



A WONDERFUL PARLIAMENTARY PORTFOLIO

AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR J. BENJAMIN
STONE, M.P.

BY ARCHIBALD CROMWELL.

Illustrated with Unique Photographs.

HAVING heard of the remarkable collection of Parliamentary Photographs which Sir John Benjamin Stone had taken during the last Session, I determined to see and hear for myself how the member for East Birmingham had achieved his work. Sir Benjamin invited me to pay a visit to his home at Erdington, and so on a recent fine morning I left Euston for Birmingham with high hopes which were more than realised.

A few words may be given to introduce Sir Benjamin Stone to the wider circle of WINDSOR readers. To Birmingham folks the worthy knight needs no introduction, for with that city he, a native of it, has been linked all his life. He is the son of Mr. Benjamin Stone, of Aston Manor, and is in his fifty-ninth year. He was educated at Birmingham Grammar School, and was for several years the head of one of those great commercial enterprises for which Birmingham is famed. But he has always cherished an unquenchable love of travel, combined with that interest in science and archaeology which makes travel especially delightful to the intellectual man. Sir Benjamin has in this way

JANUARY, 1898.



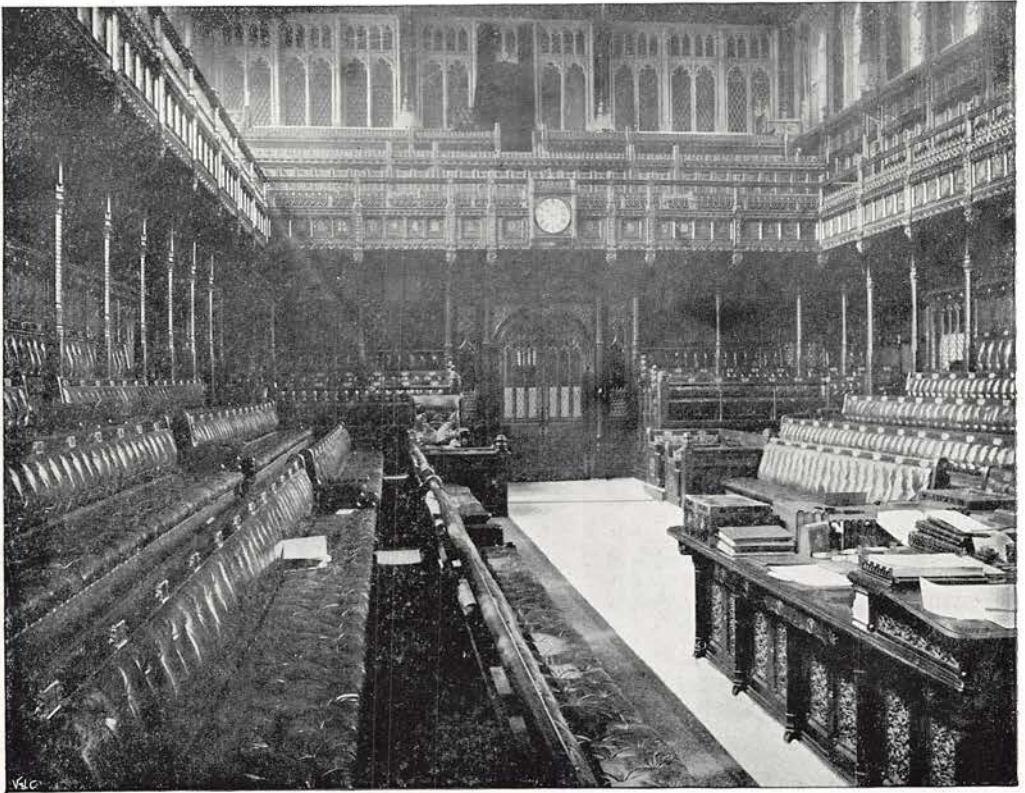
From a photo by]

SIR J. BENJAMIN STONE, M.P.

[Passano.

become acquainted with Japan, China, Asia Minor, the West Indies, the Straits Settlements, and other parts of the world, including, of course, the countries of Europe. There are many amusing reminiscences of these tours, such as the story told me by Miss Stone, of an energetic native Zulu who gladly ran sixty miles for ten shillings to carry a message saying the party would not arrive at a certain place! One result of his journeys has been some capital volumes, in which he has wielded the pen of a ready

politician. But he has also played an important part in the political work of the Midlands. He was one of the energetic founders of the Primrose League, in conjunction with Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Lord Randolph Churchill, and others, and has long been a leader of the Conservative party in Birmingham. The late Colonel Fred Burnaby, who contested Birmingham in 1880, was a particular friend of Sir Benjamin, who often entertained him at "The Grange" and heard the thrilling stories



THE OPPOSITION BENCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

writer. Another literary effort deals with the history of Lichfield Cathedral. He is a Fellow of the Linnæan, Astronomical, Geological, and Geographical Societies, and his long interest and skill in photography has led to his becoming President of the Birmingham Photographic Society. In this capacity, he has delivered several valuable addresses to the members.

In the foregoing sentences I have been considering Sir Benjamin as a traveller, a writer, and a scientist, rather than as a

of his daring achievements. In 1895 Sir Benjamin was induced to contest East Birmingham, and was returned unopposed, a tribute not only to the strength of the Unionist party in that division, but also to the popularity of the candidate. In municipal work, too, he has been busy, having held the office of Mayor of Sutton Coldfield from 1886 to 1890; and, to complete this brief summary, I may add that he is a Justice of the Peace for the county of Warwick.



Arthur James Balfour . 7. 2. 1905

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.
(Leader of the House of Commons; M.P. for East Manchester.)

"The Grange," the home of Sir Benjamin Stone, lies in a picturesque suburb of Birmingham. It was pleasant to exchange the crowded streets of the city, with the continual rush of steam trams, for the quiet

where Cardinal Newman lived for some years. "The Grange" is full of delightful treasures gathered by Sir Benjamin on his many travels in all quarters of the globe, yet the handsome rooms never impress you as over-crowded. The house would delight the eye of all lovers of the beautiful, for its decoration and arrangement are alike pleasing.

It was upstairs in Sir Benjamin's study that we had our chat. I had previously had the pleasure of enjoying Lady Stone's charming hospitality at luncheon, and of meeting two other members of the family, Miss Stone and Mr. Stone, who acts as his father's private secretary. I must describe the room in which our chat took place, for it had one or two special features. A fine, lofty, oak-panelled apartment, with a splendid amount of light, it is the ideal of a studio. In this room there are no less than 25,000 photographs, all carefully annotated and arranged, the result of many years' interest in art and archaeology on the part of Sir Benjamin. On the walls are many evidences of the esteem in which the owner of "The Grange" is held by his neighbours and friends, for I could not help noticing illuminated addresses presented to him at different periods in his career. But it was with the contents of one table that I was chiefly concerned. Piles of beautifully mounted photographs of Members of Parliament, officials of the House, and portions of the stately pile of buildings called the "Palace of Westminster," were there neatly arranged. Turning over these, while we discussed them, I spent a very pleasant hour.

"In the first place, Sir Benjamin, when did you take the Members' portraits, for I always

understood they were such busy men?"

