

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the Illustrated London News, March 7
THE CHINESE DEBATES.

In this country, where thought and its expression are alike free, no one can reasonably take offence at the opinions to which Mr Cobden has given utterance with reference to the Chinese quarrel. In all questions of war Mr Cobden has earned for himself the reputation of a man with one idea. He is possessed of a monomania, or a monomania possesses him. Many estimable and philanthropic persons agree with him in this particular, and look up to him as the apostle of a new philosophy, or a new religion. These people are quite reasonable on all subjects but that of war, and go about the business of their every-day life with the clearest ideas. They are mathematically right on all subjects affecting their own interests, and perform all the duties of private, and even of public life, with the most exemplary correctness. — But, as Sir Percie Shafton in the novel could only be stirred from his usual propriety and equanimity by one word, and that word 'bodkin,' so Mr Cobden and his disciples cannot be stirred from the even pathway of their daily duties but by one word. That word is WAR. — No sooner do they hear it than their habitual mildness forsakes them; and England, which they love, and which they would serve if they knew how, becomes to their excited minds a very fiend among the nations. So it happened in the war against Russia. So it happens again in this dispute with China. The Czar was a great monarch; the Russians a vigorous and highly civilised people; and the Turks, whom England defended, a miserable race, destined in the fullness of time to be driven out of Europe and to make way for better men. In like manner the Chinese, to their imaginations, because England has found in necessary to chastise them are a quiet, inoffensive, highly civilised people. Governor Yeh, though he has decreed from time to time the slaughter of 70,000 Chinese within his own city of Canton, and converted a back alley into a human shambles, is an upright, able, and beneficent magistrate. Though he has set a price upon the heads of 'Englishmen' though his amiable subjects first torture missionaries and then roast and eat their hearts, and though the mingled cunning and ferocity of the Chinese are notorious to all the world, and more especially to those who have any dealings with them, Yeh and the Chinese cannot have done wrong in any misunderstanding that may have arisen with England. England and her functionaries are grasping, selfish, brutal, and wicked. China, her Emperor, her Mandarins, and people, are lambs exposed to the rapacity of English wolves—if indeed they be not angels assaulted by devils in the shape of such arch fiends as Sir John Bowring and Consul Parkes, and the inferior spirits of evil, who obey their behests and make war against the righteous.

Such sentiments are intelligible, as coming from Mr Cobden. Everybody knows what they mean, and makes allowances for them. — The British Parliament would not be a Parliament unless there were a few members in it who abjured Patriotism as vehemently as Mr Spooner does Popery, or Mr Bowyer the doctrines of Luther and Calvin. But, that for the ignoble objects placed and power, the large party led by Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli, and reinforced for the occasion by Mr Gladstone and Mr Sydney Herbert, should rally around Mr Cobden on a question like this is indeed deplorable. Does any sensible Englishman believe that if Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli had been in office when the dispute about the Arrow took place in the waters of Canton, the very same things would not have happened as have happened now? — or that the Government, apprised of the misunderstanding and of the successive steps by which it had reached so large a development, as to render necessary, in the judgment of the civil and military authorities on the spot, a bombardment of the Governor's palace, would not have justified their acts as Lord Palmerston has done, and maintained, in their persons, the authority and the dignity of their country? We will not do Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli the injustice to suppose that they would have acted otherwise than Lord Palmerston has done: for we believe those eminent individuals to be statesmen, and able, with the consent of Parliament, to govern this great country on the principles of common sense, and with a due regard to its honor, and its status in the great family of civilization.

