

LORD GREY AND RAJAH BROOKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

SIR,—The wits which nature bestowed on Earl Grey, or, at least, those which the public once thought him endowed with, disappear one after another, until the noble lord is at length reduced to a state of utter mental insanity—considered as a statesman. The sun, they say, never sets on our colonies, and of course it never sets on the eccentricities and aberrations of Lord Grey. You may find them, as far as he can reach to exhibit them, from pole to pole, and over every degree of east and west longitude. No wonder that whiggism should be at as heavy a discount as an Eastern Counties Railway when such a man is director. His last *escapade*, and it may be considered his crowning anti-climax, is his speech on "pirate head money." He does not defend Rajah Brooke, as a party politician might be supposed to find himself under the necessity of defending his own appointment, bad or indifferent. He slobbers the rajah with an adulation as awkward and coarse as if it had been laid on by one "of my own Dyaks." "He admired," he said, "the character of Sir James Brooke more than that of any man in the country." This sort of idol worship is intelligible in an amateur politician like Lord Ellesmere, abounding in cash and sentimentality, and having no means whatever of judging of the matter he talks about; but, in a statesman having all the necessary documents for coming to a sound opinion before him, it evinces a capacity of the slenderest calibre.

Here are samples of the raw materials of the noble lord's eulogy, all drawn, not from the official records of his office, but from an Indian newspaper which he had received the day before, every word of it written by partisans of the object of eulogy, and in favour of which he casts aside the official information brought by six successive Indian mails. His lordship reads to the House of Peers certain depositions of certain prisoners, taken by Rajah Brooke himself in Rajah Brooke's own territory, where there is no law but his own word, and he calls that evidence of piracy, to justify the waylaying and slaughtering of 500 savages. Then, he says that Sir James Brooke had cleared 500 miles of the coast of Borneo of pirates which, five years ago, had been inaccessible to European ships or native trading boats. One plain and complete answer to this is, that Sir James Brooke himself in his little yacht, with half-a-dozen pop-guns, frequented this very coast or lived on it for six years, before he had received either countenance or assistance from her Majesty's navy, and all this long time was in no imminent danger. Others were in danger of him, for with his little yacht he effected the subjugation of a principality. Another answer is equally satisfactory—the trade of the coast cleared of pirates, instead of having increased, is shown by the official returns to have diminished greatly.

Lord Ellenborough had truly stated that the fleet of the savages appeared to have been engaged, not in what persons who understand the honest use of words call "piracy," but in an international warfare. Lord Grey unconsciously proves this by the very evidence which he brings forward to disprove it. The formidable piratical fleet of 100 sail attacks a certain place called Mato; is beaten off, unable to pass a rude boom thrown up to obstruct it; and revenges itself by burning two empty boats. Mato is on the north-west coast of Borneo, and at no great distance from the territory of the Sarebas and Sakarran Dyaks. The attack on it, therefore, was that of one hostile tribe of savages on another, and with it, therefore, we had no more to do than with the attack of one negro tribe on another negro tribe in the interior of Africa. Mato, exaggerated in the public despatches into "a town," is most probably, like others in the same neighbourhood, a town of one huge house, like a barn, in which cower, probably, some scores of savages of both sexes and all ages. The judgment of Lord Grey is either so weak or so bewildered that he calls the attack on Mato evidence of piracy on the high seas dangerous to British commerce!

Lord Grey sums up the results of the various Bornean massacres thus:—"Commerce was looking up" (down according to the official returns), "and, with the increase of commerce, a knowledge of English arts and English civilisation, and, what was still more valuable, a knowledge of the mild doctrines of Christianity were fast advancing." All this is pure romance. Sir James Brooke has been ten years at Sarawak, and there is no evidence whatever of his having succeeded in teaching the natives one single European art, or of having made one single Christian. The missionary who went out with him reports that after a year's labours he had not succeeded in making a single convert, Dyak, Malay, or Chinese. The "English arts," the "English civilisation" and the "mild Christianity" of Borneo, are, therefore, for the present, confined to the cranium of Earl Grey.

Lord Grey said that he could not "for the life of him" see why savages without fire-arms ought not to be mown down by 32-pounders. This is, probably with him, an affair of taste and morals; so Lord Grey may be left to the indulgence of his peculiar taste and peculiar morality, which, however, it must be added, seem to have more of the Mahomedan than of the Christian in them. His lordship can touch no part of his subject without a blunder. Thus he arms his supposed pirates with "bows and arrows," but such is their backwardness in the art of war, according to Sir James Brooke, that, like the Australians, they have not yet discovered the war bow. The man thus informed, and thus endowed, rules 42 colonies with at least as many distinct races of men.—I am, &c.,

London, April 20, 1850. ARGUS.