

GILPIN PARAPHRASED.

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Bland and M'Crae, both citizens
Of credit and renown,
And eke well skilled in medicines,
In famous Sydney town.

Both gentlemen of high degree,
With characters to lose,
Depending on their "penny fee,"
A great dispute arose.

A female patient of M'Crae's
Was very ill indeed,
In consultation on her case
The doctors disagreed.

Bland took her husband on the sly,
And told him such a tale,
As made him think his wife must die,
Her treatment was so ill.

When to the frantic husband's ear
This *blantly* was conveyed,
It fast increased his ev'ry fear,
And made him sore afraid.

When to the wife the same was told,
It made her still the worse,
So surgeon Bland the doctor sold,
Said:—"He must change the course.

Three weeks too long you've undergone
What longer would you kill,
Now freely to you I make known
You must adopt my skill.

For that alone can save you now
Which I do recommend;
For that, and that alone, I vow
My right is to contend."

In came M'Crae, surprised to find
Bland had come there so soon,
And asked him why he waited
Till eight of afternoon.

Bland waited until after eight—
With patience worn out quite—
Resolved he should no longer wait,
Delaying was not right.

On merry wheels his timepiece went,
As gigs and coaches go;
On doing good his mind was bent,
So he should not be slow.

Time and appointment put aside,
The doctors tripped up stairs,
Discordant views they could not hide,
On death and life affairs.

Their consultation was so long,
Within close doors so hot,
M'Crae the doors wide open flung,
Then P—k was on the spot.

And begged and prayed with might and main
They would relieve his wife
From her excruciating pain,
And save her precious life.

Her case at last decided on,
Likewise her treatment, too,
Yet seeds of discord deeply sown
Grew forth to public view.

One scratched his head, one pick'd his nose,
Still itchy both grew;
From words they almost came to blows,
Their words were not a few.

The great M'Crae was not inclined
To doff the arms he bore,
In consultation he declined
To meet Bland any more.

Bland felt aggrieved in his own mind,
And thought he might do worse
Than chance a shot—'twas well designed
To gain applause by force.

So then he breathed blue fire and smoke,
Declared for open war—
This flew, like an electric shock,
Throughout the land afar.

'Mong rich and poor he had no lack
Of worthy friends withal,
And all his friends were at his back,
To see him stand or fall.

A goodly band M'Crae did raise,
To aid him in his need;
And eager crowds flocked round to praise
And render each his meed.

All deadly weapons were condemned,
Both sword and pistol ball,
So all their friends did much admire
Their prudence, after all!

Each warrior stood, and blew a blast,
So piercing, loud, and shrill—
Then forth each hand with fury dash'd,
Armed with a grey gouse-quill!

When heralds sounded far and wide,
And combatants were closed,
Then eyes were strained on ev'ry side,
And many bets proposed—

Which of them should victorious be
In strife so well begun,
Brought to an end most gloriously,
By advertising fun.

Waddle and Twaddle smiled to see
Their columns in request—
Such war, they prayed most fervently,
Might evermore exist.

A pamphleteering course was tried,
Where Bland had trained his steed,
But that he found but ill supplied
The want of real speed.

Now tired all, and satisfied,
That none of them would yield—
Now let their deeds be ratified
On a poetic field.

Let each man have his share of right,
And each his share of wrong;
Good sportsmen all I wish good night,
Thus ends my simple song:

Judge Areopagus sat on high,
On his imperial throne,
And viewed with an impartial eye
How the contest was won.

By Areopagus Bland was cast,
Without the smallest doubt,
And Mrs. P—k appeared at last
To bear his Judgeship out.*

Some months ago she should have died,
And rested under ground—
On sounder doctrine she relied,
So now she's safe and sound.

Long live M'Crae, and long live Bland—
Both valiant sons of Mars;
Now, for a time, may peace demand
An end of their great wars.

Long live Sir George, well o'er the main,
And long live Mrs. P—k,
When doctors next do fight again
May she be there to speak!

* In his decision.

The Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. Dido, for the suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak, now agent for the British Government in Borneo. By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R.N. In 2 vols. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

THE expedition of the good frigate *Dido* to Borneo, in order to suppress piracy, forms but a small portion of these two volumes; which chiefly consist of an account of Mr. Brooke's adventures in his efforts to advance the happiness of the Borneo by promoting commerce and good government. A more singular character and a more singular enterprise than that of Mr. Brooke are rarely to be found, unless in the youthful fancies of the imaginative, who, combining the exploits of the early discoverers and the splendours of Oriental geography, pass their leisure in "hatching vain empires." Having served with distinction in the Burmese war and subsequently visited China, Mr. Brooke was struck with the commercial capabilities of the Indian Archipelago; to forward which, and to promote the happiness of the oppressed natives, he determined to devote his life and fortune—"to carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant-vessel, the blessings of civilization, to suppress piracy, and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects." The project may appear wild, but it was executed with a prudence as striking as the enthusiasm which dictated it. The first things which Mr. Brooke did were to study his subject in books, and buy a yacht; the next, to form and discipline a crew, whose attachment he could depend upon, since he could not control them by martial law. Three years were devoted to this, and other preparations: in 1838 Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore; and he has passed upwards of seven years in voyages throughout those seas—in advising and assisting Muda Hassim, the heir-presumptive, and by late events the real sovereign of Borneo (such sovereignty as it is)—in serving with British expeditions against the pirates—in governing the province of Sarawak, with which his friend Muda Hassim invested him—in making various excursions through the Northern parts of Borneo—and since 1844, in fulfilling the duties of British agent, to which he was appointed by Lord Aberdeen. Of his adventures, of his difficulties from Malay intrigue and princely indecision, and even of his thoughts and feelings, Mr. Brooke kept a journal; which he intrusted to his friend Captain Keppel, with power over it, as Mr. Brooke was unwilling to publish from a sense of unfitness. This Captain Keppel has done; and the first volume of the work consists of extracts from Mr. Brooke's journal from 1838 to 1843, with no more from the editor's pen than is necessary to connect the quotations and carry on the story. The earlier parts of the second volume are by Captain Keppel: they narrate the *Dido's* arrival at Sarawak, describe Mr. Brooke's position, the impression produced upon friends and foes by the frigate, her officers and crew, with an account of several expeditions in boats to hunt out the neighbouring pirates. On the *Dido's* return, the tale is again carried on by Mr. Brooke's journal; and it brings down the narrative to his appointment as a Government agent, and his visit with Admiral Cochrane and a fleet to his old friend Muda Hassim, at Bruni or Borneo, the capital.

The account by Captain Keppel of his own observations and the expedition against the pirates is agreeable, close, rapid, and continuous. The extracts from the journal of Mr. Brooke derive their interest from their matter and novelty; as their form is loose and disjointed. Having been written without a view to publication, they are often allusive rather than distinct statements; and their descriptions are better adapted to recall original images to the writer's mind than to convey impressions to third parties; besides that the system of partial quotation breaks the continuous story. On the other hand, the reader's interest is excited by Mr. Brooke's objects, the novelty of the scenery, life, and character, as well as the curiosity felt in tracing the effects of a regular government in reclaiming society from something like the anarchy of the middle ages, when the oppressions of the noble and his retainers were a great deal worse than the tyranny of the king however bad that might be. The first act of Governor Brooke was to induce Muda Hassim to restore the women of a revolted tribe, for whom he in some sense felt responsible, since he had induced the people to surrender.

My first object, on holding the reins of government, was to release the unfortunate women confined for a whole year by the Rajah. This, indeed, was not only necessary to inspire confidence in my just intentions, but was dictated by humanity. I found

Muda Hassim not averse to take the measure now that he had really resolved to adhere to my advice: and consequently, I had the sincere satisfaction, within a few days, of liberating upwards of a hundred females and young children, and of restoring them to their husbands and fathers; this act being somewhat allayed by Muda Hassim detaining twelve females, and among them *two wives*. I urged as strongly as I could, but without success, the advisability of releasing the whole; and I was obliged at last to content myself with the mass, and yield the few whom I could only have got *by force*, or the utter abrogation of our infant treaty. When I pressed the affair, it was answered, that except for me, *none* would have regained their liberty; and that the release was an act of great kindness and unexampled confidence towards me; that what had been done was perfectly accordant with their customs; and that the women detained were for the Rajah's brothers—so far, indeed, from being intended as an injury to the women, it was a great honor and advantage. I explained the circumstances to the Patingi and Tumangong; and they acquiesced in the decision—allowing the custom—and said they had gained so much more than they had ever hoped for, that they could submit to the rest.

There are various peoples in Borneo; but in the district where Mr. Brooke holds sway, the practical distinction is into dyaks, or aborigines, and Malays, or conquerors—in fact, the story of the Saxons and the Normans over again. Till he gained power, the direst oppression was exercised upon the poor Dyaks; and even when direct injury was forbidden, the Malays tried to uphold their power under cover of law. Here is the Governor administering justice patriarchally.

