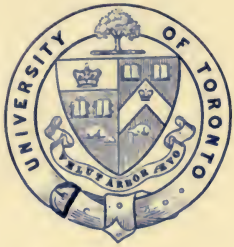

THE

BRITISH SENATE;

OR,

A SECOND SERIES

OF

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

LORDS AND COMMONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE GREAT METROPOLIS," "THE BENCH AND THE BAR," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.

LATE CONSERVATIVE MEMBERS.

(CONTINUED.)

Mr. John Richards—Mr. Kearsley.

Mr. John Richards, late member for Knaresborough, usually sat within two or three yards of Mr. Hardy. Like the latter gentleman, the time was when Mr. Richards identified himself with Liberal principles. That time has been gone by for some years: there was not, latterly, a more thorough-going Conservative on the Opposition benches. Mr. Richards invariably attracted the attention of strangers the moment he rose; but he was somehow or other disliked by the House. If I had carried into execution my original intention of having a chapter under the head of "Unpopular Members," Mr. Richards would have been sure of a place in it. The instant he got on his legs, and before he had time to open his mouth, he was sure to be assailed with laughter, groans, and all sorts of zoological sounds. He

bore all, however, with the fortitude of a philosopher; I should rather say, indeed, with the patience and resignation of a martyr. I never saw a man look more collected or better-natured, under circumstances so much calculated to make him lose both his senses and his temper. There Mr. Richards stood, as if nothing at all were the matter, rubbing the dust, it might be, off his spectacles, or otherwise amusing himself with those useful auxiliaries to one's vision. If one might have inferred from his countenance and manner what was passing in his mind, it would certainly have been that he was saying with himself, "Take your time, gentlemen, I'm in no particular hurry. I'll wait patiently until you have duly exercised your lungs, and made asses of yourselves." To his credit be it spoken, I have never yet known Mr. Richards to be put down by the hootings and hissings of "honourable gentlemen opposite." He knew that in the nature of things they must of necessity soon spend themselves, and he waited with an almost edifying patience until that consummation had taken place.

It can hardly be necessary to say, that the Conservatives never took any part in the effort to put down Mr. Richards. But he had, nevertheless, a serious ground of complaint against them; for they never—not even by accident or mistake—greeted his ears with a cheer. Say what he would, or say it how he would, his auricular organs were never regaled with even the faintest murmur of applause. I cannot understand how this happened; for though Mr. Richards was as innocent as the bench on which he sat of ever giving utterance to anything witty or brilliant, he did in many cases talk

very respectable sense; which is a great deal more than can be said of scores of those Liberals who so furiously assailed him when he got up to speak. Mr. Richards certainly served a most ungrateful party. A few cheers were surely cheap enough; they would only have cost the Conservatives a very moderate exercise of their lungs; for I am quite certain Mr. Richards was the last man in the world that would have wished them to "hurrah!" or "hear, hear!" themselves hoarse.

The greatest compliment I recollect to have seen the House pay to Mr. Richards, was when he spoke on the introduction of a bill, in the third week of the last session, for poor laws for Ireland. An unaccountable dulness seemed to have seized honourable gentlemen on that occasion: there appeared to be no disposition on the part of either side of the house to be noisy. Hence the then honourable member for Knaresborough was tolerated. He was so proud of the circumstance, that he waxed unusually animated and energetic. He raised his voice occasionally to such a pitch, that it more resembled the squeaking of a child than the tones of a man about the forty-fifth year of his age. From a constitutional defect in his organs of speech, he cannot at at any time pronounce the letter *r* like other persons; but, on this occasion, the imperfect pronunciation of this letter had a ludicrous effect. He raised his right hand high above his head, and then let it fall energetically by his side. In a moment afterwards both his arms were extended, as if he had been attempting to make a Turkish bow; then, again, he thrust them up as far as they could go, in the direction of the ceiling of the

house. I never saw Mr. Richards so theatrical before. I am convinced the circumstance was to be ascribed to the gratifying fact of his being heard without molestation. I am also convinced, that had the House been afterwards equally indulgent towards him, he would have spoken every night, or at any rate as often as he would have had the good fortune to catch the Speaker's eye.

Usually Mr. Richards' action is tame in the extreme, while his elocution is feeble and monotonous. He sometimes talks with passable fluency; at other times he stammers and falters, and corrects and recorrects himself at every tenth or twelfth sentence. He has nothing to boast of in the way of genius or originality. He is generally dull. If there be tolerable sense in what he says, it is all the credit which can be given him as a speaker. He is, however, a man of rather extensive information. I have on some occasions admired the intimate knowledge which, on the impulse of the moment, and under unexpected circumstances, I have seen him manifest on historical matters.

Mr. Richards sometimes took a part in the scenes which every now and then occur in the house. In such cases I have seen him display a commendable measure of moral courage. Although perfectly sure of being made the laughing-stock of the House in return, by the happy raillery of Mr. O'Connell, I have seen him make bold attacks on the honourable and learned member for Dublin.

One of the best scenes which have occurred for years in the house, took place in June 1836, and owed much of its richness to the prominent part which Mr. Rich-

ards acted in it. I will attempt to convey some idea of the extraordinary exhibition which occurred on that occasion; but no description can at all come up to the thing itself. Mr. O'Connell had been attacking Mr. Walter, the then member for Berkshire, on the ground of the alleged connexion of that honourable member with "The Times" newspaper, when Mr. Kearsley got up, and interrupted Mr. O'Connell in, as nearly as I could gather, the following remarkable terms:

"Sir—if his Majesty's servants—for, Sir, they are, Sir, ministers no longer, Sir—I say, Sir, if his Majesty's servants can submit—if, Sir, they are so humiliated as to submit—to the, Sir, bullying conduct of the honourable and learned gentleman—I mean, Sir, the member for Kilkenny—I, Sir, shall not submit to that bullying conduct of the honourable and learned gentleman. I wish to know, Sir, is this proper conduct?" And after a moment's pause he added, in tones which resembled a thunder-clap, "Sir, I will divide the House on this conduct."

It seemed for a time as if the peals of laughter which followed this ebullition of Mr. Kearsley's indignation at Mr. O'Connell's conduct, were never to have an end. They did, however, eventually cease, on which Mr. O'Connell again rose, and in his own peculiarly sarcastic way, said—"I wish the honourable member for Berkshire joy of his new ally. They are two kindred spirits —they are admirably suited to each other." A shout of laughter followed, which very much annoyed Mr. Kearsley. He seemed impatient again to interpose. Mr. O'Connell repeated his attack on Mr. Walter, when

several members on the Opposition side of the house shouted out, "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!"

Mr. O'Connell—"I repeat that I am disgusted—justly disgusted by a tergiversation of conduct the most astonishing, ay, the most disgraceful that ever occurred. I am ready——"

Here the shouts of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" &c. became absolutely deafening, and the Conservative side of the house had the appearance of a body of men all indignant and agitated at once. When order was partially restored, then appeared Mr. Richards, five feet nine inches high. He said—

"Really, Sir, the honourable and learned member for Kilkenny cannot be permitted to browbeat and ruffianise, if I may use the expression, the honourable member for Berkshire, in the way he has been doing. I appeal to Mr. Speaker, whether this extravagant conduct is consistent with the dignity of the house."

Mr. Kearsley, Colonel Sibthorpe, and various other honourable gentlemen on the Opposition side of the house, responded to Mr. Richards's appeal to the Speaker, by shouts of "Hear, hear, hear!" The ministerial benches again shook with the effects of the laughter caused by the odd association of the serious with the ludicrous, which the appearance and manner of Mr. Richards presented.

Mr. O'Connell again took to his feet. "Sir, I rejoice that ——"

A volley of sounds in the shape of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" from the Conservative benches drowned the honourable and learned member's voice.

The Speaker interposed, and expressed a hope that the proceedings within the walls of the house would be conducted with order.

Mr. O'Connell—"Certainly; and, therefore, I only wish to congratulate the honourable member for Berkshire on his second defender. I am sure that nothing could be more flattering to him than the first—except the second."

The inimitably sly humorous way in which Mr. O'Connell delivered this, produced a deafening peal of laughter from all parts of the house.

Mr. O'Connell resumed—"One, too—namely, the honourable member for Knaresborough—one, too, who is so especially remarkable for his own exceeding delicacy and extreme polish, that he must necessarily shrink from anything which savours of the kennel."

The Ministerial benches were again convulsed with laughter; while tremendous cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" resounded from the Opposition side of the house. The scene of confusion presented on the occasion was altogether a most extraordinary one.

Mr. Richards, taking his spectacles off his nose, rose and said, as soon as the uproar had in some degree subsided—"I rise again to order. I speak in the presence of the honourable and learned member for Kilkenny, and I say that neither he nor any other member has a right to bring into this house the manners of a blackguard."

Now the scene was changed. The most vociferous cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" "Oh, oh!" &c., were raised simultaneously by honourable gentlemen

on the Ministerial benches, whilst deafening cheers proceeded from the Opposition side of the house.

Mr. O'Connell all this while sat with his arms akimbo, and his hat cocked on one side. His countenance told with what zest he enjoyed the scene.

The Speaker again interfered, and said that improper terms had been employed on both sides, which must be regretted. He implored honourable members not to make personal allusions to one another.

Mr. O'Connell—"Sir, if I have used any expression, I am ——"

Mr. Richards—"The word 'kennel!'"

Mr. O'Connell—"I was talking of hopping over the kennel. If I have used any expression inapplicable to the dignity or decorum of the House, I am ready to withdraw it."

The Speaker said that the honourable and learned gentleman had undoubtedly used some improper terms and would suggest that they should not be repeated.

Mr. O'Connell responded to the observations of the observations of the Speaker, by exclaiming, "No, no." Mr. Richards also intimated his readiness to comply with the wishes of the Speaker, and everything seemed to promise a termination to the unseemly squabble, when Dr. Baldwin got up and insisted, that before the House could be satisfied, Mr. Richards must distinctly withdraw the word "ruffianise," as applied to Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Richards intimated his willingness to withdraw it on condition that Mr. O'Connell did the same in regard to the word "kennel."

Another scene now followed. In the midst of the

uproar Mr. Fitzsimon was heard, stoutly protesting against the House being compromised by the hesitation of Mr. Richards to withdraw the word "ruffianise." It was eventually put an end to by Mr. O'Connell getting up and assuring honourable members that he had considered the application of the epithet in question by Mr. Richards as the greatest compliment which could be bestowed on him. Mr. O'Connell's laughing countenance, coupled with the felicity of the observation, and the tone in which it was delivered, threw everybody, as far as I could see, into a fit of laughter, except Mr. Kearsley and Mr. Richards. But though Mr. O'Connell laughed at the paroxysm of anger into which he had thrown these two honourable gentlemen, and at the abusive epithets they applied to him, Dr. Baldwin, still determined on playing the part of a "kind friend," strenuously insisted that the member for Knaresborough must unconditionally withdraw the offensive word, by way of healing the wounded dignity of the house. Mr. Richards, in answer to this, rose and said—"I feel myself at a loss to know what to do, because this is not the first time that I have risen to say that if the honourable and learned gentleman did not apply the word 'kennel' to me, I did not apply the term 'ruffianise' to him.

Mr. O'Connell observed, that Mr. Richards had got into that species of language which was so familiar to him, that he did not seem to be aware when he was using it.

The scene of confusion and uproar became again as great as ever. The Ministerial members appeared to be

such first-rate laughers, that anybody would have insured them against successful competition in that department of their legislative duties; for since the passing of the Reform Act, laughing seems to be no small part of the avocations of our representatives. A foreigner, to see the House in some of its merrier moods, would certainly take it for granted that the members had been chosen more for their laughing capabilities than for their strictly deliberative qualities. It would not surprise me if it became fashionable ere long, provided no step be taken to sober down the members on both sides of the House, but especially the Reform members; it would not, if this be not speedily done, surprise me to hear that it had become fashionable with candidates to put it forward as one of their leading pretensions to the suffrages of a constituency, that they are proficient disciples of Momus. But I am beginning to digress.

While the Liberal side of the House laughed so immoderately at the above-quoted observation of Mr. O'Connell, it was enough to frighten one out of his propriety to hear the vociferous cries of "Oh, oh!" "Chair, chair!" "Order, order!" and various other sounds, which proceeded from scores of throats on the Conservative benches. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, Mr. Scarlett rose, and lectured Mr. O'Connell for his "unparliamentary" conduct. Mr. O'Connell heard it all patiently, and, on Mr. Scarlett resuming his seat, started up to his feet, and crossing his arms on his breast, and looking Mr. Scarlett with a most contemptuous smile, in the face, exclaimed, "Behold a third advocate! Another cause of congratu-

lation to the honourable member for Berkshire! I do do not think a *fourth* could be found in the house."

Here the peals of laughter were renewed again, as universally and with as much vehemence as before. Never did the performance of any farce at a theatre produce half so much cordial laughter as was produced by the farce which, for a quarter of an hour, had been in the course of representation on the floor of the House of Commons. When honourable gentlemen had again literally laughed themselves out of breath, and some degree of order was consequently restored, Mr. Goulburn rose and submitted to the Speaker whether such an exhibition (alluding to the conduct of Mr. O'Connell) ought to be tolerated in the house?

Before the Speaker, who looked quite confounded at the scene which was passing before his eyes, had time to return an answer, Mr. O'Connell again rose and putting himself into the same comfortable attitude as before, and glancing his ironical smiles at Mr. Goulburn, observed, "I thought that a fourth advocate of the honourable member for Berkshire could not be found; but I forgot at the time that the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Goulburn) was in the house.

The Ministerial benches again fell into a violent fit of laughter; while cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" were thundred from the Conservative side of the house.

In the midst of this scene, and while Mr. O'Connell was still on his legs enjoying the affair with a singular zest, Mr. Jackson rose, and shouted at the top of his tremendous voice, addressing himself to the Speaker,

"Sir, I rise to order. This is really the most extraordinary ———"

The honourable and learned serjeant was interrupted by Mr. O'Connell, who, pointing to him with his finger, exclaimed, in his own peculiarly sarcastic style, "What! a *fifth* advocate! (Oh, oh, oh!) Are they ———"

Here Mr. O'Connell's voice was drowned amidst the tremendous roars of laughter which again burst from the Ministerial side of the house, and the loud cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" which proceeded from almost every member on the Opposition side. In what way Mr. O'Connell meant to complete his sentence, it is now impossible to tell. A not improbable theory on the subject is, that the question he was in the act of putting was, "Are they to stretch to the crack of doom?" Be this as it may, order was eventually restored, by the conjoint interference of the Speaker and Lord John Russell.