Thanks to the lengthened debates which have taken place in both Houses, the public is so fully informed of all the facts that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them. Such a dispute could not have occurred with any country except China, and in no country except in England, and in no place except in the British Parliament, could such differences of opinion have arisen respecting it. Faction for its own purposes, aided by the honest monomania of Mr Cobden, may strive to prove that the men to whom is intrusted in those distant regions the honor and the authority of England, ought to act towards the Chinese as they would towards

the French, or the Americans, or any other Christian and civilized nation. The answer is that it is impossible to do so. With French, or Americans or Russians, or any other people under the sun, such a difficulty could not have arisen. The dispute about the Arrow might have been settled in five minutes had not the Chinese been crafty, treacherous, and malignant; had they not predetermined to insult and to defy England; and had they not wrongfully, maliciously, and systematically set at naught the stipulations of a solemn treaty to which they were bound to conform. For a series of years they have heaped injury and contumely upon the heads of the British population, until the accumulated exasperation—not to be any longer contained—broke loose upon a very slight occasion. Statesmen must take the world as they find it. If in the present temper of the Oriental mind—and with the existing intelligence, character, and civilization of Oriental nations, great or small—they should attempt to carry on an intercourse with them on exactly the same terms as with the independent and enlightened States of Europe, this country might soon bid farewell to its Indian empire and its intercourse with some of the richest countries in the world. Mr Cobden may wish to convert England into a little Japan, or an insular China; may think it desirable never to look abroad into the great world, or do anything else but spin and sell cotton goods; but the statesmanship of England is made of nobler stuff, even although for the sake of a party triumph a large and influential section of politicians may deem it not unwise to decry and oppose in others a policy which had they been themselves in power, they would have been compelled by necessity to adopt.

The feeling of the country is wholesomer and surder than that of Parliament on this as on all other questions. Out of doors the Chinese question has been weighed and judged on its merits; and, if opinion have not been altogether unanimous in support of the acts of our officials in Canton and Hong Kong, it has been unmistakably preponderant in their favour. In the House of Commons the factious view has been but too obviously the only one. With few and honorable exceptions—and from the exception we do not exclude Mr Cobden, whose honesty we admit, though we are forced to deny his wisdom—a man's opinion, or his vote, upon this question might have been safely predicted from a knowledge of the club to which he belonged, or of the political leadership to which he had been accustomed to yield his allegiance. — On small occasions, such fidelity to party, if not commended, need not be very severely condemned; but on a vital question affecting not remotely the safety of our Indian empire, and affecting directly and intimately the honour of the British name, and the inviolability and invincibility of its flag, considerations far higher than those of party ought to have guided the deliberations of men who aspire to lead their countrymen.

THE DIVISION ON TUESDAY NIGHT.

The following is the result of the division in the House of Commons on Mr Cobden's resolution on the War with China. —

For the resolution	263.
Against it	247.
Majority against the Government	16.

From Lloyd's London Weekly Newspaper, March 15.

A POLICY WANTED.

Lord Palmerston is a bold man, and lucky as bold. Fortune favours the brave, and Palmerston is fortune's knight. She has buckled on his spurs, and he wears her favour in his cap. — And so goes he to the hustings—the very hero of luck. The coalitionists have been the victims of their own precipitancy; for they had no idea that by attaching the Government on the Chinese question, they would even by their momentary success strengthen the cabinet. And then, how many of the liberals who went into the lobby with Mr Cobden, would have gone the other way, could they have dreamt that their votes would full soon send them face to face with their constituents? how many, whose morality, whose outraged feelings of humanity for a philosophic people who knead death into daily bread and poison one of God's greatest blessings to man, made them for the nonce take the murderous, the treacherous Chinese to their bosoms as men and brethren — how many of these extempore philanthropists would have prudently stifled their emotions of indignation towards Sir John Bowring, could they only have divined that they were outvoting themselves? Many a gentleman an avowed liberal, who pens his explanatory address to his angry and sullen constituents, bites his pen as he pauses at the hammering of his periods, and accuses his own red-hot haste that has made him houseless. Had not the mischievous premier, with his well known mixture of malice and fun, immediately determined upon a dissolution, the Chinese vote would have waned into oblivion, and the Chinamen M. P.'s no longer Chinamen, would have returned to their constituencies at the allotted time, their votes, if not entirely forgotten, at least pretty well forgiven. But now it is otherwise. Only one step from the lobby to the hustings, and the late M. P. for the Flowery Kingdom is the earnest

