

# From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

NEW MEN  
IN OLD  
PLACES.

LOOKING round the House of Commons in the short Session of the new Parliament following on the General Election, no one familiar with the place would be disposed to believe that there has been established in recent times a more complete or widespread change of faces as between one Parliament and its successor. Yet the Parliament elected in 1892 substituted 217 members for those who had sat in its predecessor, against 191 new members sent to the Parliament elected last July. The reason for the prevailing sense of novelty in the situation is, doubtless, largely due to its recent birth, but primarily to the fact that, as compared with the *bouleversement* of 1892, the General Election of 1895 sent to the right-about a much larger proportion of prominent members.

The Treasury Bench alone had considerably more than a tenth of its members submerged. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, the President of the Local Government Board, the Postmaster-General, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and three well-known members of the Whips' Department — Mr. Brand, Mr. C. R. Spencer, and Mr. Leveson-Gower — disappeared from the scene. In such a *débâcle* the falling here and there of a particular man in the serried ranks would hardly be noticed. But it is small exaggeration to say the House of Commons shrieked when "Bobby" Spencer fell. How in the coming years the business of Parliament is to be carried on, and the more delicate wheels of State policy are to revolve in the absence of the statesman who in the last Parliament represented Mid-Northamptonshire, is one of those unfathomable problems from which the vexed mind gratefully turns aside.

OLD  
STAGERS.

Apart from the fatal accidents of the General Election, the close of the brief but memorable Parliament of 1892 was seized by several old Parliamentary stagers as opportunity for withdrawing from the familiar road. Mr. Gladstone's retirement would of itself suffice to mark an epoch. With him passed beyond range of the Speaker's eye men like Sir Henry James, Sir James Stansfeld, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. T. B. Potter, Mr. Caleb Wright, Mr. W. Rathbone, Mr. Illingworth, and Mr. Cobb, occasionally contumacious but inflexibly honest, unsparingly industrious, the type of the private member who has done much to elevate the House of Commons to the unique position it holds amongst the Parliaments of the world.

With Mr. Bright went his nephew, John Albert, thus breaking a family connection with the House of Commons dating back to July, 1843, when John Bright entered it as member for the City of Durham. At one time during the life of John Bright, there were no fewer than seven members of his family with seats in the House of Commons. To-day it is solely represented by his nephew, Charles McLaren, member for the Bosworth Division of Leicestershire.

SOME  
COMPENSA-  
TIONS.

Whilst the electoral scythe swept off some of the tallest poppies in the Parliamentary field, it also swooped down on what fractious persons might call the weeds. Nothing was more remarkable amid the phenomena of this startling movement than the clearance made of a particular class of private member who flourished in rank abundance in the Parliament of 1892. Mr. Seymour Keay, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Conybeare, Alpheus



"THE REAPER AND SOME OF THE FLOWERS."



Cleophas—all these pretty chickens (with their indiscriminate dams) at one fell swoop. In their enforced absence the House of Commons will hardly seem itself. But long experience testifies that Nature's constitutional abhorrence of a vacuum is particularly marked in this direction. The House of Commons has from time immemorial had its "cranks" of various temperaments and tendencies. Glancing over the still unfamiliar faces and figures that crowd the benches of the new House, successors to Mr. Conybeare, Alpheus Cleophas, and Mr. Keir Hardie are not recognisable. But unless, in addition to the Government of the day, the General Election of 1895 upset the laws of Nature they are there, and will, before the new Session is far advanced, make themselves known.

AFTER  
TEN  
YEARS. Considering the comparatively small number of its members, the House of Commons has ever been peculiarly subject to change.

When the last House met for its second Session I counted, out of its 670 members, only fifty-two who had sat in the House when, twenty years ago, I began to make its intimate acquaintance. One need not go back twenty years to point this moral. I chance to have turned up a division list, dated the 17th March, 1885. It refers to an episode in the passing of the Reform Act of that year, interesting in itself, at a time when we have fresh with us memories of a Session that saw the introduction of a Bill, one of whose provisions was the taking on a single day of polls at the General Election.

Sir William Agnew, at that time member for South-East Lancashire, brought up a new clause, embodying the stipulation which formed a plank in the measure of the late Liberal Government. Sir William was, in a political sense, ten years ahead of his time. His proposal was negatived by 155 against 62, the majority being composed of Liberals and Conservatives. Several members of the late Ministry voted against the



SIR WILLIAM AGNEW.

amendment, Lord Richard Grosvenor and Lord Kensington, the Government Whips of the day, telling in the "No" lobby. Amongst the majority were Mr. J. B. Balfour, who in the Government that in 1895 brought in a Bill embodying the principle of one man one vote served as Lord Advocate; Mr. Henry Fowler, then Secretary of State for India; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, First Commissioner of Works; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, President of the Local Government Board; Mr. Mellor, Chairman of Committees; Sir George Trevelyan, Minister for Scotland; and Sir Farrer Herschell, now a peer of the realm, of late surveying mankind from the height of the Woolsack.

MR. J. B. BALFOUR, EX-LORD  
ADVOCATE FOR SCOTLAND.

In the minority there voted some members who, outside the Ministerial pale at that time, were later admitted within the fold, leavening the lump with impulse of Radicalism. They include Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the late Government; Mr. Bryce, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Burt, his first lieutenant; Mr. Woodall, Financial Secretary to the War Office; Mr. Causton and Mr. Munro Ferguson, Whips.

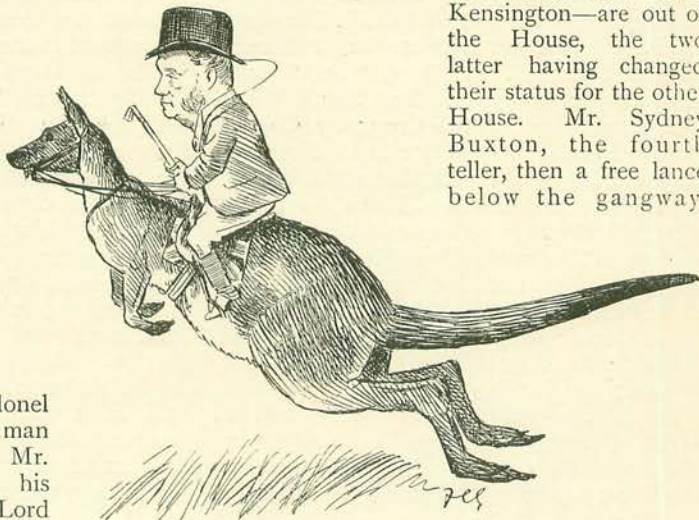
FALLEN OUT OF THE RANKS. Of members who voted in this division ten years ago, I note among those still living, but no longer in the House, Mr. Arthur Arnold, now Chairman of the London County Council; Mr. Reginald Brett, who occasionally instructs the world from the platform and the Press, and looks after the Board of Works; Mr. Joseph Cowen, who, to the irreparable loss of the House, long ago withdrew from it his picturesque presence and his rare flashes of stately eloquence; Mr. Passmore Edwards, who has transferred his name from the division list to the charitable subscription list; Mr. Arthur Elliot, who stood at the General Election under the "Unionist" flag and was beaten by a majority of one; Mr. Cyril Flower, who without attempting, as the present Lord Selborne did, to uproot the Constitution, has quietly taken his seat in the House of Lords; Mr. Inderwick, who ought long ago to have been a judge; Captain O'Shea, a leading actor in the most painful drama of modern times; Mr. Eustace Smith; Mr. Lyulph



Stanley, busy at other boards; Mr. Willis, Q.C., now practising in a court where there are no hats to knock off the heads of absorbed listeners; Mr. Armitstead, whose pleasure in caring for the welfare of Mr. Gladstone in foreign parts is occasionally clouded by the persistency of the natives in taking him for the Grand Old Man; Mr. Evelyn Ashley, who is something in the City; Mr. Henry Brand, now Lord Hampden; Sir Thomas Brassey, who, having come into a peerage, has undertaken to govern New South Wales; Mr. Philip Callan, whom Dublin can no longer spare to Westminster; Colonel Carington, now right-hand man of the Lord Chamberlain; Mr. Cecil Cotes, looking after his estates in Shropshire; Lord Crichton, gone to the House of Lords, where he finds the Sir Richard Cross of this historic division; Mr. Thomas Duckham, talking of coming back after long withdrawal; Lord Elcho, now Earl Wemyss; Mr. Elton, like Mr. Willis, Q.C., though in another court, devoting himself to law; Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, who more than once has been beaten back in attempting to regain admission to the House in which at the date of this division he sat as Minister; Lord Folkestone, now Earl of Radnor; Mr. Gibson, again Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Sir Hardinge Giffard, to-day Lord Chancellor; Sir Gabriel Goldney, living to green old age in quiet resting-place; Mr. Grantham, now a judge; Lord Claude Hamilton, like Mr. Evelyn Ashley and Mr. Ernest Noel, something in the City; Lord Hartington, now Duke of Devonshire, with a moving history lying between to-day and that March night ten years ago; Mr. Sydney Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; Colonel Milne Home, on active service; Mr. Peter M'Lagan, out of the hunt; Mr. C. S. Parker, wrecked in the General Election of 1892; Mr. Albert Pell, and Mr. C. S. Read, forsaken by the ungrateful agriculturist; Sir H. Selwyn Ibbetson and Colonel Stanley, peers of the realm; Sir Thomas Thornhill, out of sight; and Mr. Wharton, who carried his pocket-handkerchief and snuff-box to the Antipodes,

returned with a pension, and is now understood to have given himself up to the pursuit of poesy.

As for the tellers in the division, three of the four—Sir William Agnew, Lord Richard Grosvenor, and Lord Kensington—are out of the House, the two latter having changed their status for the other House. Mr. Sydney Buxton, the fourth teller, then a free lance below the gangway,



LORD BRASSEY.

once more a private member, has no longer on his mind the care of all the Colonies and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.



MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.

Here are forty-two members of the 221 who took part in the division no longer in the House of Commons. Of those who have joined the majority, the number

JOINED  
THE  
MAJORITY.



is not much less. Looking down the list there flits across the memory the vanished figures of Sir George Campbell, David Davies, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Firth, Mr. Morgan Lloyd, W. H. O'Sullivan, Dick Peddie, Henry Richard, John Roberts, Thorold Rogers, Thomas Shaw, poor Willie Summers, J. P. Thomasson, Cavendish Bentinck, Eugene Collins, J. K. Cross, "Bob" Duff, who went out to govern New South Wales and found a grave at Sydney; Sir Charles Foster; R. N. Fowler, thrice Lord Mayor of London; Edward Hicks, Beresford Hope, Lord Henry Lennox, Chas. Lewis, Sir James McGarel Hogg, who passed through the peerage to his rest; Cecil Raikes, Sclater-Booth, who died Lord Basing; W. H. Smith, whose memory as "Old Morality" still lingers in the House; Hussey Vivian and Rowland Winn, before their deaths promoted to the peerage; and Eardley Wilmot.

This death-roll numbers thirty, and it might, I fear, with fuller knowledge, be extended. I speak only of those of whose fate I have personal knowledge. Without exhausting the list, this proportion of seventy-two out of two hundred and twenty-one who have from death or disaster at the polls retired from the House of Commons in the space of ten years shows how rapidly and with what regularity the Assembly suffers sea change.

Shortly after COURT Mr. Gully DRESS. was elected to the Speaker's Chair he received a memorial, signed by 138 members, praying him to abolish the regulation which requires members attending the State dinners given through the Session to appear in uniform or levée dress. The situation was, in the circumstances, one of peculiar difficulty. Here was an uncompromising Liberal, called to the Chair by the unanimous Liberal vote. Already there were signs of proximity of another election. The gentlemen who signed the memorial were of that not unfamiliar type in politics which is nobly resolved to sacrifice even great causes for minor matters of conscience. If Mr. Gully

refused to lend a favourable ear to their prayer, there were amongst them some stubborn puritans of politics who would not hesitate, when the time came, to punish him by voting against his re-election. On the other hand, if he meddled with a time-honoured institution, he would draw upon himself the resentment of the Tory party.

The Speaker's escape from the dilemma happily indicated that wisdom did not die with Solomon. He pointed out, in blandest manner, that at the time he was approached the series of Sessional dinners at Speaker's Court was closed. No immediately useful object would be served by forthwith deciding on the matter. It would be well, therefore, to let it stand over for the spring of the year.

The spring is almost at hand. The new Parliament has just met for its second Session. But of the 138 members who signed the memorial of June last, few, few shall meet where many parted. It was in this particular section of the Liberal host that heaviest havoc was wrought, and for a while what was growing into a threatening question will quietly sleep.