Had any foreigner chanced to go into the gallery of the house while the above scene was in the course of representation, he must, I am sure, have been firmly impressed with the notion that he had been by mistake conducted to some theatre for the performance of farces of the broadest kind, instead of to the place in which the "first assembly of gentlemen in Europe" meet for deliberating on questions of the deepest importance to nearly one hundred millions of men. I have been at some pains in endeavouring to give as vivid a sketch of this scene as it is possible to give on paper, while speaking of the legislative character of Mr. Richards; because it was from his collision with Mr. O'Connell that it had its origin.

Mr. Richards' personal appearance will in some measure be inferred from what I have before said. His countenance has a dull, heavy expression, and is by no means improved by his usually wearing glasses when he addresses the House. He is rather stoutly made, but is by no means corpulent. His features are large and plain. His complexion is sallow, and his hair is of a darkish hue. He is, as already intimated, about his forty-fifth year.

Mr. KEARSLEY, late member for Wigan, next comes under consideration in his ex-legislative character. How shall I speak of this gentleman? I wish some one would tell me; for I am quite at a loss on the subject myself. He was the most singular representative that has been in parliament for many years past, and I am confident we "ne'er shall look upon his like again." The moment he presented himself, a whisper circulated throughout the gallery, with the rapidity of lightning—"What place is that gentleman member for?" He rejoiced, as I have already stated, in the representation of Wigan. Whether the people of Wigan rejoiced in being represented by him, is a question which it is not for me to answer.

Mr. Kearsley's personal appearance is so much out of the beaten track, and is so expressive of his character, that it might be said, whenever he stood up in his full altitude, to constitute a speech in itself. I have seen him occasionally stand for a short time without uttering a word, and yet the eye of every honourable member has been as intensely fixed on him as if he had been giving utterance to the most fascinating strains of eloquence

that ever fell from mortal lips. And what may appear still more surprising, honourable gentlemen were delighted to see him rise, though they knew that even when he did put himself into a perpendicular position, he never delivered half-a-dozen sentences. He had such a comfortable notion of his own senatorial qualifications, and this notion was so visibly imprinted on his little round pug-looking face, that it was impossible to look on him and not be pleased. No member was ever yet angry with Mr. Kearsley. When, in the session of 1835, he called Mr. Hume "the greatest humbug of the present day"—and everybody knows that this is the age of humbug—Mr. Hume, however indignant he might have been had another said it, gave Mr. Kearsley a look of such ineffable good-nature in return, that a person might have been in danger of supposing that he was assenting to the justice of the observation. And even Mr. Roebuck, one of the most irritable of the then members in the house, looked and talked the very essence of good-nature when Mr. Kearsley, last session, as will be seen more at length presently, denounced a speech of his as "disgusting."

Never was man on better terms with himself than was the ex-member for Wigan. A most expressive look of self-complacency always irradiated his globularly-formed, country-complexioned countenance; while his small bright eyes were ever peering triumphantly over his little cocked-up nose. Then there was his ample harvest of black, bushy hair, with a pair of excellent whiskers to match, not forgetting his well-developed cheeks. He is a little thick-set man, with an

inclination to corpulency. Whether he stood on tip-toe, to add to his five-feet-six-inches stature, when he addressed the House, I have no means of knowing; but I have always thought that he looked at least an inch and a half higher when speaking, than at any other time.

The oddity of Mr. Kearsley's appearance added to the effect which anything he said invariably produced on the House. He never made a speech, and yet he often spoke. This may appear paradoxical. It is, nevertheless, strictly true. A speech, according to the generally received acceptation of the term, has a beginning, a middle, and an end. This could not be predicated of anything which ever fell from the lips of Mr. Kearsley. His oratorical efforts had no middle; they were all beginning and end; the end being invariably the same as the beginning. In other words, Mr. Kearsley's addresses to the House always consisted of a single idea, and seldom of more sentences than one, though the reporters sometimes did such violence to prosody as to divide such sentence into two or three sentences. His ambition as a senator never soared any higher than to throw in, by way of episode to any discussion, some severe solitary observation on ministers, or on some of their supporters. And yet I hold that Mr. Kearsley is an orator. I wish to be understood as quite serious in saying this. What is the universally admitted proof of a great oratorical effort? Why, the impression it produces on the audience. Tried by this standard, Mr. Kearsley has claims to the character of an orator, with which few members can compete; for I

never yet knew him open his mouth without setting the whole House in an uproar.

Mr. Kearsley, some how or other, always contrived to speak at the same hour. That hour was nine o'clock, that being the time he usually returned from dinner. Indeed, he was seldom to be seen in his place before that hour. Nor do I recollect, except when there was to be a division on some important question, seeing him in the house after eleven.

Mr. Kearsley seemed to be in his element, when playing a prominent part in some of the more striking scenes which occur in the house. Here he differed from other honourable gentlemen I could name. I have seen them do their best—though, generally speaking, they are very clumsy, bungling hands at such matters —I have seen them do their best to get up a scene, and when they had so far succeeded, I have seen them feign to sneak out of the affair. Not so with Mr. Kearsley. He stuck to it to the last; he figured away in the scene until it was fairly over. Many and rich were the scenes in which I have seen Mr. Kearsley play the most prominent part, and of which, indeed, he may, strictly speaking, be said to have been the author. I gave one of these in my First Series of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons."

By far the richest scene in which the honourable gentleman ever performed a part, or which I had then witnessed in the house, occurred on the 20th of June, 1836, while the house was in committee on the Stamp Duties and Excise. Mr. Bernal, as chairman of committees, was in the chair on the occasion. Mr. Roe-

buck, in a long speech, had been showing that the apprehension of increased obscenity or immorality in the newspapers, in the event of the duty being entirely repealed, was groundless; and in the course of his observations he was repeatedly assailed with cries of "Oh, oh!" from the Tory benches.

As soon as he had sat down, Mr. Kearsley rose, amidst tremendous roars of laughter; for the moment he presented himself, as before remarked, the house was invariably thrown into a violent fit of laughter. "I can assure the honourable and learned gentleman," said he, "that I was not one of those who cried "Oh, oh!" [Shouts of laughter.] I merely rose when the honourable member for Lincolnshire sat down, to congratulate him on the quiet, easy, soapy* way in which he get through his arguments. [Roars of laughter from all parts of the house, which lasted for some time.] And now let me ask the noble lord opposite, (Lord John Russell,) and the right honourable gentleman, (Mr. Spring Rice,) with what pleasure they have listened to the disgusting speech of the honourable and learned member for Bath."

It were difficult to say whether the laughter or the shouts of "Order, order!" and other marks of disappro-

* Mr. Handley, the member for Lincolnshire, had spoken immediately before Mr. Roebuck, and had strenuously contended that instead of taking off the duty on the newspapers, it ought to be taken off soap. It was this circumstance that gave Mr. Kearsley's allusion to the "soapy" way in which Mr. Handley had spoken, such striking point as to convulse the house with laughter.

bation, most prevailed, for about half a minute after Mr. Kearsley had resumed his seat.

Some measure of order being at length restored, Mr. Bernal said—"Surely the honourable member cannot be aware of the expression he has just used: I trust he will withdraw it."

Mr. Kearsley—"I may have spoken in language stronger than usual; but the cause is strong; and I say, Sir, that a more *disgusting* speech I never heard."

Another scene of confusion and noise, surpassing that which had just taken place, now ensued. The shouts of "Oh, oh!" "Order, order!" &c., in a great measure drowned the laughter which proceeded from some parts of the house. What added to the uproarious appearance of the house was the unusually great number of members who chanced to be in it at the time. The hour, too, was peculiarly fitted for a scene. It was about ten o'clock, just as the great majority of honourable members had returned from a good dinner, and the grateful liquids which follow it. Mr. Kearsley, on making the last-quoted observations, quitted his seat, which was near the middle of the house, and descending from his bench to the floor, walked across it in something like a semicircular line; making at the same time a low and most unusual bow to Mr. Bernal, accompanied by a most extraordinary wafture of his right hand, which firmly grasped the forepart of a "shocking bad hat." Having next described the figure 8, by his pedestrian motions on the floor, the honourable member endeavoured to force his way out of the house, but found it impossible to break through the dense mass of M.P.'s who choked up the passage. Having ineffectually made

the attempt to effect his exit, first at one part of the bar and then at another, a wag whispered to him—"Mr. Kearsley, you had better take your seat again."

Mr. Kearsley, looking the other for a moment significantly in the face, said—"Sir, I think you're right—I *will* take my seat again." And so saying, he forthwith returned to the place whence he came.

The laughter which followed these extraordinary movements of the honourable gentleman was such as cannot be described. It burst from all parts of the house in deafening peals. And certainly any scene more provocative of laughter was never witnessed in the House of Commons, and very rarely, I should think, any where else.

A long time elapsed before any member in the house could so far compose himself as to speak. Mr. Bernal was the first. He said—"I am sorry to be obliged to call on the honourable member again. If I am in error, the committee will correct me when I say that the term he has used is one which is not justified by any rule of this House."

On this Mr. Kearsley started to his feet again, amidst renewed shouts of laughter. "Sir," said he, addressing himself to Mr. Bernal, "I am sorry to find fault with the honourable and learned member for Bath, but on a former occasion he charged me with uttering a falsehood."

Mr. Kearsley again abdicated his seat, and after making some extraordinary movements on the floor, as if he were at a loss to know whether he should go to some other part of the house, or make a fresh attempt at forcing his way through the dense plantation of honourable

gentlemen who stood at the bar, he decided on the latter; but with no better success than before. His movements, first to one place and then to another, presented a striking resemblance to an animal in an iron cage, always trying, but in vain, to get out of its confinement. Mr. Kearsley again returned to his seat.

This of course led to a renewal of the laughter. Honourable members were never known to be so unanimous in this respect before. All party feeling was laid aside for the moment; and cordial and universal roars of laughter proceeded from all present.

As soon as the House had laughed itself out of breath, Mr. Roebuck rose and begged that it would not, on his (Mr. Roebuck's) account take any more notice of what had fallen from the honourable member; adding, that he considered it the result of an infirmity of the honourable gentleman.

Mr. Paul Methuen next rose, and insisted that Mr. Bernal should compel Mr. Kearsley to give satisfaction to the House, not only for the improper language he had used, but for his extraordinary conduct in walking across the floor of the house in the way he had done, and making such singular bows to the Chair.

Before Mr. Bernal had time to utter a word, Mr. Kearsley again jumped to his feet, and darting sundry most indignant glances of his little eyes at Mr. Paul Methuen, exclaimed in most emphatic tones—"Paul! Paul! why persecutest thou me?"

A simultaneous roar of laughter, not unlike, one would suppose, the noise caused by some secondary Niagara, followed. And although the use of the words constituted a profane application of the language of

Scripture delivered on a most solemn occasion, yet so singularly felicitous, in other respects, was the quotation—Paul being Mr. Methuen's christian name,—and so extraordinary were the tones of voice and the manner altogether in which the words were uttered, that even the religious members could not help joining in the universal shout, as energetically as the others. I speak without exaggeration when I say, that within the memory of the oldest member of the House, shouts of laughter so loud, universal, or lasting, were never before heard in St. Stephen's. The laughter, it was calculated, lasted full two minutes without intermission, and then only ended when honourable gentlemen found themselves physically unfit for the further exercise of their risible faculties. It would have done the heart of the laughing philosopher of antiquity good, to have seen so many—about five hundred—of his disciples, all exemplifying his precepts at once,—unless, indeed, he had been mortified at seeing those disciples surpass himself in their laughing exploits.

Mr. Bernal, Mr. H. L. Bulwer, Mr. Hume, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, severally interposed, when quietness had been restored, with a view of getting Mr. Kearsley to retract the word *disgusting*, as applied to Mr. Roebuck's speech, and at the same time to apologise to the House for the disrespect he had shown it, both by the language he had used, and the extraordinary conduct he had exhibited.

Mr. Kearsley, when the last of these gentlemen, namely, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had resumed his seat, rose and said—"Finding that the expression I have made use of is not agreeable to the taste of the

House, I beg leave to withdraw it; but I presume, I may say that I did hear the observations of the honourable and learned member for Bath with disgust."

This repetition of the very language complained of, while the honourable member was professedly withdrawing it, again threw the House into a state of perfect uproar, the cries of "Oh, oh!" "Order, order!" far preponderating over the peals of laughter.

Mr. Bernal said—"I must inform the honourable member that the repetition of the term is an aggravation of the offence."

To this Mr. Kearsley replied—"As I cannot swim in the same water as honourable gentlemen opposite, they must take the thing as they will." [Loud laughter and cries of "Order, order!" again burst from all parts of the House.]

Lord Ebrington and Lord John Russell at last interfered, and insisted that Mr. Kearsley must apologise to the House; when that gentleman, now somewhat softened down and subdued in his manner, said—"I am sorry that the honourable member for Wiltshire (Mr. Paul Methuen) should quarrel with my manner of walking over the floor of the house. [Loud laughter.] I beg libery to withdraw the word *disgusting*, as applied to the speech of the honourable member for Bath, although I feel at liberty to entertain my own opinions on the subject."

Sir Andrew Leith Hay said that the honourable member had said something about his conduct to the House which was derogatory to its character, and excited the disapprobation of every one who saw it; on which Mr.

Kearsley disclaimed any intention of giving offence by his manner of walking across the house. The extraordinary scene here ended, and the usual business of the house was resumed.

Had the author of "John Gilpin" been alive and present, he would have exclaimed, on the conclusion of the scene,

> "Now let us sing, Long live the king,*
> And Kearsley long live he,
> And when he next gets up a scene,
> May I be there to see."

A hearty "Amen" would have been the response of every one present to Cowper's prayer.

