IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

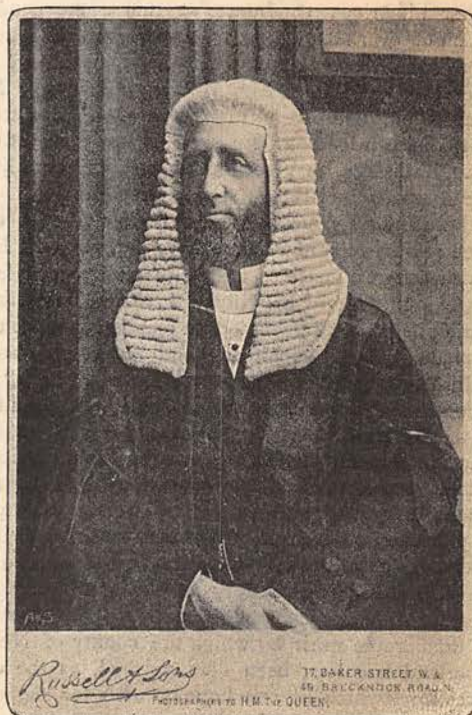
I.—SOME OLD PARLIAMENTARY HANDS.

THE REAL FATHER OF THE HOUSE.

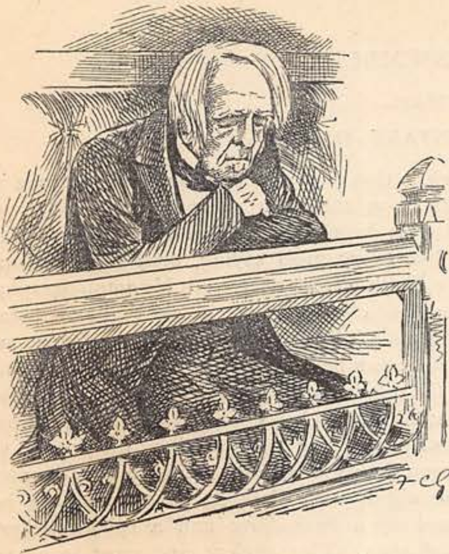
ON the afternoon of Thursday, August 4, 1892, assembled for the first time the thirteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria — a Parliament which, by general consent, may be considered certain to leave its mark upon constitutional history. New members flocked to Westminster, eager to initiate themselves into the minor as well as the major mysteries of parliamentary life, desiring not only to see a Speaker elected but to test the capacity of the library, the comfort of the smoking-room, and the glories of the river terrace. So great was the number of faces unknown to those familiar with the Lobby, that it was irreverently compared to a Saturday afternoon throng of country visitors. But suddenly the crowd parted, and way was made for a deeply bent but still active figure, who sought his seat in the legislative chamber with no trace of the shyly proud hesitation which marked the younger members around. And well might there be no faltering, for the figure was that of Mr. Charles Villiers, who has sat uninterruptedly for the borough of Wolverhampton since the general election of January, 1835, and who has thus won the proud title of "the Father of the House of Commons."

As Mr. Villiers entered the House, there were to be seen conversing near the table Mr. Gladstone, who was first sent to Parliament in December, 1832, and Mr. Peel, son of the illustrious statesman whose banner the present member for Midlothian was originally chosen to support and the member for Wolverhampton to oppose; and in the trio was typified that highest form of parliamentary tradition which has done so much to sustain and strengthen the House of Commons, and to add weight to its decisions. By the side of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Villiers, Mr. Peel, though he has sat in Parliament for nearly thirty years, must feel politically juvenile; but all three, in their respective capacities, are instances of the most striking variety of "the old parliamentary hand"—a phrase which, though in that form first used by Mr. Gladstone in the debate upon the Address in January, 1886, which led to his becoming a third time Prime Minister, had, like every good saying, been long anticipated, Roger North having referred in his autobiography two centuries ago to the art of "an old Parliament stager."

How old a "Parliament stager," for instance, is Mr. Gladstone can best be realised when it is recalled that he is the only member of the House of Commons who has sat in St. Stephen's Chapel—a dingy, contracted apartment, as it has been described, the sides of which had been drawn in by wainscoting to hide the pictures of the old Roman Catholic times, and the height lessened by a floor above and a ceiling below the original ones. This ancient and most inconvenient meeting-place, from which the Palace of Westminster continues colloquially to be referred to as "St. Stephen's," was destroyed by fire three months before Mr. Villiers was earliest chosen for Parliament; but, if a gallant fight had had a successful issue, that gentleman—then dubbed "the game chicken" by a bantering opponent—would have sat therein more than six years before Mr. Gladstone. The imagination almost reels before the fact that there is in the House of Commons, elected in July, 1892, one who fought a keen contest in June, 1826, when George IV. had still



THE SPEAKER.



THE RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS.

some years to reign, when Canning led the Commons, and when Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, three of the great landmarks in modern party history, were causes which were either undreamed of or regarded as hopeless.

But, if we leave the stormy surroundings of the House of Commons for the serene air of the House of Lords, there will be found on the roll of that assembly another illustrious candidate at this same general election of over sixty-six years since, when the Queen was a girl of seven, and when Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain, and every man, save Mr. Gladstone, who to-day is a leading figure in politics, were yet unborn. Earl Grey, as Viscount Howick, and then little more than twenty-three, stood unsuccessfully for Northumberland (though returned for the now disfranchised borough of Winchilsea); and Charles, Earl Grey, his more illustrious father, so far departed from his usual attitude of haughty reserve as to speak at Alnwick in his son's favour. He recalled the fact that it was in 1786 that he himself had first been chosen for the county, and in stately periods affirmed: "My first counsel to my son has been, and I am proud to say that it found a ready acceptance in his natural disposition, to throw away all disguise and concealment, to resort to no unworthy arts, to hold no ambiguous language, to place himself before you in all the plainness and sincerity of truth, to be explicit in the declaration of his opinions, firm in the assertion of his principles, and, standing on the high ground of private and public independence, to look to that free and honourable spirit by which the county of Northumberland has long been distinguished, as the only source from which he can hope or wish for support." Simultaneously, Mr. Villiers, who was nearly a twelvemonth older than Lord Howick, was telling the freemen of Hull that "I am not anxious to go to Parliament to lounge in and out of the House, as many do, whenever it may suit their convenience, but to contribute my influence in supporting the happiness of my fellow-countrymen." How the Lord Howick of 1826 has profited by his father's sonorous advice, how Charles Villiers has kept his earliest electoral pledge, should be known to all.

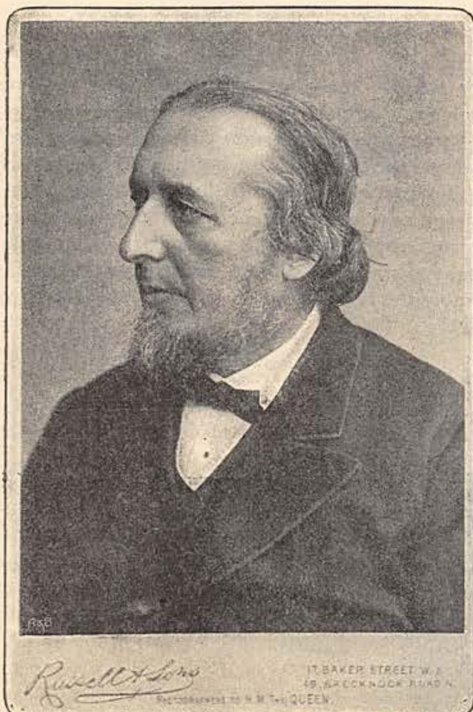
It is curious to think of these oldest of old parliamentary hands as ever having been young; and it is almost with a shock that one reads in a Hull newspaper of 1826 of Mr. Villiers as "a very prepossessing young man," and in a Nottingham journal of 1832, regarding the announcement of Mr. Gladstone's candidature for Newark, "who he is, no one knows there." But it is just as singular to recall the fact that a veteran Irish peer, the Earl of Mexborough, one of the few remaining survivors of the unreformed House of Commons, was returned in the spring of 1831 for the historic borough of Gatton—and what politician has not heard of "Gatton and Old Sarum"?—before he had attained his majority. This fact, had it been pressed, might have invalidated the election, for the precaution had not been taken in his case that had been adopted in that of Lord Castlereagh at the dissolution of 1826, when John Stewart, a cousin of the young peer, was nominated for Downshire, and continued polling a few votes day by day, in the leisurely fashion of those times, until the morning on which his lordship came of age, when he at once resigned and Lord Castlereagh was immediately elected.

Striking, however, as are the instances of parliamentary longevity to be seen in the legislative assembly of 1892, no chance can ever restore to us the absolutely unique feature of the House of Commons elected so recently as November, 1885, when, in addition to a member who had sat uninterruptedly since 1830, there was a representative of every general

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

election from the passing of the first Reform Act in 1832 to the Redistribution Act in 1885. Mr. Gladstone had been earliest returned in 1832; Mr. Villiers in 1835; Sir Thomas Acland in 1837; Lord John Manners (now the Duke of Rutland), the late Mr. Beresford Hope, and the late Sir Mathew Wilson in 1841; Sir Robert Peel, Sir Gilbert Greenall, and the late Mr. Coope in 1847; Mr. Samuel Whitbread, the late Sir Charles Forster, Sir Rainald (now Lord) Knightley, and Sir Hussey Vivian in 1852; Lord Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire), Sir Richard (now Lord) Cross, Mr. Bramston Beach, Mr. Sclater Booth (now Lord Basing), Sir Francis Powell, Mr. H. B. Sheridan, and Sir Edward Watkin in 1857; and the late Lord Addington (Mr. Hubbard), Mr. E. A. Leatham, and Mr. Stansfeld in 1859, with representatives also who had first entered Parliament at the general elections of 1865, 1868, 1874, and 1880.

But although, in the House of Commons as it now is, there is a gap between 1835 and 1852, which is scarcely likely ever to be filled, no lack exists of Parliamentary experience, and the House always makes avail of all it can find. The Standing Orders Committee, for instance, which has to deal with many a delicate matter, is in the new House of Commons, as in the old, to be presided over by Sir John Mowbray, who has served his country at Westminster since 1853, and it will have again among its members Mr. S. Whitbread and Mr. Stansfeld, who, as has been shown, have sat in Parliament for forty and thirty-three years respectively. Sir John Mowbray also may be considered certain to be once more seen in the chair of the



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. STANSFELD.

ON HIS WAY TO THE LORDS.

SIR RAINALD (NOW LORD) KNIGHTLEY.

Committee of Selection, which has an invidious duty to perform in nominating the various standing and select committees; and to be again assisted by Mr. Whitbread, as well as by Sir Hussey Vivian, another who dates from 1852, and Mr. Illingworth, who first entered the House in 1868—the father-in-law of the last-named, Mr. Isaac Holden, whose parliamentary birth was in 1865, having the distinction of being, next to Mr. Villiers, the most aged member, surpassing Mr. Gladstone's age by over two years.

Mr. Peter McLagan, who has sat without intermission for Linlithgowshire since 1865, has succeeded to the onerous but honorary duties in connection with the private bill business of the House, which used to be undertaken by the late Sir Charles Forster. The death, towards the end of the last Parliament, of that veteran and of Mr. Dillwyn removed two of the most striking and best known of the older figures in the Commons; and that Parliament, indeed, was specially fatal to veterans. The tall and striking form of Mr. Christopher Talbot, who had represented Glamorganshire without a break from the general election which followed the death of George IV. in 1830, and the somewhat weird figure of the O'Gorman Mahon, who had nominated O'Connell at the epoch-making contest for Clare in 1828, who was himself returned for that county in 1830, and who had fought more duels than he had leisure to recollect, alike were taken away by death; and none so picturesque can again be developed for a long period, if ever.