It is probable that in the coming Session there will be raised again the question of the reasonableness of the incursion of Black Rod on the ordered business of the House of Commons. Whilst Mr. Peel was yet in the Speaker's Chair, steps were taken moderating the arbitrariness of the ancient custom. As is well known, when the farce of giving assent to Bills by Royal Commission is to the fore in the House of

Lords, Black Rod is dispatched upon a mission summoning the Commons to stand at the Bar and hear the Commission read. At the approach of the emissary from the other House, the watchful wardens on duty in the lobby of the Commons promptly close the door in Black Rod's face. But it is only their fun. He, entering into the joke, raps three times. The Serjeant-at-Arms, warned of the approach of a stranger, leaves his chair and stands on the inner side



THE LATE LORD SWANSEA.  
(Sir Hussey Vivian.)



of the closed door. In response to the three raps, he withdraws a small trap-door and peers forth. To his manifest surprise he finds, standing outside, Black Rod, in full dress! The door is straightway opened, and the senior doorkeeper, going on first, stands at the Bar, and at the top of a trained, stentorian voice cries aloud, "Black Rod!"

The peculiarity of the situation is that, once admitted within the jealously guarded doors, Black Rod brooks no further delay. Whatever business the House of Commons may be engaged upon, whosoever may be on his legs addressing it, the cry of "Black Rod!" must break in, and his summons when delivered at the Table must immediately be obeyed. In the Parliament of 1886-92 two occasions happened in speedy succession, when this little by-play became quite unbearable. Early in the Session of 1888, whilst Mr. Balfour was on his legs at the Table answering an important question touching the conduct of business in Ireland, he was

abruptly interrupted by the cry of "Black Rod!" Midway in a sentence the Chief Secretary resumed his seat, whilst Black Rod, for the nonce in high favour with the Irish members, made his progress to the Table.

Two years later a similar misadventure befell Mr. Gladstone, who was addressing a question to the Ministerial Bench when Black Rod arrived. The doorkeeper was simply doing his duty in pursuance of orders when he shouted the Leader of the Opposition down with cry of "Black Rod!" But the absurdity of the situation and its gross unmannerliness struck members with such force, that they literally howled at the hapless messenger, who beat a hasty retreat. The Speaker's attention being formally called to the matter, he undertook to confer with the House of Lords' authorities in order to avoid repetition of the unseemly procedure. Arrangements were made whereby Black Rod should deliver his message at a more convenient time. He usually arrives within the hour of private business. But, as experience shows, there is no safeguard against his irruption at a later period when the House is engaged upon public business.

WHAT  
MIGHT BE  
DONE.

Strictly regarded, the whole process of giving by Commission the Royal Assent to Bills is a useless waste of time. When, as was originally the case, the Sovereign in person signified assent to Bills, it was well

enough that the Speaker of the House of Commons should proceed in state to the other chamber accompanied by a throng of members. But since, in these utilitarian days, the high prerogative is thought so little of by Royalty that its exercise is habitually delegated to Commissioners, the maimed ceremony might just as well be performed in the Lord Chancellor's private room, letting the Commons go on with that business for which the ordinary limits of a Session yearly prove inadequate.

Failing this, Black Rod should certainly be precluded from bouncing in on the House of Commons at the convenience of the Lords. A simple and effective means of meeting the

difficulty would be for an intimation to be privily conveyed to the Speaker from the House of Lords, stating that Black Rod is presently coming with a message. At a suitable stage of current proceedings, as early as possible after receipt of the notification, the Speaker might rise and direct Black Rod (meanwhile in attendance in the lobby) to be admitted. This would at least minimize the inconvenience of the anachronism and abolish the absurdity of the situation.

I mentioned in a former number how Lord Playfair, whilst acting as Chairman of Committees, received a communication from a grower of champagne, asking him to insert a commendatory notice of his vintage "in your highly-respectable Journal of Ways and Means." The Speaker—a more prominent personage than the Chairman of Ways and Means—has a still wider circle of eccentric correspondents. There is a noble lord who believes he has been privily made a duke, who is accustomed from time to time to consult the Speaker as to how the veil of secrecy may be withdrawn and he take his proper place in the peerage. Incidentally



THE YEOMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.



he mentions that he is descendant in the direct line from George IV.

"If my friends do not deceive me," he loftily adds, "my face, figure, and general bearing justify the family tradition."

The immediate and pressing occasion of his lordship's last communication with Speaker's Court is the fact brought to his knowledge that "Tim Healy intercepts my correspondence." He calls upon the Speaker to protect him against this outrage, and, if possible, to obtain him redress.

Oddly enough, the late George GENIAL IV., himself not free from delu- GEORGE. sions in the matter of his exploits at Waterloo, is responsible for another active correspondent of the Speaker.

"George IV., Emperor of India," is the signature of a letter announcing that the writer has sixteen Bills to bring in. He begs the Speaker will set apart a day for introducing them. "Any day will suit me," he airily adds, anxious above all things that the Speaker shall not put himself about. Nothing indeed could exceed the almost regal courtesy of this gentleman. He expresses his profound regret that he has not been able to approach the Speaker on the subject at an earlier date. The fact is, he has been detained in the country by affairs of State. He is coming up next week to Buckingham Palace with his daughters, and trusts the Speaker will drop in some afternoon and take a cup of tea with them.

LORD  
WOLSELEY'S  
UNDER-  
STUDY.

A third letter-writer familiar to successive Speakers is (or was) in the Army. He believes that he could best serve his country in the post of Commander-in-Chief. He is aware that special qualities, and a certain amount of experience, are necessary for success in this high position. All he wants the Speaker to do is to "take the sense of the House" on the question of his fitness. In the meantime, he is ready at any moment to review the troops in Hyde Park.

No answer being received to this communication, there appeared in the lobby of the House of Commons one Wednesday afternoon towards the close of last Session a military gentleman, who sharply demanded to see the Speaker. He was told that the Speaker was in the Chair, and could not be approached.

"What!" cried the military gentleman, twirling his cane, "you mean to tell me the Speaker can't leave the Chair for five minutes to see me on business of this importance?"

Being answered in the negative, he disclosed his mission. It was simply to arrange with the Speaker for his reviewing the troops in Hyde Park on the Saturday following, as a

preliminary to taking the sense of the House upon his fitness for the Commandership-in-Chief. He fixed Saturday because he understood that, as a rule, the House did not sit on that day, and members on both sides would be at liberty to repair to the Park and form a judgment on the important issue submitted to them.

By a strategic movement the military gentleman was quietly got off the premises, and instructions given to the police that he should not be allowed to re-enter.

A CURSORY CORRE- SPONDENT. A grimmer form of madness is displayed by another constant letter-writer, whose communications rarely vary.

He writes out in catalogue

form the name and full title of members of the Royal Family, and adds to each line an imprecation which has all the simplicity and directness of the Athanasian Creed. Why he should select the Speaker as the repository of his amiable desires is not explained. The sheet of letter-paper contains nothing but a cursing in detail of the Royal Family, from the Queen on the throne to the last infant in the cradle. Then comes a commonplace "Yours truly," with a name and address.



"HE THINKS HE IS A DUKE!"



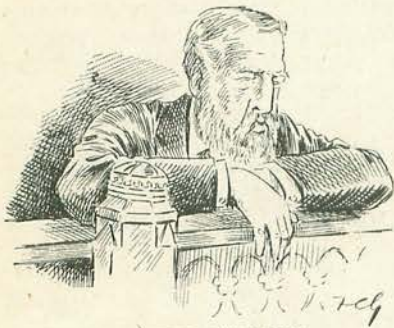
## From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A SHIFTING SCENE.

THE Duke of Devonshire sitting in the Peers' Gallery the other day, looking down on the still new House of Commons, was probably unconscious of a circumstance that is in its way startling, not to say appalling. It is just thirty-nine years since he, then in his twenty-fourth year, walked up to



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

the table to take the oath on being returned member for North Lancashire. The House was in those days composed of 652 members. To-day there are 670. Supposing at a full muster of the House all the members save those who had seats in the Chamber when the Duke of Devonshire was privileged to enter it were to rise and walk out, how many does the gentle reader think would be left behind?

One, a solitary one, and he, by reason of his ancient standing and advanced age, regarded as the Father of the House. Of the host that then filled the Chamber with more or less portly presence, one only sits there still.

Mr. Villiers was at that time in the prime of life, as life is counted among statesmen. He had already sat for Wolverhampton through an uninterrupted period of twenty-three years. Regarding the sedate position in politics into which, throughout the experience of the present generation, he has crystallized, there is something almost reckless in his description of himself in the *Dod* of the day. "A Liberal," he said, "long known for his annual motions against the Corn Laws, is in favour of the ballot, and against Church rates."

In those days the force of Radicalism could no further go.

Of Mr. Villiers' colleagues on the "ALL, ALL ARE GONE." Treasury Bench, where he sat as Judge Advocate-General, not one is now alive. Lord Palmerston was Premier; Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir George Grey, Home Secretary; the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere (not our Henry, but another) was Colonial Secretary; Sir Charles Wood was First Lord of the Admiralty; Ralph Osborne (better known in later years by his second Christian name, Bernal) was Secretary to the Admiralty; Sir Richard Bethel was Attorney-General, with Sir Henry Keating Solicitor-General; Mr. Lowe combined the offices of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Paymaster-General of the Forces, and Treasurer of the Navy; whilst Mr. E. P. Bouverie was President of the Poor Law Board. The Chief Secretaryship of Ireland was held by an Irishman, representative of the Herberts of Muckcross. By a curious coincidence, the Chief Secretary of that day was connected by marriage with a still more famous Irish Secretary, then in jacket at Eton. Mr. Herbert married a daughter of Mr. James Balfour, of Whittinghame.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

Amongst the few survivors outside the House of the Parliament to which the future Duke of Devonshire came is the Marquis of Salisbury. The Prime Minister of to-day



LORD SALISBURY.

was then known as Lord Robert Cecil, represented Stamford, and modestly lived far outside the range of Mayfair. No. 9, Park



Crescent, N.W., was his town address, and he had no country one. He ranked himself as "a Conservative, ready at all times to support measures to increase the usefulness of the Church; opposed to any system of national education not based upon the truths of the revelation; unwilling to disturb the balance of power in the Constitution by tampering with our representative system"—all which shows that Lord Salisbury at least has not strayed from the path he trod when he first entered the field of politics.

The Duke of Devonshire, at this time known as Lord Cavendish, described himself: "A Liberal; a firm supporter of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy; in favour of an extension of suffrage." Mr. Dodson (now Lord Monk Bretton) was returned to Parliament in the same year as the Duke of Devonshire. Amongst the few other men still living, though not in the House, who may have watched young Lord Cavendish march up the floor were Mr. Gladstone, member for Oxford University, describing himself as "a Liberal-Conservative"; Richard Ashton Cross, at the time not dreaming of Grand Cross, much less of a peerage; Mr. Whitbread, and Sir John Mowbray.

Most of the SOME OLD names on the FRIENDS. muster-roll are unfamiliar to the ear of the politician of today. But one comes across a few old friends. There were Tom Collins—"junior," he added in those salad days—"a Liberal-Tory," representing Knaresborough; Tom Connelly, who in the Parliament of 1874-80 used to stir up with a long pole his Home Rule compatriots on the other side of the House; Mr. Dillwyn, lately passed away; Mr. Horsman,



LORD MONK BRETTON.

in this far-off year just relieved of the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland; Mr. Kinglake, at work upon his "History of the Crimea," meanwhile known in literature as the "author of Eothen," in politics "an advanced Liberal, but declining to enter Parliament as the pledged adherent of Lord Palmerston or any other Minister"; Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, "author of numerous well-known novels, dramatic works, and poems"; Richard Monckton Milnes, author of "Memorials of a Tour in Greece," three volumes of poems, "Thoughts on Purity of Election"; John Arthur Roebuck, "a Liberal, Chairman of the Administrative Reform Administration; voted for the Ballot, Extension of the Suffrage, and National Education." In

short, a real Radical Tare'em. Samuel Warren, still going the Northern Circuit and sitting as Recorder of Hull, "author of many well-known works in legal and general literature, including 'The Diary of a Late Physician'"; Lord John Russell, benevolently regarding his former colleagues on the Treasury Bench, from which, for a while, he had retired; Lord Stanley, afterwards fifteenth Earl of Derby, at the time ranking as "a Liberal-Conservative," and regarding with distrust Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, member for Bucks, "author of 'Coningsby,' and numerous other works of imagination," living in town at "No. 1, Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, W.," and in the country at "Hughenden Manor, Bucks."



SIR JOHN MOWBRAY.

A FAR-REACHING LINK. was not without both a Harcourt and a Marjoribanks, but neither was also a member of the House that saw Home Rule passed through the Commons.



Mr. Marjoribanks, representing Berwick-on-Tweed, was father of the popular Liberal Whip of the last Parliament, and was subsequently raised to the peerage as Lord Tweedmouth. The George Granville Vernon Harcourt who sat for Oxfordshire in Palmerston's prime went much farther back to the parent Plantagenet stem than does the late Leader of the House of Commons. He was the eldest son of the Archbishop of York, was born in 1785, and married in the Waterloo year.