Mr. Horace Twiss, late member for Bridport, was once one of the best-known men among the Tories. This was in the palmy days of that system, when Lords Eldon, Castlereagh, and other ultras, presided over the destinies of the country. It is true that Lord Liverpool was, at the period in question, at the head of the government; but he, good easy man, though constitutionally mild and always inclined to moderation in his politics, was often influenced by the noblemen whose names I have mentioned. Mr. Horace Twiss was known to be the most zealous adherent of Lords Eldon and Castlereagh, and was consequently very unpopular with all but his own party. His name was indeed a sort of by-word among the Reformers. Some people say that, if again a member, he would like to be the Tory whipper-in of the house. And an excellent one he would make. In season and out of season would he

* William the Fourth was then alive.

be found at his post. Many a hard race would he run through the clubs, after those of the party who prefer their own pleasures at those places, to their legislative duties, and many strange scenes would he witness, when in quest of truant members whose votes were expected to be in immediate requisition.

The celerity with which Mr. Twiss would go over the width and breadth of the fashionable districts of the metropolis, on pressing emergencies, would put the expresses of "The Sun" newspaper to the blush,—that is to say, if expresses are things which are susceptible of a blush. But I doubt whether this, after all, is the most arduous part of the task which a gentleman in his supposed situation has to perform. My own impression is, that the most unpleasant circumstances which occur to him in his official career, are the squabbles, sometimes conflicts, he is often obliged to have with honourable members, on their seeking to quit the house. He has to watch them in the lobby, for the purpose of keeping all in that are in; especially when he suspects that some of them are inclined to "bolt," as Mr. Holmes used classically to express it. As soon as such suspicious persons open the door of the house, he must spring upon them like a tiger, and seizing them by the breast of the coat, authoritatively tell them they must not stir a foot till the impending division is over. With Mr. Twiss, it would be of no use for them to say that they were only going to some adjoining room, or that they would be back in a couple of minutes. He would listen to no excuse; he would hear no argument. If the party were to be peremptory, it would be well if

no mishap occurred: he would have reason to be thankful if his shoulder were not dislocated, or if some other physical disaster did not befall him, in the struggle to escape. It is due to the bodily capabilities of Mr. Horace Twiss, as well as to the zeal I know he would evince in the discharge of his official duties, to say, that he would often succeed, in spite of all the efforts of honourable gentlemen to the contrary, in forcing them back to the house again. Whether his robust bodily frame would be any recommendation of him to his party, were there a vacancy in the office, is a point on which I am not in a condition to give an opinion; but this I know, that to be five feet ten inches in height, and to be more than the average breadth, coupled with considerable muscular energy, are qualifications which would contribute to the efficient discharge of the duties of the office. There would be some amusing scenes occasionally between Mr. Twiss and certain Tory members, where he again an M. P. and regularly installed in the vocation which I have hypothetically assigned to him.

There is one incident in the parliamentary career of Mr. Horace Twiss which is worthy of notice. In every instance in which he has been elected, he has been previously personally unknown to his constituents, and it is said,—though I am not sufficiently conversant with his legislative history to be able to vouch for the fact,—that he has never, on any occasion, faced the same constituent body twice.

Mr. Horace Twiss is no longer young. He is, I believe, on the wrong side of fifty; but one would not, from his appearance, take him to be so far advanced in

life. He has a dark, rough complexion, with strongly marked features. Those who have seen him once, will be in no danger of again confounding him with any other individual, or any other individual with him. He has large grey eyes, and a nose of corresponding proportions. His hair is of a darkish grey. On the right side of his head, a patch of it, measuring about five inches in circumference, is almost entirely white, and has a curious effect. He has a well-developed forehead. If his countenance has an expression of any peculiar qualities, those qualities are intelligence and moral firmness. And so far his physiognomy speaks truth. He is a man of a very respectable share of information; and he always expresses his opinions in the House, no matter how unpopular, in a bold and fearless manner. His talents are above, rather than below, mediocrity. He speaks with much fluency, and his style is usually correct. He is, however, prolix in his speeches. I do not mean by this that he inflicted orations of two or three hours' length on the house. Far from it; on the contrary, I do not suppose he spoke more than twenty minutes at a time—seldom so long—for some years past. But his ideas are rather disproportionate to his words. His best speeches were always those which were shortest. Some of these indicated, as before observed, more than respectable talents.

Mr. Horace Twiss never hesitates or falters in his speeches. His delivery is rapid and continuous. It were as well if he now and then paid a little more attention to his stops, as they say at school. His voice has something harsh about it, which occasionally makes it

difficult to catch his words. His manner is quite monotonous. He never raises or lowers the tones of his voice; and he expends the same amount of gesticulation on all his speeches. That gesticulation is natural and pleasant enough, only one tires of always seeing the same movement of the head and hands.

Of late Mr. Horace Twiss did not speak often. He has never been in his proper element since the occurrence of the mishap in the fortunes of his party, which ejected them from office, and which he is afraid they are never destined to fill again. Time only can decide this question.

Mr. Horace Twiss deserves every praise for his consistency. It would, perhaps, be difficult to name a man of any party who has for so long a period maintained an equal consistency of character as a politician. He has never compromised his opinions; never swerved from the genuine Toryism which he first professed on his introduction into public life. In this respect he very much resembles the late Lord Eldon, of whom he was a great admirer, and of whom he is about to become the biographer. In his late unsuccessful canvass for the representation of Nottingham, he displayed a candour and an honesty in answering questions put to him, which are very rarely to be witnessed on such occasions. I am convinced that no considerations of place, or power, or emolument, would induce him to sacrifice his principles.

CHAPTER VI.

LATE LIBERAL MEMBERS.

Sir Love Parry Jones Parry—Mr. Rigby Wason—Mr. Thomas Wentworth Beaumont.

Sir Love Parry Jones Parry,* late member for Carnarvon, is little known as a speaker in the house. It will not be my fault if he be not well known as an estimable person out of it. He is in every respect a most excellent man, whether viewed in the relations of private life, or in his late capacity as a member of the legislature. I believe a better-hearted or more honest man never crossed the threshold of St. Stephen's. By all who know him, he is greatly respected. The only question on which I have ever heard him speak in parliament—and it is, I believe, almost the only one on which he ever did speak—is the propriety of passing an act rendering it indispensable to the appointment of a clergyman to any of the churches in the principality of Wales, that that clergyman should so far understand the Welsh language as to be able to preach in it. Even on this subject Sir Love Parry never addressed the house at any length; for long speeches are of all earthly things those towards which he entertains the most decided antipathy. I am much mistaken if even the ora-

* As the name is a singular one, it may be right I should mention, that it was originally Sir Love Parry; but that having been left some property by a relative of the name of Jones, he adopted that addition, and then repeated, by way of wind-up, his good old name of Parry.

tions of such men as Sir Robert Peel and Mr. O'Connell had any charms for him, after either had been on his legs more than fifteen minutes. As for the smaller fry of speakers, he had no patience at all with them. He would have submitted to almost any punishment, rather than be doomed to undergo the infliction of half an hour of their oratory. He has often been, as an officer in his sovereign's service, on the field of battle, and heard the bullets whistling around him in all directions: I am sure he would infinitely rather again prefer hearing the cannon's roar, or any roar, rather than the long-winded harangues of such men as Mr. Scarlett, Lord Sandon, Sir Charles Grey, and others of the same oratorical celebrity. To escape, in some measure, the visitation of speeches from the class of orators to whom I refer, I have seen him on several occasions go up to one of the side galleries, and there, in the absence of something more interesting, while away the time by reading an act of parliament. Dry enough reading, no doubt; yet not half so dry as some of the speeches which are occasionally inflicted on the house.

But though Sir Love Parry never, on any occasion, addressed the house at any length, he acquitted himself very respectably as a speaker. He has a fine, strong, audible voice, and speaks with much ease. His language possesses none of the embellishments of rhetoric; but it is correct. I should call it a plain, good, business-like style. If there be nothing indicative of genius, or of talents of a high order in his matter, it always bears on it the imprimatur of great good sense.

Some men employ words to conceal their sentiments;

that is a sin which cannot be laid to the door of Sir Love Parry Jones Parry.* He is always as clear as language can render his thoughts. I should pity the intellect of the person who could feel any difficulty in understanding him. I should at once set such person down as one of the unteachable, as well as the untaught. Sir Love Parry is of necessity moderate in the use of gesture; for having had one of his legs shot off—in the battle of Waterloo, I think it was—he is obliged to lean on crutches when addressing any assemblage of his fellow-men. You can see by the earnestness of his manner that his heart is in his speech. Need I say that he was listened to with attention by the house?

I have said that he spoke but seldom: there was scarcely a night, however, in which he did not present one or more petitions on his favourite subject. That subject, indeed, seemed to engross his entire thoughts as a public man. I am convinced that, were it not that he hopes to be made the means, in part at least, of securing for his poor countrymen in Wales the blessing of a preached gospel in their native language,—the only one which the far greater proportion of them understand,—I am convinced, that were it not that he entertains this hope, he would long ago have relinquished his situation as member of Parliament, and retired into private life and the bosom of his family.† And did he once witness the accomplishment of the

* I fancy I see my readers smiling each time the long and curious name meets their eye: I must confess to an occasional smile at it myself.

† He was defeated at the last election by a small majority; but will soon, I hope, be again in Parliament.

object for which he so zealously labours—a consummation which I most sincerely trust he will live to see—then, I am sure, he would feel himself the happiest man alive, and would go down to the grave, rejoicing that he had, in any measure, been made an instrument in the hand of Divine Providence for achieving an object so truly enlightened, great, and benevolent.

I am sure my readers will acquit me of the charge, should any one bring it against me, of indulging in digressions by expressing my own opinions on topics which have been or are brought under the consideration of Parliament. I am no less sure that I shall be forgiven for a momentary digression in this case, while I express my most cordial sympathy with the efforts which Sir Love Parry has so perseveringly and strenuously made, to prevent the obtrusion of any clergyman of the church on his countrymen, who cannot preach the gospel in the only language they can understand.

Those who interpose obstacles, either directly or indirectly, to the accomplishment of the philanthropic object of the honourable baronet, incur a moral responsibility of the most fearful kind. To deny the people, in many parts of Wales, a clergyman who can preach to them in their vernacular tongue, is tantamount to denying them a preached gospel altogether. There are thousands and tens of thousands of poor Welshmen who know nothing more of the English language, whether spoken or read, than they do of the Chinese. To preach to them, then, the gospel in the English language, is not only to trifle with their immortal interests, but is

to treat them with a species of solemn mockery, even if viewed only as members of civil society.

Perish that heartless policy, whether it come from Whig or Tory, which, for the sake of aiming at the spread of the English language, so as that it may become universal in the principality of Wales, would deny the poor Welshman the bread of life. Are those who have hitherto sought to frustrate the benevolent views of Sir Love Parry, aware of what is the practical fact which their conduct proclaims? Why, it is nothing more nor less than this, that the immortal interests of myriads of Welshmen are not, in their estimation, to be put in the balance with the spread of the English language! In other words, they offer the poor Welshman the English language as a substitute for the means of grace and the hopes of heaven.

But I must not pursue the subject farther. Sir Love Parry Jones Parry is full to overflowing of good-nature. His own happiness is bound up in that of every individual with whom he chances to come in contact. I will mention one simple anecdote, which of itself speaks volumes, respecting his kindly disposition, and the pleasure he takes in making other people happy. In the course of last session, the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, being desirous of procuring a frank, and seeing in the lobby of the house none of the members whom he knew, ventured to ask the favour of a frank from the honourable baronet, as he was going along the passage out of the house. Sir Love Parry, though the party soliciting the favour was a perfect stranger to him, observed, in the kindest possible man-

ner, that he was sorry all his own franks were gone for that day's post, but added, that if the applicant would let him have the letter, he would go back to the house, and get some member of his acquaintance to frank it for him. He actually did so, notwithstanding his being obliged to walk on crutches, and brought the letter back to the gentleman duly franked, looking all the while as cheerful as if he had been the obliged, instead of the obliging party.

Sir Love Parry is in person rather below the average height. He is stoutly made, without being strictly speaking corpulent. He has a fine, good-natured expression of countenance. His features are regular; his face is round; and his complexion partakes somewhat of a florid hue. I should take his age to be bordering on sixty. I must not forget to mention that in politics he is but moderately liberal.

Mr. Rigby Wason, the late member for Ipswich, was not in the habit of addressing the House at any length; neither did he speak often; but he was well known and much esteemed by both sides of the house. His politics are decidedly liberal, but they stopped short of Radicalism. They may, perhaps, be best described by the phrase extreme Whiggism. He is tall and well formed Without being robust, he has all the appearance of possessing great muscular strength. His countenance has something of a serious cast: he usually looks as if he were lost in deep thought. His grave expression of countenance would have well become the pulpit. It was quite a rarity to see him smile. When I say this, I mean, of course, to apply the observation to the

honourable member when in the house. I have no doubt he can, when there is occasion, prove as well as other men, that his features are not immovable like those of a statue.

Mr. Wason's face possesses considerable elongation; and his features are strongly marked. His complexion is very dark. His hair is of a deep brown, and is always abundant. His whiskers are so large, that, when he was in the house, those of most other honourable gentlemen who rejoice in these facial embellishments, presented but a very poor appearance beside them.

As a speaker, Mr. Wason has no great pretensions. His voice is not strong, but has something of a bass tone. He was not very audible in ordinary circumstances; sometimes he was not heard at all in the remoter parts of the house. He speaks with some rapidity, and is usually fluent enough in his utterance; but at times he hesitates a little. His language is unpolished. No man can be more innocent of anything in the shape of flowery phraseology; but his style is correct. He is not wordy; he expresses himself with great conciseness, and is always clear, were he sufficiently audible, in his statements and arguments. He is not a man of superior intellect, but he has a sound judgment.