"Well," my host replied smiling, "I usually managed to secure not a sitting, but a *standing*, from them just prior to the meeting of the House in the afternoon. I would place

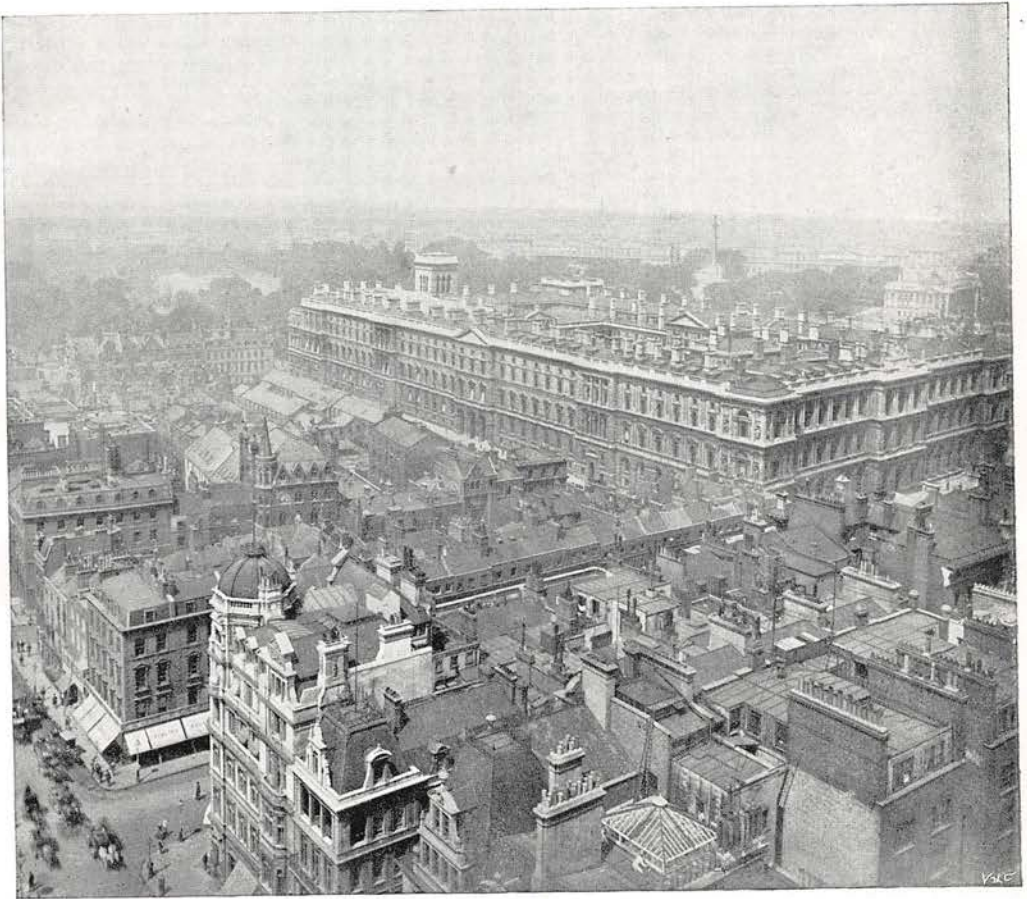


THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.
(Secretary for the Colonies; M.P. for West Birmingham.)

country road which led me to Erdington. Not very far from the house stands the Mason Orphanage, a noble memorial to the Birmingham philanthropist whose name it bears. Then about a mile away is Oscott,

my camera on the terrace, opposite a certain archway, which you will notice recurs again and again in the photographs, and then persuade my friends to allow me to photograph them. I may say it did not need much persuasion in most cases, as after a little while Members got interested in my scheme, and were only too ready to accede to my request. One Member would be photographed, then he would call to another,

people thought I was, with the likeness of Mr. Chamberlain and his son Austen. Of course, some men are better subjects than others, and there was a lack of formality and posing about our proceedings which has given in some cases almost a humorous touch to the portrait. Occasionally, too, a smile would be produced on the face of a Member by a remark from a bystander, such as when Mr. Jesse Collings was requested 'to think



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LONDON.

(Photographed from the Clock Tower, Westminster.)

who, perhaps, was quite a stranger to me, and he in turn would induce someone else, and so on. For instance, I should not have obtained the portraits of Mr. Michael Davitt if it had not been for the kindness of Mr. Chamberlain, who, seeing Mr. Davitt, asked me if he had been photographed. 'I will ask him myself to come,' and he did, with the result that you see before you. I was very pleased to be so successful, as most

of the Cow!' There was never any need for the usual photographer's advice to 'assume a pleased expression,' I am happy to say."

"You must have had many interesting little incidents in connection with this work, I presume?"

"Yes; for one thing, it has made me acquainted with a great number of my Parliamentary colleagues who previously were only known to me by name. After

photographing them, they have been most anxious to see the result. It was quite amusing for me to open the parcel of newly-arrived prints and hand them round to a group on the terrace. I used to have the negatives printed rapidly, so there was only a little interval between being photographed and seeing the result. The greeting, 'What

Treasury'—you know how modest he is. But at last he was persuaded, although he revenged himself by contracting the title, as you will notice. I think the Members' signatures make a respectable series of autographs. Don't you? The standard of handwriting is certainly pretty high in the House of Commons, as judged by these

signatures. Although I have procured about 250 Members' portraits, I am hoping to continue the work next Session, and complete the whole set. There are several of the prominent men who have yet to favour me. For instance, Sir William Harcourt has promised, and Mr. John Dillon's objections to figure in what he thought was to be a Jubilee memento have been overcome, for on the last day of the Session he consented to allow his portrait to be included. Another member declined, for a different reason, to be photographed, but I have hopes of him. Some portraits, such as that of Mr. Goschen, give one quite a new opinion of well-known faces. The photo of Mr. Mundella was taken only a few days before his death, and is of particular interest on that account, as well as because it is such a true likeness."

"I was going to ask you, Sir Benjamin, where you put your failures, for all these that I have seen seem to me to be successes?"