Here is a far-stretching chain, showing how the Duke of Devonshire, still hale and hearty, sat in the House of Commons with a member who, returned for Lichfield in 1806, just missed seeing Mr. Pitt in his place, was a member of the House when it lost Charles James Fox, and was getting to be quite an old member when he may have heard the report of the pistol-shot that killed the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, as he was passing to his seat in the House of Commons.

WILLIAM  
ROUPELL,  
ESQ., M.P.,  
AND  
FORGER.

Amongst Lord Cavendish's colleagues, in this fifth Parliament of Queen Victoria, was Mr. William Roupell. Born in Lambeth in 1831, Roupell was in his twenty-sixth year when he entered the House of Commons, and is noted in *Dod* as "unmarried." He boldly avers himself "a member of the most advanced section of the Liberal Party; is in favour of the ballot; is against Church rates; is impressed with the necessity of a most liberal and comprehensive system of education; will give Lord Palmerston a general support; and, above all, is opposed, on principle, to every form of grant of public money for religious purposes."

Unfortunately, as all the world knows Roupell did not carry this stern principle to the extent of precluding him from making to himself liberal grants of public money. Five years later the ex-member for Lambeth, tried at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice Byles, pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He temporarily emerged from his

retirement a year later, when, discovery of fresh forgeries having been made, he appeared in the dock in convict's garb, and in detail, over which he seemed lovingly to linger, related how he had also forged his father's name to this new deed. The counsel on the other side declined to cross-examine him, declaring his belief that he was "absolutely unworthy of credence." Which seems the unkindest cut of all, and shows to what low estate an ex-member of Parliament might fall in those remote days.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AS  
ARCHBISHOP.

THE  
QUEEN  
AND PAR-  
LIAMENT.

It is not probable that ever again will the Queen be seated on the Throne in the House of Lords, taking part in the opening ceremony of a new Session. Since the death of the Prince Consort, Her Majesty has never thoroughly enjoyed the situation. It was one of the most marked testimonies of her gracious favour towards Lord Beaconsfield that, thrice at critical periods of his administration, the Queen broke

through her rule and came down to Westminster to open Parliament in person. That was an honour never done to Mr. Gladstone through his successive Premierhips. In earlier days not only was this sovereign function never omitted, but the Monarch was usually also present to decree the dissolution.

It is a pity, with a nation and in a capital whose pageants are so sparse, that this particular one should be foregone. There are few spectacles finer than that which glitters in the House of Lords on the occasion when the Queen is present at the opening of Parliament. The whole aspect of the place is changed, notably inasmuch as a considerable proportion of the sitting accommodation is allotted to peeresses who come down in full evening dress, radiant in jewels. The peers array themselves in their quaint scarlet cloaks, ermine trimmed. The Foreign Ministers wear all their orders, glistening on uniforms strangely fashioned, and for the most part much gold laced. The Throne (really an ordinary gilt chair) is covered with an ermine cloak, lined with Royal purple. The Queen,



on entering, is preceded by the Pursuivants and Heralds clad in cloth of gold. In 1877, the year which saw Benjamin Disraeli transformed into the Earl of Beaconsfield, the new peer walked before his Sovereign, clasping in both hands the hilt of the sword of State.

Considering the enormous preparation



LORD BEACONSFIELD.

made for the ceremony, and in view of the notable throng packed closely in the Chamber, the business occupies disappointingly few minutes. I remember how, in the Session of 1876, the Queen managed to open Parliament without uttering a single word, either aside or in public. At other times, in more genial mood, Her Majesty has stopped on her passage outward to talk with the Prince of Wales or other members of the Royal Family grouped round the Throne.

WHEN I have a curious book in which CHARLES II. is set forth what is probably the first detailed account of the opening day of a new Session of the Parliament at Westminster. It goes back to a date beyond two centuries, long before the morning newspapers framed "Pictures in Parliament," even before newspapers were. The journalist was the Comte de Cominges, Ambassador of the French King at the Court of Charles II. "The King," he writes, "was adorned with the Royal cloak and wore his crown. He took his seat. The Lords and Bishops did the same, and then he ordered the members of the Lower House to be called. They rushed tumultuously into the House and remained on the other side of the barrier which closes

the pit, where the Lords sit, their Speaker standing in the middle."

Those familiar with procedure in the House of Lords on occasions when the Queen opens Parliament in person will recognise how precisely is followed at this day the course of procedure established in Stuart times. It is all the same, even to the rush of members of the House of Commons when bidden by Black Rod to attend. The Count does not take note of the presence of the Serjeant-at-Arms with Mace on his shoulder standing by the Speaker, with the gowned chaplain on the other side, the group swept in by the rush of the tide from the Commons. But there is no doubt the Speaker was thus enflanked on the day the Comte de Cominges looked on the scene.

The King himself spoke what the Frenchman calls "a harangue." "One thing I did not like," adds the critical observer, "he had it already written in his hand, and very often looked at his paper almost as if he had read it."

It appears that the manuscript was an innovation accidentally following upon the illness of an eminent person. "If the Chancellor, prevented by gout from being present, had been able to perform his duty, the King," adds the French Minister, "would have been prompted by him from behind."

Here is a pretty scene called up before the pleased vision by this simple record. Fancy Charles II., in his Royal cloak, with the golden crown on his head, reciting his speech, whilst behind the Throne lurks the Lord Halsbury of the day prompting the Royal memory when it failed, and, it



KING CHARLES II. AND LORD HALSBURY.

is to be hoped, not happening upon the misadventure common to amateur prompters of allowing his voice to be heard by the



audience in the stalls or in the pit, where the Speaker stood hemmed in by a crowd of commoners.

In Stuart days the King, doubtless, had much to do with the composition of the Speech, as well as everything to do in its delivery. When a change was wrought and Parliament was opened by Royal Commission, particular care was taken to insist upon assertion of the Sovereign's personal responsibility for the Speech from the Throne. The Lord Chancellor, presiding over the Commission, is ever careful to announce that he is about to read the Queen's Speech "in the Queen's own words." In the earlier days of her reign, up to the commencement of her widowhood, Queen Victoria always read her speech herself, and, I have heard from those who listened, read it exceedingly well, in a sweet, clear voice that penetrated the utmost recesses of a chamber whose lack of acoustical properties has defeated many a robusiter orator.

What happened in the temporary revival of the Royal presence in the Disraelian Parliament was that the Lord Chancellor, advancing to the Throne and making low obeisance, proffered the scroll on which the text of the Speech was written. The Queen, by a gesture, commanded him to retain it. Retiring a pace and standing on the lower step, the Lord Chancellor read the Speech, with suspicious emphasis affirming that it was set forth "in the Queen's own words."

THE  
FOUNDER  
OF A  
BARONETCY.

The fact that the Sir George Elliot of today is the third baronet of that name marks how hurried are the footsteps of Time. It seems but a couple of years back that "the bonny pit boy," as he liked to be called, sat for North Durham. He was plain George then, and was, as he remained to the end, a prime favourite on both sides of the House. His speeches, when he was in the vein, were a great attraction. His portly presence, his beaming countenance, his unctuous voice, each added its attraction. Mr. Disraeli was particularly fond of a chat with the member for North Durham, a liking which finally took pleasant and practical form in conferring upon him a baronetcy. Occasionally he had

him as a guest at Hughenden, and doubtless managed to extract from so rich a mine of practical knowledge much useful information.

Sir George once told me with pardonable pride how he had, all unconsciously, made an important contribution to political controversy. It was at a time when the state of trade was a subject of anxious consideration. One day at a public meeting, Mr. Disraeli announced that improvement had certainly set in, since statistics provided by the Board of Trade showed that the demand for chemicals was steadily increasing. People, puzzled by the axiom coming from such a source, suspected that some epigram lurked behind the assertion. Upon investigation, it was found that in a single sentence Mr. Disraeli had probed the situation, and had hit upon an infallible proof of reviving trade. In all the staple trades that make England busy and wealthy, the use of chemicals largely enters. A slight increase in the sale of chemicals means a vastly increased output of fabrics.

Everyone marvelled that Mr. Disraeli, immersed in political affairs, should have fathomed this profound trade secret. There it was, tossed to the crowd in an off-hand manner, indicative of there being in stock ever so much erudition of a similar kind. The incident coming up in conversation some time after, Sir George Elliot told me that, at Hughenden, during one of his visits, on the eve of the delivery of this speech, Mr. Disraeli cross-examined him sharply as to how things were going in the manufacturing districts. Sir George thereupon let him into the secret of the bearings of fluctuations in the sale of chemicals, and a few days later the Premier (as Mr. Disraeli was at the time), with accustomed sententiousness and gravity deeper than usual, flashed the truth upon the astonished public, just as in earlier days he had at

Aylesbury instructed the pleased farmers, at the Saturday ordinary, on the intricacies of cross-breeding on sheep farms.

THE  
LATEST  
DUKE.

Lord Carmarthen's succession to the Dukedom of Leeds removes from the House of Commons a member whose popularity widened with the circle of his acquaintance.



SIR GEORGE ELLIOT.

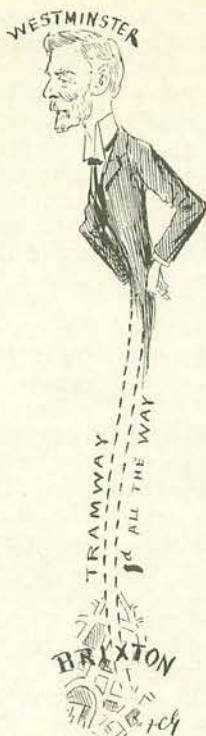


The late member for Brixton was not among the number who constantly strive to catch the Speaker's eye, a pursuit in which his stature and length of reach gave him some natural advantages. He was in even more useful ways a hard-working member, constant in attendance, faithful to committee engagements, safe for all divisions.

The thoroughness with which he carried on duties pertaining to any state in life to which he might be called was shown by the assiduity of his attendance on the claims of his constituency. Of all seats to hold Brixton is, from one point of view, least desirable. There is, literally, a penny tramway laid on from the doors of the voters to the foot of Westminster Bridge.

Compare this state of things with the condition of, for example, the member for the Wick district. If it occurs to any of Sir John Pender's constituents that he will "just run down and see his member," get him to secure for him a seat in the gallery, and arm his wife and daughters through the library and dining-rooms, he is faced by a costly and prolonged journey. Bang would go many saxonces before he felt the welcoming pressure of his esteemed member's hand, and saw Sir John's face light up with sunny gratification at the mark of attention. Lord Carmarthen's late constituents had merely to step on to the tram or climb up on the 'bus, and there they were in no time. *Per contra*, Sir John Pender has occasionally, especially in view of a General Election, to visit his constituents, and finds it a far cry to Wick; whereas trams and 'buses were at Lord Carmarthen's disposal, and after a quarter of an hour's jaunt he was in the midst of his constituency.

Of these facilities he availed himself with a regularity that endeared him to every family on the register. Not a bazaar, not a hairdressers' ball, not a tea meeting, and very few christenings, stirred the depths of Brixton society without being graced by the presence of the noble lord. Brixton will ever cherish what is certainly the best *not* electioneering annals record. When, in 1887, Lord Carmarthen presented himself before the electors, his boyish appearance suggested a rude



THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

inquiry to a political opponent in the crowd.

"Does your mother know you're out?" he bawled.

"Yes," said Lord Carmarthen; "and at five minutes past eight on Tuesday evening next she'll know I'm in."

And so it proved, for on that, the election day, Lord Carmarthen was returned at the head of the poll, and has since held an impregnable seat.

During his stay in the House of Commons, Lord Carmarthen's legislative attempts were confined to the introduction of a Bill designed to limit the promiscuous possession and use of pistols. By unflagging industry, and the display of much tact, he got the Bill through some critical stages. But it was finally wrecked in the rush of the Session's business. Doubtless he will present his Pistols Bill at the head of the House of Lords, and we shall hear report of it again in the Commons, where its author's sunny presence will long be

missed. When Lord Salisbury's present Government was formed, he invested the Marquis of Carmarthen with the dignity of Treasurer of the Household. This involved duties as Whip for which Lord Carmarthen's personal popularity, and his habit of thoroughly doing whatever fell to his hand, peculiarly fitted him.

The proper style of the late "DOLLY." member for the Brixton division of Lambeth was George Godolphin Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen. The noble marquis belonged, however, to the favourite class of men who are affectionately known among their friends by a pet name. To these he was always "Dolly." Whereby hangs a tale. On a day in July last, when the *Magnificent* was anchored off the Nore, prepared for her first trial trip of speed, Parliament was still sitting, winding up the business prior to the Dissolution. Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the ship, invited a member of the House of Commons to run down to Chatham Dockyard to dine and sleep, and join the *Magnificent* in the early morning. He included in the invitation Lord Carmarthen and another friend, whose surname was not un-



familiar to Shakespeare. Lord Carmarthen, having a prior engagement, was unable to accept the invitation, and the news was conveyed to Lord Charles Beresford in the following telegram: "*Dolly can't come, but Lucy will.*"

A telegram thus couched, however innocent in intent and real meaning, could not, in ordinary circumstances, have passed about from hand to hand in one of Her Majesty's dockyards without embarrassing comment. Happily it was addressed to so grave and reverend a seigneur as Lord Charles Beresford, and all was well.