There are, of course, veteran members whose private counsel is much valued in the House, but who, from lack of desire to speak or otherwise to make themselves

prominent, are virtually unknown to the newspaper-reading public. Of such is Mr. Michael Biddulph, who has sat for Herefordshire for twenty-seven years, during the whole of which period he is believed to have made only two speeches, and one of them in the first session of 1892 upon the scarcely burning question of the Birmingham Corporation Water Bill. Another silent member is Mr. James Round, an Essex county member since 1868, and understood to be an authority upon agricultural affairs, but who, if he rose in the House, would hardly be recognised in the Reporters' Gallery. As a rule, such quiet-going members pass out of the Commons in the fulness of time without their departure being generally noted, as was the case at the last dissolution with Sir Rainald Knightley, who had sat for Northamptonshire, and Mr. W. B. Beaumont for Northumberland (save, in the latter case, the "Short Parliament" of 1885–86), since 1852, and Mr. Cubitt, who had been a Surrey member from 1860; but the first and the last of these three are now peers, and their long career of parliamentary diligence has thus been rewarded.

But it is not alone members of the two Houses who are entitled to be regarded as "old parliamentary hands," for there are certain officials who can fairly be included in the category. Lord Charles James Fox Russell—whose very names almost date his birth—half-brother of the great "Lord John," and who, after sitting in the House of Commons for sixteen years, was Serjeant-at-Arms for twenty-seven, retired into private life in the spring of 1875, has the proud satisfaction of seeing his son again a member of a Ministry. Sir Reginald Palgrave, the clerk to the House of Commons, and a worthy successor to Sir Thomas Erskine May, than which no higher praise can be accorded, has sat at the table for more than twenty-three years, and his vigour promises long to remain. And the two principal doorkeepers of the House—Mr. Jarrett, who has occupied the post for nearly twenty years, and Mr. Jennings, who has been there close upon ten, both, of course, in addition to long experience in other portions of the chamber—deserve a word of recognition, for their vigilance is constantly being tested and as constantly being proved.

These are some of the personal features of parliamentary veteranhood which strike the observant as worthy of record. The expression attributed to a flippant stranger who, gazing from the gallery upon the legislators beneath, exclaimed, "What a lot of bald heads!" contained in its essence a truth which

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. R. MOWBRAY.

every working member of the House of Commons recognises. In that assembly, it is not correct to say that "crabbed age and youth cannot live together," for in concert they not only live but thrive. Despite every constitutional change, the British electorate does not dismiss a servant merely because he is old; were it ever inclined to, it would pause if it could only be brought to study the value of retaining in a legislative assembly the ripe experience of the "old parliamentary hands."

are we to say of the luxurious dinner of soup, fish, *entrée*, joint, game, sweets, cheese, dessert? Obviously, there is too much, especially of albuminous food. Fish, *entrée*, joint and game, and cheese are all albuminous, and most puddings are mainly farinaceous, or consist of prepared fruits. The soup is an animal extract, made by heat; it consists mainly of salts and water. It has no food value, unless, indeed, it has farinaceous thickenings or cream added to it, or unless the meat from which it has been made is eaten with it; for all the nutritious albuminous matter is retained in this meat, which is too often rejected as having had "all the strength taken out of it." It is impossible to make a nutritious broth or beef-tea by heat, for the simple reason that the more you heat it the more solid the nutritious albumen becomes, as is well seen in the white of a hard-boiled egg. It is important that this should be clearly understood; for so many people trust to beef-tea, in preference to milk or anything else, to nourish their invalids. Anyone fed on beef-tea or broth alone must die of starvation. It is a valuable stimulant, but is not a food in any other sense than salt and water is a food. These animal extracts and dextrin (a kind of gum) are most powerful agents in stimulating the stomach.

Now, when a piece of bread is chewed for a short time, the starch becomes converted into dextrin. Further, the act of sipping fluids has a remarkable effect in stimulating the pulse, and thus both the stomach and nerve-centres on which it is dependent are stimulated by an increased flow of blood. These effects are also produced by the act of mastication, and are greatly aided by savoury food. From all this it appears that if the stomach is in an exhausted condition, there is nothing so efficacious as a preparation for a proper meal as to sip some soup and chew some bread. It is far more efficacious than fluid of bitters with sherry and other stimulants, and free from the objections attached to these. A man worn-out by worry can by such a preparation make a hearty meal and digest it often when, without bread and soup, he would hardly touch his dinner, or it would be followed by indigestion.

We now come to the albuminous bodies—fish, flesh, and fowl. Starchy material, such as bread, is partly dissolved in the mouth, as we have seen. Albumen begins to be digested in the stomach, and remains there three or four hours if well chewed—if unchewed, as long as seven hours and a half. Now, the object of all digestion is to dissolve the solid food; till the solids are thoroughly dissolved they are of no value as nourishment whatever, and may cause much pain and mischief. If we want to dissolve anything quickly we break it up small; so, if we want our meat dissolved in the stomach, we must chew it fine. A piece of meat well masticated has more nutritive value than a piece many times larger half-chewed, to say nothing of the stimulating action of mastication.

Fish, forming the next course, is much more easily masticated than flesh, and therefore more easily digested; but if served with sauce containing fatty matter, like melted butter, it is much less digestible; for fats are not digested in the stomach, and are apt to coat the albuminoids with an oily film, which prevents the stomach juice from getting at them. For this reason fried fish is less digestible than boiled, and oily fish like salmon and eel than white fish.

With meat come vegetables. The green vegetables have not a high value, but are important in furnishing salts. After the meats come the sweets, further stimulating the stomach through the palate, as also do the cheese and dessert. Finally, the whole meal is subjected to the action of the liver and sweetbread, which is efficacious in digesting all alimentary principles.

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

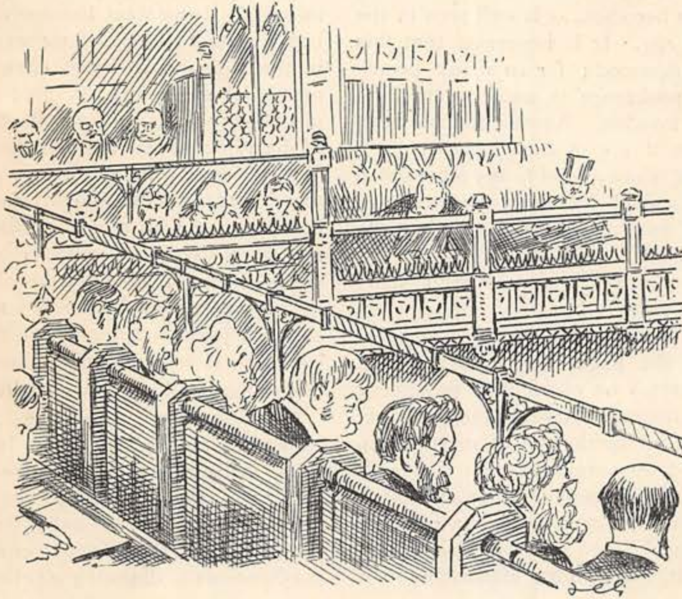
II.—HOW MEMBERS ARE REPORTED.

THE constituent who, after a fitting display of bated breath and whispering humbleness, obtains from his local member for the first time an order of admission to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons soon exhausts his sense of awe at the bewigged and begowned occupant of the chair. His previously existing admiration for some one or another party leader similarly loses a shade of its enthusiasm when he sees the rival statesmen lolling opposite to each other in careless attitudes, and many with hat on head. But, as he raises his eyes and looks towards the opposite gallery, his attention is closely arrested by a body of men sitting side by side in a series of small pews right above the Speaker's chair, who seem on business bent. He is certain that they cannot be members, if only because they are at work; and the certainty is justified, for the ever-changing body which fills what is technically known as boxes—strangely resembling the pews of an old-fashioned prison chapel—form that journalistic corporation called "The Gallery"; its members are never backward in claiming their position in "The Fourth Estate"; it is through them, in fact, that the debates of the Imperial Parliament are conveyed to an always listening and occasionally admiring world.

"The Gallery" was not always so important as it is to-day; and, although it is not necessary at this

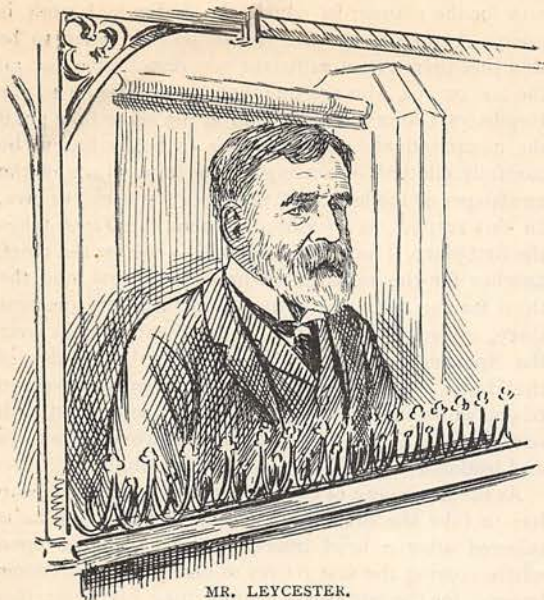
point to trace in detail the steps by which it rose to its present influence, it may be indicated from what small beginnings, and in spite of what difficulties, parliamentary reporting has developed. In the early days of the House of Commons it was a high crime and misdemeanour—and, down to our own time, has been gravely held to be unconstitutional—to communicate the debates even to the Sovereign; and members have been committed to the Tower and expelled the House for publishing what had passed. Even at the commencement of the Long Parliament a representative had to yield up his notes to the Speaker; but the rule was privately defied by certain industrious occupants of the St. Stephen's benches. The notes of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Sir John Northcote, and Thomas Burton, all members, and Thomas Rushworth, a clerk at the table, have left us information invaluable for the understanding of the stormy period of the Great Rebellion; but these were records privately taken, and not intended for immediate publication. Diaries continued to be kept, but the outside public wanted news which was not of a posthumous kind; and the growing desire was so frequently gratified that, soon after the accession of George II., the Commons made a despairing effort to secure secrecy for their work by formally resolving, "That it is an indignity to, and a breach of privilege of, this House for any person to presume to give in written or printed newspapers any account or minutes of debate, or of the proceedings of this House, or any part thereof; and that, upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers of any such written or printed newspaper, this House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity."

Yet, within about a dozen years of this threat, Johnson was writing for Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine* "The Senate of Lilliput," an astounding attempt at giving an idea of what had passed at Westminster; for he who was to be afterwards known as "The Great Lexicographer" compiled it from the scanty notes furnished by persons employed to attend the Houses, and sometimes had no more to work upon than the names of the speakers and the part they had taken in debate. In such circumstances it was easy for Johnson to justify his own claim that he "took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it"; and it was this partisan treatment, almost as much as the inherently poor reporting, that destroyed the value of many of the fragments of the older parliamentary speeches which have come down to us.



"THE GALLERY."