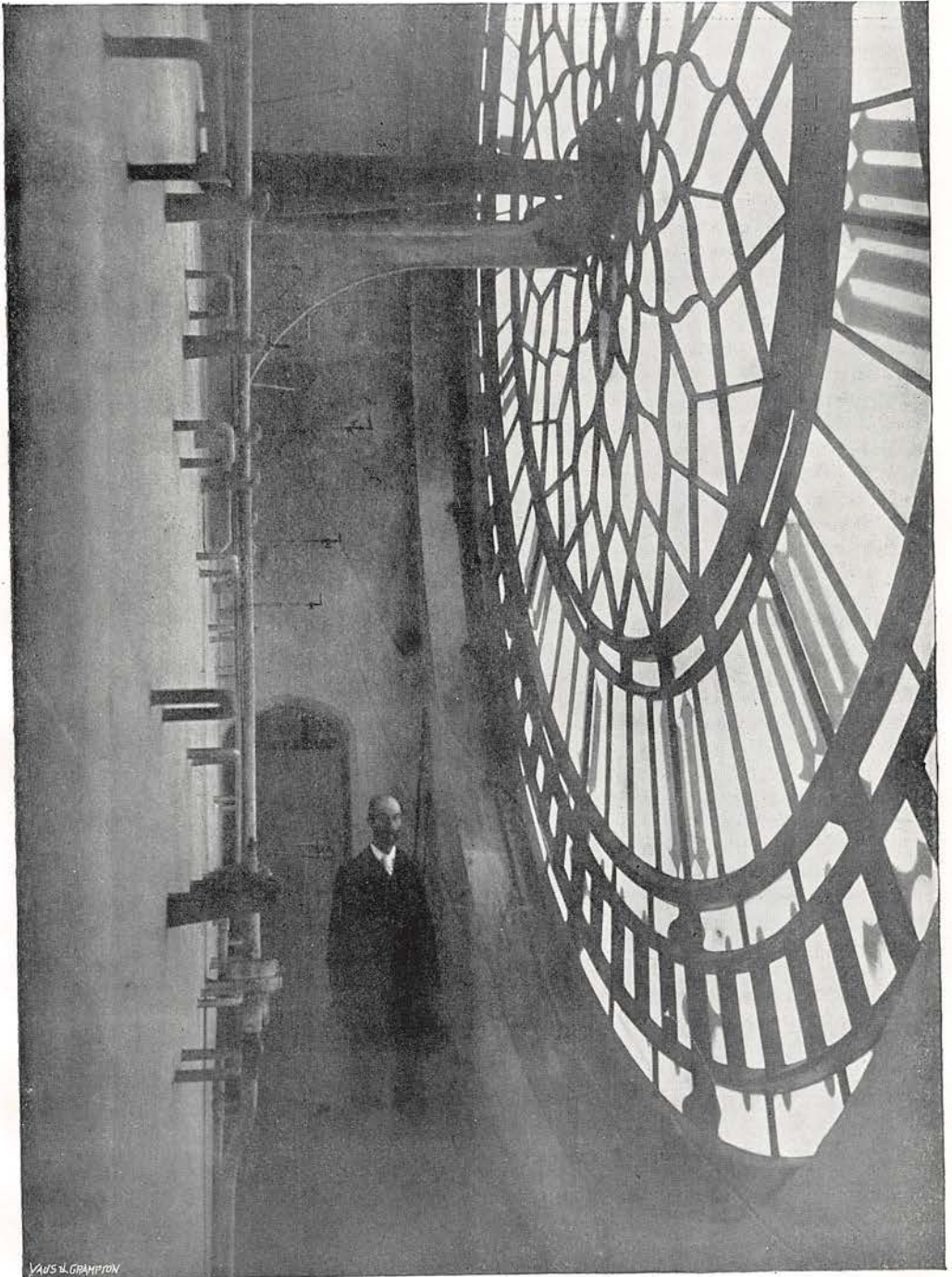
"Well, I have been very successful, I fancy, with the majority of my portraits, partly for the reason that I have only detained the subject for a minute or two. Your ordinary photographer, with his arranging the sitter, clamping the head, suggesting a pose, and in other ways exhausting the patience and time, does not succeed



A. J. Mundella

THE LATE RIGHT HON A. J. MUNDELLA.

men have you photographed to-day?' got to be quite a usual one, and I was much aided by the progressive interest taken in the matter. Additional value and pleasure have been given to the photographs by the autographs appended to them. I recollect Mr. Balfour was very averse to signing his official designation, 'First Lord of the



INNER VIEW OF THE DIAL OF THE CLOCK TOWER, SHOWING THE IMMENSE SIZE OF THE FACE OF "BIG BEN."

so well in getting a portrait. That leads me to say that portraits we rarely do see, in the strict sense of the word. Photographers aim



MR. HENRY MORTON STANLEY.
(M.P. for North Lambeth.)

at pictures, and retouch the negatives to such an extent that the result may be flattering, but not always true."

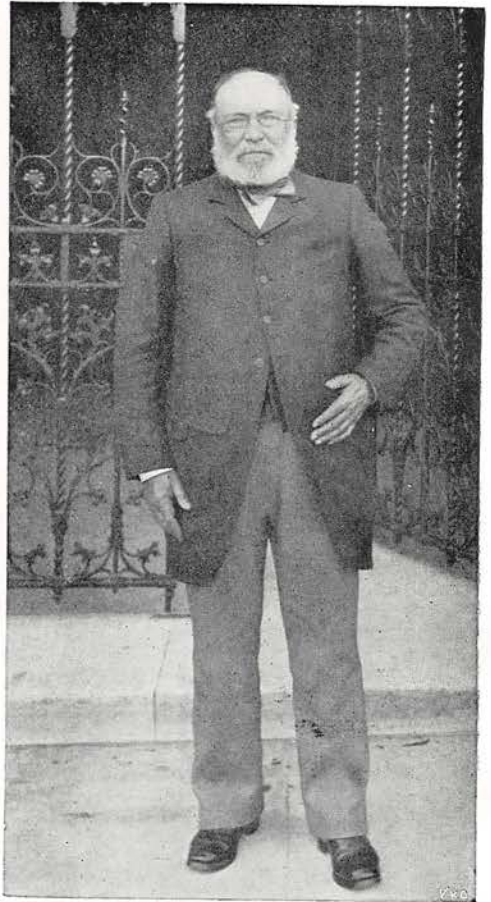
"How did you begin your photography at the House of Commons?"

"The work has only been accomplished with considerable difficulty, and, I fancy, could only have been done by a Member of Parliament. As it was, I had to apply to a number of officials for permission to photograph. First there was the Lord Great Chamberlain, who courteously answered my request in the affirmative; next, I had to apply to Mr. Akers-Douglas, who is the First Commissioner of Works. Then

there was the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, the two Police Inspectors, and many others who had authority in the Houses of Parliament. But after a while the way was clear for me to commence operations, and very soon everyone became most kind and even enthusiastic in aiding my efforts."

"What was your first idea?"

"To take the portraits of some of my fellow-members of Parliament. But after I had begun, the notion of making a more thorough photographic record, which should have historic interest, caused me to extend my former plan. So now I have not only about three hundred portraits of members and officials, but also several fine photographs of parts of the Houses of Parliament which are unique. And this latter work



Joseph Arch M P

MR. JOSEPH ARCH.
(M.P. for North-West Norfolk.)

has given me, as an archæologist, peculiar pleasure. I have been rewarded by many important discoveries in certain unfrequented parts of the Houses, but to discuss these will hardly come within the scope of our present conversation."

Sir Benjamin showed me, nevertheless, some of the photographs to which he had just alluded. One of them was of the death warrant of Charles I. Some erasures are made clear by the photograph, and substantiate the theory that all whose signatures are attached to the warrant were not actually present on the day when it was signed. Another curious "find" which Sir Benjamin discovered in the possession of the Clerk of the Works was a plan of Westminster Hall as arranged for the trial of the King. The photo which we reproduce of the interior of the dial of "Big Ben" is very interesting as showing the enormous size of the clock. Just below this room are the apartments where Mr. Bradlaugh was housed. I recollect hearing of the mental distress which the noise of Big Ben caused the late Member for Northampton.

From the Clock Tower Sir Benjamin succeeded in taking the fine bird's-eye view of London which is shown on another page.

"I am glad you did not limit yourself to portraits only."

"Interesting as they were, I found the photographing of different parts of the House still more enjoyable. Here is a view of the interior of the House, taken from the Opposition side. You may often have seen photos giving a view looking down from the gallery, but this is more detailed. By the way, I must mention the special kindness of the Speaker, with whose portrait I hope to make a better success next Session; I have taken one photo of him in his robes, but it was not a very good light at the time. He has also permitted me to photo the interior of the Speaker's house, which contains many pictures of past occupants of the Chair. Of course, you recognise the mace which was carried in front of the procession when the faithful Commons went to St. Margaret's Church. And here is a portrait of our Chaplain, Canon Basil Wilberforce."