The death of Sir Julian Goldsmid, SIR JULIAN after a lingering illness that has GOLDSMID. cut him off whilst still in the prime of life, and at a time when he had achieved high reputation in temporary occupancy of the Chair of Committees, recalls a creepy story. I heard it eighteen years ago, at the time when Sir Francis Goldsmid, long member for Reading, was killed by a railway accident at Waterloo Station. For more than a hundred years, so the story ran, a fatal spell hung over the Goldsmid family. Towards the close of the eighteenth century there died in London the Rabbi de Falk, who, among his tribe, enjoyed high reputation as a seer. He left to Aaron Goldsmid, great-great-grandfather of the late member for St. Pancras, a sealed packet, with injunctions that it was to be carefully preserved but never opened. The old Dutch merchant who founded the branch of the Goldsmid family in this country was warned that as long as this order were obeyed, so long would the Goldsmids flourish like a young bay tree. If it were disregarded, ill-fortune would for all time dog the footsteps of the race.

Aaron Goldsmid kept the packet inviolate for some years. One day, curiosity becoming ungovernable, he opened it. When his servant came to call him he was found dead: By his hand was a piece of parchment, covered with cabalistic figures.

Aaron Goldsmid left a large portion of his fortune to two sons, Benjamin and Abraham. These went into business on the London Stock Exchange, and vastly increased their patrimony. Benjamin founded a Naval College, and performed many acts of less known generosity. He lived long, but the curse of the cabalist overtook him.

Enormously rich, the delusion that he would die a pauper fastened upon him, and to avoid such conclusion of the matter he, on the 15th of April, 1808, being in his fifty-fifth year, died by his own hand. Two years later his brother Abraham, being concerned in a Ministerial loan of fourteen millions, lost his nerve, blundered and bungled, sank into a condition of hopeless despondency, and on the 28th September, 1810, a day on which a sum of half a million was due from him, he was found dead in his room.

The fortunes of the family were restored by Isaac Goldsmid, nephew of the hapless brothers and grandson of the founder of the English house. Like all the Goldsmids, Isaac was a man of generous nature and philanthropic tendencies. He provided much money for Mrs. Fry's enterprises, and helped largely to found University College. With him it seemed that the curse of the cabalist had run its course. It is true that before he died he lapsed into a state of childishness. But he had at the time passed the limit of age of fourscore years, after which, as one of the kings of his race wrote centuries back, man's days are but labour and sorrow.

Isaac Goldsmid was succeeded in his fortune and his baronetcy by his son Francis, on whom the curse of the cabalist seemed to fall when he was fatally mangled between the engines and the rails at Waterloo Station. To him succeeded Julian Goldsmid, who, grievously handicapped by failing health, has died at fifty-eight.



SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID.



## From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

AMONGST the audience listening last year to Sir William Childers. Harcourt's exposition of his famous Death Duties Budget was Mr. Childers, paying what turned out to be his last visit to the House of Commons. Thirty-five years earlier he entered it as member for Pontefract. It was an odd coincidence that, in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1868, prominent place should have been found for two returned emigrants from Australia. Mr. Lowe, member for Sydney in 1848, was, just twenty years later, Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Empire. Mr. Childers, about the same time a member of the Victorian Government, with a seat in the Cabinet as Commissioner of Trade and Customs, was Mr. Gladstone's First Lord of the Admiralty. He, too, became Chancellor of the Exchequer when, in 1882, Mr. Gladstone reached the conclusion that dual office, one being that of Leader of the House, was too much even for a comparatively young man like himself.

It was the boast of the late Lord Cottesloe that for something like half a century he had heard every Budget speech made in the House of Commons. Thomas Francis Fremantle began as Secretary to the Treasury, passed through higher Ministerial offices, and settled down with a peerage to the Chairmanship of the Board of Customs. Whether on the Treasury Bench, under the Gallery, where Treasury officials not being members sit, or in the Peers' Gallery, Lord Cottesloe, born at the close of the eighteenth century, advancing step by step with the ageing nineteenth century, was always in his place on Budget Night. Mr. Childers developed the same passion, and since he retired from Parliamentary life he was, when health permitted, ever found under the Gallery on Budget Night.

He began Ministerial life in this country as one of Mr. Gladstone's Young Men. It is true Lord Palmerston first picked him out, making him Civil Lord of the

Admiralty as far back as the year 1864. When Mr. Gladstone came into office four years later he, at a bound, made the member for Pontefract First Lord of the Admiralty. Thereafter, till failing health compelled retirement, Mr. Gladstone in successive Premier-ships always offered Cabinet office to his whilom Secretary at the Treasury.

Mr. Childers was a type of member of Parliament not likely in present circumstances, or in the near future, to rise to the heights he reached and along which, for many years, he safely walked. He was a good head-clerk kind of a man, plodding, safe, rather than brilliant. He contributed long speeches to debate, but there was no sparkle in the ponderous mass. His social manner, like his Parliamentary style, had a fine old-world flavour about it. His portly presence, urbane but slightly pompous manner, was

hit off during the Parliament of 1880 by a political and personal friend, one of a group conversing in the old smoking-room opening on to the Terrace. The worn-out senators were whiling away the time by a genial game consisting of filling up the initials of prominent men with words more or less descriptive of their personal appearance and manner. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers was the appropriately sonorous name of the then Secretary of State for War.

"Here Comes Everybody Childers" was suggested as even better. As one thinks of him, with head thrown back, chest protuberant, sailing along the corridors, or marching up the floor of the House, the prefix seems not ill-fitted.

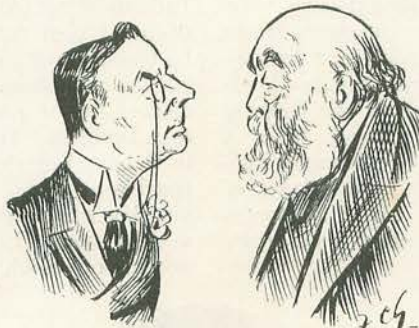
With reference to some recent remarks in this page, on the extraordinary gift possessed by the Marquis of Salisbury of delivering an important speech without the assistance of notes, a correspondent, who speaks as one having authority, writes: "I can confirm, by a remarkable instance, the accuracy of your statement. I happened to be in close communication with Lord Salisbury when he delivered his



THE LATE MR. CHILDERS, UNDER THE GALLERY.



famous speech at Newport, in October, 1885. A critical stage had been reached in the battle then raging between the advanced Radicals, led by Mr. Chamberlain, under the banner of the unauthorized programme, and the Conservative Party. The speech covered a wide range of topics at home and abroad. It contains the passage in which Lord Salisbury cautiously but significantly responded to Mr. Parnell's reference to the position of Austria and Hungary as bearing on the Irish Question. Such a manifesto, made at such a time by the leader of a great party, might well have suggested the desirability of the assistance of manuscript notes. What happened was just this: Lord Salisbury retired to his private room at the hotel where he stopped, and remained there for three-quarters of an hour thinking over his speech. When he appeared on the platform he had for sole note a few lines written on the back of a visiting-card, containing a quotation of a speech by Mr. Chamberlain. This he read in its proper place. For the rest, he went unflinchingly on, speaking for upwards of an hour, a weighty, polished, historic oration, delivered without the assistance of a single note."



ANTAGONISM.

of principle, who never yielded an opinion in his life—and Mr. Chamberlain reproaches us in language so categorical that I will quote it. Mr. Chamberlain says this: 'What is the complaint that I have to make against the present Government? It is that they act and speak in office in absolute contradiction to all that they said and did in Opposition.' And then he proceeded to single me out. Well, now, as he has singled me out, I will speak for myself. I will say that this is an absolute libel; that it has not a shadow or shred of truth, and that I defy him to point out the language I used in Opposition which in office I am contradicting by my deeds. It is a simple test. If he can prove it, he confounds me. If he does not prove it, the reproach he makes recoils upon himself, and covers with the charge of dishonesty the tactics which he pursues. (A Voice: 'Affidavits!')

Unfortu- nately, Mr. Chamberlain is not very strong on affidavits; at least, he is not very strong with affidavits that are of any value. The affidavits that he has to use his friends are obliged to purchase."

This last barbed shot is a reference to an episode in the history of the Aston Park Riots, upon which repeated debate took place in the House of Commons night after night. Mr. Chamberlain stood at bay, Lord Randolph Churchill leading the envenomed attack of the Conservative Party upon the statesman who at the time had eclipsed Mr. Bright, and even Mr. Gladstone, in power to excite their ire.



RAPPROCHEMENT.

It is interesting to know what was the extract from Mr. Chamberlain's speech which thus interested Lord Salisbury and introduced a variation in his oratorical habit. I have looked up the Newport speech and find what was written on the visiting-card. The Government of Lord Salisbury, "the Stopgap Government," as Mr. Chamberlain wittily and graphically described it, had, at the date of this Newport speech, been a few months in office. Almost at the outset of his speech, Lord Salisbury replies to his critics. "Some orators," he says, "describe our conduct as slavish, others call it submissive. Lord Hartington says we have been guilty of gross political immorality—he, the great maintainer

Another correspondent challenges the statement in the same

article which affirmed that Mr. Bright, whilst he observed the precaution of supplying himself with catch notes of points in his speech, enlarged them only by writing out the full text of his peroration. My informant mentions the interesting fact that he possesses the manuscript of one of the last speeches Mr. Bright delivered in



the country. "It runs to many folios," he says, "all written in the Tribune's neat handwriting, much interlined. Not only is the peroration written out in full, but many of the more important sentences forming earlier portions of the speech."

That being so, obviously does not clash with the remark challenged. I spoke of Mr. Bright's life-long habit, more especially when he was in his prime, in the plenitude of his mental and physical power. It is probable enough that, as years advanced and the grasshopper became a burden, he realized the desirability of refreshing his memory with full notes.

I well remember his appearance and manner when, in 1874, he came back to Parliamentary life after an interval forced upon him by illness. He broke the silence of many years when he unexpectedly appeared at the table and offered to share with Mr. Whalley the duty of escorting to the table Dr. Kenealy. The then redoubtable Doctor, just returned for Stoke, found himself solitary in the crowded Chamber save for the friendship of the chivalrous-minded, if wrong-headed, Mr. Whalley. The new member, holding a stout gingham umbrella in the one hand and his hat in the other, essayed to walk up the floor under their escort and so take the oath. The Speaker demurred on the ground that custom did not recognise either the umbrella or the hat, it being required that a new member should be introduced by two sitting members, prepared to testify to his identity. Only Mr. Whalley was ready to associate himself with the elect of Stoke-on-Trent.

Then, from the lower end of the bench, where he was modestly seated, Mr. Bright rose, and in voice so low and tongue so faltering that it was with difficulty he was heard, offered, as he said in deference to the will of a large constituency, to walk with the new member to the table.

Later in the same Parliament he, as he told a friend, frequently came down to the House prepared to take part in the current

debate. I have often noticed him sitting on the front bench with notes in his hand, apparently waiting for the member on his legs to resume his seat, and provide opportunity for his interposition. When the moment arrived, Mr. Bright failed to rise to his feet, and so opportunity was lost. Mr. Bright told his friend that, when the very moment came that he might have spoken, his nerve failed him, and he gratefully permitted himself to be passed over.

He conquered this weakness as the Sessions passed, and regained that ancient command over the Chamber which enabled him to dispense with the assistance of all but a few notes. From first to last the peroration was fairly written out.

Within the walls ROOM FOR of the Palace A STATUE. at Westminster, and on the grass-plots in its immediate neighbourhood, statues are appropriately raised to great Parliament men. The muster will surely be incomplete if place be not found for a counterfeit presentment of Lord Randolph Churchill. He was not great in the sense the title may be bestowed upon Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield, whose statues stand without, or Earl Russell and Mr. Bright, but lately added to the mementos of great Parliament men near the approaches to the House of Commons. He was not their equal in the race, since, in respect of years, he fell out of the track at half their age. But, as far as he went, his career will equal in brilliance that of any compeer.

The pity of it is that there does not seem to be left any group of men in the House of Commons, or in political ranks outside it, who are likely to move in the direction indicated. Lord Randolph, with all his brilliant talent and some lovable qualities, had a fatal gift of estrangement. He was much more ready to wound the susceptibilities of an individual or a party than he was to cajole. Naturally of imperious nature and of impatient habits, he could not endure mediocrity. Often when he might have been content



STATUE OF JOHN BRIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



quietly to ignore it, he must needs cut it with knives or beat it about its respectable head. As there is a large leaven of mediocrity in humanity, even in the House of Commons, it will be understood that Lord Randolph made many enemies, and has left behind him undying resentments. These must fade away under the merciful influence of time, and the House of Commons will not always refrain from doing honour to one of its most brilliant, if one of its most wilful, sons.