Mr. Wason was exemplary in his attention to his parliamentary duties. He did not often involve himself in personal altercations with other members, because his own inoffensive language prevented any one who might dissent from his views, from finding a pretext to quarrel with him; but if any one chose to venture a personality at his expense, there was not a man in the

house who would resent it with more spirit. A memorable instance of this occurred in the session of 1836. An honourable baronet, whose name I do not at this moment recollect, on the Tory side of the house, having made some observation in reference to Mr. Wason, which the latter regarded as personal, he immediately retorted in some remark which the honourable baronet could not pass over without a manifest breach of all the laws of honour,—as those laws are understood among persons arrogating to themselves the exclusive title of gentlemen. The House and the Speaker, perceiving that a duel must be the consequence, interfered to prevent either legislator shooting the other. It was recommended to Mr. Wason, that he should withdraw the offensive expression he had used. But he would only consent to do so on the condition of the Tory baronet's withdrawing, in the first instance, the terms he had employed. A difference of opinion arose, as to whether the Tory baronet's words could be so construed as to be of a sufficiently personal nature to justify the use of the observatons which Mr. Wason had made, and whether, therefore, the latter gentleman ought not to be the first to retract, and to say he would take no further steps in the matter. Mr. Wason would not for a moment listen to any proposal for his retracting before his opponent. Most resolutely did he adhere to his determination not to give way before the other, in spite of all the entreaties of his friends, and the threats of the Speaker.* After about a two hours' discussion on the

* In my chapter of "Miscellaneous Observations," I have stated, that in the great majority of cases, the parties to personal

subject, in the course of which almost every member—sometimes five or six of them at once—expressed his opinion on the matter, the Tory baronet was obliged to retract in the first instance, when his example was promptly followed by Mr. Wason, with all the plainness and simplicity of manner for which he is distinguished.

Mr. Wason was among the stock-still speakers. Having put himself into a perpendicular position, he seemed to think that he had nothing more to do with his body until he resumed his seat. If you saw him make a slight motion with his right hand, it was all the gesticulation he would put himself to the trouble of using. His notion appeared to be, that it is sufficient that the tongue move; and that it is too much to expect the movement of the body also. He is quite a quiet speaker—if there be not an Irishism in the expression. He is in the prime of life, being only between forty and forty-five.

Mr. Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, the late member for Northumberland, is a gentleman of undoubted integrity of character. His political opinions, when in the house, were always formed without regard to party considerations. In fact, he connected himself with no party; he is as independent in mind and in political action, as he is in fortune. What that fortune is, may be inferred from the fact that he has a yearly income of nearly 100,000*l.* I may mention, as a proof of Mr. Beaumont's honesty of purpose, that being unable,

squabbles persist in them because they know the Speaker will take care that no hostile meeting shall be the result. In this instance, I am convinced that each party was so strongly impressed with the notion that he was unwarrantably insulted, that both would have willingly abided the consequences.

amidst the conflicting statements made on the subject by interested parties, to make up his mind as to the influence which the state of religion in Ireland has on the social and moral condition of the people, he, in the autumn of 1836, made a tour himself, of several months' duration through that country, in order that he might have an opportunity of arriving at the truth. The result was, that on his return he became a decided advocate for the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, at least to the extent of paying the Roman Catholic priests out of the public money. He moved an amendment to the address at the opening of the session of 1837, embodying this sentiment; but, finding there was no chance of its being supported to any extent, far less carried, he withdrew it.

Mr. Beaumont is a respectable speaker. He usually addressed the House when he did speak, which, however, was not often, with considerable fluency. Occasionally he used the wrong word, and had to re-correct himself two or three times before he hit on the right one; but he is, notwithstanding, a respectable speaker. He is not wordy; there are always ideas in his speeches, though not of a lofty or brilliant order. Let me not be understood by this as intimating that Mr. Beaumont has no original ideas. When in the house, he sometimes advanced positions which were quite new. There is occasionally a good deal of force in his style; indeed, it is not always so correct as it is vigorous. His voice is clear, and his articulation is good. He was audible in all parts of the house, except when it was in a state of

uproar; no very unusual thing, it must be confessed. His voice wants flexibility. His manner is pleasant; there is nothing violent or extravagant about it. He slowly moved his head from one direction to another, and gently raised his right hand. He is a gentlemanly-looking man. He is of the middle size, and of a handsome figure. His countenance has the glow of health impressed upon it. His face is round, and his features are regular. He has moderately-sized whiskers and light brown hair. He is a middle-aged man, being seemingly about his forty-fifth year.

Mr. Beaumont has signalised himself by his exertions on behalf of Poland. That ill-fated country has not a more ardent or more steady friend than she has in the ex-member for Northumberland. He has been untiring in his exertions for the recovery of her independence. He has stood by her when almost all her other friends had either forsaken or forgotten her. He was the principal supporter of the association which existed for several years, to aid Poland in her endeavours to regain her rights and liberties. And when he saw her friends in that association become lukewarm in her hallowed cause, and consequently could not reasonably expect any beneficial results from it, he projected "The British and Foreign Review," to advocate her interests. That periodical has, ever since its commencement, been carried on at the expense of Mr. Beaumont; and has undoubtedly been of much service in making known the real situation of Poland, and in boldly and fearlessly denouncing her oppressors. Mr. Beaumont has also contributed largely out of his private purse to the necessities

of numerous Polish refugees in this country. His name is justly held in the highest admiration by every intelligent Pole.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSERVATIVE ENGLISH MEMBERS.

Mr. Plumptre—Sir Thomas Freemantle—Sir Edward Sugden—Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Gaskell.

It may be right to premise, in order to prevent misconception, that the priority of names in this and the following chapters, is not regulated by the opinion which the author entertains of the comparative talents or political status of the parties, but is altogether the result of incidental arrangements.

Mr. Plumptre, member for East Kent, is a decided Tory; but his religious principles prevent his taking an active part in mere political questions. He hardly ever speaks, except when the question before the House has a manifest bearing on the great interests of religion. When such questions are before the House, he seldom omits to speak. He is a man of great private worth; one who really does embody, in all the relations of life, the religious principles by which he professes to be guided in his conduct. He is a man of decided piety, without anything that approaches in the remotest degree to fanaticism. He has for years past actively co-operated with those honourable members who have been assiduously labouring for some legislative enactment which should ensure a better observance of the Sab-

bath. He does not, however, unless my memory misleads me, go the full length of Sir Andrew Agnew's views on the subject. Some of Sir Andrew's views he deems impracticable. He does not often quote scripture in the house; but when addressing public meetings held for religious purposes, he quotes as largely from the inspired records as any clergyman on the platform. He is a decided churchman, but not bigotedly so. He concedes the possession of both piety and learning to the Dissenters; and does not admire an able evangelical work the less, because it emanates from the pen of an author whose conscientious scruples have induced him to secede from the church. He is well acquainted with the beautiful hymns of Dr. Watts. At a large public meeting of churchmen, assembled in February 1837, in the Freemasons' Tavern, to petition parliament against the aboliton of church rates, he concluded a very excellent speech with the following quotation from Watts:—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

I give his quotation for the purpose of observing, that as it was the fashion at this meeting to heap all manner of abuse on the Dissenters, there were, perhaps, few there who would have the generosity of mind to acknowledge their acquaintance with, and virtually their admiration of, the works of a body, whom most of the other speakers seemed to make it the chief object of their speeches to vilify.

Mr. Plumptre has a fine mellifluous voice. Were the intonations of which it is evidently susceptible,

managed with skill, and had Mr. Plumptre the requisite animation of manner, he would be an exceedingly interesting speaker. His utterance, however, is so slow, and his manner so tame, that nothing but the manifest sincerity of his opinions, and the excellence of his character, would secure for him an ordinary share of attention. He scarcely ever smiles. In the house I do not recollect having seen him smile at all, though he doubtless has done so amid the convulsions of laughter into which Mr. Kearsley and some other honourable members, as elsewhere described, occasionally throw the House. I recollect seeing him take a hearty laugh at some humorous remarks made by the Rev. Mr. Cumming,* at the meeting in the Freemasons' Tavern

*Mr. Cumming is minister of the Scotch Church, Crown Court, Little Russell Street, Covent Garden. His speech on this occasion almost electrified his large and intelligent audience. It certainly was one of the most effective addresses I have heard delivered from a public platform for some time; but I should have listened to it with much greater pleasure, had I not heard him, on the previous Sabbath, express his conviction from his own pulpit, that nothing was so unbecoming in a minister of the gospel, and that nothing could be more calculated to impair his usefulness, than to mix himself up with the politics of the day. Fully concurring in this sentiment I heard it with the greatest delight. Need I say, then, that it marred the pleasure with which I should otherwise have heard Mr. Cumming's able and eloquent speech, when I saw him so soon acting in opposition to his own avowed convictions. His speech was throughout of a political complexion. He praised the leading Tory journals by name, in terms of warm eulogy, and sneered at those of a Liberal character. He was also witty at the expense of the "hungry London University," as he called it, and heaped indiscriminate and unmeasured obloquy on Dissenters. How different his speech in these respects from that of Mr. Plumptre, the gentleman who preceded him! I am willing, however, to believe that Mr. Cumming was carried away by the excitement of the moment, and that there were some things of a political character in his speech, which, on mature reflection, he would not justify; for he is not only a gentleman of great talent both on the platform and in the pulpit, but of decided piety and of amiable manners.

just referred to. But his usual appearance is that of great seriousness, without anything cynical or austere. He is a fine-looking man. His features are regular, and the general expression of his countenance is pleasing. His complexion is somewhat dark, and his hair black. He is seemingly about forty-five.

Sir Thomas Freemantle, member for Buckingham, is one of the most strenuous supporters of Tory principles on the opposition side of the house. He is, however, too much a man of sense, and has too much of the gentleman in him, to allow himself to be betrayed into those paroxysms of passion which so often characterize the oratorical exhibitions of ultras of both parties. He is a very respectable speaker. He is always clear in his matter. His style is simple and unaffected. It has nothing of that meretricious ornament without which some honourable members, who fancy themselves modern Demosthenes, would think their style was no style at all. He speaks with considerable ease and fluency; he is seldom at a loss for a word, and when he does hesitate for a moment, he almost invariably chooses the right one. His utterance is rapid, but his distinctness renders it easy to follow him. His voice is not strong, but it is sufficiently so to make it audible in all parts of the house—that is to say, when tolerable order prevails. His matter is generally good; sometimes he displays considerable acuteness; but there is never any thing profound or original in what he says. Perhaps as correct an idea may be conveyed of his mental calibre, when I say that he is above mediocrity, as by any other expression I could employ. He is a man of excellent

business habits. He held a subordinate situation in the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel. He filled the office with much credit to himself. It is chiefly on matters of a business character that he speaks, when he does address the House. He does not speak often; nor does he ever speak long at a time. A favourite subject with him is the miscellaneous estimates. He is expert at figures, and seems to have a partiality for them.

In person he is under the usual height, but well made. He is of a dark complexion, which appears much darker from the circumstance of his immense whiskers casting a shade over his face. They are not only the largest which are owned by any honourable member in the house, but I have seldom or never seen them equalled out of doors. They are of a dark colour, and are in excellent keeping with his ample crop of black hair. His features are large, but their general expression is pleasant. He is in the prime of life, being about his forty-fifth year.

Sir Edward Sugden, the member for Ripon, was many years in parliament prior to the passing of the Reform Bill; but since that measure became the law of the land, he has not had a seat in the house until the present session. He is a decided Tory; but I cannot concur with those who think that his attachment to that class of opinions degenerates into factiousness, in his opposition to liberal principles. It is true that no man, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Croker, more strenuously or perseveringly opposed the Reform Bill; but then it ought to be remembered, that many of those who resisted that measure, may have been as conscien-

tious and honest in their opposition to it as those who gave it their support. It ought, too, to be recollected, that Sir Edward Sugden declared in his place in parliament, immediately after the second reading of the bill, that however much and zealously he had opposed the measure before, he would, now that its principle had received the sanction of the House of Commons, throw no further obstacles in the way of its progress, but would apply the best energies of his mind to improve its details to the greatest possible extent. I hold that any man who makes a specific unequivocal declaration of this kind, ought, in the absence of proof to the contrary, to receive credit for the sincerity with which he makes it.

Sir Edward was understood to be ambitious. He is known to have aspired at the Speakership of the House of Commons, ever since Sir Charles Manners Sutton, now Lord Canterbury, resigned the situation. His party have encouraged him in his aspirations after this distinguished and lucrative office; and should they come into power, and a new election occur under their tenure of office, there can be no question that his wishes will be gratified.

The honourable and learned gentleman is often charged by his opponents with being of a snarlish and snappish disposition. I believe there was some foundation for the charge when practising in the courts of law; but I have never seen anything in his conduct in the House of Commons which was inconsistent with the acknowledged rules of politeness.

As a parliamentary debater he never ranked high.

He seldom commanded the attention of the house, even when a majority of that house were of his own politics. Here and there, both on the ministerial and opposition benches, you see an honourable gentleman lending him his ears; but you see the far greater portion of members, no matter what be their political opinions, either engaged in conversation, or presenting all the appearances of drowsiness. You see no inconsiderable number enjoying what Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey would call "a sound undisturbed nap." This remark, it is proper to state, is only intended to apply to the honourable and learned gentleman when addressing the house on general topics. When he speaks on any question involving legal considerations, he is usually listened to with the greatest attention. There is not, indeed, a man in the house whose opinions on questions of law are regarded with more deference. I may mention in proof of this, that when, in the commencement of the present session, the Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill was under the consideration of honourable gentlemen, and when doubts had been expressed whether the measure had been in accordance with the requisite legal forms, Mr. Spring Rice and Lord John Russell severally expressed a wish to hear Sir Edward Sugden's views on the point; and the honourable and learned baronet having given his opinion in opposition to their impressions on the subject, they at once departed from the course they had been pursuing, though the bill had nearly reached its last stage, and encountered all the ridicule consequent on a practical admission of having committed a serious blunder, by re-introducing the measure in

the very form which he recommended. The clearness with which Sir Edward on this occasion expressed his views on a subject involving so many legal intricacies and difficulties, was the admiration of all present. His speech occupied, if I remember rightly, nearly an hour in the delivery; and he popularised the subject in so singular a manner, that no man of the most ordinary comprehension could have failed to follow him, without an effort, from the beginning to the end of his address.

Sir Edward Sugden's matter is, in most cases, too strictly argumentative, either to command general attention in the house, or to be popular out of doors. It often partakes, too, of the qualities which usually distinguish pleadings in a court of law. His style is accurate, though sometimes more diffuse than is necessary for the expression of his views. He never attempts to reach the higher flights of eloquence; he betrays no partiality to tropes and figures. I never, to the best of my recollection, heard him make use of anything partaking of the metaphorical character. He has few or no pretensions to the name of a statesman. His views are neither profound nor enlarged. I never heard him give utterance to anything which bore the impress of genius on it. His forte lies in detecting defects, and suggesting remedies in the details of a measure.