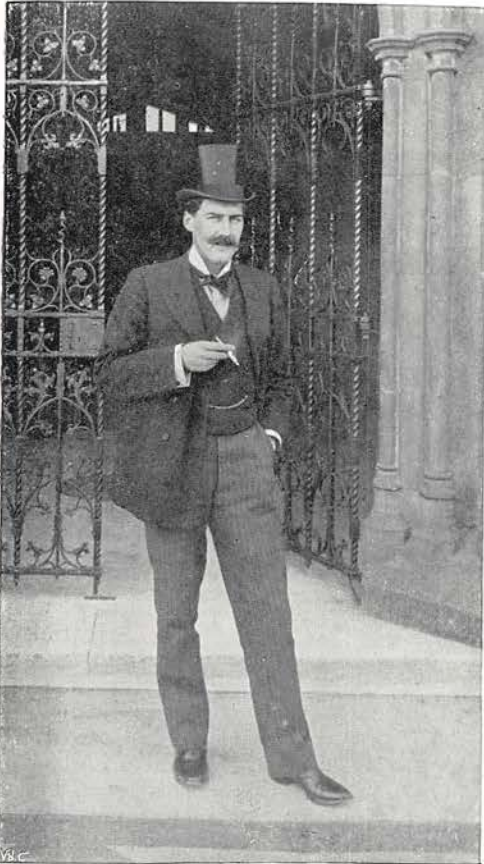


Michael Davitt

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.
(M.P. for South Mayo.)

"That leads me to ask about the famous visit to Buckingham Palace."

"Oh, that was really a ridiculously hurried



Balcarras
M.P. Chorley Division July 1897.

LORD BALCARRAS.

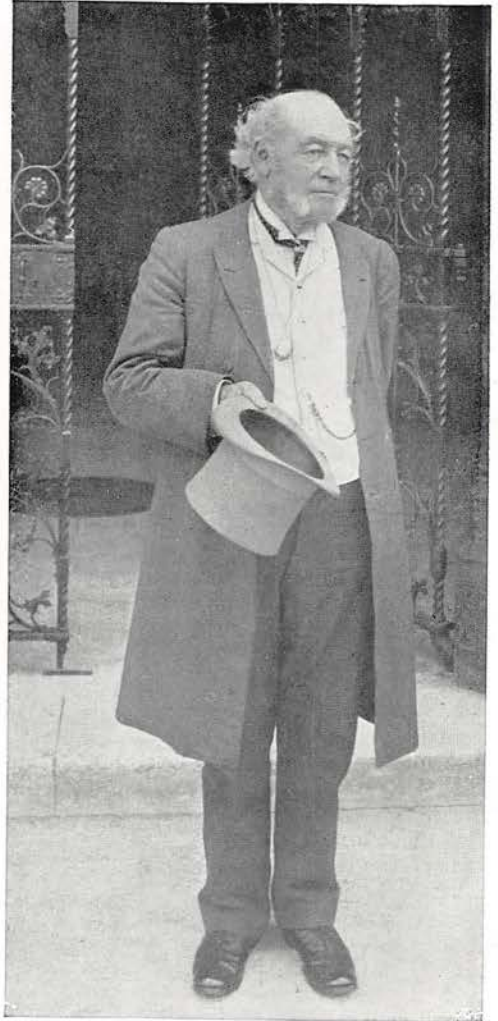
(M.P. for Chorley Division of Lancashire.)

affair. It was due, doubtless, to the officials' desire to spare the Queen fatigue. But it was a complete failure as regards dignity and impressiveness. We had a story in circulation that one woman asked another what was the Speaker's coach and the crowd following it, to which the reply was, 'Barney Barnato's funeral, of course!' I happened to be in the first flight of Members, but by the time we had reached the top of the staircase at the Palace, Mr. Speaker was on his way down again! However, the garden party at Windsor—the 'Windsor Consolation Stakes,' as Lord Rosebery wittily called it—fully atoned for the muddle at Buckingham Palace."

"It was a most delightful function," interposed Lady Stone, "and excellently organised. Everybody was in the best of spirits, and thoroughly enjoyed it, while the Queen was graciousness itself."

"By the way, Sir Benjamin, you have not confined your camera work to the House of Commons and its members?"

"No; I have included generally anybody or any subject connected with the two Houses. You will find several peers' portraits, though in every case they are of



MR. J. CARVELL WILLIAMS.

(M.P. for Mansfield Division of Nottinghamshire.)

men who were once M.P.'s. I have photographed also some of your friends in the Press gallery, the recording angels to whose

ability we and the public owe so much. Then there are portraits of the clerks at the table, who know so much more than any Member of the House about its procedure; and other officials, like Inspector Horsley, find a place. One day Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, for so long a member of the famous 'Fourth Party,' arrived from Madrid, where he is British ambassador, and I took the opportunity of photographing him. I got a very pretty picture of 'tea on the terrace' one afternoon, and a good number of views of the Houses of Parliament from the other side of the water. In the House of Lords I photographed the Strangers' Gallery, showing the beautiful pictures that are frequently ignored. The picture of the map-room will be new to most of the public, who are unaware of the large number of apartments in the House of Lords. It was not easy to get opportunity to photograph the Queen's robing-room, but I was well rewarded by the good result."

"With all these hundreds of prints, you will soon exhaust all the subjects."

"It would take long to do that; but certainly they are accumulating fast. I have two prints of each portrait. One is auto-graphed and retained by me; the other I present to the subject. I am hoping to complete my self-ordained task next Session."

"You are interested in photography especially as an archaeologist, I believe?"

"Yes, my love of antiquarian research led me in the first place to become a photographer. It was in this way: I rarely could procure from professional photographers the

pictures of interesting places which I had visited in different parts of the world, and, in consequence, I decided to become a photographer myself. It is most curious how the professional photographer may live for years in a town or village full of interesting subjects, but will go on printing photos of the

most obvious and ordinary places, such as the Town Hall, the High Street, etc., neglecting the opportunity of recording by means of the camera various events and incidents which transpire in even the quietest neighbourhood. Every village has a history which might be preserved by means of the camera. That is the object of our County Photographic Surveys, which are endeavouring to cover various parts of England by amateur efforts. My own county, Warwickshire, has a very large task before it, because it is so rich in places of historic importance like Stratford-on-Avon. But if every county had a band of zealous photographers with archaeological knowledge, or acting under the guidance of archaeologists, they would be preparing for the future historian a great mass of material which, deposited in each county museum, would be easily accessible and of the greatest value.

I look upon photo-

graphy as being specially useful in correcting history. It is marvellous how soon after an event a clear, accurate account of it cannot be obtained. If a photograph were taken of it, and the names of the persons engaged in the transaction were clearly added to the photograph, it would be a permanent and absolute witness. I have continually spoken



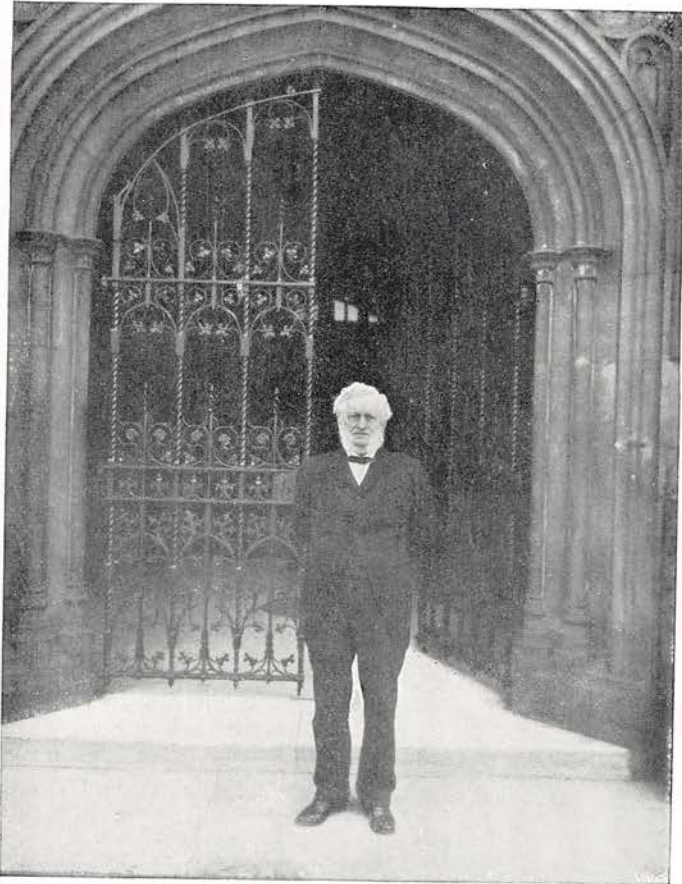
John Burns

MR. JOHN BURNS.
(M.P. for Battersea.)

to meetings of amateur photographers upon this point, and a great deal of progress has, I am glad to say, been made in the right direction. The photographing of curious documents, of church registers, and of treasures which could not be removed from where they are placed, affords the intelligent amateur great scope for the use of his camera."