WHAT  
MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN.

Some day there will probably be published—as doubtless there is already fairly written out—a full account of the negotiations that followed on the retirement, at the beginning of the Session of 1884, of Mr. Brand from the Speaker's Chair. It is already well known in the inner circle of Parliamentary life that the happy chance by which the choice fell on Mr. Arthur Peel was unexpected. I believe the man really designated at the close of diversified proceedings was Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. That was a selection which as universally commended itself in 1884 as it did in 1895. Mr. Gladstone, not less than his colleagues, approved the choice. But he desired to pay a compliment to the son of his old chief, and insisted that, in the first instance, the post should be offered to Mr. Arthur Peel.

That such a procedure meant the shelving of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's claims no one believed. Mr. Peel had a place found for him in the Home Office when, in 1880, Mr. Gladstone formed his Government. He had filled it only for a single Session, relinquishing it on the score of ill-health. A man not physically strong enough to perform the duties of Under Secretary of State could hardly be expected to face the storm and stress that hurtle round the Speaker's Chair. Fortunately for the House of Commons, Mr. Peel, after careful consideration, felt able to undertake the office, and through eleven Sessions presided over the proceedings of the House of Commons with incomparable dignity and commanding vigour.

Another former colleague turned to by Mr. Gladstone at this interesting time was Mr. Goschen.

Not being able to approve certain reform projects to which the Ministry of 1880 were committed, Mr. Goschen was not included in the Ministry. But he still ranked as a Liberal, sat in friendly contiguity behind his old colleagues on the Treasury Bench, and upon occasion vigorously trounced right hon. gentlemen opposite. He had shown his loyalty to the new Ministry by accepting, at Mr. Gladstone's hand, in May, 1880, a special mission to Constantinople.

When, towards the close of the Session of 1883, Mr. Brand intimated his intention of retiring, Mr. Goschen was the first man turned to by Mr. Gladstone with invitation to step into the vacant Chair. He was by no means indisposed to undertake the duties of the high position. Only one thing debarred him. That was the physical shortsightedness which makes it difficult for him to recognise friends even on benches immediately opposite. It is hard enough for a member in ordinary circumstances to catch the Speaker's eye. Mr. Goschen felt that in his case the difficulty would be unduly increased, and therefore begged to be excused.

Mr. Gladstone next turned to Sir Lord Farrer Herschell, at the time Solicitor-General. Inklings of overtures made to Mr. Goschen and to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman found currency in political gossip of the hour. It is, I fancy, known only within a narrow circle that in the winter of 1883-4 the Speakership was offered to Sir Farrer. It was a tempting prize to dangle before a man still comparatively young to Parliamentary life, and holding no higher position than the Solicitor-Generalship. Sir Farrer had, however, other views, and boldly declined to be drawn aside by this allurement.

Just two years later his courage was rewarded by appointment to the Wool-sack. When, in 1884, he had to consider whether he would forthwith take the Chair in the Commons or live on in the hope of



THE LATE LORD HAMPDEN.



presiding over the House of Lords, there was not in prospect any indication of that disruption of the Liberal Party which worked so many miracles and turned aside the current of so many lives. Sir Henry James was Attorney - General, and in the natural order of things would have next succeeded to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer when a vacancy was at the disposal of the Liberal Premier. It has been proved by events in the House of Peers that Sir Farrer Herschell

would have made an admirable Speaker. As it was he stood aside, so contributing to the remarkable train of circumstances that led Mr. Arthur Peel to the Chair.

Among the quaint privileges that pertain to the office and dignity of the Speaker is that of receiving every year from the Master of the Buckhounds a buck and a doe killed in the Royal preserves. The buck duly arrives in September, the doe coyly following in November. The custom goes back as far as records remain, and with it is established a fixed fee by way of honorarium to the official (of course, not the Master of the Buckhounds) who forwards the beast. There is no embarrassing modesty about the transaction. Here is the buck presented by command of her gracious Majesty, and here is a little bill for £1 15s., being the perquisites of the huntsman. Both buck and doe come from Bushey Park, said among connoisseurs to produce the daintiest venison Great Britain yields.

Later in the year, somewhere about Christmas time, the Speaker receives another tribute, the donors on this occasion being the Clothworkers' Company of London, who send a present of a generous width of the best broadcloth. I believe that one or two of Her Majesty's Ministers share with the Speaker this timely beneficence. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General are certainly kept in broadcloth by this annual and honourable charity.

During the recess the Speaker received a communication from a well-known private member begging his assent to a proposal



SPEAKERS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

to connect the House of Commons with a public telephone service. The idea was that subscribers to the service, sitting at home at ease, should be enabled to follow the debates. It was represented that the agency already had communication with some of the principal theatres, concert-halls, and churches. All that was wanted to complete the happiness of their subscribers was that they should at will be able to "turn on" the House of Commons.

In view of the unremitting pressure for seats in the Strangers' Gallery, there is no doubt that hundreds of thousands of people would be willing to pay a reasonable sum to be placed on terms of permanent intimacy with the House of Commons. It is probable that a very brief experience would convince the householder that the new luxury was scarcely worth the cost. Take it throughout, hour by hour, minute by minute, of a long Session, the House of Commons is a sadly dreary place. There are whole hours during which a Scottish conventicle in a remote country district would, by comparison, be a hall of dazzling excitement.

It is true that in descriptive articles the House is presented as a place in which one moment of breathless excitement succeeds another. That is, however, a delusion kept up by the device of picking out bits here and there and stringing them together with such skill as is given to the artist. What the unfortunate man who thus ministers to the instruction and entertainment of the public suffers is a matter never talked about. He has to sit it out from beginning to end, patiently awaiting some phrase or incident that will serve his purpose.

There are times, when a big speech is in course of delivery, when the House of Commons telephone might be a prized adjunct to family life. Taken on the average, the householder would be wise to remain content with the more or less severely sifted and condensed accounts of Parliamentary proceedings given by the morning papers.



FIRST NIGHTS  
ON THE  
TREASURY  
BENCH.

An interesting book might be compiled if it were possible to obtain from Ministers an account of their feelings, reflections, and experiences on the first occasion they are privileged to take their seat on the Treasury Bench. It is an enormous stride (generally, by the way, taken across the gangway) when a man quits the benches where private members sit and finds himself enrolled as one of Her Majesty's Ministers. Once launched on those waters he may steer his course in various directions, and sometimes hits upon currents that carry him into the office of Prime Minister.

Talking with a member of the late Ministry on the epoch as it affected him, the conversation took an unexpected turn.

"I don't remember anything about the first night," he said, "except that after I had been sitting on the Treasury Bench a quarter of an hour Bob Lowe dropped in, and gave me enough to think of for the rest of the night. It was early in the Session, a nasty, wet evening, the pavements thick with mud. Lowe had evidently walked, at least part of the way, for his boots were all muddy. As he crossed one leg over the other I became painfully conscious of a piece of once white tape hanging out from the trouser by the heel, evidently connected with some undergarment. He wore a curious coat, with big pockets outside below the hips, such as in quiet country places one associates with the working poacher. I should not have been at all surprised if he had brought out of one of these huge receptacles a fine hare, and out of the other a brace of pheasants. There was evidently something there. I guessed that by a certain bulkiness. In fact, as the bench filled up, I was conscious of pressing against it.

"With the ardour of a novice, I sat in my new place till close upon the dinner-hour. So did Lowe. Just before eight o'clock I said I would go and get some dinner. Lowe said he thought he wouldn't trouble. Then he dived into the recesses of the pocket

next to me, dragged out a chunk of bread, and ate it on the Treasury Bench. That, I fancy, was his dinner."

The gathering of a new Parliament provides Mr. Biddulph with another world to conquer. During the existence of the House dissolved at the General Election of July, the figure of the member for Droitwich, with a stout volume under his arm, was familiar in the lobby and corridors of the House. He always seemed to be looking for someone. When he found his quarry, the book was opened, a pen produced, and an autograph added to the long list.

Mr. Martin's Parliamentary history does not date farther back than 1892. Soon after his appearance on the scene he conceived the notable idea of possessing himself of the autograph of every one of his colleagues in the memorable House of Commons that passed a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. When the Dissolution came he was able to congratulate himself upon possessing the signature of every man in the House except eight. One thus distinguished was Mr. C. P. Villiers, whose rare attendance made him hard to catch.

In some cases Mr. Martin has enriched his volume with the photograph of a member with the signature appended.

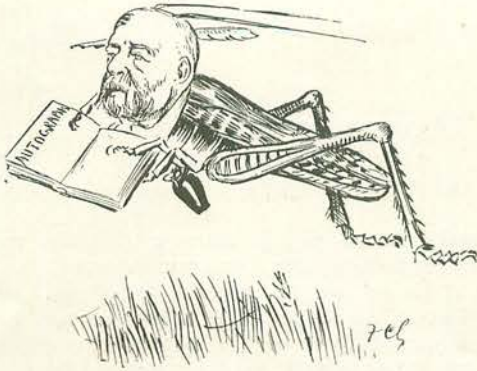
As the autographs accumulated, and the value of the book increased, he became anxious for its security. It was suggested to him that, taking a hint from the customs of the peregrinating clerks of his own and other firms of bankers, he should, as he went his rounds, have the book attached to his person by a steel chain. Mr. Martin, however, resolved to trust to the honesty of his fellow-members, which was in the end triumphantly vindicated. No one stole or, as far as it is known, attempted to steal the precious volume.

It is the second book Mr. Martin has compiled. The first, published under the title, "The Grasshopper in Lombard Street," is a history of the great banking-house in which he is a partner.



THE LATE LORD SHERBROOKE.





MR. BIDDULPH MARTIN, THE LOMBARD STREET GRASSHOPPER.

length. At one of these, just before the close of the Session, the guests are exclusively the high officials of the House, no members of Parliament being present. Other two are given to Her Majesty's Ministers and to the Leaders of the Opposition respectively. Thus there remains for ordinary members only a chance of inclusion in one of three dinners. As the guests at any one banquet do not exceed forty, it is obvious the process of exhausting the list is prolonged. As a matter of fact, it is, I believe, thought to be a reasonable matter if in a Parliament of average duration the list has been run through. Some hundreds of members elected to the Parliament of 1892, for example, returned to their constituents without having dined with the Speaker.

Pressure of competition is to some extent relieved by the fact that, still preserving the tradition of Mr. Parnell, the several sections of Irish members are united at least in this, that they do not dine with Mr. Speaker. In the later Parliaments over which he presided, Mr. Peel refrained from going through the form of inviting them. Nor were the Labour members, who figured largely in the last Parliament, at any time the Speaker's guests. With them the great Clothes Difficulty was an insuperable barrier. The only exception made in this respect was in the person of Mr. Burt. Whilst he was Secretary to the Board of Trade he was present at more than one Ministerial banquet given by the Speaker, and was distinguished amid the uniforms by wearing the dinner-dress of a private citizen.

A CIPHER DESPATCH. Among many pretty stories of Lord Granville's Lord Warden-ship which linger round Walmer Castle is one about a cipher despatch. Being suddenly called to London, Lord Granville, at the time Foreign Minister, assured himself that one of his secretaries who was staying at the Castle had with him the key to the cipher used in the private official communications of the Secretary of State. At dinner-time Lady Granville was startled by receipt of a long message from her husband. Being in cipher, it was evidently of great importance, and the secretary hastened off to hunt up the key in order to translate it.

When the task was complete, the portentous looking despatch turned out to be a playful note to his wife which, amid the complications of foreign affairs and the pressure of State work, Lord Granville had found time to compose and dispatch.

THE SPEAKER'S DINNERS. There is a vague impression outside that the Speaker in the course of a Session dines the whole House of Commons in batches. His state is far more gracious. He gives six formal dinners in the course of a Session, assuming the Session runs its ordinary



SIR DONALD MACFARLANE'S OFFICIAL COSTUME.

The mover and seconder of the Address are always included in the first of the Speaker's Sessional dinner-parties. It will be remembered that a couple of years ago, when Mr. Fenwick seconded the Address, he was, in due course, invited to Speaker's house, but not having Court dress or uniform, he felt constrained to forego the privilege.



# From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

NEW members are slowly learning the pitfalls that lie in the pathway along the innocent-looking floor of the House of Commons. In the early days of their changed existence they showed the customary passion for walking out to a division with their hats on. Few things, in a small way, are so comical as to see the new member thus offending turn round, on hearing the stern cry of "Order! order!" from the Speaker or Chairman of Committees, and look about to see who it may be that is misconducting himself. When the truth dawns upon him, or is brought home to him by peremptory action on the part of neighbours, the condition of the new member is pathetically pitiful. He clutches at the offending hat, and makes off at quickened pace to the grateful obscurity of the division lobby.