He laboured hard, as I have remarked in another work,* to point out errors and make improvements in the details of the Reform Bill; but some of the suggestions which he made, and to which he attached a spe-

* "The Bench and the Bar."

cial importance, having been disregarded by ministers, he felt so mortified at the circumstance, that he never again took any part in the protracted discussions which occurred respecting the details of the measure in its progress through the committee.

As a speaker Sir Edward Sugden is easy and fluent. Ideas and words suggest themselves to his mind much more readily and copiously than is always convenient for himself, or agreeable to those he addresses. Sometimes, though not often, he hesitates slightly, through the abundance of his resources as an extemporaneous speaker: he seems occasionally to be at a loss which of two ideas he should make use of first; or which of two or three modes of expression is the best.

Sir Edward Sugden can speak at any time and on any subject. He is not to be taken by surprise; neither does he ever, when on his legs, exhaust himself. You cannot fail to perceive, by the time he has spoken two or three minutes, that his difficulty does not consist in finding ideas, or suitable words wherewith to express them; but that it consists in deciding on which he should use, and how he can give the greatest possible number in the shortest possible time. No matter what the subject, and no matter what the time he has been on his legs, he never has said the half he could have said when he resumes his seat. And it is worthy of observation, that he very rarely repeats himself. His speeches display great variety. Before the passing of the Reform Bill he often spoke; but since his return to Parliament under a liberal *régime*, he has seldom addressed the House on important questions.

Sir Edward is not a graceful speaker. To the character of an orator he has not the remotest pretensions. His voice possesses little variety; and he has acquired a sort of sameness in his tones, which has an unpleasant effect. His voice is not powerful at best; but he seldom attempts to raise it to so high a pitch as it is capable of attaining. When he does so, it usually has a screeching sort of sound. His enunciation is far from perfect. He speaks much too rapidly to do justice to his elocution. He is one of the most rapid speakers in the house. Few reporters can follow him; and the difficulty they have, on this account, in taking down what he says, is greatly aggravated from the argumentative, often the professional, character of his matter.

His action, like his voice, is deficient in variety. He generally fixes his eyes on some particular member on the opposite side of the house, and addresses himself, in appearance, as exclusively to that honourable gentleman, as if he were the only person present. Sir Edward, however, is very fair and impartial in the distribution of his oratorical favours. Though some particular member monopolises those favours for a time, it is only for a very short time. About a quarter of a minute is generally the longest period he allows to any one at once. That short space expired, he turns to some other honourable gentleman, and gives him a corresponding amount of his attention. Then he repeats the process, taking each of them again in succession for another quarter of a minute. If he speaks long at a time, the probability is, that he also addresses himself, in the same way, to those of his own party in the vicinity of the place from

which he speaks; which place always is the first row of the Tory benches, opposite the end of the table farthest from the Speaker. He does not make much use of his arms in addressing the House. I have never seen him liberal of his gesticulation. He quietly moves his right hand up and down, and now and then strikes the palm of his left hand with his forefinger. In his more animated moods, and when wishing to lay special stress on some particular argument or point, he gives a rather smart blow with his clenched first on some of the books on the table.

Sir Edward Sugden scarcely reaches the middle height. He is compactly made, and has all the appearance of a vigorous constitution. He has nothing of that thoughtful cast of expression in his countenance, which is so common among those who, like him, have been engaged during the greater part of their life in professional pursuits of the most arduous kind. He looks lively and cheerful; a circumstance the more to be wondered at, when it is remembered that in the course of the last few years he has met with serious disappointments, and had to sustain mortifications of no ordinary kind. To these I need not particularly allude; they are too well known to render any reference necessary.

Sir Edward has a good deal of colour in his face, which as yet, though in or about his fifty-fifth year, is unvisited by even an incipient wrinkle. He looks much younger than he is. His hair is moderately dark, and there is abundance of it. He has a fine clear sharp eye, which is in happy keeping with the intellectual expression of his countenance. His nose partakes slightly of

the Roman cast. His face is of an angular form; and has, on the whole, a pleasant, as well as an intellectual aspect.

Mr. Gladstone, the member for Newark, is one of the most rising young men on the Tory side of the house. His party expect great things from him; and, certainly, when it is remembered that his age is only thirty-five, the success of the parliamentary efforts he has already made justifies their expectations. He is well informed on most of the subjects which usually occupy the attention of the legislature; and he is happy in turning his information to a good account. He is ready on all occasions which he deems fitting ones, with a speech in favour of the policy advocated by the party with whom he acts. His extemporaneous resources are ample. Few men in the house can improvisate better. It does not appear to cost him an effort to speak. He is a man of very considerable talent, but has nothing approaching to genius. His abilities are much more the result of an excellent education, and of mature study, than of any prodigality on the part of Nature in the distribution of her mental gifts. I have no idea that he will ever acquire the reputation of a great statesman. His views are not sufficiently profound or enlarged for that; his celebrity in the House of Commons will chiefly depend on his readiness and dexterity as a debater, in conjunction with the excellence of his elocution, and the gracefulness of his manner when speaking. His style is polished, but has no appearance of the effect of previous preparation. He displays considerable acuteness in replying to an opponent: he is quick in his perception of anything vul-

nerable in the speech to which he replies, and happy in laying the weak point bare to the gaze of the House. He now and then indulges in sarcasm, which is, in most cases, very felicitous. He is plausible even when most in error. When it suits himself or his party, he can apply himself with the strictest closeness to the real point at issue; when to evade that point is deemed most politic, no man can wander from it more widely.

The ablest speech he ever made in the house, and by far the ablest on the same side of the question, was when opposing, on the 30th March last, Sir George Strickland's motion for the abolition of the negro apprenticeship system on the 1st of August next. Mr. Gladstone, I should here observe, is himself an extensive West India planter.

Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manners are much in his favour. He is a fine-looking man. He is about the usual height, and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick. His eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the house but envies what Truefit would call his "fine head of jet-black hair." It is always carefully parted from the crown downwards to his brow, where it is tastefully shaded. His features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness, if he does not possess an abundant stock of health.

Mr. Gladstone's gesture is varied, but not violent. When he rises, he generally puts both his hands behind his back, and having there suffered them to embrace each

other for a short time, he unclasps them, and allows them to drop on either side. They are not permitted to remain long in that locality, before you see them again closed together and hanging down before him. Their reunion is not suffered to last for any length of time. Again a separation takes place, and now the right hand is seen moving up and down before him. Having thus exercised it a little, he thrusts it into the pocket of his coat, and then orders the left hand to follow its example. Having granted them a momentary repose there, they are again put into gentle motion; and in a few seconds they are seen reposing *vis-à-vis* on his breast. He moves his face and body from one direction to another, not forgetting to bestow a liberal share of his attention on his own party. He is always listened to with much attention by the House, and appears to be highly respected by men of all parties. He is a man of good business habits; of this he furnished abundant proof when Under-Secretary for the Colonies, during the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Gaskell, the member for Wenlock, is one of the few members who appear to me to have themselves to blame for not occupying a more prominent position than they do in the house. I do not say, for I do not think, that he is a man of original or comprehensive mind; but he possesses a readiness and clearness, accompanied with very considerable powers of elocution, which, were he to speak oftener on subjects with which he is conversant, could not fail to make him a man of some importance.

His voice, especially in the beginning of his speeches

has a very strong resemblance to that of Lord Stanley; indeed, when he just rises, those who do not see him sometimes suppose that it is Lord Stanley who has risen to address the House.

Mr. Gaskell's voice has all the distinctness of that of the noble lord, with greater softness. Its intonations are varied, and are usually in good taste. In his more animated moods, his voice is very often highly musical. His elocution, too, is good in other respects. When hurried away by his excited feelings, his utterance is too rapid; at all times he speaks, perhaps, with greater rapidity than could be desired. His pleasant voice and agreeable manner, however, often render his audience insensible to the fact, and where it is perceived they are usually reconciled to it. He is a voluble speaker; he is never at a loss for words; he has always enough of them and to spare. He rarely misplaces a word: all is smooth, and in the best order. His style is occasionally too diffuse. Were he to speak oftener, I rather think he would not be quite so prodigal of his phraseology. He would not, in that case, have the same time to prepare and round his sentences.

Mr. Gaskell's manner is highly animated. He is fully as prodigal of his gesticulation as he is of his words. The rapid and constant movements of his head, from its usual perpendicular position, down half way to his knees, and back again, constitute one of the most marked features of his action. The descent of his head towards his knees is usually accompanied by so forcible an application of the four fingers of his right hand to

the palm of his left hand, as to cause "a smack" which is distinctly heard in all parts of the house.

Judging from his manner, one would suppose that Mr. Gaskell declines, from principle, addressing a single word to the ministerial side of the house. A stranger might fancy that he carries his political prejudices to such a length, as to disdain bestowing either a look or a word on the Liberal party. He is a thorough-going Conservative, but has too much of the manners of a gentleman ever to dream of such a thing. What causes him to address himself, both in words and looks, to his own party exclusively, is more than I can tell; very likely it is a habit unconsciously contracted.

I have said that Mr. Gaskell is an animated speaker. I might have added, that he speaks with a fervour which bears on the very face of it abundant proof of the strength and sincerity with which he is attached to his principles. His zeal always appears to be of a consuming kind. You would suppose, from the animation and earnestness of his manner, that he had not a single thought or anxiety about anything else than the subject on which he addresses the house. He seems to be equally at home on all topics on which he speaks. A stranger is delighted in the thought, after he has addressed the house, that no accident occurred to prevent his speaking, simply on the ground, that if there had been no escape-valve for what he uttered, his mind must have been a perfect volcano.

Mr. Gaskell's features are marked. He has a short round face, with a certain contraction of its parts about the eyebrows, nose, &c., with a moderately-developed

forehead, dark eyelashes, and clear bright eyes. His complexion is dark, and his hair is of a jet-black colour. He is much about the average height. He is slenderly made, dresses with taste, and has the appearance and manners of a gentleman. He is but a young man, being under his fortieth year.

CHAPER VIII.

CONSERVATIVE ENGLISH MEMBERS.

(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Scarlett—Mr. Arthur Trevor—Mr. Gally Knight—Lord Ashley—Mr. Maclean—Sir Frederick Pollock.

Mr. Scarlett, member for Norwich, almost always sits near to Mr. Arthur Trevor, the member for Durham. Indeed they are often to be seen in earnest conversation together, sometimes interchanging their opinions "on the present state of the politics of Europe," and on other occasions discussing the probabilities of the return of the Tories to power.

Mr. Scarlett is the son of Lord Abinger, and inherits the present, not the former political principles of his father. He is, in other words, a thorough-going Conservative. He does not often treat the house to specimens of his eloquence. In this, to use a homely but very expressive phrase, he serves it right. Honourable members have no claims on his oratory; for when he does address them, he is almost invariably received in a manner the very opposite of encouraging. The mo-

ment he assumes a perpendicular position, he is assailed by a volley of groans, growls, and other sounds, which I know not how to characterize in what is called parliamentary language. I shall say of them—on the principle of least said soonest mended—I shall say of them, that they are of a most unmusical character. They are so to the ears of strangers: need I add, they must be doubly so to the ears of Mr. Scarlett himself? He manages, however, in the majority of cases, to preserve his temper.

As to getting into a downright passion, that is a thing of which Mr. Scarlett, so far as my observation extends, has never been guilty. Judging from his appearance, I should say that though not so cheerful, nor possessing so laughing a countenance as his father, he is, like him, full of good nature. He seems to be an easy-minded gentleman, always on good terms with himself and with everybody else. I do not recollect ever having heard an ill-natured observation escape him, though I have often seen him receive such provocation as would have irritated the minds of most other men. His countenance has something of a heavy appearance; whatever intelligence is in it, he owes to a pair of good eyes. His head is large. As yet, he has given no display of anything like superior acquirements. However, as he is not an old man, being only about his fortieth year, there is no saying what he may yet do. Many a great genius, whose name was previously unknown, has burst on the world all at once, after having attained a much greater age. His person is muscular, and he has all the appearance of excellent health. His stoutness verges on cor-

pulence. He is a handsome man. There is a ruddiness in his complexion, of which I am convinced no other member of the six hundred and fifty-eight can boast. His hair is something between a dark and a brown, and his whiskers are tolerably large, without deserving the application of Dominie Sampson's favourite adjective of "prodigious!"

As a speaker, Mr. Scarlett possesses no reputation. He usually addresses the house in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible: very often he is wholly so. He gets on, however, with passable ease and fluency. His language is not fine: it is very plain: sometimes it is not more correct than it should be. He never speaks long at a time. It is quite an era in his existence to be on his legs ten consecutive minutes, even including the period which usually elapses before he is allowed to speak. And this circumstance of not, to use parliamentary phraseology, trespassing long on the attention of the house, constitutes the crowning aggravation of the conduct of those honourable gentlemen on the opposite side, who always endeavour to put him down. Sometimes I have seen Mr. Scarlett, on such occasions, resume his seat without having uttered a word; but then it has often been a question with me whether he has not, in some such cases, stood up without intending to speak, in order that he might give his tormentors an opportunity of making themselves ridiculous.

Mr. Scarlett is a member of the English bar, and practises at the Old Bailey. He is not encumbered with professional business; but I am disposed to think that this is in a great measure his own fault. My im-

pression is, that he is constitutionally indolent—a disposition which a moderate family independency enables him to indulge.

Mr. Arthur Trevor, member for Durham, is also a decided Tory; and is, if possible, still more unpopular among his brother legislators than Mr. Scarlett. What scenes of uproar and confusion have I not witnessed, on his tall thin person appearing perpendicularly when some other member has resumed his seat! I could have wished, on such occasions, that there had been written above the door outside, "No admission for strangers." One minute in the house during such scenes would do more to lower its dignity in the estimation of a stranger, than all that has ever been written against it. Then would be the time to make up one's mind as to the propriety of the members being called the "first assembly of gentlemen in Europe." Lord Brougham said, in the session of 1835, that he had been in the habit of addressing a mob for the last four years. There was no mistaking the allusion. What would his lordship say, in some of his hot and hasty moments, of the House of Commons, were he still a member there, and were to meet with the same interruptions as he often does in the house to which he now belongs? As I have mentioned in my First Series of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," Lord Brougham, then Mr. Brougham, called it a menagerie in its unreformed state; now it is ten times worse than ever it was in the days of Tory domination. The scenes which are often exhibited in it when Mr. Arthur Trevor and some other unpopular members rise to speak, are such as would

make any promiscuous assemblage of mechanics ashamed of themselves, were they to be the performers.