Since this interview took place I was glad to notice that a National Photographic Record Association has been formed, with Sir Benjamin Stone as president, for the very purposes just mentioned.

Having already occupied a good deal of Sir Benjamin's time, I felt that it would be ungracious to tax his kindness further, so bade him good-bye, impressed by the enthusiasm, swayed by method and real love of history, which characterised what is, after all, only the recreation of a very busy Member of Parliament. Three hours later I was hearing "Big Ben" strike the hour, and was gazing at the stately Palace of Westminster, where Sir Benjamin has been pursuing his most interesting and valuable work.



Jesse Collings

RIGHT HON. JESSE COLLINGS.
(M.P. for Bordesley Division of Birmingham.)

Next month a further selection from Sir Benjamin Stone's remarkable series of Parliamentary photographs will be given, with a special article by a Member of Parliament.



A CHAT ABOUT ITS CONTENTS.

By WALFORD D. GREEN, M.P.

Illustrated by Sir Benjamin Stone's Photographs.



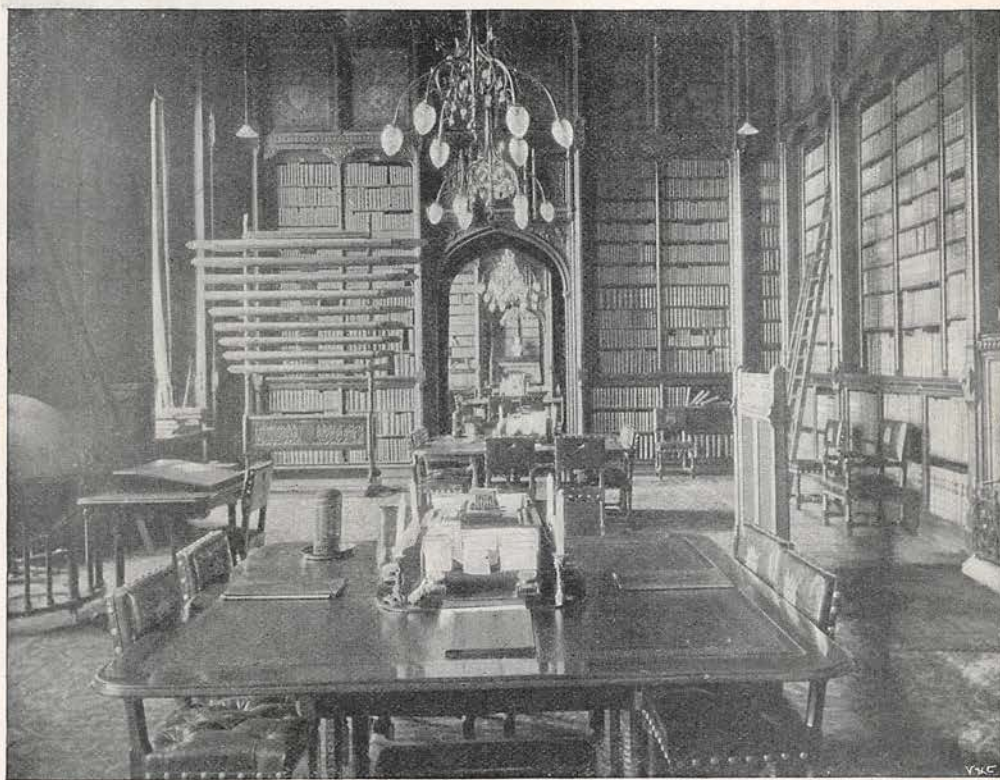
SIR BENJAMIN STONE possesses that often-discussed attribute of genius—the infinite capacity for taking pains. It is no light task to photograph a Parliament, but his portfolio shows that he has almost completed the labour. Last Session his camera was many times upon the terrace, and Member after Member stood before it to be pictured in a senatorial attitude, amid senatorial surroundings, with an expression of profundity upon his face. Only those who have sought by much study of records and relics to revive the dead days, to picture the past as it was, know how interesting such a collection as this may become to the student of, say, the twenty-first century. There are common or garden Members of Parliament, who are vastly unimportant persons except to their families and constituents—whose most vital importance, in fact, is that they carry a possible bye-election in their wallet; but it would be rash to say of any man that the romance of destiny will never make him famous. Sir Benjamin Stone comes with his camera and helps the average Member to cheat oblivion, sends him down to posterity in this portfolio cheek by jowl with the great, wise and eminent who, like himself, are Members of the House of Commons.

Possibly Macaulay's New Zealander in person will find among the ruins of London these pictures of senators in senatorial attitudes, amid senatorial surroundings, with an expression of profundity upon their faces.

Certainly Sir Benjamin is well fitted for his task. There are few professional photographers who know their art better than he knows it. He is an antiquarian, and antiquarians of the far future will thank him for his great photographic survey of England as it is known to us. It is not only Parliament which he is "collecting"; for example, he has already taken a series of pictures in Westminster Abbey—pictures of great interest and value. Like the British Army, he can go anywhere and take anything; red tape unties itself, and the doors of officialdom are thrown open before him. He has not yet taken the House sitting, because the law, which is stronger than the laws of the Medes and Persians, forbids you to photograph the great assembly, though you may sketch it as often as you please. One cannot but be grateful that such a law exists, for the kodak in the Commons (a fine headline for an American newspaper) would produce some startling pictures. I remember hearing a certain Member tell his constituents of a great speech he had made in the House, and he dwelt proudly on the fact that the speech

had been a very long one. His constituents were greatly impressed that their Member should have occupied the Senate for so long. Imagine his feelings if the "other side" had produced a photograph of the House while the speech was being made—Mr. Speaker enduring, the clerks drooping, the beggarly array of empty benches, and underneath, for a motto, Mr. Gladstone's famous words, "The camera cannot lie!" The Session of 1895 was memorable for certain prolonged sittings, and many an esteemed Member might have been kodaked, during the course of those

the portfolio, has not assisted the average Member to escape oblivion. They are all portraits of well-known men. Like a wise man, he avoided selecting among the lesser Members, which would be almost as dangerous as to classify minor poets in the order of merit. The first portrait is a very characteristic one of Mr. Goschen, whose intellect is one of the brightest devoted to the service of the State at the present time. The important work of politics is done in administration, and Mr. Goschen's scientific organisation of the Admiralty may stand



THE MAP ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS' LIBRARY.

sittings, in somewhat humorous and undignified circumstances. Other possible outrages suggest themselves; imagine this headline for example—"Sensational Sun-pictures of Senators in the Smoking-Room!" Imagination reels before such a prospect; but Sir Benjamin Stone is always solicitous of the dignity of Parliament, and his pictures are uniformly stately, following the ideal and untainted by the low realism which would make even the House of Commons absurd.

