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THE DAILY BEE.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8.

A STANDING MENACE.

One of the most active and vigilant members of the British House of Commons is Mr. ROEBUCK. His politics are somewhat uncertain, now inclining towards Toryism, and anon leaning towards Radicalism; but he is always bold, unterrified, dispassionate, keen-sighted, full of pluck, and particularly and emphatically John Bull. He is the very incarnation of an Englishman—not as caricatured native of the French drama, but as he really exists—full of prejudices, loyal to the last degree, dogmatic, tenacious, brave as a lion, and—fortunate as a donkey. What we like and—fortunate as a donkey. What we like about Mr. ROEBUCK is that he invariably thinks the capability of her committing an error. What we dislike in him is his absolute blindness to the virtues of other nations, and the excellences of other governments. However, we do not intend to pen a disquisition on the character of the member from Sheffield, but simply to draw attention to a passage in the speech delivered by him at a dinner given him by the cutlers of the borough which he represents. Mr. ROEBUCK is one of those politicians—not too numerous in England—who keep their eyes steadfastly fixed on France, and who, in spite of existing *entente cordiale*, and reiterated professions of friendship, believe that Gaul hates and detests John Bull. Consequently Mr. ROEBUCK, the bluff he went to Cherbourg, was not in the least captivated, or flattered out of his stubborn mind by the magnificent hospitality of Louis NAPOLEON. Hear with what blunt frankness he expresses himself:

We went to Cherbourg, and there we feasted in the waters of a despot. It may be said that I in my position ought not to say anything that excites international animosity—that is not my sentiment; Sir, the Bull I respond to is that of the honest British farmer who goes to sleep, having placed a watch-dog in his yard, he knows which dog watching in the anger of a half somnolence barks, and in the anger of a half somnolence barks, and in the anger of a half somnolence barks, and