Mr. Trevor is evidently a man of good temper; otherwise he would resent in warmer terms than he does, the disrespectful manner in which he is usually received. On several occasions, it is true, I have seen him appeal for protection to the chair; but that has always been when the house has exhibited the appearance of a perfect bear-garden. He deserves great praise for his courage: I have never known him, in a single instance, to be put down by the clamour of the Liberals. Rather than give them so much of their own way as to resume his seat, I have seen him persevere in addressing the House for several minutes, without one syllable he uttered being heard, even by the honourable members sitting next to him, and when, in more distant parts of the house, his voice was so completely drowned that you could only infer that he was speaking at all, from the motion of his lips.

Mr. Trevor is well acquainted with the subject of political economy, and possesses a respectable amount of information on most questions which come before the house. As a speaker, he has no chance of ever ranking high. His voice is weak, and his manner has too much of languor about it ever to be popular. He is monotonous, both in his elocution and his gesticulation. Indeed he can hardly be said to have any of the latter; for, with the exception of a gentle movement of his right hand, and a slight occasional turn of his face from one part of the ministerial benches to another, he stands as steady, to use Colonel Sibthorp's expression, as a post.

His face, like his figure, is thin. His features have something of a pensive expression. His complexion is sallow, and his hair of a darkish hue. He does not look so old as he is. Though about his forty-second year, one would take him to be at least six or seven years younger.

Mr. Gally Knight, member for Nottinghamshire, is a gentleman with whom I shall make short work. He graces the Conservative benches; but were I to call him a Conservative, I know he would not relish the designation. I shall therefore leave my readers to call him what they please; only it is right, in order that they may have some data on which to ground their opinion as to the section of politicians among whom he ought to be classed, that I should mention two or three very plain matters of fact.

Mr. Gally Knight, for many years, professed himself to be a Reformer: he did more—he voted and acted with the Reformers. A few years since, however, he took it into his head to abandon his seat on the Reform side of the house, if not his reform opinions. Since then he has not only gone over to the Tory side of the house, but he has, with one or two unimportant exceptions, proved himself a thick-and-thin supporter of Tory principles. To be sure, he calls himself an independent man. So, I have always observed, does every one who has apostatised from his former opinions. The very moment the change is openly avowed, they set up for independent men. Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir George Sinclair, and others of lesser calibre, all claim to be independent

men. Question their independence, and that moment they will fly into a passion, just as if you had offered them a personal insult. And why should not Mr. Gally Knight, as well as his betters, arrogate to himself the virtue of independence? And, to do him justice, he has given better proof of independence than either of the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned; for, to give only one instance, he did actually vote against the Tories, and with Ministers, on the 12th of June last, on the motion of Lord John Russell for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the administration of the revenues derived from bishops' lands.

But to drop the subject of Mr. Gally Knight's independence, and to come to a word or two touching his pretensions as a speaker. These are humble enough, without a doubt. He has got a tolerable voice, but the evil of it is, he has got no ideas in the expression of which to employ it. He speaks seldom: in that he is wise. When he does speak, he is generally very brief; very wise again. He attempts none of the loftier flights of oratory: a most commendable resolution; for he never was destined to soar. He contents himself with giving utterance, two or three times a session, to thirty or forty sentences, not sentiments; and this done, he resumes his seat, with a look of infinite self-complacency, just as if he had thereby relieved his conscience of a burden which was pressing on it. His orations, like the sovereign's speeches at the opening of parliament, are for the most part only remarkable for their absence of anything and everything but words. He cannot be charged with making much fuss about his

speeches—at least in so far as gesticulation is concerned. He usually puts his hands to his back, where he joins them, and, standing as steadily as if he were transfixed to the spot, talks away very good-naturedly for four or five minutes. He seldom attacks those who differ from him; he hardly ever quarrels with what others mean to do; it is enough for him that he tells the house what he means to do himself. That seems to him a very important piece of information, and once given, he sits down contented.

Mr. Gally Knight is one of the most unpoetical men in appearance I have ever seen, and yet he is the author of a small volume of miscellaneous poetical pieces, which possesses considerable merit, and has been very favourably received. From one of his poems I extract the following passage, which is part of a beautiful portrait of a religious woman in affliction:

> "Ye who approach the threshold, cast aside
> The world, and all the littleness of pride;
> Come not to pass an hour, and then away
> Back to the giddy follies of the day;
> With reverent step and heaven-directed eye,
> Clad in the robes of meek humility,
> As to a temple's hallowed courts repair,
> And come the lesson as the scene to share.
> Gaze on the ruin'd frame and pallid cheek,
> Prophetic symptoms that too plainly speak!
> Those limbs that fail her as she falters by:
> Pains that from nature will extort a sigh;
> See her from social intercourse removed,
> Forbid to catch the friendly voice she loved;
> Then mark the look composed, the tranquil air,
> Unfeigned contentment still enthroned there!

The cheerful beams that, never quench'd, adorn
That cheek, and gladden those who thought to mourn;
Benignant smiles for all around that shine,
Unbounded love and charity divine!
This is religion—not unreal dreams,
Enthusiast raptures, and seraphic gleams;
But faith's calm triumph—reason's steady sway;
Not the brief lightning, but the perfect day."

Mr. Galley Knight is also favourably known as a writer of prose. He is the author of "Notes of a Tour in Normandy," and "The Normans in Sicily." He is an admirable Greek scholar, and is in every respect deserving the appellation of a literary man. He is one out of many instances of literary men, of great talent and high reputation, failing to make any impression in the house. He is a gentleman of excellent private character, and is much esteemed by his fellow legislators.

I have hardly made such short work with Mr. Gally Knight as I promised in the outset I would do. A word or two more will certainly suffice. If there be truth in the system of Lavater, he is full of good-nature. He has a remarkably cheerful countenance. I cannot answer for it at those times when he may be sitting hearing others; but this I will say, that I never yet saw him rise to speak, without at the same time having the satisfaction of looking on a countenance lighted up with a very interesting smile. He is of the middle height, and rather stoutly made. His head is large, and his face is of the oval form. His complexion is clear and healthy for a man who is considerably on the wrong side of fifty. He is very bald-headed: the little hair that still remains is of a darkish colour.

Lord Ashley, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and member for Dorsetshire, is a nobleman whom every person of humane principles must hold in veneration. His unwearied and zealous exertions on behalf of the factory children in 1833 and 1834, will prove a more lasting monument to his fame than any tablet of marble or brass could possibly do. Those exertions had not their origin in that anxiety for distinction which is the most powerful inducement to the public actions of so many of our legislators: they arose from a deep-seated feeling of commiseration for the poor young creatures themselves. They arose from a high and holy humanity, and were sustained by the same hallowed feeling, amidst the lukewarmness of some, the cold half-suppressed sneers of others, and the open ridicule of the flinty-hearted political economists.

Lord Ashley is a young nobleman of great promise. He is in or about his thirty-fifth year. His self-diffidence has hitherto prevented him from taking that active part in public life which his principles, his talents, and his station in society, would equally justify him in taking. If I am not mistaken, however, the noble lord will, ere long, come before his country and the world with a far greater prominency than he has yet done.

His personal appearance is much in his favour. His figure is tall and handsome. He has a fine, open, and intellectual countenance. His features are marked. His face is rather thin: his complexion is something between dark and pale; and his hair, which is usually long, is of a beautiful black. His dark eye is quick, and has an intelligent expression. He has a well-formed, ample

forehead. His whole appearance is prepossessing, and the feeling which it at first sight creates in his favour, is increased by his manner when addressing the House. His gesture is animated, but natural: it is the gesture of a man who is sincere in the opinions he expresses, and who is deeply anxious for their practical adoption by others. There is nothing clap-trap or theatrical about him. No man could evince more modesty in his manner, unless, indeed, that modesty were to degenerate into absolute weakness or inaction. His lordship has not that morbid modesty, if not something worse, which would lead him to compromise first principles. His voice is soft, clear, and flexible. He is generally audible, but seldom speaks in loud tones: it is only when he warms with his subject, that he raises his voice to a high pitch. He never, however, does raise it so high as to be unpleasant.

In some of the more animated parts of his addresses, I have seen the noble lord exhibit proofs of effective oratory. I have known him give utterance to highly eloquent passages, and to deliver those passages with an effect that would do credit to some of our most popular speakers. I am sure that I shall be borne out in this remark by all who heard the noble lord speak at a meeting held in February last year, at the Freemasons' Tavern, to resist the efforts the Dissenters were then making for the abolition of church rates. He times his utterance with judgment: he neither speaks too slowly, nor with too much rapidity. He speaks with ease and fluency. He seldom hesitates, or seems at a loss for words. His style is accurate and polished, but has no

appearance of elaboration. His matter is always good: his ideas cannot be said to be either profound or original: but they never fall below mediocrity. There is always strong good sense in what he says. He is not a wordy speaker: his speeches are full of ideas, though, as I have just said, there is nothing very brilliant in them. He is a religious man; and one, I believe, who acts up to the principles he professes, in all the public and private relations of life. He is evidently well versed in scripture. I heard him quote passage after passage —passages, too, not often quoted—at the meeting already referred to at the Freemasons' Tavern, with an ease and readiness which no clergyman could have surpassed. He is also well acquainted with theology, as exhibited in the works of divines of various denominations. Dr. Jabez Bunting, the venerable representative of modern Wesleyan methodism, was one of those who attended the meeting in question; and he must have been greatly surprised and gratified at the way in which Lord Ashley on that occasion spoke of the great good which had been achieved by John Wesley, in "awakening a sleeping church," and of the happy results which had, in different parts of England, attended the exertions of the Wesleyan Methodists of the present day.

Mr. Maclean, the member for Oxford, is one of the most rising Tories in the house. He has only been a few years in parliament, but during that time has kept himself constantly before the public by his frequent speeches. He is thin and tall, and seemingly under forty years of age. His features are marked, and have rather an intelligent aspect. His complexion has a

tendency to paleness; and his hair is moderately dark. He has a strong clear voice, and speaks with considerable fluency. He seldom appears at a loss for words; but sometimes half the number he employs would do every justice to the idea of which he is seeking to deliver himself. There is a monotony in his elocution; but it is by no means an unpleasant monotony. His manner altogether is agreeable enough. On ordinary occasions he makes a moderate use of gesture: his only fault in this respect is, that he expends the same amount of action on the most trifling, as he does on the most important questions. When I say this, however, let me not be understood as meaning the importance which he himself attaches to the particular subjects, but that in which the public would be disposed to regard them. When he fancies that he is expatiating on some topic of commanding moment—and he has got an unfortunate habit of thinking that subject important which appears to every body else to be of the most trifling kind—he assumes every variety of theatrical attitude. Few men could, in such cases, be more liberal of their gesticulation. He puts his body into positions which would upset the equilibrium of other persons. The rapidity with which he can wheel himself about on such occasions, deserves all commendation: it would make the fortune of many a mountebank. One moment you see him looking Lord John Russell in the face, as staid and stiff in appearance as if he were in a nameless jacket; the next he has his face to the Tory members immediately behind the place where he usually stands; which place, on all occasions that he considers great, is on the

floor, pretty much in the centre of the house. I need not add, therefore, that as this locality is nearly opposite Lord John Russell's situation, the honourable member turns his back fairly enough on his lordship. And what adds to the ludicrousness of these sudden evolutions, is the circumstance, that when he thus turns his back on the noble leader of the House of Commons, he usually seizes the tails of his coat—generally a blue one—and throws them away from him, just as if the poor innocent appendages had done him some serious injury.

Mr. Maclean appears to be always in earnest in what he says: everything which proceeds from his lips has manifestly its origin in the depths of his heart. He is a genuine Conservative: he is, I am satisfied, pre-eminently so from conviction, apart from all considerations of personal advantage. Not that I, by any means, would be understood as saying, that he would have any objection to a snug place under a Tory government. Mr. Maclean I take to be too much a man of the world for that. But I believe his Toryism is of that sincere and disinterested kind, that he would speak for it and vote for it, although he had no expectation of ever seeing it again in the ascendant during his life.

It is no bad evidence of the sincerity of his attachment to Tory principles, that Colonel Sibthorp is an ardent admirer of the honourable gentleman. I am far from meaning to say that the gallant colonel is infallible, any more than other men in such matters. On the contrary, I believe he has often erred by reposing a confidence in the sincerity of certain persons professing Conservatism, which the event has shown to have been

unfounded. But I do mean to say that, in the great majority of instances, his opinions in such cases are correct; and therefore it is right that the honourable member for Oxford should have all the credit with his party for the ardour and sincerity of his Conservatism, which the fact of Colonel Sibthorp being quite satisfied on the subject can give him.

Mr. Maclean occasionally addresses the House on various questions of domestic policy; but his great hobby is on matters which particularly bear on our foreign relations. The affairs of Spain have been to him a most fruitful theme. Many an hour's eloquence has he spent at different times on them. Of course he takes Don Carlos's side of the question; and I am inclined to think that he is decidedly the ablest, as well as the most indefatigable advocate whom that Prince has in the English House of Commons. His speeches on the Spanish question generally display an intimate acquaintance with the subject in all its details; and I am much mistaken if his notices of motions relative to the part which our government has taken in the affairs of the Peninsula, do not cause Lord Palmerston such uneasiness, on their being made, as to make him sometimes forget the claims which the Graces usually have on his homage. I may be wrong, but it has occurred to me on more occasions than one, that the noble lord's whiskers have not appeared in so "nice" a condition as usual on those nights appointed for bringing forward the Spanish question by Mr. Maclean. The honourable gentleman on such occasions is bold and fluent, without being coarse or vituperative, in his attacks on the policy pursued by the

government, in relation to matters in the Peninsula. He displays considerable acuteness; and when he has once got Lord Palmerston into a wrong position, he lashes away at him without measure or mercy. In bringing forward a motion, I believe he prepares his speeches beforehand: but he possesses very respectable powers of improvisation. Some of his replies are happy. His enunciation in such cases is generally easy and rapid: and his extemporaneous resources, apart from mere words, are above mediocrity.