Carlyle characteristically observed of those of Cromwell that "certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted, of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold, is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures;" and the greater of the orations of Bolingbroke and Chatham have reached us only in most mutilated form. Even when the House had ceased to interfere with professional note-taking, untoward circumstances, right into the present century, would occasionally intervene; and Brougham has placed it on record that, upon the occasion of the younger Pitt's speech on the renewed breaking out of the war against France in 1803—the greatest ever made by "the pilot who weathered the storm," and of which his illustrious rival, Fox, declared that the orators of Greece and Rome would have admired—and, perhaps, envied it—an accident prevented the gallery being opened to the reporters, so that the heads only are preserved, and hardly any part of the



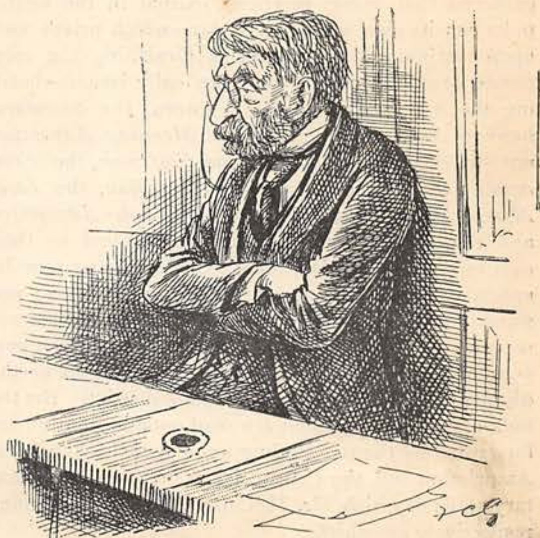
MR. LEYCESTER.

magnificent peroration, which, according to some who heard it, almost took away their breath.

Accident, indeed, did more on a later occasion to call public attention to the desirability for establishing a gallery to which reporters alone should go, and wherein they should not have to compete for places with casual visitors, than even the final great struggle of the Commons to prevent reporting altogether. Readers of *Junius* will recall the fight between the House and the London printers of the debates during what is known as "The Unreported Parliament," which sat from 1768 to 1774, for throughout its existence the standing order for the exclusion of strangers was strictly enforced; and, though one of the members, Sir Henry Cavendish, followed the old example of taking copious notes, these have not even yet been fully given to the world, lying in only semi-disturbed repose in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. But although that was the last such effort, another sixty years had to elapse before a regular Press gallery was instituted; and as lately as the historic occasion of the sudden dissolution of Parliament by William IV., in the spring of 1831 upon the Reform question, the *Times* had to complain that the reporters of the morning papers had been excluded by some blunder of the officers appointed to keep the doors, and had to acknowledge its indebtedness to two friends for the description it furnished. But in 1833 the Lords set the example of allotting a particular gallery to reporters; that was followed when the temporary House was constructed for the Commons after the fire which destroyed St. Stephen's Chapel and its surroundings in the next year; and provision was made for the Press in each chamber when Sir Charles Barry erected the new Palace of Westminster.

Even since then, however, there have been occasional instances of newspapers having to depend upon members for an account of what had passed within the Commons, owing to the operation of the rule excluding strangers; but these sporadic attempts to keep the proceedings private have illustrated only how firmly fixed as an institution the Reporters' Gallery has become. Like "our glorious Constitution" itself, it has grown from small things to great; and it is now as complete a specimen of *imperium in imperio* as could be found within these realms. Speaking specially of the House of Commons—where the accommodation is much greater, just as the work is far harder, than in the Lords—it is in the House, but not of it. Not merely does it possess its own entrance—immediately adjacent to the carefully guarded door by which members of the House of Commons who are Privy Councillors alone find access—and its own suite of writing, smoking, and refreshment rooms, but it is governed by an annually elected committee, which conducts all necessary negotiations with the authorities of the House; it is supplied with creature comforts by a firm of contractors, because of its own preference no longer to be fed in the same fashion and by the same *chef* as the members upon whom it looks; and it is even so corporate in its ideas that the Gallery Lodge, No. 1928 on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England, has been formed mainly of the free and accepted Masons within its ranks.

This corporate spirit has been strengthened by the traditions of the Gallery itself. Johnson may not be able to be claimed directly as one of its members, but Dickens can—all readers of "David Copperfield" being supposed to know that that passage is autobiographic which records that the novelist was once "joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper." In more recent times, at least two who have sat within it as leader-writers—Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Herbert Paul, both contributing to the *Daily News*—have stepped straight down, by favour of the



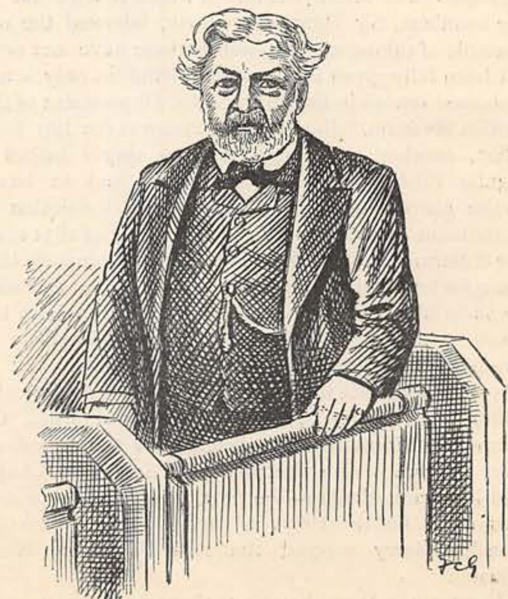
MR. JOHN DOYLE.

constituencies, to the green benches beneath; while Mr. Dalziel, who therein represented the *Scottish Leader*, did the same only a few months since. But it is upon its own veterans rather than upon those who have passed through it to the parliamentary realms below that the Gallery most prides itself. Just before the close of the last Parliament its *doyen*—Mr. Coleman, of the Central News—who had sat in it continuously for more than half a century, and whom tradition, indeed, affirmed to have reported debates in the old St. Stephen's Chapel, withdrew from the work, full of years and honours. To his position, in respect of length of service, has succeeded Mr. John Doyle, the chief of the *Morning Advertiser's* parliamentary staff; while among the other veterans of the Gallery are Mr. Leycester, the *Times'* chief; Mr. Thompson Cooper, the well-known writer of biography, who now supplies the summary of the leading journal, and who has sat in the Gallery for over thirty years, and has represented the *Times* for twenty-six of them; and Mr. Henry Bussey, formerly of the Press Association, and now of the *Standard*. In addition to these, Mr. Henry Lucy, the chief of the *Daily News'* staff, merits mention as having done long and worthy work in the Gallery, not only in the capacity named, but as a political diarist, a prolific writer of "London Letters," and the creator of "Toby, M.P.," the "member for Barkshire," familiar to every reader of *Punch*; while such other chiefs of staff as Mr. Geddes, of the *Standard*, Mr. Peacock, of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Rendle, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Fisher, of the *Daily Chronicle*—to take those of the London morning papers alone—have made their reputation among journalists, and some in the wider field of authorship.

When there has thus been traced the development of the institution of parliamentary reporting, with an indication of some of the leading men who have been, or who now are, engaged in the work, there remains to be told how that work is done. It will have been gathered that every morning journal in the metropolis has its own staff, the *Times*—which prides itself upon continuing the tradition of furnishing the completest of all the reports that are daily issued—heading the list with a total of eighteen, the *Standard*, however, being close up, and the *Morning Advertiser* not far behind. In addition, the *Scotsman*, the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *Aberdeen Free Press* are supplied by their own reporters, the telegraphic accounts being sent by special wire from London direct into their offices; and some dozen or fifteen other provincial journals are represented in the Gallery, though merely for the purpose of fully dealing with the members from or the discussions affecting their immediate district. But the bulk of the reports which are read outside London are forwarded by the two leading news agencies, the Press Association and the Central News, of the parliamentary staffs of which Mr. McCallum and Mr. Ashenden respectively are chief.

So much for the external machinery of distribution; now for the manner in which the individual work is done. Any visitor to the House will not need to be told that there is not sufficient accommodation for all the 200 or 250, who are qualified for admission to the Reporters' Gallery, to be seated at the same time; and the comparatively small number of boxes has to be carefully allotted, according to the importance of the newspaper or the length of the reports it seeks to give. In this respect, as in various others, the *Times* takes the first place, it having three boxes—one for the chief, another for the reporter on immediate duty, and the third for the summary writer—and these are the best three, as being immediately in the centre, right over the Speaker's chair, and commanding both sides of the House. Certain other prominent papers have two boxes, while the rank and file have to be content with one or even a seat in the back row, where reporters and leader-writers are pleasantly commingled.

At the beginning of each sitting, the reporter who has to take the first "turn" enters his box, and he is relieved after a brief interval by a colleague, upon whose coming the first retires to the writing-out rooms beyond, for the purpose of transcribing his notes, this process being repeated until the list of reporters is exhausted, and the time has arrived for Number One to again come into the box. It is a significant comment upon the complaint which is occasionally made that questions occupy much time that could be more usefully employed in debate, that the newspapers are agreed that the question hour is, on the whole, the most interesting to the public generally of any during which the House sits; and at question time, therefore, the "turns" are short, because of the necessity for getting out a fairly full report. When discussion commences on an ordinary evening, the "turns" are lengthened to half an hour, and even at very dull sittings to an hour; but after eleven at night they are again

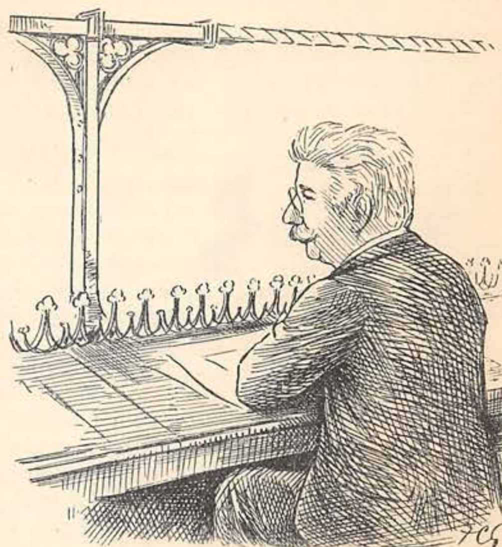


MR. THOMPSON COOPER.

shortened, in order to enable the report to be more rapidly written out in ample time for "getting to press." Upon extraordinary evenings—when a Vote of No Confidence in a Government is being moved, a leading Ministerial measure is being expounded, or a Budget is being introduced—the "turns" are brief, in order that a full note may be taken and quickly transcribed. When Johnson was once told of a person who could report *verbatim* the speeches in Parliament, he brushed the statement aside in his accustomed dogmatic fashion with the words—"Sir, it is impossible!" But, if he could visit the Gallery in these times, he would not repeat the phrase, for, although the popular appetite for long parliamentary reports is steadily abating, there are still occasions when a *verbatim* note has to be taken, and it is taken with accuracy and ease.

When the note has been taken, it has to be transcribed before the speech can be handed to telegraphist or compositor; and for that purpose the reporter, as has been said, has to leave the Gallery for a writing-out room. Of such apartments, there are several attached to the Commons, though only one to the Lords. Among the former is the large or "black room," as it is called—partly from the colour of its tables, though it might also be from the quantity of "blacks" for manifold paper used therein. No one is allowed to smoke in that place, but devotees of the pipe have a small writing-room for themselves; while Number XVIII. Committee Room has in recent years been set aside for the growing number of reporters, who still complain of insufficient accommodation on busy nights, though there are two other rooms for them in the approach to the Gallery. But the *Times* is not likely to grumble, because it has a writing-room of its own; while Reuter's Telegram Agency, as supplying last session the official report of the proceedings was allotted Committee Room XIX., as well as another in the basement: which latter, it may be of interest to note, was that occupied by Mr. Chamberlain when a member of the Government.