and obsequious candidate for the borough of Alecum-Sirlon. Even Lord John Russell, himself the hero of a hundred constitutional fights, is the friend and partizan of Yeh, and to the eyes of the freemen of London will stand at Guildhall a veritable Chinese. In his own looking-glass Lord John will, of course, be reflected an English gentleman in quiet English costume; but to the citizens who throng Guildhall his lordship will be adorned with a pig-tail, surmounted by a conical straw hat, clothed in shirt and trousers, and shod with shoes with white-edged underleathers. It will not surprise us, when his lordship attempts to address the people, they refuse to listen to him, declaring that he has forgotten the manly English tongue, and speaks at best an East India Dock corruption of Chinese. At this hour, so strongly seems the prejudice, it is believed of all the Chinese members that from and after their suicidal votes—suicide is a mere trifle with your true Chinaman—they eschewed roast beef and took to shark's fins, boiled rice, and chop-sticks.

In the meanwhile, Lord Palmerston triumphs. The very minister who, only a few days since, filippic off the notion of a Parliamentary reform as he would brush away an intrusive fly—a thing of mere buzz and insignificance—that very minister is for the time the hero and the rallying cry of Englishmen, oppressed, downtrodden, despoiled—as at long intervals and with short hysterics they declare—by the urgent, hungry want of Parliamentary reform. — Here, we say, is a first minister who laughs gaily at the mere notion of reform. The child cries for the stars, and the nurse jokes baby out of the absurdity of its wishes. The people are not grieved by the want of reform. 'If that shoe pinches your lord-hip,' said Foote's shoemaker, 'may I be—' And so Lord Palmerston meets Mr Locke King's most reasonable motion for an extension of the borough franchise; declaring that the hon member has taken a deal of unnecessary trouble to prove and lament an evil that has no existence. The hon. member might as well bring in a bill to cut the corns of the man in the moon. For who shall prove that that luminous individual really has corns?

The House of Commons by its division proves the very want of the benefit it authoritatively and as solemnly as may be denies. For sift that majority. 'Anatomise Regan, for the corruption that dwells about her heart, and there can be no more damning proof of the rottenness of Parliament than the senatorial existence of the triumphant number. Like blow-flies they themselves buzz of corruption. And still in the House of Commons there are so many earnest men, the incarnate champions of reform who insist upon the national cry for that saving boon,—and still the airy premier refuses to admit it. Well, there may be a murmur of reform and if you have a fine ear and listen well, perchance—admits Lord Palmerston, you may detect it. Take the shell from your mantel-piece and apply it to your ear,—

And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

But that murmuring remembrance is not the roar of multitudinous waves. Reform may now and then prattle from the platform; but there is now no talk of the march of remonstrating thousands upon London.

And so with reform in obedience, the nation goes to the polling-booth to strengthen the hands of a minister who, in his laughing way, tweaks poor Reform by the nose. And so a still larger majority will be returned for the Commons, not for their hatred of Parliamentary corruption with all its far-reaching appliances, but for their devotion to Lord Palmerston; a minister positively without a policy, saving in the determination to vindicate what he considers to be the dignity and honor of England, matters according to the material school of philosophic Manchester—very far below cotton-twist and cotton yarn. And then the old, besetting luck of Lord Palmerston still awaits him. The world will value him far beyond his merits; a liberal nation will endow him with excellencies that he never had, and, let us do this justice to his candour, that he never boasted, never cared for. The man fallen over head and ears into the pit of love sees in the object of his passion all the collected beauties of all woman-kind; a delusion that nothing, perhaps, save marriage can cure him of. But in office or out of office—a minister desired or a minister possessed—Lord Palmerston has been equally the favorite of the country. Let us, however, stop short of dotage. Let us take heed that whilst we support the man who will have due honor, due respect, done and paid to the flag of England,—we do not at the same time submit ourselves to his *dictum* that declares the country wholly indifferent to reform, a measure that, come when it may, is sure to receive his lordship's warmest opposition.