Mr. Maclean is very useful to his party, especially in the article of speaking against time. Whenever they wish to prolong a discussion, for any particular reason, they have only to give Mr. Maclean the hint, and that moment he gets on his legs for an hour or an hour and a half, according as either period may appear most desirable.

Sir Frederick Pollock, member for Huntingdonshire, entered the house some years ago, under circumstances which excited a general expectation of a brilliant parliamentary career. His whole life had been a continued scene of triumphs. He was distinguished at school above his class-fellows. The same good fortune followed him to the university. There he carried off almost every prize for which he competed. Nor was his success less great in the profession to which he applied himself. He rose rapidly from one degree of distinction at the bar to another, till he reached the highest. Under these circumstances his party expected that he would, immediately on entering parliament, produce a sensation in the house, and ever afterwards

occupy a position in it, second only, perhaps, to that of Sir Robert Peel himself. The event has proved how grievously his friends had miscalculated on the subject. Sir Frederick's parliamentary efforts have, without an exception, been signal failures. He dwindled down at once to the dimensions of a fifth or sixth rate speaker. The few months during which he filled the office of Attorney General to Sir Robert Peel's government, brought him, of necessity, rather frequently before the House; but Sir Robert's administration received but little actual assistance from his speeches. Since the dissolution of that government, he has seldom addressed the House. When he does so, he always makes short speeches. I have seldom seen him occupy the attention of honourable members more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time. He does not now excite much attention when he rises. Even the Conservatives themselves are not over-prompt in lending him their ears. The tones of his voice, and occasionally his manner also, remind me of the voice and manner of Lord Brougham; with this difference, that the voice of the latter is much more powerful, and is called into greater play, and that his action is much more vehement. Like Lord Brougham, Sir Frederick is in the habit of throwing back his head, and withdrawing himself a few feet from the table. At other times he shakes his head a good deal, and applies his fist with all his force to the table. In the beginning of his speeches his utterance is slow and solemn. As he advances, he proceeds with a little more rapidity. The tones of his voice are somewhat harsh; and they fall more disagreeably on the ear from their want of variety.

Sir Frederick Pollock bears some resemblance to Lord Brougham in his personal appearance, as well as in the tones of his voice and gesture; but he is not so tall as his lordship. His hair is of a dark-grey colour, and he usually has an ample crop of it. His features are marked; his eyes and nose are large, and there are incipient wrinkles in his face. His complexion is something between dark and pale. The expression of his countenance is that of deep thought, mingled with a reserved manner; and so far the principles of physiognomy hold good; for Sir Frederick is often lost in his own contemplations on literary and legal topics, and seldom holds conversation with any of his friends in the house. He does not, indeed, seem to be comfortable in St. Stephen's; which circumstance may account for the fact of his not being over regular in his attendance. He looks much older than he is. He is not much above his fiftieth year; but any one, judging only from his appearance, would be apt to set him down as close upon sixty.

CHAPTER X.

LIBERAL ENGLISH MEMBERS.

Mr. Bernal—Mr. Aglionby—Mr. Jervis—Mr. Handley—Mr. Howard—Mr. Sandford—Mr. Brotherton.

Mr. Bernal, the member for Rochester, is better known as chairman of committees, than as a speaker in the house. He speaks very seldom, and never at any length, on any question of commanding importance.

Possibly his notion is—and assuredly it would not be a wrong one—that he has abundant exercise for his lungs in the capacity of chairman of committees, without volunteering speeches in ordinary circumstances. Mr. Bernal, besides, has an inducement to act as chairman of committees, which he has not to make speeches to the House. For the discharge of his official duties he receives the handsome sum of 1,200*l.* a year; while not one farthing would he get for his speeches, even did he possess the most eloquent tongue that ever spoke, and he were to play the orator every night. He has a clear audible voice, evidently possessed of considerable power, though he does not call its capabilities into full play. You hear him distinctly in all parts of the house, even when he looks as if he fancied himself to be only speaking to some private friend across the table. He talks with considerable ease and facility. His style is plain; occasionally it is terse and vigorous; it is always clear. There is no mistaking what he says.

Mr. Bernal appears to best advantage as a speaker at a public meeting. I recollect being present at a dinner given to the members for Lambeth, at the Horns Tavern, in the end of 1835; and Mr. Bernal made one of the best of the many excellent speeches delivered on that occasion. There he spoke in a tone of decision and energy which I have not witnessed in any of his speeches on the floor of the House of Commons. He suited the action, too, to the word. His gesture was energetic without being extravagant. In his manner in the House of Commons there are no indications of warmth: there he is sufficiently conservative of his ges-

ture. None of his next neighbours, as Mr. Wakley would say, are in danger of getting a broken head from the unguarded use of his hands. Let me not, however, be understood as insinuating that Mr. Bernal has no gesture at all: he has some, but it is moderate: it usually consists of a limited and gentle movement of his right hand.

Mr. Bernal is a man of respectable talent. He never utters anything feeble or silly; but neither does he, on the other hand, ever soar many degrees, if he soar at all, above mediocrity. Sometimes he displays acuteness in detecting the slips of an opponent. I have, also, on repeated occasions, thought him happy in developing his own views of a question. He seldom falters or hesitates, and when he does, never to an unpleasant extent.

As chairman of committees, Mr. Bernal gives great satisfaction to the House. He has not much of the polished manners of the late Speaker, nor does he equal in this respect the present; his manners are plain and unassuming; but every one knows that he is a man of genuine kindness of heart. Hence, he is esteemed by men of all parties. Without parading the authority with which his office of chairman has invested him—which power is practically as great while the House is in committee as that of the Speaker himself—he knows well how to assert, when there is occasion, the dignity of the situation he fills, and to vindicate the character of the House. I have repeatedly had occasion to admire the firmness, blended with moderation, which he shows in dealing with such troublesome customers as several of the Irish Liberal members.

There is one curious circumstance I have repeatedly observed in Mr. Bernal's conduct in the house. Whether the thing be accidental or not, I cannot say; but I have generally remarked, that, immediately before his being called to the chair, he goes and seats himself at the furthest corner of the Conservative side of the house, as if wishing to have an opportunity of walking the greatest distance the size of the house will allow, before taking his seat as chairman. Some ill-natured people might wish to insinuate that Mr. Bernal's object in this movement is to show off his person. I do not believe anything of the kind, though Mr. Bernal has, undoubtedly, a commanding person. He is tall and stout. A better formed figure, considering that he is a robust man, is not often to be seen. He is evidently possessed of great physical strength. Were he an Irish emigrant come over to this country to seek for employment, he would be engaged at once, under the impression that, he was an "able-bodied labourer." His face is round, and his features are intelligent and agreeable. His complexion indicates an ample stock of health. He has a fine forehead. His hair is of a dark-brown colour, but a considerable part of his head is bald. He is of Jewish extraction. His grandfather, if I am rightly informed, was an Israelite in early life, but became a convert to Christianity. Mr. Bernal is in the meridian of life; I should think him not above fifty.

Mr. Aglionby, the member for Cockermouth, addresses the House with much greater frequency than would be inferred from the reports of the proceedings given in the newspapers. A few words will explain

how this happens. He very seldom takes part in the discussions which arise on the introduction or second reading of any important measure. He confines himself to observations on matters of minor importance, and chiefly when the House is in committee. In such cases, it is but seldom that any report of what is said by honourable members is given in the public journals. I have seen Mr. Aglionby address the House, when in committee, ten or twelve times in the course of an evening, and his name has not, perhaps, appeared once in the papers of the following day. I have repeatedly seen other members much oftener address the House on particular occasions, and yet not one word of what fell from them was to be found in the newspapers of next morning; nor even the single fact stated that they had spoken at all.

Mr. Aglionby is a man of excellent business habits, and often displays considerable acuteness in detecting the defects or positive faults of a measure, in its progress through committee. He used to be commendably regular in his attendance in the house, but I do not think he has been quite so exemplary in this respect of late. In the sessions of 1834 and 1835, he generally was among the last to exchange the toils of legislation for the luxury of sound repose on his bed. Many of his honourable colleagues in the Commons were then, night after night, sleeping soundly in their own houses, or busily engaged in circulating the bottle—if, indeed, they were not, in many instances, worse employed—while he, with Mr. Hume, Mr. Pease, Mr. Brotherton, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Wakley, and some eighteen or

twenty others, were carefully sifting and improving measures of great public importance, in their transit through committee. He really was a most laborious and very useful member: he is so still to a great, though I doubt if he be to the same, extent as before. He and Mr. Hume, for several sessions, took the trouble of preparing the list of the majority and minority, whenever a division on any interesting question took place in the house; and so anxious has he always been on such occasions to accommodate the press and the public, that I have known him go himself repeatedly to the office of one of the newspapers with the list, when the House had been up before he had been able to get it prepared. By going to the office of one of the morning journals, in such cases, he was virtually going to the offices of all; for he always gave particular instructions to the party with whom he left the list of the divisions, that slips of it, as soon as put in types, should be sent round to the other journals.

Mr. Aglionby is a man of the highest integrity in his public character, as well as of great private worth. His notion is, that when once a member is sufficiently known to his constituents, he ought not on any future election to canvass them for their support. And the notion is not with him theoretical only; he embodies it in practice. On the occasion of the last election for Cockermouth, he abstained from canvassing, conceiving that the electors must by this time be sufficiently acquainted with his principles.

Mr. Aglionby is a gentleman of respectable talent. His speeches are more remarkable for their good sense,

with occasional acuteness, than for any higher degree of intellectual qualities. I never heard him give utterance to any thing brilliant or profound; but I have repeatedly seen him discover blemishes in a measure, or blunders committed in legislation on it, which had escaped the observation of all others. Brought up to the legal profession, though I believe he has never practised at the bar to any extent, he has a great command of words on all occasions. He does not, in general, speak long at a time; but, from the manifest ease with which he does deliver his sentiments, I am confident he could go on without a moment's intermission, or without any great inconvenience to himself, for hours at a time; and that, too, on any subject—even on the most trifling. I know of few men who possess greater volubility. He speaks with singular rapidity: I am not sure whether he does not speak a greater quantity in a given time than any member in the house. No reporter could, if he wished, follow the honourable gentleman through his speeches: that, however, for the reasons I have already given, is never attempted. His voice is not strong, but it is clear. It is easier to hear than to follow him. He never raises his voice. He continues in the same low key throughout.

I cannot say what is the precise age of Mr. Aglionby; but no one would suppose he was more than forty-five. He is a little, thick-set man, but cannot be called corpulent. His face is round, and his complexion is somewhat florid. He is greyish-haired, and pretty well whiskered. The expression of his countenance is pleasing and intelligent.

Mr. Jervis, the member for Chester, used to speak with some frequency; but of late he has been comparatively silent. He is well informed on most of the questions which come before the house; but I have never observed in his speeches any indications of a vigorous or comprehensive mind. He never speaks on questions of commanding moment: he always reserves himself for those of subordinate interest. Usually, indeed, he confines himself to questions which are only of local importance. He appears to most advantage in committees of the whole house: his suggestions for the improvement of measures which are on their passage through committee, are often judicious. The greatest recommendation of his speeches is their good sense. He is always intelligible: he is so even when the subject is complicated. He is a barrister by profession, though I believe he does not practise to any great extent.

Like most lawyers, he is in the habit of using a profusion of words, and, like the majority of those speakers by trade, he gets on with great ease and considerable rapidity of utterance. His voice is weak; and hence, between the low tones in which he speaks, and his unusual volubility, it is sometimes difficult to follow him. There is no variety in his voice. If you hear him once, you can form as good an idea of him as a speaker, as if you had heard him a hundred times. He is very sparing of his gesture: frequently he uses none, unless a very slight movement of the right hand, accompanied by an occasional gentle movement of the head, should be dignified by the name. His appearance is not much

in his favour as a speaker. He is about the middle height, but slenderly made. His complexion is pale, and there is something feminine in the expression of his countenance. His face has more of the oblong than of the angular form: his features are regular, without anything strongly marked. His hair is of a dark brown, and exhibits no traces of those curling locks with which the hair of so many other honourable members abounds.

Mr. Jervis is but a young man: he is seemingly under his fortieth year. He is a decided reformer. Without "going the whole hog" in Radicalism, he is something considerably more than the mere Whig. He is well liked in the house. He always commands attention whenever he rises to speak; and the indulgence thus extended to him, or, more properly speaking, the respect which is invariably evinced towards him, he has the good taste and the good judgment not to abuse, by dooming the house to hear any lengthened harangue. He never speaks long at a time; seldom above ten or fifteen minutes. I am not sure that he has spoken for more than twenty minutes at once during the last three sessions. His manners are modest, though he has no lack of self-possession. He has none of that petulancy about him which is so marked a characteristic in the parliamentary exhibitions of various other young members of passable talent, who sometimes address the house.

Every one must, at a glance, see intelligence in Mr. Jervis's face; and if that face speak the truth, he must be blessed with a tolerably good temper. His conduct in the house is certainly in favour of this theory. I

have never seen him involved in any personal altercation with any other honourable member; nor have I ever witnessed him taking a part in those scenes of uproar to which I have so often alluded. He deserves credit for the regularity of his attendance on his parliamentary duties. He is rarely absent when there is an important question before the house; and he is often present when the questions under consideration are not of general interest. He is a useful rather than a shining member; and, for my own part, I hold that that man, though of common talents, who is punctual in his attendance in the house, and takes part in the more laborious duties which devolve on the members, has incomparably greater claims to the suffrages of a constituency, than he who makes what is called a brilliant display, in the shape of an hour or two's speech, on some great field-night, and is hardly ever seen in his place on any other occasion. The latter is a cheap way of purchasing popularity, where nature has not been niggard in the bestowal of brains. The man who really deserves well of his country is he who assiduously discharges all the duties of the legislative office, however humble, without regard to the reputation he may or may not thereby gain for himself.