The reports written in these apartments vary as much as the rooms themselves. The official report—no longer the historic "Hansard," but another—gives all the answers to questions in full, *verbatim* transcripts of every leading speech, and at least one-third of each discourse delivered, however pointless and rambling it may be; and as it is recognised that not merely are the acoustic properties of the House of Lords abominable, but the Press representatives are placed at the wrong end of the chamber for hearing, a Reuter reporter was given last session a position on the floor, so that at least one account should not contain the frequent notification, "The remarks of the noble lord were quite inaudible in the Gallery." Of the ordinary newspaper reports, the *Times* supplies the longest, while the printed summaries, forwarded each half hour to the London clubs by the Central News and the Exchange Telegraph Company, are the shortest. The greatest rush is made by the metropolitan evening journals, some of which have mounted



MR. LUCY IN HIS BOX.

messengers to carry the "copy" to the Strand or Fleet Street; while the Press Association and Central News have a direct wire from the Gallery to the General Post Office for the transmission of their evening paper reports to the provinces, as well as of important divisions, taken late at night, to the country papers, in time for their earliest editions. The bulk of the "copy," however, is sent to the various London and special wire offices by messengers, or, for the journals served by the news agencies, to St. Martin's-le-Grand by pneumatic tube; and, though the *Times* has an elaborate system of telephones from Westminster to Printing-House Square for the more rapid transmission of late reports, this has been comparatively little needed since, during very recent years, the Commons have taken to keeping good hours.

Such is parliamentary reporting as it exists to-day. It has made considerable strides since those times when "A Collection of Parliamentary Debates," in many volumes, dulled even the patient souls of the politicians of the early Georgian era; but, though in point of speed and diversity it has never been better than now, no higher standard of fulness and accuracy was ever reached than in the publication during the Thirties of "The Mirror of Parliament," to which—far in preference to the "Hansard" of that period—Mr. Gladstone always points as the standard record of his earliest utterances in the Commons. With the ever-growing demand for the earliest and the ever-decreasing wish for the fullest reports, the Gallery, though far more tenanted, is not all that it was when to obtain a seat in it was to win the blue riband of the reporter's calling. But for its general services to the public, for its freedom from partisan or personal prejudice, and even for its genial toleration of a bore—especially when that perennial parliamentarian is on the watch for occasions to count out the House—it is an institution to which hearty praise can be given, and praise which promises to be long deserved.

hill-top, will probably have a keen eye for the beauties of Nature; while one who finds it easier to draw the thing his little tongue cannot find words to explain, may be taken to have the makings of an artist in him. The little ones who put their fingers in their mouths and stare at small visitors, are not likely to develop into such sociable beings as those who bring toys, and start conversation for the benefit of their guests. The anxious-minded ones, who recollect that frocks must be kept tidy, lessons learned, and puddles never walked into, suffer real anxiety in their endeavours to keep friends who are not so wise, in the way they should go.

Their patience in illness is one thing that must always astonish an observer. Why are they so free from fretfulness, so grateful, so able to bear pain—*real* pain—so obedient and so helpful? Is it (as some-one has suggested) because they have no care for the future and very little memory of the past to guide them as to what may befall them in the shape of suffering? It may be so, and that they can do it because they have only each moment's pain to bear, with neither foresight nor retrospect; but still, that does not explain what every nurse and doctor must have noticed in the behaviour of young children.

The darlings! how much delight they give us—how much anxiety and pain—and how heavily they make us feel our responsibilities, what lessons they teach us! Their smiles light up our lives, and their tears obscure the sun. Happy is he or she whom they adopt for their friend, for their instinct is pure, and they cannot flatter or be insincere.

M. R. L.

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

III.—HOW MEMBERS ARE WHIPPED.

HAKESPEARE, that universal provider of quotations, who, even though an institution had not been invented, foresaw its coming with unerring eye, had plainly before his prophetic vision a modern parliamentary use when he made *Angelo* express the hope to his companion that he would find "good cause to whip them all." For, although the elaborate system of House of Commons management now adopted by every party and, indeed, by every political fraction, was unknown in the glorious days of great Elizabeth, it commenced with the independent display of power by Parliament in the succeeding reign of the first James; and the very term with which it is commonly labelled carries us back to the time when the House was mainly composed of squires, and when "the country party" was not merely a name but a power. Even the title "Whip," as applied to the energetic party official who prevents his pack from going astray, does not preserve the full flavour of that of "whipper-in," which was accustomed to be used in the days when St. Stephen's was full of foxhunters, but which is now to be found only in the always-belated dictionaries, in the speeches of Cobden and Bright, and in those of the oldest among our parliamentarians. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, indeed, used it in the House of Commons as lately as the June of 1892; but, with one consent, the reporters in the Gallery sought to correct the possessor of such obviously less political experience than themselves, and when he said "whippers-in," made him say "whips."

What, then, are these "whippers-in" of an earlier parliamentary day, or "Whips," as they are now universally known? If one is to believe the dictionaries, they are persons in a parlous state, for the taint of an old and corrupt period suffuses them still. And while one dictionary informs its readers that a "whipper-in"

Most Important

31, GREAT GEORGE STREET.
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Parliament will meet on Thursday August 4th; and after the Speaker has been elected and the Members have taken the oath; a vote of want of Confidence in the Government will certainly be moved in one form or another.

Your attendance in the House of Commons during the progress of this debate is particularly, and at the division, whenever it takes place, most urgently and especially requested.

Wolmer

LORD WOLMER'S SUMMONS TO THE LIBERAL UNIONIST MEMBERS.

is "in Parliament one who enforces party discipline among the supporters of the Ministry or Opposition, and urges their attendance on all questions of importance," and another applies the same almost obsolete term to persons "whose duty it is to rally the members of a party, to bring them to their posts when their presence is required, secure their votes, ensure their support, etc.," a third would make that ambiguous "etc." almost too clear by observing that "to give him greater influence, the Ministerial Whip holds, or is supposed to hold, the minor patronage of the Treasury." But these definitions, despite anachronisms, and "etc.'s," and "supposed's," give a sufficiently general idea of the duties of a Whip. Even when his party is in office, he is not to be ranked among the minor members of the Administration—those janissaries of the Government, as they were once called, whose only duty is to make a House, keep a House, and cheer the Minister. And, whether his party is in or out of place, the work of a Whip is so long, so delicate, and so laborious, that one can only admire the patriotic self-sacrifice, the absolute devotion to their country, exemplified by the various worthy gentlemen who fill the position.

From certain points of view, it is unfortunate that Whips have not fallen into the fashion of our time and published their "Reminiscences," for, if they had, tales could still be told of how in politics some—though not Walpole's "all"—men have their price. That price, as far as the Whips are concerned, is not

Your attendance in the House
of Commons on Tuesday Feby 7th
is particularly and earnestly
requested when the debate on
the Address will be continued

E. Marjoribanks

THE FIRST FIVE-LINED WHIP IN THE SESSION OF 1893.

THE RIGHT HON. E. MARJORIBANKS, M.P., PATRONAGE SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY (CHIEF MINISTERIAL WHIP).
(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, 42, Pall Mall, S.W.)

the splendid shilling, but the safe seat, the coveted baronetcy, or the still more-sought-for peerage; and when Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, proudly claims in the City of London, as a result of his varied experiences, that he has not yet met the man with whom he could not effect a "deal," he puts only in blunt fashion what every succeeding Chief Whip could whisper in diplomatic phrase—if only a Chief Whip ever condescended to confidence: which is exceedingly doubtful.

The Chief Whip, in fact, whether in office or in Opposition, is the keystone of the fabric of party organisation; and although he may have able assistants, it is to him that members look for aid in emergencies, and for him that Ministers send when in straits. Probably because the Whig or Liberal party is composed of more sections than the Tory or Conservative, and contains a greater number of persons eager to press the solution of certain problems, the Whips whose achievements are most remembered by parliamentarians are of the former persuasion, for upon their shoulders has fallen the heavier burden of management. "Ben" Stanley, as he was always called by his friends, "Sir Benjamin Backbite," as he was known to his foes, was Lord Melbourne's leading Whip at a time when, night after night, Ministers could count upon a majority of no more than five, and when every art of political cajolery had to be used to keep it even at that figure. In his days, members were

10 Downing Street,
Whitehall.

July 29 1892

Dear Sir

Permit me to remind you that Parliament will meet on Thursday Aug 4 when the House of Commons will proceed to the election of its Speaker.

Thereafter it will be sworn in on Friday, Saturday, and the following day and the debate on the Address will commence on Monday the 8th.

I earnestly request your attendance at the commencement of the Session as a division of the very greatest importance is expected.

I am
Dear Sir
Yours faithfully
Arthur James Balfour

MR. BALFOUR'S LETTER TO HIS SUPPORTERS IN THE HOUSE (p. 385).

brought from the death-bed of a parent to give their vote; others were refused a "pair" even when desiring to attend the funeral of one dearest to them; and one unhappy representative of the people who had broken his leg was brought to Westminster at the risk of his life because a critical division was expected. Sir William Hayter, the next great Whig Whip, lived in less savage times—for it is comforting to reflect that our parliamentary manners have markedly improved within the past sixty years—but he excelled in the genial art of capturing votes by conciliation; and the story was long told of how, when serving with zeal the Government of Lord Palmerston, he took four Conservative members for a walk in St. James's Park, where they smoked the cigar of contemplation in his company, while the Whigs were winning upon a narrow division not far away.

It is only a few of our present-day politicians, however, who can recall Stanley and Hayter; but Brand, and Glyn, and Adam among the Liberal Chief Whips, Taylor, and Dyke, and Winn among the Conservative, have left memories which haunt the Lobby like pleasant spectres, and which tell of hard party work well done. For it is not to be imagined that there are no such difficulties to overcome as used to trouble the Whips of earlier days; and the sober-minded constituent who regards the House of Commons as a model of decorum and a training-place for deportment would have his confidence shaken if he knew all the devices which even yet are employed to secure a full House in anxious times. Within the past few Parliaments a member has voted who was brought to Westminster from a private lunatic asylum, to which he was at once returned; another has participated who was so ill while waiting for the division bells to ring that his friends feared he might die in one of the adjoining rooms before they could secure his vote; and a third, who, from cerebral or other excitement, could not decide even at the last moment into which lobby to go, was almost literally fought for by the contending parties, and dragged this way and that, until he was hauled off by the stronger faction, and, after passing the wicket, was carefully sent home in a cab. These may be considered as among the major incidents of the Parliamentary fray; but among the minor are such as are to be noted upon every occasion of an important division. It is almost impossible for the impartial observer to withhold the tribute of tears—whether of sympathy or laughter cannot at this point be discussed—as he listens to the woes of some members at such a period. More than once in recent years has a representative been peremptorily summoned by the Whip to abbreviate his honeymoon and return to Westminster; and men have been even known to decline a dinner with the most illustrious personages because of a command from the same dread official.

The guileless politician who has been accustomed to look upon his local member as a superior and really important personage may wonder, as he does at a conjuring entertainment, "how it's done." On the face of it, the whipping apparatus is simplicity itself. Disraeli, among his many attacks upon Peel, pictured

the then Prime Minister as one whose hatred of slavery extended to every place except the benches behind him. "There the gang is still assembled, and there the thong of the whip still sounds." But that description of the process is as picturesquely exaggerated as Mr. John Morley's idea—before he entered Parliament—that the Whip was merely "the official who runs diligently up and down the back stairs of the party, and tells the Minister that a measure is practicable, and required in the interests of the band." A well-disciplined party is neither, as Disraeli hinted, a gang of slaves in dread of the lash, nor, as Mr. Morley would certainly not now believe, a band of brigands eager for plunder; and the Whip, therefore, is not quite the embodiment of evil portrayed by young politicians and candid friends. If he were, Lavater studied in vain, and physiognomy is not the slightest indication of character; for how could even the most suspicious think ill of the serene calm of Mr. Arnold Morley, the late Chief Whip to the Gladstonian Liberal party; the buoyant gaiety of Mr. Marjoribanks, the present holder of that position; the equable smile of Mr. Akers-Douglas, the most successful Whip the Conservatives have had for many a year; or the candid countenance of Mr. Anstruther, who has succeeded the always genial Lord Wolmer in "whipping" the Liberal Unionists? Suspicion, in such circumstances, would surely be an indictment of nature.