Another familiar incident in the early

life of the new member

is his irresistible tendency to stroll between the Chair and an honourable gentleman on his legs addressing it. That, according to Parliamentary etiquette, is an offence second only to the enormity of manslaughter in the eye of the criminal law. The circumstances under which it usually takes place add considerably to the sensation of the moment. The new member enters the House and finds it moderately full, listening to a gentleman addressing the Speaker from a bench below the gangway. He stands at the bar a few minutes. Then he thinks he may as well take his place, approachable by the gangway that midway divides the benches. He steps down the floor, bowing with easy grace to the Speaker, turns to the left and begins to saunter up the gangway, when he is startled by an outburst of fierce cries of "Order! Order!" Members near him are shouting, too, glaring upon him like tigers deprived of their whelps.

He perceives as in a lurid flash of lightning what is the matter. He is passing between the Chair and the honourable member addressing it. The anguish of the situation suddenly revealed is added to by the difficulty of deciding what to do. If he goes back he will have to walk crestfallen to the door, under the mocking gaze of a crowded House. If he goes forward he will be heaping up the enormity of his guilt. What he generally does is to stand

stock-still for a moment, his knees trembling, his face recalling the look in the eyes of a hunted hare. Gradually he stoops down with hands on knees almost touching the floor, and so, making his way up the gangway, slinks into his seat. Then the House, thoroughly refreshed by the sport, turns to further consider the argument of the member who was addressing it.

At one catching time, during the existence of the Salisbury Parliament, the House, bent on enjoyment of this

time-honoured game, caught a Tartar. An Irish member was continuing debate from the second bench below the gangway. Lord Tweedmouth (then Mr. Marjoribanks and one of the Opposition Whips) rose from the front bench and strolled towards the door. On the way he necessarily passed between the Irish member and the Chair, whereat there burst forth a roar of "Order! Order!" the more jubilant since the offender was an old and popular member. To the general surprise, Mr. Marjoribanks did not go down on his hands or knees, or otherwise show himself perturbed. On the contrary, he raised himself to fuller height, shortened his pace, and defiantly regarded the shouting members. Worse still, when he reached the bar he turned round, and walked back again slower than ever as he passed between the orator and the Speaker.



"ORDER! ORDER!"



There was evidently something wrong somewhere, and it did not appear to rest with Mr. Marjoribanks. He was not committing a breach of order, or his defiant procedure would have drawn forth reproof from the Speaker. This conclusion was correct. The member on his legs at the moment spoke from the second bench, which is raised a step from the floor. The assumption—not quite safe in the case of a man of Lord Tweedmouth's inches—therefore, was that no obstacle interposed between the line of sight of the member thus elevated and the Chair. The gangway step made all the difference. Had the member speaking stood on the floor by the front bench below the gangway, Mr. Marjoribanks sauntering down to the door would have called upon himself the reproof of the Speaker. But he is too old a Parliamentary hand to have committed so unpardonable an offence.

A far more subtle intricacy of THE PERIL procedure is that which determines what exactly is a speech.

Even before he takes his seat the new member has learned the fundamental rule that he may, when the Speaker is in the Chair, make only one contribution to debate. In Committee, where it is assumed, often with fatal lack of foundation, that members do not orate but converse, opportunity of speech-making is untrammelled.

Early in the present Session a Bill was introduced extending to Ireland the priceless advantage enjoyed by "the predominant partner" of allowing women to sit on Boards of Guardians. Mr. Farrell, newly-elected for West Cavan, held strong views on the point. These were, indeed, so strong that when proposal was formally made to read the Bill a second time, he cried out, "I object." It not being after midnight there was in this protest nothing beyond the moral weight conveyed by the opinion of an esteemed member. Apparently no notice was taken of the remark, and the debate continued. Mr. Farrell sat attentive, adding to the speech he had prepared in the retirement of his study various convincing points suggested by members taking part in the debate.

At length he thought the time had come when he would do well to interpose and settle the matter. Rising to his full height, he said, "Mr. Speaker, sir."

"Order, order!" cried the Speaker. "The hon. member for West Cavan has already spoken."

The present House of Commons is happily endowed with the presence of two Farrells. James Patrick represents West Cavan. Thomas G. sits for South Kerry. This mistake of the Speaker was quite natural. Indeed, James Patrick often wondered how, dealing with six hundred and seventy gentlemen, he was so unfailingly accurate in identifying them. Now, he had made a mistake, mixing up two Irish members, both bearing the name of Farrell. The member for West Cavan was not disposed to be hard upon him. So, gently shaking his head, with seductive smile, he said, "No, Mr. Speaker, I did not."

"At the beginning of the discussion," said the Speaker, "the honourable member observed 'I object.'"

Mr. Farrell dropped into his seat as if the Speaker's quietly-uttered remark had been a well-aimed pistol-shot.

SIR  
WILFRID  
LAWSON.

This is the most striking illustration I remember of a well-known rule, a remarkable proof of Mr. Gully's watchfulness and presence of mind. There is under this same rule a custom by no means uncommon. A member, whether in charge of a motion or desiring to second it, may do so by simply raising his hat, reserving ordered speech to a later stage of the debate.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson was the first to reduce this to a system. When he brought forward his annual Bill on the Temperance Question, the occasion was inevitably a Wednesday afternoon. The House was usually empty when, shortly after the Speaker took the chair at noon, Sir Wilfrid was called upon. To waste his impromptu on empty benches was an experience too depressing, even for a habitual water-drinker. Sir Wilfrid accordingly lifted his hat. The hapless seconder of the motion



SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S HAT TRICK.



delivered his speech to empty benches, Sir Wilfrid coming on about four o'clock, when the House was full.

Herein he was strictly in order. Other members, noting the success of the manœuvre and desiring to adopt it, have been occasionally surprised when they have risen to make their cherished speech by hearing from the Speaker that they have already spoken. What happened was that in raising their hat they said either "I beg to move that the Bill be now read a second time," or, "I beg to second the motion," according to the place assigned to them. Either of these innocent remarks, like Mr. Farrell's still briefer, "I object," is in Parliamentary law a speech, and is treated as such.

A LAW-  
BREAKING  
LORD CHIEF  
JUSTICE.

Now, as in Pope's time, gentle dulness ever loves a joke, and the House of Lords has much chuckled over the slip made by Lord Russell of Killowen. At the opening of a new Parliament, noble lords, like ordinary commoners, are sworn in. There is a statute, passed so recently as 1866, wherein members of the House of Lords sitting or joining in debate before taking the oath are subject to a penalty of £500 for each offence. This Act was passed in substitution of a much more drastic ordinance. It dated from the year 1714, and in addition to the fine of £500, disabled the offender from suing in any court of law, forbade him to hold any office within the realm, to assume the guardianship of a child, to be an executor under a will or other deed, or himself to receive a legacy.

The severity of this enactment shows that at this epoch the offence guarded against was regarded as one of real importance, evidently worth somebody's while to attempt its accomplishment. Now it is the result of inadvertence, and is perhaps more common and freer from detection than is generally known. During the prolonged debates round Mr. Bradlaugh's body in the Parliament of 1885, a member of the House of Commons confided to me the secret that he had never taken the oath. He approached the table with that honest intent, and stood with the crowd waiting for opportunity to take the Book in hand. Happening to be near the corner of the table by the brass box, the Clerk, under the impression that he had taken the oath, motioned him to fall in with the *queue* passing on to sign the Roll of Parliament. Being a man of docile temperament, indisposed to wrangle with authority,

even when it is in the wrong, he fell in, and in due order signed the Roll.

The peculiar humour of the situation in the case of Lord Russell of Killowen is that the law should have been broken by no less a personage than the Lord Chief Justice of England. Oddly enough, the preceding time when discovery was made of a similar oversight, the guilty personage was almost equally highly placed. It was Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, who, shortly after the Act of 1866 had been placed on the Statute Book, remembered to make a speech from his place in the House of Lords, whilst he had forgotten to take the oath. It was thought necessary to pass an Act of Indemnity relieving his Grace from the overhanging penalty of a fine of £500.

The secret of Lord Russell of Killowen's guilt in this matter might have remained locked in his breast, but for the accidental prominence of his illegal intervention in debate. The Lord Chancellor, some days earlier, brought in a Bill amending the law of criminal evidence. The Lord Chief Justice not only moved an amendment, but carried it. This was an incident that could not be forgotten by the almost paralyzed peers, who a little later beheld the embodiment of the law, the chief ornament and authority of the judicial Bench, approach the table and blandly take the oath.

Throughout the last Session of TWO LEGAL the late Parliament embarrass-  
DROMIOS. ment occasionally arose, distributed between two members of Her Majesty's Government, owing to similarity of their address. There were then, as now, a trinity of Solicitor-Generals—one for England, one for Scotland, and one for Ireland. Nevertheless, for each of the separate countries there are not three Solicitor-Generals, but one Solicitor-General. Happily for the learned gentlemen concerned, the Solicitor-General for Ireland had not last year a seat in the House of Commons, and to that extent the difficulty was reduced. But as Scotchmen writing to Mr. Shaw (Solicitor-General for Scotland in Lord Rosebery's Ministry) always addressed him *tout court* as "The Solicitor-General," and as for English correspondents Sir Frank Lockwood was the only Solicitor-General, correspondence reaching them at the House of Commons constantly got mixed.

Sir Frank Lockwood, a man of resource, full of ideas, suggested that his esteemed and learned colleague from the Scotch Law Office should bear a sign and token which,



adopted by his correspondents, would obviate a growing difficulty. To save trouble and expedite matters, Sir Frank drew a design which, stamped on letters and papers passing through the post intended for the hand of the Solicitor-General for Scotland, would be safely delivered. Sir Frank has been good enough to give me a copy of the design, which is here produced. With this stamped on the envelope, and underneath the address, "The Solicitor-General, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster, S.W.," Mr. Shaw would have been

assured of coming by his own. Before the design could be engraved and utilized, the General Election changed everything, rendering this particular precaution unnecessary.

DUPLICATES, TRIPLICATES, AND WORSE. The duplication, even triplication, of surnames amongst members of the House of Commons leads to constant complication in the matter of letters delivered at the House. To begin with, there are two Abrahams, and both being christened William it is inevitable that letters addressed to either should occasionally find a place in the wrong bosom. There are Allen and Allan, the latter particularly anxious for it to be known that his name is spelt with an *a*. Oddly enough, analogous anxiety is displayed by the member for Newcastle-under-Lyne, who wishes it to be known that his name is spelt with an *e*.

In the last Parliament there were two Allsopps, distinguished in the House as X and XX. That, of course, is a distinction unknown to chance outsiders. Now there is one. There are not fewer than three Ambroses, none having blood connection with the other. Two Austins represent between them a Yorkshire division and a division of Limerick. There are three Barrys, the member for South Huntingdon having the advantage of the hyphen prefix Smith.

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SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD'S DESIGN.

In the last Parliament two Bayleys occasionally got each other's correspondence, the one representing Camberwell, the other the Chesterfield division of Derbyshire. After a while this branch of the difficulty was increased by the appearance on the scene of a Mr. Bailey.

There are two Bowles's, one a silent member, "Tommy," making up the average in this respect. Just now the House has only one Brown, and five Smiths against a muster of eight in the last Parliament. The Jones family have also fallen off as compared with the gathering of the clan in the Home Rule Parliament. Then there were four; now there are two. The Robinsons have suffered in exactly the same proportion, their former two being reduced by one-half. Of Chamberlains there are two; Austen, the popular Secretary to the Admiralty, and the statesman to whom he occasionally distantly alludes as "my right honourable relative."

There are two Cooks in the House, one dressing his name, so to speak, with a final *e*. There are three Davies's, two representing Welsh counties; two Ellis's, one the Liberal Whip; three Fergussons, one with the prefix Munro, known among the chieftains of Scotland as Novar; three Fosters, one a baronet, one a Colonel, and the other Harry Seymour; two Fowlers, one the ex-Secretary of State for India; two Gibbs, the "Sons" of a famous City firm; two Goschens, father and son; three Healys (Tim himself counts as only one, whereas he is a match for six); three Hills, of various altitudes, one being over six feet high and a lord; two Hoares; two Johnstons, one of Ballykilbeg; two Kennys, both representing Dublin (one College Green, the other St. Stephen's Green); two Lawrences, two Lawsons, two Llewellyns, two Lockwoods ("Uncle Frank," Colonel Mark calls the learned ex-Solicitor-



THE ONLY BROWN.





UNCLE FRANK AND COLONEL LOCKWOOD.

General); two Longs, two Lowthers, three M'Calmonts, two M'Hughs, both from Ireland; two Mellors, one happy in his deliverance from the chair of Committees; two Montagus (no Capulets); no fewer than four Morgans, all from Wales; three Murrays, three O'Briens, as many O'Connors, two Palmers, four Peases (quite a pod); two Penders, two Redmonds, two Robert'ss, as many Robertsons, three Russells, two Samuels, three Shaws, three Sidebottoms, the member for Hyde introducing a variety in the termination; three Stanleys, including Henry M.; two Sullivans, three Thomas'ss, two Wallaces, two Websters, and three Williams'ss. For proportional representation, the Wilson family take the cake in the House of Commons, there being no fewer than eight of them, not to mention Wilson-Todd,

the gallant Captain who represents a division of Yorkshire.