The editor of the WINDSOR, by the photographs which he has selected from

England in good stead if Armageddon should arrive "when the trees bud" or at another season. Other departments may blunder without grievous harm, but the Admiralty in weak hands might come to spell Imperial ruin. The work of that great office ought always to be outside the damaging rancours of party spirit. An unhappy combination of circumstances, of which Wilhelm II. is the most palpable, has led to the estrangement of the German and English peoples. It is essentially more a quarrel of peoples than of governments; they forget, and we forget,



George J. Goschen *July 1897*
First Lord of the Admiralty.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE J. GOSCHEN.

(First Lord of the Admiralty; M.P. for St. George's, Hanover Square.)

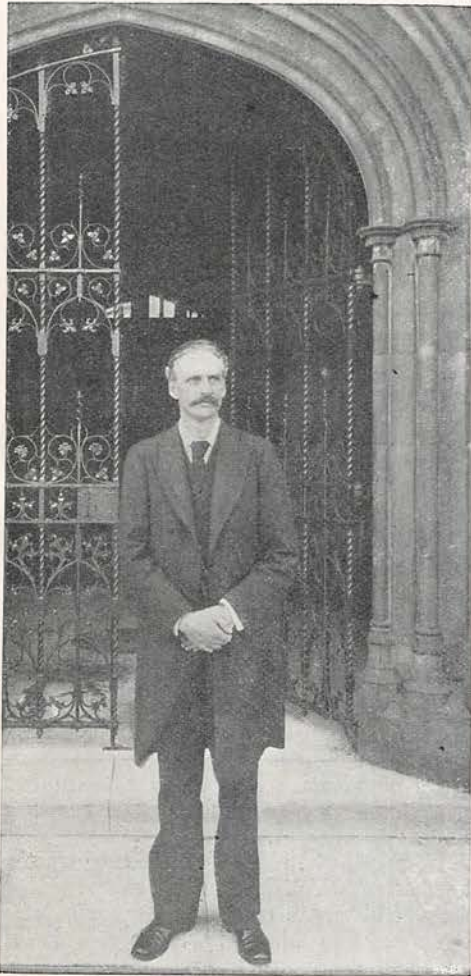
that the most heroic period of Prussia, the most glorious of England, was when the two countries were united in the Seven Years' War. However patriotic we may be, it is well to remember that the Germans are probably the "brainiest" people of Europe; and it is curious that at the head of our great fighting machine is a man with a strain of German blood in his veins. Mr. Goschen certainly has the scientific, exact, detailed brain which is so characteristically Teutonic, though of course he is English through and through in his sympathies and aspirations. The ordinary English politician is a man with a temperament—with native prejudices which impel him to urge one or the other side of any question which may arise. Mr. Goschen is a statesman with ideas—with a reasoned theory of government. Place before him a blank sheet of paper, and he could draw up a constitution which would, at least, be logical and scientific; the ordinary politician excels rather in the drafting of amendments. It is curiously characteristic of English politics that Mr. Goschen should have finally secured his position among the first few, not so much by his great intellectual powers, as by his fighting qualities. He is never at his best as a debater unless roused by opposition. When the whole nation was stirred by the great fight over Home Rule, the finest speeches on the Unionist side were those made by Mr. Goschen, but he had needed that battle of the giants for his proper inspiration. Lord Randolph Churchill, when he resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, believed there was no one among the Unionists who could fill the place. When told that Mr. Goschen was appointed, he exclaimed, "Ah, I had forgotten Goschen!" It is not without significance that that animating politician, while himself filling the most important financial post in the kingdom, should have forgotten the best financial brain of his party.

Together with fighting qualities—so indispensable in the English political arena—Mr. Goschen brings what the Germans call *geist*—a disinterested intelligence—to the service of the State. If we pass to the other Members whose portraits are given in these pages, there is none who, at present, can be placed on the same level, though three have been members of Governments. They represent very well the diversity of English public life: two distinguished advocates, a Radical baronet, an Admiral of the Fleet, a Fellow of Trinity, and that unique personality, whom it would be ridiculous to classify,

Mr. Henry du Pré Labouchere. Among them and over them, to preserve order and to keep the peace, we find a Chaplain, a Serjeant-at-Arms, and an Inspector of Police. A pleasing incongruity places next to one another the Secretary for Ireland and the editor of *Truth*. The union of the United Kingdom, whatever its merits or demerits, has produced some amusing and amazing political experiments. The Irish difficulty has been said to arise from the attempt of a stupid people to rule a very clever people! That is not complimentary to the Saxon, but there is something in it. The Saxon at any rate has sent a great variety of persons to rule the quick-witted, sensitive Celt. Some day an erudite German philosopher may write a ponderous volume on the Chief Secretaries of Ireland, to illustrate the psychology of politics. Mr. Gerald Balfour has not been tested by any battle-royal; he has been more than two years in office without receiving his baptism of fire. He has enjoyed peace, and he has enjoyed what is even rarer, the respect of those who differ from his policy. He possesses the sincerity of genuine intellectual conviction, and studies all political problems under the dry light of reason. Born rather to serve than to lead men, he gives the impression of caring infinitely more that his administration should be permanently beneficial than that it should be immediately popular. There are a few men in both parties of whom one could say that; but for the ordinary politician posterity means the next Parliament.

Mr. Stead, when he writes those Character Sketches in which he anticipates the judgments of history, always unfolds the man as he appears to himself. I do not know whether he has tried his hand on Mr. Labouchere, but few things could be more entertaining than to know Mr. Labouchere's view of himself. All that the ordinary person can be certain about is that the Member for Northampton is infinitely clever and infinitely amusing. As seen by Sir Benjamin Stone's camera he is a sturdy democrat; and undoubtedly he is that, but many other things also. It would be easy to write an expansive eulogy upon him as the friend of oppressed nationalities, the protector of the weak, the dauntless soldier of a forlorn hope; but no one would read such an eulogy with more amusement than the subject of its praises. To be serious about him is ridiculous. For a high Tory to be angry with him would be to break a butterfly

upon a wheel; for an earnest Radical to take him as leader would be to confuse Puck with Oliver Cromwell. He has been



G. W. Balfour

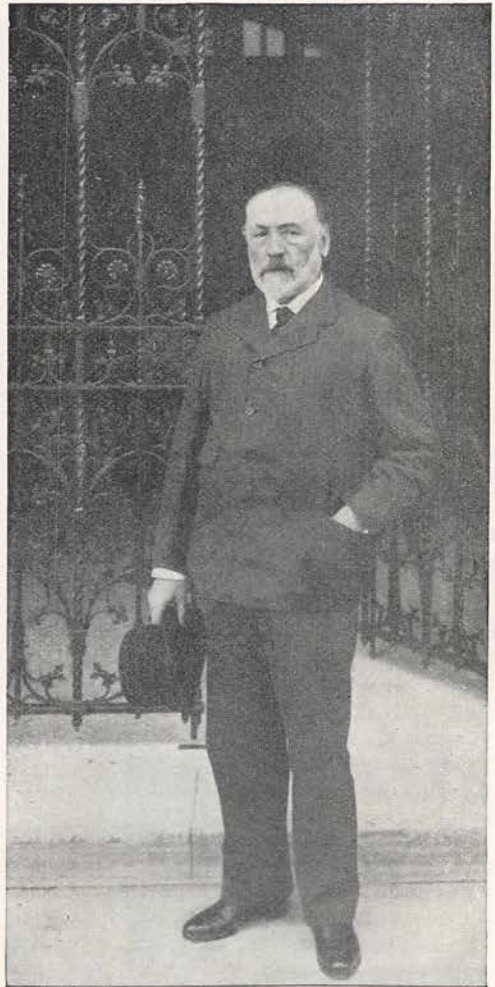
RIGHT HON. GERALD W. BALFOUR.

