or the public curiosity more keenly awakened. About an hour and a half before the arrival of the Duke, I saw, somewhat to my surprise, the Emperor himself, in his ordinary phaeton and pair, and wholly unattended, quietly feeling his way down the Boulevards through the ruck of carriages, completely lost in the crowd, and seemingly rather enjoying than feeling impatient at the impediments to his progress. People were so busily occupied taking care of themselves, or their horses, or vehicles, in the crush, that his Majesty passed on unobserved, and in many cases wholly unobserved by the multitude around him. The entire line of street was gaily decorated with flags and streamers, amidst which the Russian standard was