It will be seen from this concatenation of circumstances that AN AWKWARD INCIDENT. Mr. Pyke, most efficient of postmasters, has occasionally some trouble in properly distributing the sacks full of letters daily delivered at the office in the lobby. Mistakes occur even in the best regulated post-offices. Perhaps the most embarrassing incident of the kind befell Mr. Arthur Balfour, on a recent recess visit to the Continent. At an hotel in the North of Italy, he found himself in company with Mr. J. B. Balfour, some time Lord Advocate, who was accompanied by his wife. Mr. J. B. Balfour is blessed, inasmuch as he "has his quiver full of them." There had been an addition to the family some short time before the holiday was undertaken, and there was, naturally, anxiety in the parental breast to know how the little one was getting on. Arrangements were accordingly made whereby the nurse sent a daily bulletin.

Though on giving pleasure bent, the nurse was of a frugal mind, and, following an illustrious example, used post-cards for her communications. One morning Mr. Arthur Balfour was startled by finding amongst his correspondence a post-card conveying the following news: "Baby going on nicely. I do think she's grown since you've left." Turning over the card, he found it was addressed to the Right Hon. J. B. Balfour, M.P., and the matter was speedily put right.

That was bad enough, but there was worse to follow. The two right hon. gentlemen left the hotel about the same time and went their various ways, leaving with the landlord their addresses for the forwarding of letters that might arrive after their departure. On the second day of settling in his new home, Mr. Arthur Balfour received another post-card: "Baby a little restless in the night, but quite fresh this morning. Sends her love to papa."

For the landlord there was only one Right Hon. Balfour, M.P. It



THE PEASE-POD.



was the famous Chief Secretary, the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons then sitting. A difference in an initial was nothing to him. But, in view of his happy state of bachelorhood, it was a good deal to Mr. Arthur Balfour.

THE QUEEN AND THE COMMONS. Early in the Session the House of Commons was shocked by discovery that whilst all members, new and old, uncovered when the Speaker, returned from the House of Lords, read the Queen's Speech from the Throne, one occupant of the Front Opposition Bench sturdily kept on his hat. The fact that the dissentient was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a Privy Councillor, an ex-Cabinet Minister, and, it is understood, a particularly welcome guest at Balmoral when sojourning there as Minister in attendance on the Queen, made the matter the more marvellous. In elder days, when the Irish members under the leadership of Mr. Parnell habitually and systematically bearded the Speaker in the Chair, it was a common thing for them to refuse to join in the movement of respect when a message from the Queen was read. Thus it came to pass that wearing the hat in such circumstances is regarded as an overt act of disloyalty.

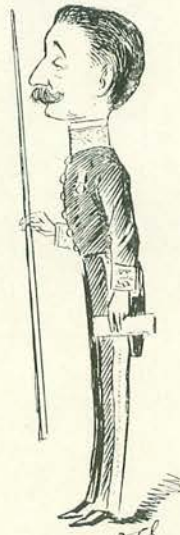
According to the unwritten but clearly defined customs of the House, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was on this occasion right, the rest of the members erring on the side of excessive sensibility to the proximity of loyalty. The rule governing such cases is that when the Queen directly, through a State-appointed emissary, addresses the House, members should uncover to listen. Such occasions present themselves several times through a Session when Her Majesty replies to an Address to the Crown passed by the House. In the last Parliament the House was frequently cheered by the spectacle of Mr. "Bobby" Spencer standing at the Bar with the white wand of the Vice-Chamberlain in his hand, all the fine points of his slim, graceful figure brought out by Court uniform. As he advanced towards the table bowing to the Mace thrice with happy mixture of hauteur and friendly condescension, members uncovered and sat bareheaded while he read aloud the Queen's gracious message.

In the case where Sir Henry Campbell-

Bannerman was accused of *lesè-majesté* a fine distinction is perceptible. The Queen's Speech is, we must believe, couched "in her own words," for in reading it in the House of Peers the Lord Chancellor prefaces it with a solemn affirmation to that effect. But when it reaches the Speaker and is read by him it is at second hand, a mere copy of a message formally addressed to and, in the first instance, read to both Houses of Parliament, assembled in another place. Therefore, so purists have ruled, it is no more necessary for members to uncover when they hear a copy of the Speech read by the Speaker than it would be if they came across Mr. Gully seated in the library reading the Speech in an early copy of the *Westminster Gazette*.

It is probably due to the action of the Irish members that the custom has been unnecessarily extended. The large majority of members were so anxious to dissociate themselves from Mr. Biggar and his friends in their bearing towards the Queen, that they were careful to pay her reverence even when there was no call for the tribute. But the *vieille école* of Parliamentarians kept their hats as well as their heads. Mr. Gladstone was not accustomed, with the exception of a brief interval after the General Election of 1874, to bring his hat into the House with him. Therefore he was not put to the test when the question presented itself. Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Lowe, careful to uncover when a message from the Queen was read at the table by the Vice-Chamberlain or Controller of the Household, sat with their hats on whilst on the opening day of the Session the Speaker read the Queen's Speech, having, as he observed, "for greater accuracy obtained a copy."

Sir William Harcourt evades the difficulty by a simple device worthy of an old Parliamentary hand. He is one of the few Ministers or ex-Ministers who habitually wear their hat when seated on either front bench. Sir William, I believe, takes the view of the question advocated by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But there is nothing he shrinks from with such sharp, swift movement as hurting the feelings of others, even through a misunderstanding. He knows that if he, as Leader of the Opposition in the House of Com-



"BOBBY" SPENCER.



mons, kept his hat on, when other members uncover, through the reading of the Queen's Speech, many loyal hearts would be wounded. It might be put right later by an explanation. But why make occasion for explanation?

"So," Sir William says, with genial smile suffusing his benevolent countenance, "when I know the Queen's Speech is going to be read from the Chair, I just leave my hat in my room, and there I am."

A NEW  
DIARY  
OF PARLIA-  
MENT.

In his much-regretted retirement from Parliamentary life, Sir Richard Temple will have the opportunity of revising and completing his diary of "Life in Parliament from 1885 to 1895." Some foretaste of this literary treat was for a year or two enjoyed by the happy constituency of Kingston-on-Thames. During the last Session or two of his Parliamentary career, Sir Richard was accustomed to enrich the columns of a local journal with his account of the week's proceedings in Parliament.

Just as the Leader of the House of Commons writes his nightly letter to the Queen, "humbly informing Her Majesty" how things have fared through the sitting, so the member for Kingston-on-Thames during the last Parliament once a week wrote to his constituency.

These contributions were absorbingly interesting. But they were things quite apart from the diary locked up in the strong room in Sir Richard's eerie on Hampstead Heath. This manuscript volume contains a ruthless record of *la vie intime* of the House of Commons as it was observed through his seven years' servitude by the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Governor of Bombay. The diary will certainly not be published in Sir Richard Temple's life. Possibly, like the Talleyrand Correspondence, it will be withheld from the ken of the public till the generation of contemporaries immediately concerned have passed away. This looks provoking. It is, on the whole, kindly meant.



SIR WILLIAM'S SMILE.



## From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE new invasion of the Soudan recalls to old members of the UN-CONVINCED. House of Commons memories of the sad weeks and months of eleven years ago, when the days passed and resembled each other, inasmuch as they brought sorrowful news from the far-off desert. One of the home stories in which comedy relieved tragedy is about the Duke of Devonshire, at that time Lord Hartington, Secretary of State for War in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. There had been one of the innumerable debates on the Egyptian policy of the Government, to which Lord Hartington contributed a long and weighty speech, justifying the action of his colleagues and himself.

"A most convincing speech," said a Liberal member, who had been a little lukewarm in support of his leaders.

"I wish I had convinced myself," said Lord Hartington, repressing a yawn.

HOW GORDON WENT TO KHARTOUM. A notable feature in the first debate of the current Session on the new movement on Dongola was the speech of Sir Charles Dilke. It was a well-reasoned indictment of the action of the Government, a demonstration alike of the uselessness and the danger of the expedition.

A member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet from 1880 to 1885, who from the Front Opposition Bench listened to this speech, told me he heard it with amazement.

"Dilke," he said, "was largely responsible for sending Gordon to Khartoum, and for all that followed thereupon. Granville and he settled the whole business in the pauses of a quadrille at Waddesdon, the rest of the Cabinet knowing nothing about it till Gordon had received his orders."

This throws a strange light on the problem of how we are governed. To say that the fateful expedition of Gordon was arranged in an interval of a quadrille is doubtless only a picturesque way of putting the fact. It nevertheless clearly means that Lord Granville, then Foreign Secretary, met, under the hospitable roof of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Sir Charles Dilke, at the time of the occupation of Egypt Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and though in 1884 at the Local Government Board, an authority on the Egyptian question; that the two Ministers talked over the suggestion that Gordon should be sent to Khartoum; that they agreed in approving it, and that forthwith Lord Granville placed himself in communication with General Gordon.

Where the marvel comes in is in knowledge that so momentous a step, involving as the event proved the expenditure of millions of money and thousands of lives, should have been settled, not in Cabinet Council, but upon the authority of the Minister within whose department the question fell. The Man in the Street paces his favourite thoroughfare secure in the belief that there are from fourteen to eighteen seasoned statesmen accustomed to meet

at stated intervals in Cabinet Council, where, after mature deliberation, steps fraught with importance to the Empire are decided upon. To learn that in a pause, whether in a polka or a quadrille, the very existence of the Empire may be staked, invests our Government with fresh and painful interest.

It is not quite accurate to describe the sensation as new. In the early days of the present year, when trouble blazed forth in the Transvaal, it was a matter of common



SIR CHARLES DILKE



knowledge that the Cabinet did not hold regular meetings. Mr. Chamberlain occasionally called in a friendly way on Lord Salisbury, and went back to the Colonial Office to dispatch critical messages to the Cape. It was said at the time of the famous despatch in which the Colonial Secretary suggested to President Kruger the adoption of Home Rule as the only possible panacea for unrest at Johannesburg, his colleagues in the Cabinet were made aware of its purport only when, in common with other dispensers of the potential penny, they bought a morning newspaper.

That may, of course, be a fable. The authority for the story of how Gordon went to Khartoum stamps it as a fact.

Thus far a natural tendency to EXTINCT self-effacement has prevented VOLCANOES. discovery amongst new members of original gifts in the way either of painting or poesy. In the one art, Sir Frank Lockwood and Colonel Saunderson, whom the House is coming to regard as very old members, remain unrivalled, whilst Sir Wilfrid Lawson has none to dispute with him the Parliamentary Poet Laureateship.

It is additional evidence of the depressing effect of an overwhelming majority that none of these men of genius has *this Session* done anything brilliant. Colonel Saunderson has been very little with us, his gallant spirit unable to brook the monotony of proceedings governed by a majority of 150. Sir Frank Lockwood, relieved from the engagement of his Solicitor-Generalship under two Ministries, usually looks in between the rising of the Courts and the spreading of the dinner-cloth. He occasionally finds



"SPOILING FOR A FIGHT."

AN OLD  
MASTER.

A former member of the House of Commons, more prolific of poesy even than Sir Wilfrid Lawson, was Mr. Warton. There were pauses in his Parliamentary career when, sitting silent with snuff-box in one hand and blazing bandana in the other, the member for Bridport, in the Parliament of 1880-5, refrained from interrupting Mr. Gladstone or howling at the sight of an Irish member on his legs. It was known in such rare circumstances that he was composing. Possibly—to

be more exact—he was when thus discovered putting the finishing touches to immortal work: shaping ends already rough-hewn. He lived at Clapham, and going to and from Westminster in the retirement of a crowded 'bus or overloaded tram, he withdrew within himself and began to hammer out verse which, after long brooding on his seat in the House of Commons, he was wont to write out a few copies of for distribution.

Once at least he recited a piece of his own composing for



THE PARLIAMENTARY POET LAUREATE.



the delight of an entranced House. It was during debate on the precursor of many Irish Land Bills. Much turned upon the principle in the Bill that came to be known as the "Three F's." Sir Stafford Northcote, momentarily overcoming his mildness of critical manner, filled out these initials into the words, Fraud, Force, and Folly. Mr. Warton, inspired by this irruption from an unexpected quarter, forthwith dropped into poetry. One night he recited a long screeled, of which only one verse lingers in the memory. It will serve as a fair specimen:—

Fraud to steal what's not their own ;  
Forced to keep all they can bone ;  
Folly sees no crime thus shown ;  
Fraud and Force and Folly.

THE TRAGEDY OF PICKERING PHIPPS.  
Mr. Warton once, at least, did much better. He wrote a verse that will really scan, and is not lacking in the point and polish of epigram. It came about this way. In this same Parliament Mr. Pickering Phipps sat as member for South Northamptonshire. He was a fleshy man, big-boned withal, devout, and a brewer. However late the House may have sat (and in that Parliament it not infrequently sat all night) Mr. Pickering Phipps, enthroned by the domestic hearth, commenced the following day with family prayer.