Florence
Jan 24. 1888

Sir

The meeting of Parliament has been fixed for the ninth of February, and the state of public affairs appears to render it certain that important discussions may be expected to arise immediately thereafter. I hope accordingly that you may find it convenient to be in your place. I have the honour to be Sir

Your most faithful servant

W E Gladstone

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER FROM FLORENCE (*see p.* 385).

Yet, as the reader will be bound to think, there must be more than a pleasing presence on the part of the Whip and a devotion to principle on that of the representative, to account for the former's power and the latter's complaisance. No more than a few members are to be tempted with a riband or bought with a baronetcy, and, as for the rest, no allurement is possible. It is, in fact, not allurement but terror which affects the nervous member, and the terror is that of his constituents. Let the case, for instance, be supposed of a group which holds strong opinions upon a certain subject, the expression of which, and especially if carried to a division, will weaken the party to which they belong. The members of such a group will be blind to the frowns of their leaders, deaf to the remonstrances of the Whip; serene in their consciousness of independent virtue, they proclaim their intention of proceeding to the bitter end, and the Whip goes quietly to his room, and writes to some influential supporters of each. What follows? Letters come back to them by return of post, warning them to be wary how they injure the party; the voices just before so shrill in declaration of independence fade to a whisper, their possessors begin with one accord to make excuses, and the incipient "cave" dwindles to a crevice, and is seen no more. That is how more than one promising "split in a party" has been smothered in its birth during recent years; and it would not be surprising to find that so simple a plan proves effective again.

Under ordinary circumstances, of course, no such exercise of extraneous pressure is necessary, for the sense of party discipline is sufficiently keen all round to lead members to answer the appeals of the Whip. The duties of those holding that office are, however, never light, dull as the customary business of the parliamentary day may be. The Chief Whip of every section, before he comes to Westminster in the afternoon, has various affairs to transact in connection with the organisation of his party; but if he happen to be the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury—the official title of the leading Ministerial Whip—he has also to frequently consult with those Ministers who are mainly responsible for the conduct of business in the House of Commons. Let us follow the Patronage Secretary from Whitehall to Westminster, and, without seeking to penetrate his jealously-guarded sanctum, entered from the Members' Lobby, let the routine work of him and his colleagues be watched. The inscrutable Chief is here, there, and everywhere within the compass of the House and the Lobby from the moment the Chaplain reads prayers to that one, many an hour later, when the chief doorkeeper has sounded the welcome question, "Who goes home?" and the lights are lowered in Barry's Gothic halls. Now he is in his room discussing an important point of party organisation with some influential supporter from the

constituencies ; then he is in an odd corner soothing the susceptibilities of a too independent member. In another minute he is on the Treasury Bench, in eager conference with the Leader of the House ; the division bells ring, and he acts as the principal teller ; he walks up the floor, with profound bows to the Speaker, and, standing on the extreme right of the row of four tellers, reads out the figures of the vote. And this round of duties is again and again repeated until the adjournment, when his final task is to hand in to the Clerk at the Table the Government notices of motion for the next sitting, and to see that the circular has been despatched to all the Ministerial members, summoning them to their posts when the House meets again.

In the routine work of "whipping," the Patronage Secretary has considerable aid from the four or five other members of the Ministry who form the full staff of this department. Sir William Walrond, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Arthur Hill, and Lord Burghley gave such aid to Mr. Douglas in the last Parliament ; Mr. Thomas Ellis, Mr. Causton, and Mr. William McArthur are among those who similarly aid Mr. Marjoribanks in the new one. The second Treasury Whip—who was Sir William Walrond, and is now Mr. Ellis—is always the junior Ministerial teller, and he has to wander to and fro almost as much as his Chief, the real monotony and even drudgery of the work falling upon the juniors. These gentlemen, bareheaded, as is the custom with Whips—who, indeed, are the only hatless folk regularly

The Right Hon. A. AKERS-DOUGLAS, P.C., M.P.
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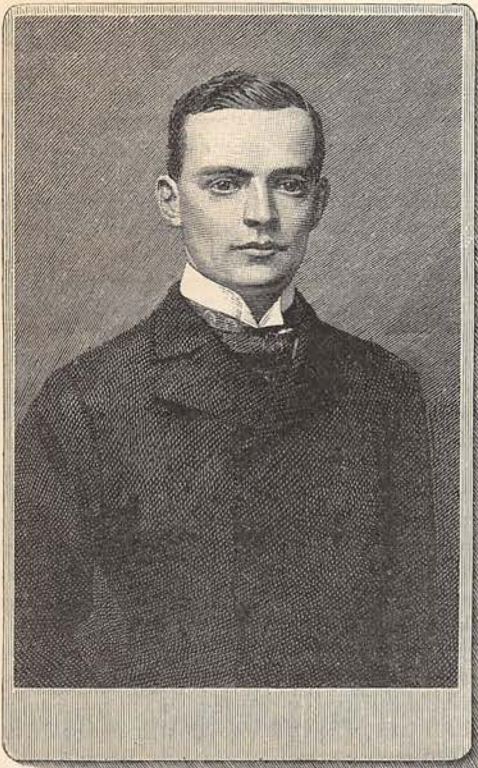
THE CHIEF CONSERVATIVE WHIP.



MR. H. T. ANSTRUTHER.
(CHIEF LIBERAL UNIONIST WHIP.)
(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, 42, Pall Mall, S.W.)

seen in the Lobby—have to be continually "on the pounce" for members of their party. They have to learn who are present and who absent ; when a man has put in an appearance they must not let him go unless he has arranged a "pair" with one of the other side, or will promise to be speedily back ; and they have daily to secure that a sufficient number of members dine within the precincts to prevent, on a Government night, a count-out during the dinner hour. They guard the doorway with a vigilance which evokes both awe and admiration from the looker-on, whose sense of humour is appealed to, however, by the spectacle of grave senators, the ornaments of Quarter Sessions or the arbiters of Town Councils, humbly suing the Whips for permission to leave the premises for one short hour. As it is the duty of Ministers to make and keep a House when Government business has to be transacted, it is, of course, upon their Whips that the heaviest routine work falls ; but those of the other sections have to take care of their own men ; and they do not always find the task an easy one.

And now for the difference between the Whip with a large initial and the whip with a small one. The former is the official, and the latter is the circular he issues, the form of which varies with the importance of the expected division. Upon ordinary occasions the invitation to members is couched in mild terms, but, as the need for their attendance becomes more marked, the emphasis of the summons is increased by underlining, until a whip headed "Most Urgent," and with three, four, or five lines scored beneath the principal words, is

one which a party member disregards at his peril. In addition to these circulars, there are the summonses, almost partaking of the character of a whip, issued by the respective leaders at the commencement of each session. Such a one as that sent by Mr. Gladstone from Florence five years ago, or by Mr. Balfour at the opening of the present Parliament, may be considered historic.

The members who are to be seen in the Lobby with note-book frequently in hand, and without a hat, play an important part in our parliamentary life. It is the habit of some superior folk to disparage them, unknowing or forgetting that from the ranks of the Whips, from the arrangers of the "dinner lists," and from the performers of "door-mat duty," have sprung some famous parliamentarians. Mr. Gladstone had a narrow escape from being one of them, for his first appointment was that of Junior Lord of the Treasury, which was changed to the Colonial Under-Secretaryship only because electoral disaster had befallen a colleague; while the present Speaker, like his predecessor, had passed a period of service as Whip before attaining the position of First Commoner in the realm. The office is a thankless one; Premiers reward it with peerages, colonial governorships, baronetcies, and—though very rarely—seats in the Cabinet; but parties are seldom grateful, and even so strikingly successful a Whip as Mr. Douglas did well to take a testimonial in the earlier portion of his official career. Yet, so fissiparous is the tendency of modern political life, that the number of whipping organisations is on the increase, and where once were only Whig and Tory, are now Liberal and Conservative, Liberal Unionist and Nationalist, and among the last section are Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite; while in the defunct Parliament the Radical Committee had Whips all their own, one who was associated with them giving, through Mr. Goschen, the nickname "Jacobyn" to our political vocabulary. With the growth in number has come a necessity for revising and supplementing the accommodation accorded to them at Westminster. This session Mr. Anstruther and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Liberal Unionist Whips, need no longer to use the room of their Conservative allies; and Mr. Deasy and Sir Thomas Esmonde, the Whips of the majority of the Irish Parliamentary Party, have likewise an apartment of their own. But at the present rate of increase, separate sections will soon be so many that there will be almost more members "whipping" than "whipped."

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

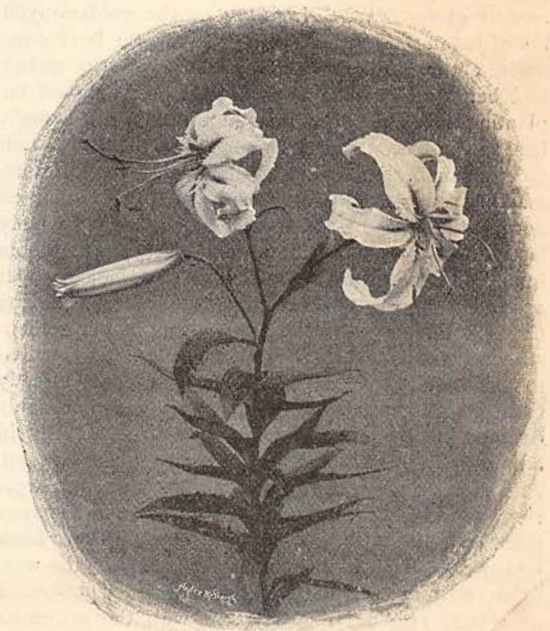
SECOND SERIES.

A CHAPTER ON LILIES.

THE Easter recess, winding up with the Monday Bank Holiday, was, by the mutual consent of our rival friends, to be, as usual, devoted to still further horticultural progress.

"Well, Charles," said John, "I am delighted with my subject. It is the 'Lilies of the Field,' Alice," with a knowing look at her. She, however, merely responded with a more than usually rosy smile, in remembrance of a certain picnic long ago. And he continued, "and so impatient am I in the memory of their glory that I am embarrassed at the very outset."

"But I had better be methodical and talk first of the soil best adapted for lilies in general. For the most part, then, they like a rich soil, with plenty of sandy loam in the compound. Then again, of course, some varieties like an aspect that looks south, and a good supply of sandy peat into the bargain. A fibrous peat soil is what some of the American, and certainly the Japanese, sorts mostly delight in. Paxton, the great authority, considers white to be the original species. Some three hundred years ago, then, or thereabouts, was the plain white lily—*Lilium Candidum*—thought to be introduced into England from the Levant, as also was *Lilium Bulbiferum*, an orange-coloured flower that blooms in June, and of which there are



LILIUM LANCIFOLIUM ALBUM.

We were married early that summer, and in the autumn we went back to spend a week at Treloe.

Mrs. Dorrington had offered to take Polcarn for us if we liked, but Elinor was bent upon going to the cottage on the rock where I had stayed the year before.