(Chief Secretary for Ireland; M.P. for Central Leeds.)

the *enfant terrible* of the House for thirty years, and the pranks of the veteran are as successful as the audacities of the youth. If he had remained in his first profession of diplomacy, he would have made even the Concert of Europe smile. His serious pastime is the exposure of rogues, and in that he shows an unequalled courage and astuteness. He is the best talker in the Commons' Smoke-room, has very charming manners, and can say nasty things more

urbanely than anyone else. The world will be poorer and duller when the Member for Northampton departs; let us hope he is writing a candid autobiography. He knows more secrets than Sir George Lewis.

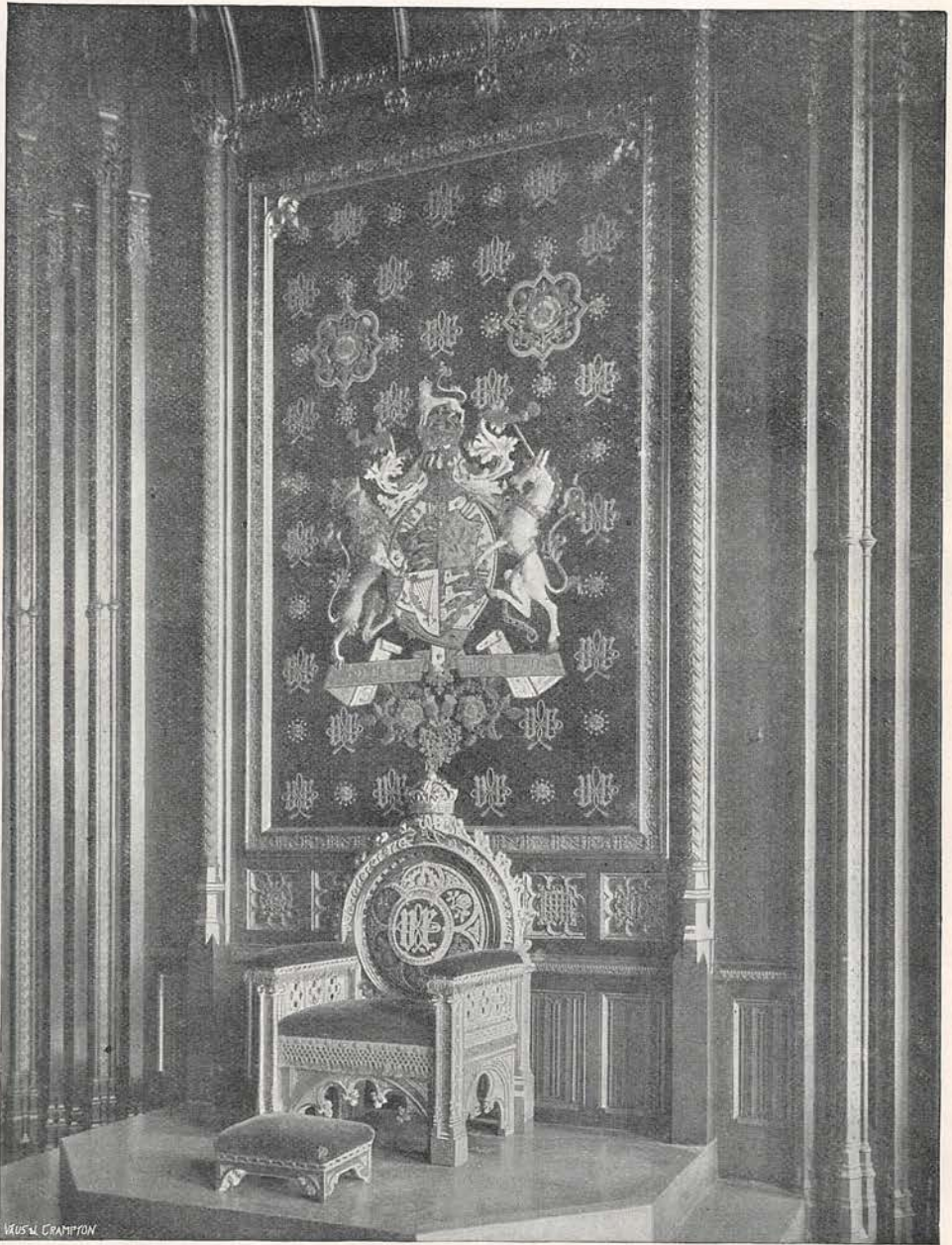
Sir Frank Lockwood and Sir Edward Clarke are probably the most popular lawyers in the House. For two or three centuries the easiest way to raise a laugh in that assembly has been to jibe at lawyers; but now, as in the days of Murray, the really able advocate generally makes his power felt. Of those days Sir George Trevelyan writes (in his fascinating book on Charles James Fox): "The small esteem in which gentlemen



H Labouchere (Northampton) May 27/97.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

(M.P. for Northampton.)



W. & A. CRAMPTON

THE ROYAL SEAT IN THE QUEEN'S ROBING ROOM AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

of the long robe were very generally held was chiefly due to what Bubb Doddington and Henry Fox would have termed moral causes. Everybody (such would be the theory of these profound observers) was greedy, but the lawyer was selfish. Everybody was ready to change sides with the rest of the connection to which he belonged; but the lawyer rattled alone, and at the moment which suited his individual interests. The Bedfords hunted in a pack; the Pelhams ran in a couple; but the lawyer pursued his peculiar prey with solitary avidity and with a clamour which went far to spoil the sport of the entire field." The House has said good-bye to corruption, and so, of course, have the lawyers; but some of the ancient prejudice remains against those whose trade is words. Sir Frank Lockwood rarely speaks, but when he does it is always with point and wit. One's first reflection on seeing this excellent portrait is, "What an admirable leader of the country gentlemen party is there!" Fate, however, has willed otherwise, and it is in the law courts chiefly that Sir Frank appears as the champion of Old England. Sir Edward Clarke is one of the most accomplished speakers we have,

one of the few who ever dare even to attempt the higher kinds of oratory. He has a vast admiration for Lord Beaconsfield, who discerned his great abilities; and, like that

great man, he knows how to fire the imagination and stimulate the pride of a democratic audience. Many well-informed people expect to see Sir Edward fill an important Cabinet office before very long.

Another amusing juxtaposition puts Admiral Field and Sir Wilfrid Lawson on the same page. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has fought so many hard fights that his name has become a household word throughout the country; his spirit is so cheery and undaunted that even the bitterest enemies of his Temperance policy have a liking for the man who has dealt them such hard blows. When he entered Parliament he stood almost alone; his was a voice crying in the wilderness; he has already so far triumphed as to have captured one of the great parties of the State. Disraeli a quarter of a century ago praised his "gay wisdom,"



Frank Lockwood

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C.

(M.P. for York.)

and if he is a Puritan, he has robbed Puritanism of much of its dulness. He scribbles a great many verses, which are not remarkable for their polish. Like a true son of the

hardy North, he has pluck, heartiness, and determination; and he never knows when he is beaten. Admiral Field, in Sir Benjamin

on Nelson or the Navy, comes to his ears, then the Admiral shivers his timbers, clears the decks, and prepares for action.

Admirals all, they said their say
 (The echoes are ringing still);
 Admirals all, they went their way
 To the haven under the hill;
 But they left us a kingdom none can take—
 The realm of the circling sea—
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
 And the Rodneys yet to be!

Admiral Field, in a spirit of proper pride,



Wilfrid Lawson

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART.

(M.P. for Cockermouth Division of Cumberland.)