One evening he, amongst the most constant attendants of the House, was not present. Continued absence led to inquiry, which resulted in discovery that the honourable member had met with a serious accident. Going down on his knees in morning prayer he broke his leg. The incident led to much sympathetic comment in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, and at other social gatherings of members. Mr. Warton broke forth into verse, as thus:—

With upturned eyes and quivering lips,  
Wrestled with Satan Pickering Phipps ;  
But when he ceased for grace to beg,  
The Devil came and broke his leg.

So great was the success of this *jeu d'esprit* that it moved, of all men in the world, Mr. Childers into poetry. He capped Mr. Warton's verse with the following:—

In Pickering Phipps's case discern  
A lesson it were well to learn :  
'Tis not enough our prayers to say,  
But we must watch as well as pray.

There is no doubt which of the two stanzas is the better. It is only fair to remember that Mr. Childers was a 'prentice hand, whilst Mr. Warton was a regular passenger by the Clapham 'bus, and mused

nightly, in company with his snuff-box and bandana, on a back bench below the gangway.

The pity of it is that Sir George SIR GEORGE Trevelyan has laid down the pen TREVELYAN, which nearly thirty years ago flashed forth pointed, polished verse that charmed undergrads at Cambridge, and, with some personal modifications, delighted the Dons. Since then Sir George has written one of the three best biographies in the language. He has risen to Cabinet rank in the political world, and grew grey in service at the Irish Office. But he has never done anything better in their way than his "Ladies in Parliament," his "Horace at Athens," and other verses written whilst he wore cap and gown at Cambridge.

"The Ladies in Parliament" was written during the lively times that followed on the rejection of the Reform Bill of 1866. "A Fragment After the Manner of an Old Athenian Comedy" is its descriptive subtitle. The scene is laid at the south-east angle of Berkeley Square, where congregate a number of ladies. To them Lady Matilda (*loquiter*):—

I think we're just enough to form a House,  
And, as for Speaker, I have seldom seen a  
More proper person than our friend Selina.  
You, Charley, fetch the roller from the square,  
And prop it up to represent her Chair ;  
Some pebbles underneath will keep it steady.

GAY : But where's the wig ?

LADY MATILDA : She's got one on already.

This last line, though written by an undergraduate, has all the malice of a full-grown man. It peeps forth again in the perfectly irregular remarks of the 1st and 2nd ladies:—

1ST LADY : As from her agitation I imply  
Matilda means to catch the Speaker's eye.  
We used to notice, while together waiting  
Behind the bars of Lord Charles Russell's grating,  
That on the verge of any fine display,  
Men twist their feet in that uneasy way.

2ND LADY : She's rising now and taking off her  
bonnet,

And probably will end by sitting on it.  
For oft, as sad experiences teach,  
The novice, trembling from his maiden speech,  
Drops flustered in his place, and crushes flat  
His innocent and all-unconscious hat.  
And my poor husband spoiled an evening suit  
By plumping down amidst a heap of fruit  
Which some admiring friend, his thirst to quench,  
Had peeled beside him on the Treasury Bench.

In a lilting chorus strung on the swinging metre of Aristophanes, the hoary-headed, seared-hearted undergraduate contrasts old times with the present, of course to the discredit of the latter. "But now," he laments—



But now the Press has squeamish grown and thinks  
 invective rash ;  
 And telling hits no longer lurk 'neath asterisk and  
 dash ;  
 And poets deal in epithets as soft as skeins of silk,  
 Nor dream of calling silly lords a curd of ass's milk.  
 And satirists confine their art to cutting jokes on  
 Beales,  
 Or *snap* like angry puppies round a mightier Tribune's  
 heels.  
 Discussing whether he can scan and understand the  
 lines  
 About the wooden Horse of Troy, and when and  
 where he dines.  
 Though gentlemen should blush to talk as if they  
 cared a button,  
 Because one night in Chesham Place he ate his slice  
 of mutton.

The reference to the wooden horse of Troy lives, like the Cave of Adullam and the terrier, so woolly that it was hard to tell which was the head and which the tail, among the few sentences that keep green the memory of the great debate. The reference to Mr. Bright eating his slice of mutton in Chesham Place refers to the malevolent gossip that filled the clubs of London when it was made known that Lord Russell had actually entertained the sturdy Commoner at dinner in his private house.

Another dinner, the dinner in Hall, suggests polished verse in another metre :—

We still consume, with mingled shame and grief,  
 Veal that is tottering on the verge of beef ;  
 Veal void of stuffing, widowed of its ham ;  
 Or the roast shoulder of an ancient ram.

This, from "Horace at the University of Athens," echoes over the chasm of thirty years the voice of the disappointed undergraduate as he discovers what once more is served for dinner.

Trevelyan of Trinity has long laid aside the poet's pen, to the loss of the House of Commons and the world. "As far as verse is concerned, I'm petered out," he says, unconsciously lapsing into undergraduate phrase. Still, there lingers with this born and cultured man of letters the passion for the desk. Possibly—I am glad to think probably—the cool shade of opposition, promising to prevail over the next five years, may yield fruit in succession to those rich plums, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," and "The Early Life of Charles James Fox."

I have received from various SIR JOHN parts of the country something MOWBRAY. like fourscore letters calling my attention to an odd slip of the pen in the March number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Writing about the Duke of Devonshire's first taking his seat in the House of Commons, I numbered Sir John Mowbray among the few men still living, though not in

the House, who may have watched the young member for North Lancashire advance to take the oath. The cloud of witnesses remind me that Sir John is happily still with us. Last of all, in the rear of the long list of correspondents, comes Sir John also. "I am there now in my eleventh Parliament," he modestly mentions, "and still take an active part as Chairman of two Committees on Standing Orders and Selection, posts which I have filled for twenty-three years. Pray pardon my mentioning this."

I really cannot say how I came momentarily to forget the member for Oxford University. One familiar with the House of Commons might almost as easily forget the Speaker in his chair or the Serjeant-at-Arms by the cross-benches. Sir John is one of the oldest and most-esteemed members. Forty-three years ago this very month of June he was returned for the City of Durham, which he represented till the great *débâcle* of 1868, when he was returned for Oxford University, a seat he holds to this day.

He ranges himself on the Conservative side, but enjoys in equal degree the esteem of all sections of the party opposite. Whenever any procedure especially involving the dignity of the House of Commons is to the fore, Sir John Mowbray is certain to be invited to take prominent part in it. His unique position is indicated by the fact that in the closing days of the Home Rule Parliament he moved the election of Sir Matthew White Ridley to the vacant Speaker's Chair and was beaten in the division lobby. In the following year, when the Unionists came



MR. H. MATTHEWS AS A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.



back in overwhelming majority, it was Sir John Mowbray who was put forward to propose the re-election of Mr. Gully.

At this present time of writing, SIR JOHN rumour of the appointment of Sir GORST. John Gorst as successor to Sir

Hercules Robinson in the High Commissionership of South Africa is met by official protestation that Sir Hercules does not mean to retire. That may be the truth of the hour. But it is exceedingly probable that before the year has sped Sir Hercules Robinson will be back in London, and by no means improbable that Sir John Gorst will reign at Cape Town in his stead.

Such an event would be the Empire's gain and the loss of the House of Commons. There are few keener debaters than Sir John. The marvel to those familiar with the position he has won for himself in the most critical Assembly in the world is that his progress up the Ministerial ladder has not passed beyond the modest range of the vice-presidency of the Council. Amongst other things, Sir John, with his Parliamentary instinct, his wide knowledge, his industry, his patience, and his tact, would have made a model Leader of the House.

There was a period not far back when it seemed that Sir John Gorst's merits were about to receive due recognition. It was in the Session of 1889, at which time Mr. Henry Matthews's unpopularity at the Home Office was in one of its recurrent flushes. His appreciative colleagues in the Cabinet were unanimous in desire to see him promoted to a Lord Justiceship of Appeal, and it was agreed that Sir John Gorst should succeed him as Home Secretary.

Whilst this little arrangement was hatching Sir Hercules Robinson, then Governor of the Cape, announced his desire to be relieved of the post. It was offered to Sir John Gorst, who, having this larger quarry in view, declined it, and Sir Henry Loch was inducted.

Shortly after Sir John Gorst discovered that, in snatching at the shadow of the Home Secretaryship, he had lost the cheese of the Colonial Governorship. Mr. Henry Matthews remained at the Home Office, and Sir John Gorst tarried at the India Office, constantly to comfort Lord Cross, and one night to delight the House of Commons with his Manipur speech.

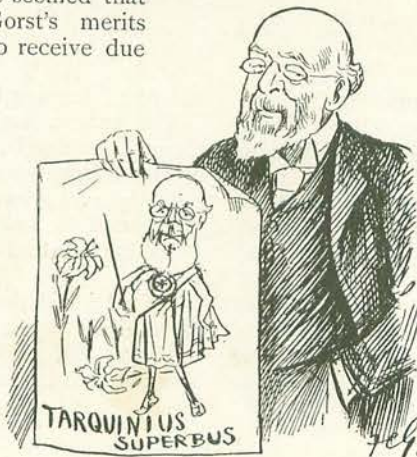
When things go wrong in social or domestic life there is instinctive obedience to the spiteful injunction *cherchez la femme*. When things go awry on the Unionist side, whether in Parliament or general politics, there is a disposition to put the matter down to the account of Mr. Chamberlain. The rule does not fail in this respect. It is said Mr. Chamberlain objected to the promotion of Mr. Matthews to the peerage on the ground that at this political crisis an election in Birmingham would be inconvenient.

That is a matter on which I have no personal knowledge. But I vouch for the accuracy of the other portions of the narrative.

I suppose, UNDERPAID taking them WORKMEN. all round, Her Majesty's Ministers are the most underpaid of British workmen. The highest salary is the £10,000 a year the Lord Chancellor draws, and that is in respect of a dual office. The actual salary of the Lord Chancellor is £6,000 a year, the



SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.



SIR JOHN GORST ON MANIPUR.



balance being due as Speaker of the House of Lords. It is pretty certain that no lawyer ever accepted a seat on the Woolsack without making pecuniary sacrifice. The same remark holds good with respect to the Law Officers of the Crown.

At the Bar barristers are, in accordance with ancient usage, forbidden to accept a brief amounting to less than a golden sovereign. On the Western Circuit there is a tradition how Serjeant Davey, whilst still a stuff-gownsmen, was called to account for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a prisoner. In his defence Davey said, "I took all the poor devil had in the world, and I hope you don't call *that* unprofessional."

In the same spirit of generous compromise the Lord Chancellor takes all the Treasury provides in the way of payment and learns not to regret the two, three, or perhaps five thousand pounds more he made in fees whilst still in practice at the Bar.

The case of  
A HARD Sir William  
CASE. Harcourt, on  
which I

happen to have some precise information, will illustrate the position. When he resigned his practice at the Parliamentary Bar in order to enter upon political life he was earning £14,000 a year. It was in December, 1868, that he entered the House of Commons, as representative of the City of Oxford. Up to December last his servitude covers a period of twenty-seven years. Supposing he had not improved on a position gained whilst a comparatively young man, Sir William would, in this more than a quarter of a century, have netted £378,000. I believe it will come very near the mark if estimate of his receipt of Ministerial salary, within that time, is put at £45,000.

That is an instance where circumstances by chance make it possible to arrive at a pretty accurate comparison. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, whilst it would not be difficult

to set forth his approximate aggregate Ministerial salary drawn during his sixty-three years of Parliamentary life, the sum of what he might have earned in one of half-a-dozen professions outside of politics can be only faintly imagined.

Q.C., M.P., tells me a true story infinitely full of pathos. A fort-TRAGEDY. night ago, a letter reached him in the handwriting of an old college friend, telling a pitiful story of a stranded life. The writer had been called to the Bar, hoping some day to land on the judicial bench, even if he did not reach the Woolsack. He had no influence and very little money. No business came his way. But he held on through long years, patiently hoping that some day his chance would come. Now he was sick, probably unto death, and had no money to buy food or medicine.

His old friend promptly sent a remittance, which was gratefully acknowledged. At the end of a fortnight it occurred to him that he would call on the sick man and see what more he might do to help him. Arrived at the address, the door was opened by a lady-like woman, still young, pretty in spite of the pinching of poverty. He gave his name and announced his errand. Whereat the lady, bursting into a passion of tears, told him he was too late. Her husband had died that morning.

"Would you like to see him?" she asked, wistfully.

The two walked upstairs to a small front room. On the bed lay the body of a man of about forty years of age, fully dressed in the wig and gown of a barrister. In his right hand he held a bundle of foolscap.

"What is that?" the old friend whispered.

"That," said the widow, "is the only brief he received in the course of nineteen years' waiting. He asked me to dress him thus, and put it in his hand when he was dead."



IF HE HAD STUCK TO THE BAR.