It had been untenanted since my last visit, and Elinor begged me to arrange everything as I had had it in my bachelor days.

We unpacked my painting materials, and were putting them away.

"My paint-brushes used to go in that little table drawer," I said.

Elinor opened it with a vigorous pull, and there, at the back of the drawer, lay my old pocket-book, just as I had left it a year ago.

I had never packed it up at all, and I moralised over the trouble my carelessness had caused me.

Elinor laughed merrily; she had lost her old shyness, and did not mind my approaching the forbidden subject.

"You have been very good about not asking me any questions," she said. "Would you like me to tell you why I was so unhappy at your taking my pocket-book?"

"If you are sure you don't mind," I replied.

"I was so miserable in thinking you had read those lines."

"Why!" I exclaimed in surprise, "I thought they were very pretty."

"Did you never wonder if they were meant for anyone—in particular?"

"Never," I replied, but I felt a sudden chill at her words.

"And I thought you had kept them, because you were too much shocked to send them back. How blind men are! Why, you dear old darling—they were meant for you!"

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

IV.—THE LOBBY AND THE LOBBYISTS.

THE MEMBERS LOBBY, FROM THE CORRIDOR.

THERE is probably no portion of Westminster so much heard of and so little understood as that which is customarily, but not quite definitely, designated "the Lobby." For there are lobbies *and* lobbies; and when those who are interested in Parliamentary proceedings visit St. Stephen's, and, after waiting weary hours in the outer lobby, pass through a corridor to the inner lobby, and thence to the gallery hypothetically devoted to "distinguished strangers," whence they behold the members stream forth into the division lobbies, they are naturally bewildered. "Where," they ask, "is that lobby in which State secrets are whispered to the confidential ear; in which intrigues are devised which make and unmake ministries; in which, if we believe the newspapers, more of real significance is transacted than in the Legislative Chamber itself?" If they put the question to their neighbours, they are likely to receive little in the nature of a satisfactory reply; if they put it to those who know, they will be told that the mysterious place in which all these awesome things are supposed to be done is the inner, or members', lobby, immediately adjacent to the swinging glass doors by which our representatives gain entrance to the House of Commons.

It is the name that deceives, it being too simple for so striking a spot. An almost Arcadian flavour attaches to the German word for arbour, from which the philologist claims it to have been derived; but there is a common notion among the English-speaking that a lobby is primarily a place where men hang their hats and coats; and the peers' lobby, in point of fact, is devoted to that useful but unromantic purpose.

Apart from its name, however, the Lobby—restricting that term henceforth to that mainly sacred to members and journalists—is a noble-looking hall, designed with splendour and decorated with taste. The ordinary citizen before reaching it will have become accustomed to one of the most striking of its forms of ornamentation. Never since the days when the Rev. Mr. Stiggins ineffectually attempted to extract a subscription from Tony Weller for the provision of the infant negroes in the West Indies with moral pocket-handkerchiefs—"those which combine amusement with instruction, my young friend," as the Shepherd explained to Sam—can there have been such a sedulous endeavour to teach folk by means of maxim as has been done on the tessellated pavement leading to the House of Commons. As the stranger enters the outer lobby—which also bears the name of the Central or Octagon Hall—he may solace the period of waiting, stimulate his loyalty, and ruin his eyesight, by deciphering the inscription, eight times repeated in intricate lettering upon the floor, "*Domine Salvam*

THE MEMBERS' LOBBY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

fac Reginam Nostram Victoriam." The ever-vigilant constables, in the pursuit of their duty of keeping a path clear from Commons to Lords, will of a certainty prevent him from the further ocular strain of attempting to read the circular inscription, twice repeated in the centre, which runs, "*Nisi Dominus edificaverit Domum in vanum laboraverunt qui edificant eam.*" If the visitor wearies with Latin, and, requiring refreshment, wanders to the strangers' bar, he will be told several times over on the floor that "Virtue Prevails," and will be encouraged in the same fashion by the enigmatic utterance, "Faithful Love and Fidelity to our Country." But it is in the Lobby itself that the inscriptionist found full vent for his skill. On the very threshold, as one enters from the Central Hall, he is bidden by a text, altered to suit the circumstances of the time, "Fear God; Honour the Queen." As he advances towards the Chamber he is faced by the legend, "Where no counsel is the people fall," which is flanked by another text, "In the multitude of counsellors is safety." Whether he looks towards the doors leading to the rooms set apart for the Whips, to the Members' Refreshment Bar, to the Post Office, to the Vote Office, or to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, he is commanded to "Fear God"; and, if he glances aloft, he finds not only a number of blazons of the arms of certain ancient boroughs—such as Harwich and Lewes, Stamford and Walmer, Wycombe and Colchester—but the legend, inscribed over and over again in stone, "*Domine Salvam fac Reginam Nos'm Victoriam.*" Loyalty and good citizenship, in short, are impressed upon the visitor at every turn; and the only drawback is that he will not have the time, just as no member of the House has ever been known to have the inclination, to decipher all these things for himself.

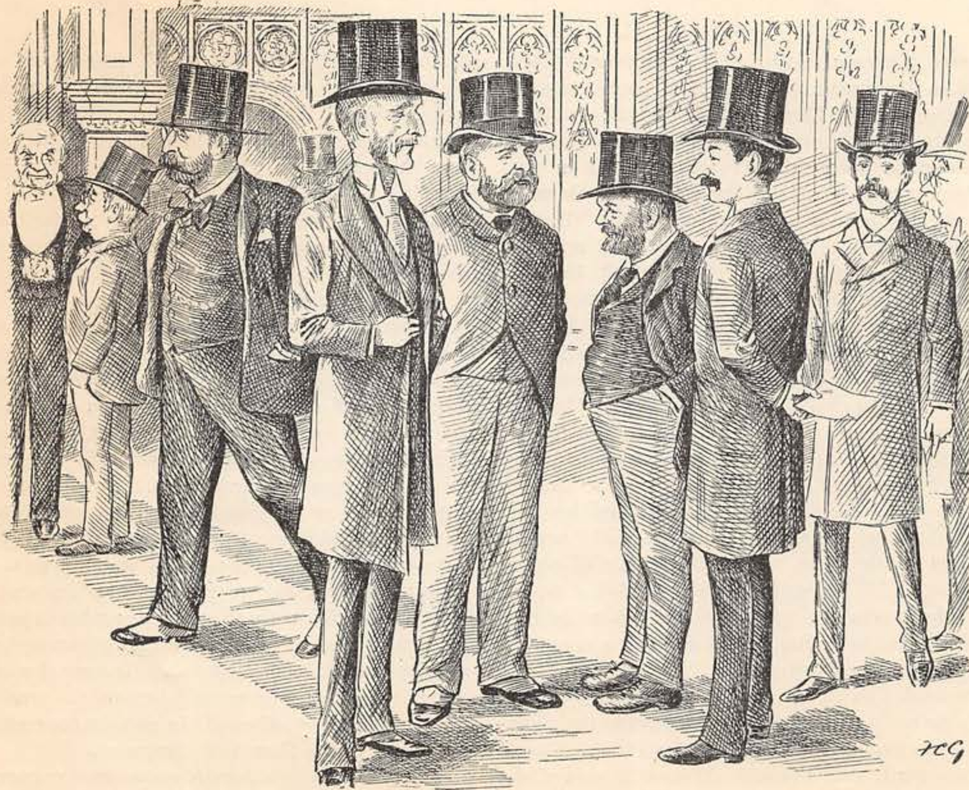
A stranger in the Lobby, in fact, resembles the traditional fly in amber; and he is apt to mingle with his wonder as to how he managed to get there a sensation of surprise as to what he finds when once he has penetrated the inner court of the politician. He has expected an assembly of grave statesmen conversing with even graver journalists in eager absorption upon the public questions of the day; and he finds a chattering, laughing, flitting crowd, ever shifting, always talking, often bored, and not in the least like the fancy pictures of the Roman Senate which he has seen in youth or imagined in age. No one who knows the Lobby would deny that politics occasionally furnish its most absorbing topic; but although it is, of course, correct to believe that all Parliamentarians are patriots devoted to affairs, there are times when the land is sufficiently content to allow of interest being taken in what the world calls scandal. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the smoking-room at any of our greater clubs more abounds in personal anecdote than the Lobby of the House of Commons.

After all, that is a less blameworthy concession to human weakness than the Lobby pastimes of certain other countries. At Westminster there is none of the

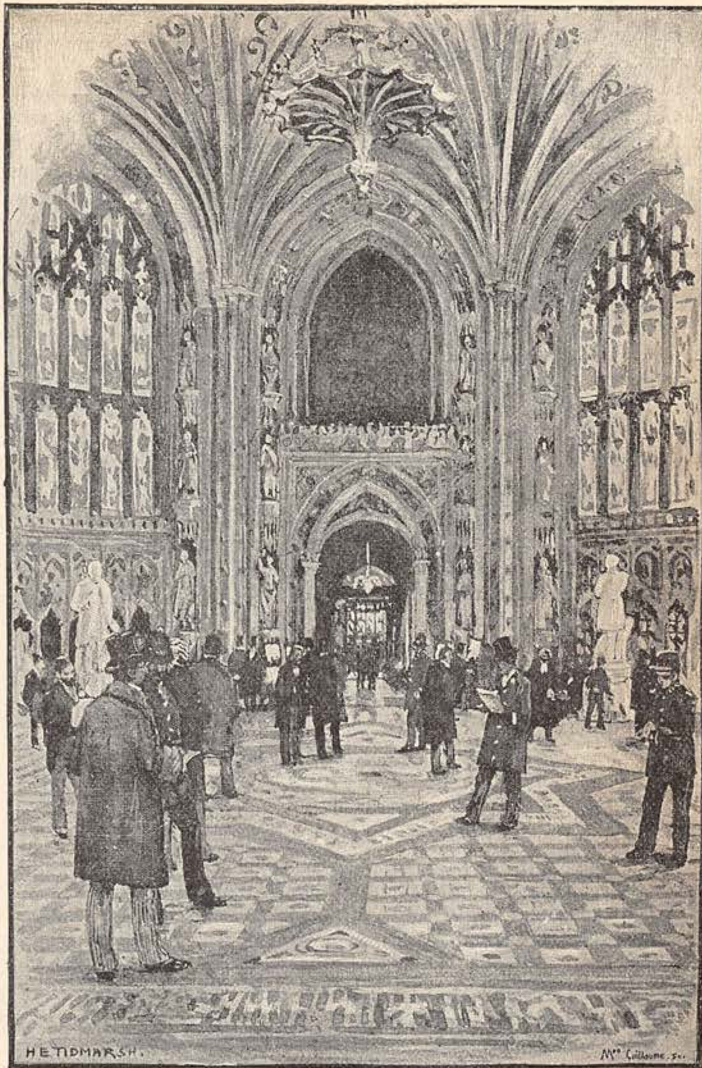
taking of legislators into corners and slipping cheques into their hands in the fashion recently described in Paris; and there is not the same grinding of axes, rolling of logs, and other picturesque performances in which Washington has long been said to rejoice. Just as there are lobbies and lobbies, there is lobbying and lobbying, and the samples of the latter to be seen at St. Stephen's are relatively innocuous. Parliamentary agents are there, but they do not imitate M. Arton and his pleasing ways in Panama. The Remembrancer of the Corporation of the City of London pays a frequent visit, and has even been known to be the dispenser of invitations to civic hospitality within the precincts, but neither he nor anyone else imagines that members are bought with a dinner. Representatives of societies specially interested in the passing of some measure are occasionally visible, but they flourish constituents' remonstrances instead of cheque-books at the heads of recalcitrant members. Influences of many kinds are at work in the Lobby—some that the philosopher would scorn and the critic deem small; but as yet the stern moralist need not trouble to create a society for the personal reform of Members of Parliament.