Stone's picture, looks the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship; but when he speaks in the House one hears the booming of great guns. When he responds for the Navy at a City dinner, stout aldermen are so moved by his eloquence that they almost dance a hornpipe. He did a great deal to help the movement for a great Navy, and his services were given at a time when the people had not realised as they realise now the essential importance of the Fleet. The spirit of Elizabethan sea-dogs lives in him; he believes in the biggest possible England. If any murmur of faint-heartedness, any slur



E. Field

VICE-ADMIRAL E. FIELD.

(M.P. for South Sussex.)



Basil Wilberforce

REV. CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE.
(Chaplain of the House of Commons.)

once reminded Lord Wolseley that if there had been no Trafalgar there would have been no Waterloo.

Admiral and Chaplain love peace equally

ceedings by the reading of prayers, which have been handed down from generation to generation. The Canon evidently takes a keen interest in the debates, for he is often to be seen in the side gallery, where as Chaplain he has the privilege of access. The other great officer whose portrait is given is that dignified functionary, the Serjeant-at-Arms. Mr. Erskine bears a name greatly distinguished in Parliamentary annals; he performs the ceremonial duties with the utmost grace, and gives to all Members an equal and perfect courtesy. The famous chamber in the Clock Tower is his



H. D. Erskine

MR. HENRY D. ERSKINE.
(Serjeant-at-Arms.)

well, so that it is no shock to pass from the breezy navy man to Canon Wilberforce, so fine a portrait of whom has been given by Sir Benjamin Stone. The Chaplain has no very onerous duties, but it would be an ill thing if the Commons were to reverse the ancient rule of beginning their daily pro-



Edward Clarke

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C.
(M.P. for Plymouth.)



MR. W. C. HORSLEY.

(Chief Inspector of Police at the House of Commons.)

especial charge; only Members can be confined there, other prisoners of the House are relegated to less airy quarters. As executive officers, Mr. Erskine's predecessors have had all sorts and conditions of men in their charge for offences against the privileges of the House. "Kneeling before the bar of the House" (says Sir Reginald Palgrave) "have been seen poets, ploughmen, peers, hackney-coachmen, ministers of the Government, widows, bishops, pages, lawyers of all sorts, the Lord Mayor of London and many City aldermen, clergymen of all degrees, sheriffs, bailiffs, ballad-singers, a milk-vendor, authors, printers, newspaper editors, and publishers. Nor do the offences furnish a less singular variety, such as jostling against a Member of Parliament, taking his cloak, bolting off with his coach and horses, striking his servant, snaring his rabbits, tearing his rabbit nets, lopping his trees, ploughing his warrens, fishing his

fish-ponds, killing his sheep, and, lastly, carrying off a dead body." The last offence occurred in this fashion. The Member who complained was executor of a will, and was arranging the funeral of his dead friend; the family wished to arrange the funeral themselves, and in order to do so took possession of the corpse. This was the breach of privilege, and the Serjeant was sent "to make diligent search for the said corpse," in order that the Member "might decently inter the same"! Parliament has learnt wisdom in the matter of its privileges, and it is unlikely that any such unpleasant duty will fall to the lot of Mr. Erskine.

On this page will be found portraits of Inspector Horsley and the Speaker's mace-bearers. The head of the House of Commons police is a very popular person, and deservedly so. It is true that he has not now the anxiety which used to attend the office in the days of dynamite scares, and in the days

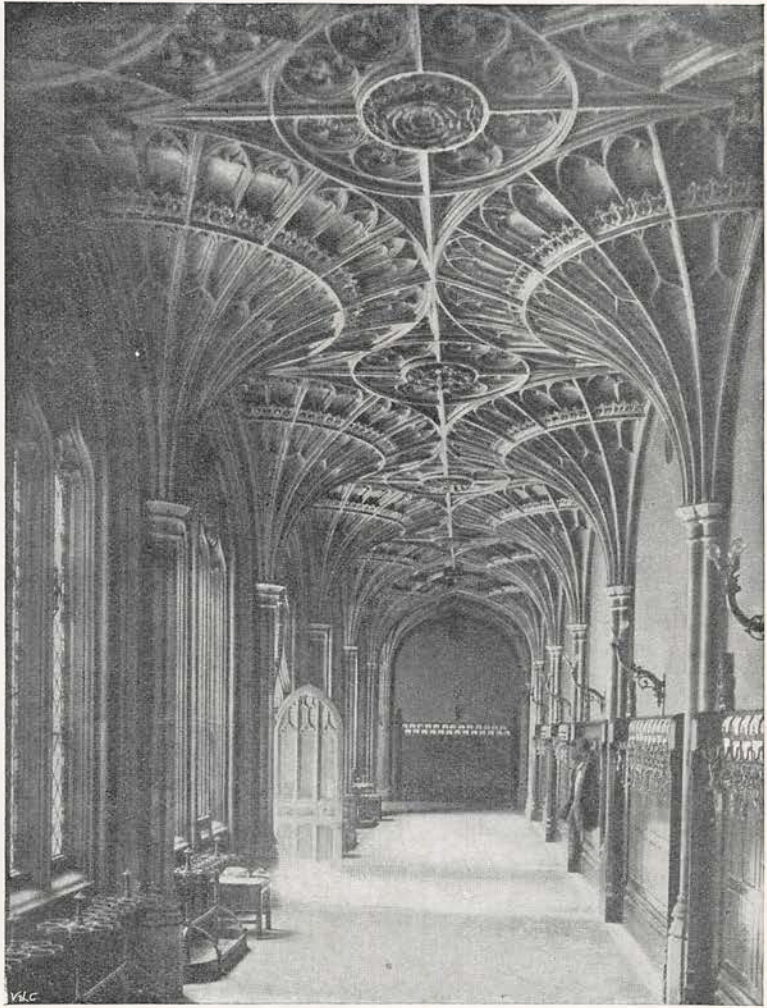


THE MACE-BEARERS WHO PRECEDE THE SPEAKER IN STATE PROCESSIONS,

when certain Members who were "wanted" displayed so much ingenuity in escaping arrest. They could not, by law, be arrested within the precincts, and when once within the House could meet unflinchingly the sternest and largest policeman. Their ingenuity was shown in getting into the House and out of it again. In older days the lobby was often filled by an obstreperous crowd, but now all arrangements have been so perfected that there is never any inconvenient crowding. However, the Inspector still has a great deal to do, and disposing the large number of constables under his command must demand considerable powers of organisation. In his office the Inspector has a duplicate key to every room in the whole Palace of Westminster.

There is also a portrait of the Speaker's mace-bearers, who precede the First Commoner of the realm when he joins any State procession. Nothing could be simpler or more dignified than the Speaker's procession as he walks to the House—the Speaker, chaplain, secretary and train-bearer, followed by a messenger or two; a striking contrast with the daily opening of the French Chamber, the president of which has always a military guard. On state occasions, when the ancient Speaker's coach is brought out, there is more display. The most amusing feature is that

at least five or six persons, with the mace, are bound by etiquette to get inside the coach. By no means the least interesting feature of Sir Benjamin Stone's portfolio is that it contains portraits of so many of the House officials, whose constant service is so



ANCIENT CLOISTERS AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN THE SOUTH WALK,
LOOKING EAST.

(These were repaired after the fire of 1834.)

highly appreciated by every Member. To Members, at least, the idea of the portfolio is a very happy one, and they will wish long life to Sir Benjamin, that he may take many more portraits of senators, to figure afterwards in the national archives of the British Museum.

[Since the above article was written, the death of the popular and brilliant Sir Frank Lockwood has added a pathetic interest to his portrait.]