Nevertheless, the votes of the Chinese members, and especially of those Chinese M. P.'s who do not altogether hold to the immobility of the children of the Flowery Land—have made Lord Palmerston, anti-reformer as he is, the most popular of English ministers. England pines for reform, and yet how does she laud and champion the man to whom reform is a bugbear or a sorry jest? Enter Lord Palmerston on the national platform. What cheering—what

always treated her abroad and at home with respect and consideration. Several times a few bunting neighbours, lunching at the manor-house, brought word how Mrs Lemuel Rochdale had taken the mistress' place at the table, in a grave taciturn way, so that perforce every one had to forget entirely that he had ever joked and laughed over her father's counter with the ci-devant Nancy Hine.

For that honest old father, he had soon ceased to give any trouble to his aristocratic son-in-law, having died quietly—in a comfortable and honorable bedroom at the manor-house, too,—and been buried underneath an equally comfortable and honorable headstone to the memory of Mr Daniel Hine; 'baker' was omitted, to the great indignation of our village, who thought that if a tradesman could 'carry nothing' else, he ought at least to carry the stigma of his trade out with him into the next world.

Mrs Rochdale came home,—to the only house in the neighbourhood which could be found suitable. It was a little distance from the village, and three miles from the manor-house. Many, I believe, wished her to settle in some other part of the country; but she briefly said that she 'preferred' living here.

Her jointure, and an additional allowance from the estate, which was fully and regularly paid by my father, still Mr Rochdale's steward was, I believe, the only link of association between her and her former home. Nor did she apparently seek for more. The only possible or probable chance of her meeting the inhabitants of the manor house was at Thorpe Church; and she attended a chapel-of-case in the next parish which was, as she said 'nearer.' She fell into her old habits of charity, her old simple life; and though her means were much reduced, every one far and near, vied in showing her attention and respect.

But Mrs Rochdale did not look happy. She had grown much older,—was decidedly 'an elderly lady' now. Instead of her fair calm aspect, was a certain unquiet air, a perpetual looking and longing for something she did not find. For weeks after she came to her new house she would start at strange knocks, and gaze eagerly after strange horsemen passing the window, as if she thought, 'he may come to see his mother.' But he did not; and after a time she settled down into the patient dignity of hopeless pain.

Many people said, because Lemuel's name was never heard on her lips, that she cherished an implacable resentment towards him. That, I thought was not true. She might have found it hard to forgive him, most mothers would;—but did any mother ever find any pardon impossible?

She had still his boyish portrait hanging beside his father's in her bedroom; and once, opening by chance a drawer usually kept locked, I found it contained—what? Lemuel's childish muslin-frocks, his boyish cloth-cap, his fishing-rod, and an old book of fies.

After that, who could believe his mother implacable?

Yet she certainly was a great deal harder than she used to be; harsher and quicker in her judgements; more unforgiving of little faults in those about her. With regard to her son, her mind was absolutely impenetrable. She seemed to have fortified and entrenched herself behind a strong endurance; it would take a heavy stroke to reach the citadel—the poor desolate citadel of the forlorn mother's heart.

The stroke fell. None can doubt who sent it, nor why it came.

Mrs Rochdale was standing at the school-house-door, when my cousin's lad George, who had been to see the hunt pass, ran hastily in.

'Oh mother, the squire's thrown, and killed.'

'Killed? O, that shriek! May I never live to hear another!

The tale we soon found, was incorrect; Mr Rochdale had been only stunned, and seriously injured, though not mortally.—But his poor mother!

[To be continued.]

THE SITE OF LONDON.

A more beautiful site for a great city could not well be imagined than this of London, having so large a population. The hills or levels of Middlesex on the one side, and the hills of Surrey on the other, are the true sites from North and South London—the dwellings of health. The river flats are the garden grounds laid out by nature, with the broad river rolling between for transit and drainage; space for air—space for exercise and recreation in fine weather, and for intersecting roads communicating with north and south. With the constant increase of population, the Surrey hills will assuredly be covered with dwellings with the site of the Crystal Palace as a nucleus; and the expansion of London, with the increasing light of knowledge, will take the direction of the high grounds and go out of the low river levels, if the means of transit be facilitated.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.—A clergyman engaged in catechising a village school, asked a youngster 'what godfathers and godmothers did for him?' 'I don't know what they mean to do, please your reverence,' rejoined the lad, 'they've done nothing for me yet.'