Political advocates, civic officials, and Parliamentary agents have been given as upon the list which the Sergeant-at-Arms annually compiles of those entitled to admission to the Lobby; but the newspaper reader may be excused if he thinks that these, either collectively or individually, are of less importance than the journalists whose names appear upon that jealously-guarded document. There was a time, and that not many years since, when entrance to the Lobby was so easy that almost any well-known writer for the Press could gain admission, not for himself alone, but for a friend. The dynamite explosions of eight years ago altered all that; and at this day it is exceedingly difficult to get a fresh newspaper placed upon the list, while none but the specified representative of each journal already thereon is permitted to enter.

From the point of view of news-getting this is an improved state of things, for a crowded lobby is ill adapted for the communication of "tips," and when it is the fullest of men it is usually the emptiest of what the journalist considers intelligence. But there is another reason why the increased restrictions of recent years are far from obnoxious to those who are sufficiently fortunate to be upon the Lobby list: as long as the place was open to all and sundry, so long was there no corporate feeling among the lobbyists and no official recognition of them in their separate capacity. Within the past four years, and even within the last three months, there have been evidences of change in that particular. Formerly it was considered that a lobbyist was simply a member of the Reporters'



SOME WELL-KNOWN "LOBBYISTS."
(*From a drawing by* F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.)



THE CENTRAL HALL, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

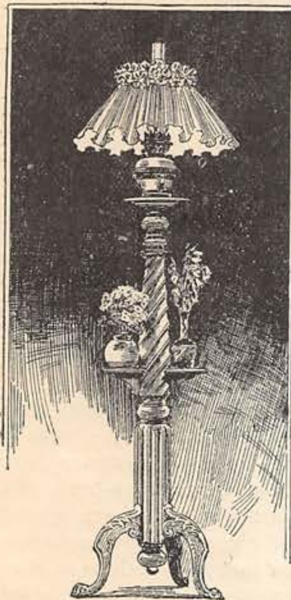
Gallery, who dropped in occasionally to see what was doing; but gradually journalists began to be placed upon the Lobby list who had no direct connection with the Gallery. It then began to be thought that, as there was a Gallery Committee, charged with the protection of the interests of the reporters, there ought to be a Lobby Committee to advance those of the lobbyists. At the opening of the session of 1889, therefore, and largely through the exertions of Mr. W. Ernest Pitt, who then represented the Press Association, and now contributes the "Political Notes" to the *Times*, the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Erskine of Cardross, granted the use of a committee-room for the purpose of a meeting of lobbyists. As was only fitting, Mr. William Jeans, the *doyen* of the Lobby, who is still among his fellows, as representing the *Dundee Advertiser* and the *Bradford Observer*, was called to the chair, not only of that gathering, but of the earliest constituted Lobby Committee; and from that moment the lobbyists, as a body, have gone from strength to strength.

The regulations of the House of Commons, like the British Constitution itself, can only gradually be broadened; but, by dint of mutual courtesy and the friendly attitude of the Sergeant-at-Arms, the lobbyists during these past few years have gained additional and important privileges. It may not seem much to the reader to know that such of these as have admission to the Gallery can now pass from that place to the Lobby by a private staircase, instead of having to go double the distance by way of the Octagon Hall. He may not even be impressed by the fact that it has been allowed that those who have no entrance to the Gallery can dine and smoke in the suite of refreshment

rooms previously sacred to reporters alone. There may be nothing startling in the circumstance that the lobbyists have been given for partial use for writing a room adjacent to the Vote Office. But these privileges, all of which have tended not merely to secure greater comfort but increased efficiency, have been materially enhanced, even within the present session, by the grant of a separate room, adjoining the Central Hall, in order that those upon the Lobby list can the better perform their duties.

The reader may ask, "What do all these lobbyists do, and how do they do it?" A complete answer would be to tell too much, for your true lobbyist never mentions the sources of his information, and he is careful to appear even to his comrades as if he does not possess any in particular. It is this habit of nonchalant caution which causes even journalists who have won their experience elsewhere to occasionally hazard the opinion that there is no news to be obtained in the Lobby; and that is certainly true concerning those who merely look in for a few minutes, and expect to have intelligence drop unsolicited into their ears as they pass the portal. Partly, also, this idea spreads because the ordinary member of Parliament seldom hears anything in the Lobby that the whole political world is not acquainted with. But the skilled lobbyist is one accustomed to the study of men, to the reading of signs, and to the understanding of affairs. He cannot penetrate all the secrets of State—such as assume to do so may at once be set down as impotent boasters; but if he cannot discover twenty-four hours before any other persons outside the Cabinet what line that select body means to take, if he cannot prophesy beforehand what *coup* the Opposition intends to attempt, he is not to be regarded as even approaching the ideal of his calling. In the ever-increasing competition of the daily press, to be twenty-four hours ahead is to do well, for the public memory is so short that, if a journalist happens to be a fortnight in advance with any forthcoming "good thing," those who adopt his information thirteen days later are almost certain to get the credit for it. The delicacy and the difficulty of the task are obvious, and when it is well discharged, the public benefit while the lobbyist is increasingly trusted. The whole system is a phase of our Parliamentary life which is little comprehended by the world of newspaper readers, for whose better information it is devised; but it is one of which every participant in its ardent joys and keen disappointments has reason to be proud.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.



THIS title must be taken in a figurative sense, meaning that out of what is "old" or disused, and often thrown away, new and charming articles may often be made: all that is required being time, taste, patience, and the expenditure of a little money, sometimes only very little.

Lately, while on a visit to a friend, I noticed in the drawing-room one of the handsomest standard lamps I had ever seen, and in our first illustration you can see what it looked like. On inquiry, I found that the centre pole was in reality an old bed-post, made of mahogany and carefully polished. A local carpenter had made the feet out of some more wood and fixed the projecting brackets, which were intended to hold flowers or any ornament. The lamp, which is movable is, as you will notice, placed on the top.

Four-post bedsteads are becoming things of the past, and so many people sell those they possess and have the more hygienic iron in their place, that in second-hand shops you may often pick up the posts more or less well-carved, from which such a capital lamp-stand may be made. The feet, by the way, ought to be weighted, and care taken not to have the whole thing top-heavy.

Another use for bed-posts is to place them at each side of a fireplace. For a bedroom, and particularly if the overmantel is of the same wood, the effect is very novel and pretty; and in summer, curtains can hang on a slight rod or string placed under the mantel-board.

The uses of empty packing-cases and old boxes generally are so numerous that one could not hope in the limits of one article to exhaust a list of what may be made from them. The hints here given are merely suggestive, and may be worked out with various modifications, as well as possibly giving the ideas for other ways in which to use what would under ordinary circumstances be thrown away.

A cosy corner is one of the present pretty fashions which bids fair to last. Drawing-rooms and all rooms are very much more comfortable than they used to be, and corners can be fitted up and made very pretty, as well as forming a comfortable seat for a *tête-à-tête*.

dry, and must therefore be used with discretion. The most important point to be emphasised is the necessity for early treatment. Once the hair is destroyed, no power on earth can restore it.

It is frequently a comparatively easy matter, however, to prevent the spread of the mischief by appropriate remedies. It cannot be too often stated that in medicine no two cases are ever precisely alike. There is always a "personal equation." A timely consultation with the family medical attendant would often result in the saving of much suffering and expense.

For these reasons I can recommend no special remedies. I believe one of the earliest prescriptions preserved to us is a recipe for a hair lotion. It was prepared some 3,000 or 4,000 years ago by a king of Egypt, who, like the other rulers of that country, practised and studied medicine. The antiquity of affections of the hair is thus obviously very great.

There is a reverse condition to which allusion may be made. I refer to excessive hairiness. Bearded ladies are rare even in exhibitions, but in a minor degree excessive hairiness is not uncommon. It causes infinitely more distress of mind than baldness. The only treatment admitting of general application is the removal of the superfluous hair by means of a razor.

It is a popular error to suppose that repeated shaving results in stimulating the growth of the hair; but this treatment is inconvenient, and requires skill. Depilatories often injure the skin. There is also the same objection to their use as there is to shaving—that they must be continually applied.

The only cure which is permanent consists in destroying the hair-roots by electrolysis. Even this treatment may be protracted, and must necessarily be undertaken only by a duly-qualified specialist.

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

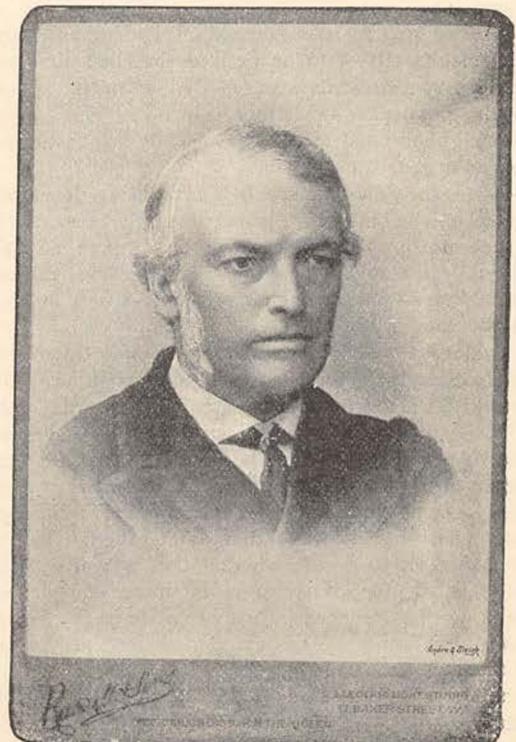
BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

V.—HOW MEMBERS WORK.

THOSE of us who have ever had the fortune to be present at a dinner at which our local Member has responded to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament," will know that no branch of the service of the public is so hardly worked as the legislative body. In tones in which pomp struggles with pity for the mastery, "our honoured representative," as the nearest friendly newspaper names him, tells us how, from early morn to dewy eve, and even to early morn again, he is engaged at Westminster on behalf of his constituents in particular and of the country at large. Not for him are the gauds of London life; salons sigh in vain for his presence; the houses of the great tempt him not from his allegiance to duty. Toil, unremitting toil, is his portion; and that constituency is ungrateful indeed which does not recognise by re-election the sacrifices he has made.

When one has listened to a speech like this, the tear of sympathy starts involuntarily to the eye, and one marvels more and more at the fund of patriotism which must exist in a nation that can permanently supply 670 such hardy workers for their country's good, and just as many more who, if the polls were favourable, would like to take their places. The cold breath of suspicion is apt to blur the picture when the newspapers relate the joys of the terrace, the comforts of the smoking-room, and the cosiness of the library. But it is only a breath after all; for, despite its compensations—and it has such—a Parliamentary life to a conscientious Member is full of opportunities for work.