The Rajah's brothers and myself sit at one end of the long room in my house; at the sides are the Patingi and Tumangong, and other respectable people; in the centre the parties concerned; and behind them anybody who wishes to be present. We hear both parties, question if necessary, and decide; and from this decision there is no appeal. Only one condition I insist upon; and that is, that in any intricate case, or whenever I dread confederacy, I do not allow the witnesses to hear each other. The laws of evidence, in a *free country*, prohibit any leading questions being put to witnesses: here, for the purposes of justice, it is indispensable; for the people, being ruled by fear, and apprehensive of consequences, often falter before the face of the accused, and their testimony has to be wrung from them. To decide also according to the technicalities of construction would be here ridiculous, and defeat the ends of justice. The people are rude and uncivilized; their oppressors crafty and bold, who have no hesitation about lying and bringing others to lie for them. Oaths are a farce to them. The aggrieved are timid, vacillating, and simple, and cannot readily procure even necessary evidence: for their witnesses are afraid to speak. Under these circumstances, I look at the leading features of the case, the probability, the characters, the position of the parties, and determine according to my judgment. It is not, indeed, a very difficult task; for the disputes are generally glaring, and, when bolstered up, usually fail in their most important links; and, at a touch of cross-questioning, the witnesses, resolved to tell the same story, fall into opposite ones. In one case, about a slave, three witnesses had resolved on the sex; but questioned separately as to size and age, all disagreed. They were not prepared. One represented her a woman grown and marriageable; another, as high as my walking-stick; the third, a little child.

Chinese are permitted, and indeed seem to have been encouraged, to settle in parts of Borneo: and valuable colonists they form.

During the course of the day we ascended the river to visit the settlement of Chinese late established here. It is situated about two miles and a half up the river, on the same side as Tungong; and consists of thirty men, (real Chinese) and five women of the mixed breed of Sambas. Nothing can be more flourishing than this infant settlement; and I could hardly credit their statement that it had only been formed between four and five months. The soil they represented as most excellent; and none are better judges. Many acres were cleared and under cultivation; rice, sirih, sweet potatoes, (convolvulus,) Indian corn, &c. &c. were growing abundantly; and they were able to supply us with seven peck, or nine hundred and thirty-three pounds of sweet potatoes, without sensibly diminishing their crop.

Tungong is quite a new settlement, situated close on the banks of the river, which is here quite narrow and shallow. The distance may be ten miles by water, as it took our boat four hours and a half to pull against stream. We spent the same time walking, but diverged from the road. Wherever the Chinese are, the sound of the axe and the saw is to be heard in the woods as you approach, and all are industriously employed. They have their carpenters, sawyers, blacksmiths, and house-builders, whilst the mass work the antimony ore, or are busy constructing the trench where they find and wash the gold. With such inhabitants a country must get on well, if they are allowed fair play.

The following story of Esculapian romance is by Captain Keppel.

The following little adventure was told me during my stay at Sarawak by Dr. Treacher, who had lately joined Mr. Brooke; his former medical attendant having returned to England. It appears that Dr. Treacher received a message by a confidential slave, that one of the ladies of Macota's harem desired an interview, appointing a secluded spot in the jungle as the Rendezvous. The doctor, being aware of his own good looks, fancied he had made a conquest; and, having got himself up as shrewdly as he could, was there at the appointed time. He described the poor girl as both young and pretty, but with a dignified and determined look, which at once convinced him that she was moved to take so dangerous a step by some deeper feeling than that of a mere fancy for his person. She complained of the ill-treatment she had received from Macota, and the miserable life she led; and avowed that her firm resolve was to destroy (not herself, gentle creature! but) him; for which purpose she wanted a small portion of arsenic. It was a disappointment that he could not comply with her request: so they parted—he full of pity and love for her; and she, in all probability, full of contempt for a man who felt for her wrongs, but would not aid in the very simple means she had proposed for redressing them.

The pirate tribes (now severely punished, if not put down) are bloody and cruel,—landing to carry off the poor people as slaves when the ocean supplies fall short: but they are a skilful and daring race; and as their profession is national and honorable, they are not degraded by the baseness of European crime, but, as Captain Keppel observes, rather resemble the sea kings of the middle ages. We quote two indications, one a clever escape of three prahus from the frigate, which, having detached her own boats, had chased them into a bay; and the other the death of a chief by an attack of the boats.