

remembers the Frenchman's *recipe* for killing a flea. "First catch de flea, den take him by de nape of his neck and squeeze him till he gape ver vide; den put in von grain of dis leetle powder, and he shall never troubel you not never any more." We can assure our readers that this is literally nothing to what is to be done with the Kafir. To commence, he is to lay aside his arms! Just what we have been wanting him to do, only he does not seem to care about obliging us. A little Sunday school teaching is not mentioned, it is true; but what is that when he is to leap to civilization and a constitutional Parliament at once? When we consider this rubbish as mere *Daily News* twaddle, it signifies little; but when we think how many people in England are engaged in this style of thought and reasoning it becomes serious. It would be doing Mrs. Nickleby injustice to compare her murky intellectual wanderings to the *Daily News*, but what we lament is to see the British public thinking and talking about Louis Napoleon, the Kafir war, our difficulty with the Yankees, &c., &c., just in the very strain and fashion of Mrs. Nickleby. "Louis Napoleon will never make war with England, because he is such a friend of Lord Malmesbury." Won't he, ma'am? "We must teach those poor savages the light of Christianity." A light for a fire to roast Missionaries with, ma'am! "Those dreadful Americans are so vulgar, they really must be kept in check." You'd better do it, ma'am! Such is the way in which Mrs. Nickleby, the *Daily News*, and poor old dotting Britannia, are all busy thinking at present, and we should much like to know where it will end. We fear not precisely in a millennium.

With regard to the last accounts from the seat of war in Kafirland, we are inclined to think much more favourably of them than some of our contemporaries. In the first place we like General Cathcart's proclamation, or circular, demanding assistance from the colonists. There is no doubt they are bound to furnish it, and if they should not, we think, with the General, they must in future defend themselves. It is a pity they did not do so from the beginning; but that was not their fault. The war is a curse entailed on them and us by sickly sentimentalists, fostered by traders, encouraged by traitors—to be checked by a demonstration, and to be put an end to finally by an armed civilized population, and nothing else! On the border system spoken of by "Noodle," we should have beaten the savages long since. They never would have obtained arms and ammunition, or have dreamt of a protracted or concentrated attack. Had the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban been carried out, does any one believe that things would have ever approached the condition in which they now are? Such a combination of folly, incapacity and hypocrisy, can scarcely be imagined, much less described. To come to a nearer examination of the question, we think General Cathcart's observations frank, manly and sensible. On the whole, we approve hitherto of his conduct of the war. He has hanged traitors and deserters, and thereby saved the blood of true men. Rose-water can be spared from a South African General's toilet, and, we fear, whatever his theories may be, that his practice must be taken from the earlier rather than the later chapters of the Bible. It is evident to

us now, that the British Government is shrinking from an indefinite protraction of the war, and we must look upon General Cathcart as its mouthpiece in his late address to the Colonists. For the rest, we think the destruction of 100 Kafirs in a single engagement, if 100 were killed, an evidence of greater success on our part than we have lately been accustomed to. We cannot, however, understand how it is that, in this case, the enemy having been drawn out of ambush, their loss should not have been distinctly ascertained. As to their manœuvring like disciplined troops, extending, advancing and retiring by the sound of bugle, &c., &c., we consider it an advantage to us that they should do so. It is behind rocks and stones, in the bush and the kloof, on the hill side and in the ravine, that we have most reason to dread them. Let them once imbibe the notion of fighting our troops in bodies and on open ground, and their ruin is certain. On the whole, we are inclined to take a less gloomy view than heretofore of the state of this disastrous war, and we shall not be surprised if the *levy en masse*, and expedition beyond the Kei of General Cathcart, should be attended with considerable results in our favour.

NOVEL PROCEEDINGS OF SIR JAMES BROOKE, RAJAH OF SARAWAK, AND PLURALIST.

We have long since expressed our unmitigated dislike of the proceedings of this individual. We cordially supported Mr. Hume, when that veteran man of business was anxious to probe the ulcerous administration of Borneo to the bottom, and we entertain about as much personal esteem towards the Governor of Labuan as we did and do towards General Haynau. We now learn that this great boa-constrictor of pirates, assumed or otherwise, has opened his jaws to swallow a Singapore newspaper, which it may be remembered, has always spoken very freely of the ruler of Sarawak's proceedings. A gentleman connected with this newspaper having, it appears, been lately appointed to hold some office in the law courts of Singapore, forthwith Rajah Brooke issues a mandate, rescript, firman, or ukase to the Governor, to rescind the nomination of the offender. This the Governor refused to do, in firm and sensible language. Whereupon Brooke threatens to hound the English and Anglo-Indian Governments upon the Governor. Is this apparently selfish and unprincipled insolence, this overbearing egotism, this unjust oppression to be tolerated? We hope not. This Brooke appears to us to be a most one-sided tyrant, the very Turk of a melodrama. He will brook no opposition, and would treat all whom he hates like "pirates." Being now Rajah of Sarawak, Consul and Protector of English trade (*i.e.* general dealer) in Borneo, Governor of Labuan and Ambassador Extraordinary to Siam, besides being friendly with the directors of the East India Company, and for all we know, own Eastern Archipelago correspondent of the *Times*, we fear he will slay the chivalrous little Governor of Singapore before breakfast some morning, and devour him in an oriental salad, *a la mode* of some of the cannibal natives of the interior of the said Paradise of Borneo, where the "spirit of man" is most assuredly anything but "divine," either aboriginally or by colonization. We shall especially recommend this to the attention of Mr. Hume,