This is not easily to be comprehended by those who judge of House of Commons' proceedings only from what they read in the daily press. The results of the question hour and the reports of the debates are all that the public know of what Parliament does; and yet it is not a paradox to state that these are the least useful, although the most lengthened, portion of the



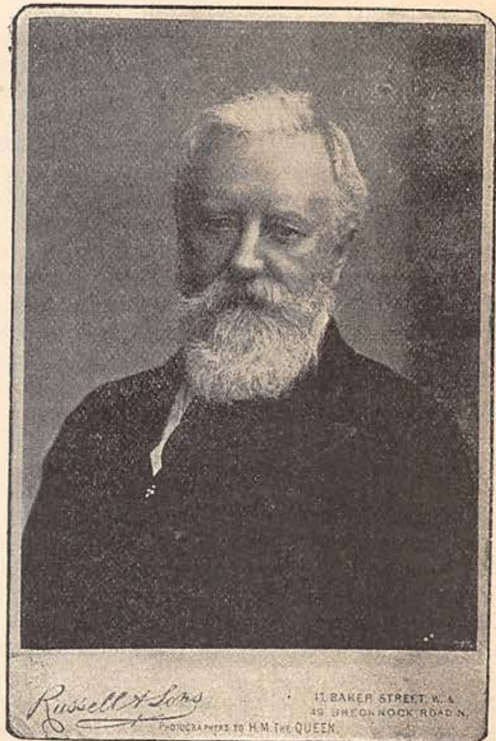
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY JAMES, Q.C., M.P.
(*Chairman of the Standing Committee on Law.*)

THE RIGHT HON. SIR M. WHITE RIDLEY, BART., M.P.
(Chairman of the Standing Committee on Trade.)

work accomplished by the House of Commons. Any who have closely studied the labours of that body will be aware that the usefulness of the average Member—that is, of a Member who is not a Minister, a Leader of the Opposition, or the representative of a definite section—is in inverse ratio to the figure he makes in the Parliamentary reports. Some of the most valuable servants of the public, as Members of the House, are almost absolutely unknown by name outside Westminster and their own constituency. It is the same with some of the most influential politicians : there are men in the Commons who wield a very powerful influence over their fellows of whom the public know nothing, because they do not waste themselves in idle questionings and frequent talk. As a general rule, in fact, it may be taken that the ordinary Members whose names are most frequently in the newspapers do the least tangible work in the House of Commons ; and the general recognition of that circumstance will be assisted by an explanation of what that tangible work really is.

The mistake about Parliament that is customarily made is that it is merely a body for passing Bills on burning questions, an error which is responsible for the cant cry which is sometimes to be heard that it is only "a talking shop." But the House of Commons is not alone, in the fine old phrase, "The grand inquest of the nation ;" it is an administrative assembly which, like all working bodies, secures its best efforts by means of committees. Excluding from the list of these, committees of the whole House, which examine most of the measures that come before the Commons, there is an almost bewildering array of such bodies to be considered. There are private Bill committees, and committees on private Members' Bills — two very distinct bodies ; there are standing committees and sessional committees ; joint committees and hybrid committees ; and, as if these did not suffice, Members are occasionally invited to join a departmental committee, or are promoted to the glory of being upon a Royal Commission.

Let the main committees be taken in their order, and it will be seen that the work is not light. The first task of the session is always to appoint the two most important committees—those of Standing Orders and Selection. The chairman of the former is, by virtue of his office, chairman of the latter ; and no more delicate duties are imposed upon any committees than upon these, which are composed of the most trusted and, in point of service, oldest Members of the House. The one committee has to deal with disputed questions arising out of the Standing Orders applicable to private Bills, and involving very great monetary interests ; while the other has to select the members of all the Private Bill Committees, and to choose those who are to be added to the hybrid committees. Their meetings, therefore, have to be frequent ; and they are peculiarly exposed to criticism. Yet so thoroughly do they perform their task, that criticism may almost be said to be never heard.



SIR RICHARD H. PAGET, BART., M.P.
(Chairman of the Railway and Canal Bills Committee.)

MR. WALTER H. LONG, M.P.
(*Chairman of the Police and Sanitary Regulations Bills Committee.*)

From such solemn heights as Standing Orders and Selection, it may seem a drop to come to Kitchen and Refreshment Rooms; but, upon the principle that workers should be well fed, the Sessional Committee last mentioned is a most useful body. It includes Whips from every political section in the House, with whom are associated members who are presumed to be specially endowed with a sense of taste. And as every member who lunches, or dines, or smokes a cigar within the precincts, is possessed with the belief that he has a right to censure the Kitchen Committee if he considers his dinner too dear, if his lunch is not sufficiently varied, or if his cigar will not draw, the lot of that body is not always an easy one. As might be imagined, those who form the Kitchen Committee are an entirely different set from those who are placed upon the Committee on Public Accounts, that upon Petitions, the General Committee on Railway and Canal Bills, the Parliamentary Papers Distribution Committee, or the Police and Sanitary Regulations Bills Committee, all of them appointed every session. The very names of these bodies, however, indicate the varied and laborious duties they undertake. As an example, let there be noted the Committee on Police and Sanitary Regulations Bills. A few years ago it was found that municipalities were introducing in local Acts provisions which conflicted with the general law, and these were apt to escape notice before the ordinary Private Bill Committee. The Police and Sanitary Committee was accordingly constituted to examine every such Bill that came before the House; and it has, day after day and week after week, throughout the session, to scrutinise every clause in such, and to report to the House which proposals are for extending the scope of the general law, and the method in which they had best be dealt with. It is only to be added that scarcely a member of this most useful and hard-worked committee ever gets his name into the newspapers by asking a question, making a speech, or otherwise delaying the business of the Legislative Assembly.

The most steady work has, however to be given by Members who are appointed on Private Bill Committees. These consist of four members chosen by the Committee of Selection—save in the case of hybrid committees, when, as the name indicates, the House itself names a portion; and, as such enormous pecuniary and other interests are involved, it is essential that these members—who, upon Private Bill Committees, have to sign a declaration that they are not locally or personally interested in the Bill, and that they will never vote on any question that may arise without having duly heard the evidence—should be in constant attendance. If, therefore, one is absent without leave of the House, previously asked for after notice given, he is formally reported to the Speaker; and dire penalties are understood to await him if he does not thenceforward put in a steady appearance. Some very great, as well as some comparatively small, schemes for railways, canals, and the like, come before these

THE HON. S. HERBERT, M.P.
(*Chairman of the Kitchen Committee.*)

bodies; but the number of the small is continually being decreased by the growing popularity of the system of provisional orders, which, having received the approval of the Board of Trade or the Local Government Board, have simply to lie upon the table of the House for a given number of days without opposition in order to become law.

Select Committees, except for the chairman, are less exacting but rather more tiring bodies. These, which consist of a varying number of members who are not compelled to be in attendance—though they can compel witnesses to be—are nominally appointed for a single session; but it is not unusual for them to fail to complete their task in the allotted time, and to recommend their reappointment in the next year. These bodies are concerned with an inquiry either into a question indicated by an abstract resolution adopted by the House, or one suggested by a Bill, or a group of Bills, introduced by a private member; and an illustration may be given from the Select Committees of the present session, which include those on the topics of corn sales, death certification, and sea fisheries, as well as on the Clubs' Registration Bill, the Building Societies Bill, and the Nonconformist Marriages (Attendance of Registrars) Bill. In all these cases, after the necessary witnesses have been heard, each member having an opportunity of examining, the chairman prepares a draft report. It is competent for other members to produce similar documents, and the first vote is taken as to which shall be used for the basis of the committee's formal recommendations.

Of recent years, and at the initiation of the present Prime Minister, the system of Grand Committees, as they are popularly called, but Standing Committees as they are officially known, has been revived. Two such —the Standing Committee on Trade and the Standing Committee on Law—have been sitting this session; and although they have not quite revived the glories of the Grand Committees of the Long Parliament, they contrive to effect some useful work. These, like the Select Committees, customarily meet at noon, but the Private Bill Committees have to sit an hour earlier; and all are accustomed to adjourn when the House proceeds to questions, the privilege, however, being accorded their members of being able to secure their seats in the chamber without being present at prayers. One word more about the committees which is of significance. The reader of the newspapers is apt to imagine that everything in Parliament is conducted upon a partisan basis; and he is as much astonished at hearing that personal friendships exist between keen political opponents, as was Mr. Pickwick when the opposing barrister in his breach of promise action addressed to his own counsel a cheery "Good-morning." But so little does partisanship weigh in the true work of the House, that, although it is the custom to give the Government of the day a majority upon every committee, the chairman is always chosen because of personal qualifications alone. And thus it is found that no less staunch a Conservative than Sir John Mowbray (whose portrait we gave in our January

MR. E. R. WODEHOUSE, M.P.
(*Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee.*)

number), now presides over the Standing Orders Committee and the Committee of Selection; that Sir Henry James is chairman of one of the Standing Committees, and Sir Matthew White Ridley of the other; that one Conservative is at the head of the General Committee on Railway and Canal Bills, another at that of the Police and Sanitary Committee, a third at that of the Kitchen Committee, and a fourth at that of the Committee on Public Petitions, while a Liberal Unionist presides over the Public Accounts Committee. The force of impartiality could, of a surety, no further go.

All, therefore, is not the traditional "beer and skittles" with members of the Commons; and especially should it be remembered that even the work on committees, or in the House itself, is not all that our representatives are called upon to do. Letters, and even telegrams, from constituents, demanding his support for or his opposition to a given contentious Bill, pour in upon a member, not as single spies but as battalions; and as every one of their writers, whether as suppliant or remonstrant, considers himself entitled to a reply, the expenditure of time and postage-stamps can be described only as enormous. Constituents also have a habit, which is extremely awkward for members, of seizing the opportunity of cheap railway trips from the provinces to make incursions upon London, to invade the Outer Lobby with as little ceremony as if it were their own back-parlour, and to demand from the attendant constable instant sight of

and speech with their local member. If that gentleman chances to be an old Parliamentary hand, he can manage to elude observation ; but the newly-fledged representative, who loves nothing so dearly as to show himself to a presumably awe-stricken public, is easily caught. He does not as easily get away, for, although the number of seats in the Strangers' Galleries is strictly limited, and the demand for them in advance during a stirring session is overwhelming, nothing will persuade the average constituent that so potent a personage as his own member cannot obtain for him instant admission.

The wives and sisters and other female connections of the constituents assist to worry the average member just as much as the constituents themselves, and, perhaps, even a little more, for it is impossible to treat the former to a snub. Yet, in certain cases, the keen desire of these ladies to be shown over the precincts cannot be considered an addition of work to our representatives, but an alleviation of the utter weariness which on an ordinary night is the most marked characteristic of Westminster. The session of 1893, for instance, will stand out in history as the most largely and continuously attended that Parliamentary chronicle has known. Night after night, during the committee stage of the Home Rule Bill, there have been over 550 members, and sometimes even 600, within sound of the division bell. The British citizen, when he reads his morning paper, does not realise the almost appalling *ennui* that these slaves to duty have endured. But the unhappy representative does what he can to escape the infliction ; he has, in these exciting times, to be at the House, but he is not bound to be in it ; and while the bores, and the pedants, and the self-advertisers are enjoying themselves by speech, he flits from dining-room to library, from smoking-room to terrace, determined to die for his country but not to be wearied out of existence, and ready at all times to vote, at the call of the division bell, just as his leaders wish and the party Whips direct.

Much, therefore, is to be allowed for the ordinary unknown member. The force of partisan obligation is just now so strong that he dares not stay away from Westminster, lest he be pilloried in a *Times* "black list" on the one hand, or in a *Daily News* version of the same dread document on the other. He has to spend most of the hours of his waking existence in a building, the air entering which is so filtered, and iced, and warmed, that he lives in a cooked atmosphere which is as like the real thing as boiled water allowed to be cold. He is badgered by his constituents and bullied by the Whips until he feels how truly abject a creature the average good-natured, unassertive member of the House of Commons can become. And yet, as he trudges again and again through the division lobbies, and as he seeks repose when once "Big Ben" has chimed the midnight hour, he is entitled to reflect that it is such as he, and not the time-wasting talkers, who by their practical work have made the British Parliament a power.

A SELECT COMMITTEE.