Mr. Handley, the member for Lincolnshire, confines his speeches in a great measure to agricultural topics. He may, in some sense, be said to be, on the reform side of the house, what the Marquis of Chandos is on the Tory benches; namely, the farmer's friend. He is at all times the advocate of the agricultural interest, when he conceives his advocacy of that interest is ne-

cessary. He is a tall, stout, good-looking man. He has a jolly, countrified countenance, with a complexion redolent of health. His face is full, and his features are regular and pleasing. His hair is of a light brown, and he sports a pair of whiskers of which any Spanish Don might be proud.

I have often thought that I have detected Lord Palmerston, who is allowed to have a very excellent taste in such matters, casting a sly glance towards Mr. Handley's whiskers, and evidently repining in his own mind at their ample dimensions. I have generally observed that the proprietors of what Dominie Sampson would have called "prodigious" pairs of whiskers, look on each other with a jealous eye. Of them it may be said with peculiar truth, that they can "bear no rival near the throne." Mr. Handley's facial appurtenances are so striking and ornamental, that I am pretty positive Colonel Sibthorp would almost be inclined to exchange his luxuriant mustachios for them. Be this as it may, I am confident that Mr. Handley neither covets the whiskers of the noble lord, nor the mustachios of the gallant colonel.

Mr. Handley is a respectable speaker, but nothing more. His articulation is distinct, though his delivery is somewhat rapid. His voice is clear, though not so powerful as one would suppose from the vigorous and robust appearance of his frame. Were he a good speaker otherwise, his commanding figure would add to the effect of his elocution. His style is plain: he seems to have no ambition to be considered an orator. He appears to aim more at utility than at brilliancy.

There is nothing profound in his matter, but it has generally the attribute of good sense to recommend it. He often deals in statistical statements, in which he is usually clear and correct. He does not make long speeches. I do not recollect ever hearing him speak for more than three quarters of an hour at a time; he does not generally, even when addressing the house on his favourite agricultural topics, speak so long.

Were Mr. Handley to speak more frequently, he would be sure to attain to a highly respectable status in the house. It is not, however, likely, as he is about his fiftieth year, that he will now be seized with any fit of ambition to possess an oratorical reputation in the House of Commons. As it is, he is always listened to with attention. He has all the appearance of good-nature. I never knew him engaged in any personal squabble with other honourable members. I have never heard him indulge in acrimonious observations when speaking of an opponent; nor have I heard any ill-natured remark made by any other members at his expense.

Mr. Philip John Howard, the member for Carlisle, is one of the few English Roman Catholics in the house. He is a young man. I should suppose, judging from his appearance, that he is not above thirty years of age. He is a gentleman of decidedly liberal principles, without identifying himself with the extreme radical party in the house. His manners are most inoffensive: he appears to be full of good-nature. I never yet knew him to take any part in any of the never-ending squabbles which take place in the house. His manners are so con-

ciliatory as to disarm all hostility towards him. I have no recollection of any honourable member ever making use of a harsh expression in reference to him.

There is, on some occasions, something approaching to softness in his demeanour; which circumstance, coupled with his feminine appearance and manner of expressing himself, occasionally causes a good deal of merriment when he rises to speak.

In the middle of last session, he went down one evening to the first row of benches on the ministerial side of the house, for the purpose of making a few remarks, with the view of vindicating the corporation of Carlisle from an attack which Lord Stanley had made on that body a few nights previously. But, before doing so, he rose and looked around him to see if any other honourable member was about to address the house. Observing no one on his legs to speak, though honourable gentlemen were walking about by dozens, he commenced in this way: "Mr. Speaker, as I see nothing, nor anybody at this time before the house, may I be permitted ——"

The infinite good nature with which he began, coupled with the circumstance of his looking around him, as if wishing to re-assure himself that he was right, caused a universal laugh, which drowned the remainder of the sentence. He was about to proceed amidst a good deal of merriment and confusion, when the Speaker, observing that two of the Masters of Chancery had just entered the house with a message from the Lords, shouted as loud as he could, "Mr. Serjeant-at-Arms!" meaning that Mr. Serjeant-at-Arms should usher in the messengers with the usual ceremony.

Mr. Howard fancying, in the confusion of the moment, that the Speaker was calling on the Serjeant-at-Arms to take him into custody for some unconscious violation of the rules of the house, looked towards the latter gentleman with unutterable surprise, mingled with some alarm. A universal roar of laughter, in which the Speaker joined, at once convinced Mr. Howard of his mistake; on which he heartily laughed at the fears which had so suddenly and ungroundedly taken possession of his mind. After the message from the Lords had been delivered, he again endeavoured to address the house, but had not proceeded far when it was found that, there being no question before it, he was out of order. He then resumed his seat; on which Lord Stanley, who had a reply ready to the anticipated speech, in justification of the attack he had made on the Carlisle corporation, went over to the ministerial side of the house, and seating himself beside Mr. Howard, and stretching his left arm along the top of the back part of the bench against which the honourable gentleman reclined, he looked up most poetically in Mr. Howard's face—just as if he had been a lady into whose ear the noble lord was pouring a declaration of his love—and in that position continued for at least ten minutes, all the while endeavouring to justify his conduct in attacking the corporation of Carlisle. Mr. Howard thus had the speech exclusively addressed to himself which Lord Stanley had intended to deliver to the house, consisting, at the time, of about three hundred members.

Mr. Howard, in addition to a timid, lady-like way of

speaking when addressing the House, has a sort of lisp in his enunciation, which sometimes has a ludicrous effect. In the discussion, in the course of last session, on the proposed abolition of the penny stamp on newspapers, Sir Robert Peel, speaking of the cheapest of the newspapers, called them by mistake penny papers. An honourable member on the Ministerial side of the house, Mr. Wakley I think it was, corrected the right honourable baronet, by observing that there were no penny newspapers: on which Mr. Howard, taking off his hat, and starting to his feet as if he had made some important discovery, observed, "There's a Penny Magazine," —pronouncing the last word "Magathine." The odd way in which the sentence was lisped out, in conjunction with the circumstances under which the remark was made, upset the gravity of the honourable members as effectually as ever Liston did an audience in the Olympic Theatre. So contagious did the laughter prove, that I believe not even Mr. John Richards nor Mr. Arthur Trevor escaped.

When Mr. Howard rises to address the House, he never tires his audience with long speeches. What he says is usually brief, and generally to the purpose. He is not a man of comprehensive mind: he is incapable of grappling with first principles; but his matter is usually entitled to the praise of being good sense, and in some instances he displays considerable acuteness. He is not wordy; his diction is plain. If his ideas are not of a high order, he always gives his audience a fair allowance of them, considering the length of his speeches.

It is pleasant, when Mr. Howard rises to speak, to

see the "jolly-looking" and ever-smiling countenance he presents to the house. He is cheerful even when sitting; but he becomes doubly so the moment he rises. It is almost impossible to look at him without being on good terms with him; for you see at once that he is on good terms with everybody around him.

There are many honourable gentlemen on the Tory side of the house, who usually look very grave, or sulky, or cynical, or a mixture of all three together, but on whose faces you see an attempt to look pleasant, the moment their eye encounters the ever-laughing countenance of Mr. Howard. Even Mr. Roebuck himself, I believe, must plead guilty to having, on repeated occasions, suffered an agreeable look to irradiate his physiognomy, when he fixed his optics for some time on the member for Carlisle.

His features, like his voice and manner, have a good deal of the feminine character about them. His complexion is clear, and has a heathful appearance. His face is round, but has nothing of corpulency about it. His hair is light. In stature he is rather below the middle size. His person is well proportioned, and he is altogether good-looking.

Mr. Howard does not speak often: and even when he does, it is only, as just stated, for a very short time. I have no recollection of ever having heard him make a speech which occupied more than five minutes in the delivery. The average duration of his speeches is from a minute and a half to two minutes. He deserves all praise for regular attendance on his parliamentary duties, and for the consistency of his political conduct.

Mr. SANDFORD, member for Somersetshire, does not often trouble the House with his speeches. He has the good sense to perceive that he is no orator. Hence he sometimes prudently remains mute for a whole session at a time. And when he does open his mouth, it is usually when a sort of necessity is imposed on him by circumstances which he cannot control—at least not very conveniently to himself. His longest speech—the longest, at any rate, which I recollect him to have made —was that which he delivered at the opening of the last session, when he proposed an address, in answer to his late Majesty's most gracious speech.

This was one of those compulsory speeches to which I have just alluded, and, like everything done on compulsion, it was no very successful effort. Falstaff was right after all, when he refused to render a reason on compulsion. If members were their own friends, they would follow his example, at least in so far as speech-making is concerned. It is a curious fact, that the most obscure members—obscure, I mean, as speakers in the house—members who scarcely ever utter a syllable at any other time, are almost invariably chosen by ministers to move and second the address in answer to the Sovereign's speech.

What the motive is which prompts this selection, is one of those things which are not, as yet, dreamt of in my philosophy. It was clear, in the case of Mr. Sandford, that the task of moving the address was one which he could never have thought of imposing on himself. He manifestly rose under the impression that, in making a speech, he was making a personal sacrifice of no or-

dinary magnitude to please his ministerial friends. He entered on the thing with a reluctance so visible, that no one could fail to perceive it. I am sure he would have been infinitely better pleased, had Lord John Russell, who, as the ministerial leader of the house, must be supposed to have been the selector on the occasion, desired him to go and perform an hour or two's hard manual labour. The punishment in the one case would not have deserved the name, compared with the punishment in the other.

The honourable member toiled through his speech as one who was suffering the pangs of a severe penance at every sentence he uttered. His articulation was very indistinct: it was much worse than usual. His voice was so feeble,* that there was no hearing him in any part of the house but that immediately opposite and on either side of him. There was no variety in its tones: he speaks in the same conversational manner from beginning to end. As for action, he was as innocent of anything of that kind, with two or three exceptions which I shall mention presently, as the Speaker's chair. He displayed eight or ten folio sheets of paper, folded precisely like a lawyer's brief, which he firmly grasped at either end by either hand. The only other use he made of his hands, from the commencement to the close of his oration, was that of giving them a rapid shake when he stammered or stuttered at any sentence. It occurred to me at the time, as a curious fact, that a

* It is but right to mention that the honourable gentleman complained of labouring under indisposition on this occasion, which may have impaired, to some extent, the effective delivery of his speech.

sudden movement of his hands in this way seemed to produce the immediate *accouchement* of the refractory words with which he travailed; and I wondered, in my own mind, whether a similar process would have brought up the "Amen" which stuck in Macbeth's throat. Be this as it may, the honourable gentleman managed to get through his speech, which occupied, as well as I can recollect, about twenty minutes in the delivery. He had one consolation after the delivery of the first half dozen sentences, namely, that if he did trip or give utterance to any thing stupid, nobody could have detected it; for scarcely any one paid the slightest attention to what he was saying. This, however, as I have shown in my former series, is no uncommon thing: it is a tribute of respect which is often, when the House is in an uproarious mood, paid to members of considerable reputation as speakers.

The only persons I could not forgive for their inattention in this case, were the ministers themselves. They at least ought to have listened with a respectful attention to the speech of the honourable gentleman. They had imposed a very unpleasant task upon him; and they had, further, put him to the expense and trouble of appearing in a dress peculiar in the house on such occasions. And yet, notwithstanding the fact of his being obliged to appear in this dress, sporting a sword by his side, and wrists ornamented by lace frills; and notwithstanding the fact, moreover, that he was doing their service at the expense of a species of temporary martyrdom to himself,—nothwithstanding all this, they were actually so deficient in common politeness, to say

nothing of gratitude, as to pay no attention whatever to his speech.

Lord John Russell seemed quite fidgetty. He assumed every conceivable position he could, so as to retain a sitting posture. How his mind was exercised, is a question I cannot answer. One thing must have appeared sufficiently clear to every one who observed the noble lord—that he must have been somewhat more sedate in his appearance when he wrote his "Essay on the British Constitution," and his tragedy of "Don Carlos."

Lord Morpeth, again, was still worse. He occasionally moved his outstretched legs, as if he had been beating time to some tune he was whistling. Then he would throw back his head as far as it could go with safety to his neck, and look with as earnest a gaze to the ceiling as an astronomer would do to the starry firmament. The noble Secretary for Ireland has the reputation of manifesting great physical excitement, when he hits on what he considers a good idea, either in poetry or in politics. I do not by any means wish to be understood as hinting, that on making any such hit he would run about under the same circumstances as Archimedes did, crying, "I have found it! I have found it!" when that great philosopher, on leaping into the bath, made his celebrated discovery. I do not, I repeat, mean anything of the kind in the case of the noble lord; but I do say, he is reported to display very great physical activity when what he conceives a happy idea flits across his mind; and I do most certainly also say, that during the greater part of Mr. Sandford's speech, he evinced

as much restlessness as if he had been making a constant succession of "hits" for his verses to the "Keepsake," or any of the other Annuals to which he contributes; or for some of his parliamentary orations.

As for Mr. Spring Rice, his conduct was still less respectful to the honourable mover of the address, than that of either of his titled colleagues. Will it be believed that he actually quitted his seat, though it was immediately before the place from which the honourable gentleman spoke, and went up to the gallery, where he put himself into various ludicrous positions, and carried on a great deal of nonsensical conversation with other members, as listless and as loquaciously inclined as himself? I know people will be apt to question this. It is true, nevertheless.

But, bad as this was, worse yet remains behind. Mr. Poulett Thomson either did not countenance the honourable mover of the address, by vouchsafing his presence at all; or if he did, he lost no time in making himself scarce. Of Sir John Cam Hobhouse the same may be said. If this game be repeated by ministers, matters will come to this pass, that either some of themselves must move the address, or there will be no address at all.

Mr. Sanford, though an indifferent speaker, is a very intelligent man. His speech on the occasion to which I refer, was characterized by the quality of good sense. He is a man of excellent private character, and has always been consistent in his public conduct. His age is seemingly about fifty. He is middle sized, has brown hair, a fair complexion, and an angular face. The expression of his countenance is pleasant, and his appearance altogether is that of a country gentleman.

Mr. Brotherton, the member for Salford, is not much known as a speaker in the house. That he is not better known in that capacity is his own fault. Were there no other obstacles to his becoming what is called a popular speaker, his modesty alone would prevent his attaining to that reputation. He wants self-confidence: had he only a sufficient reliance on his own resources, and were to address the House with some frequency, he certainly would rank among that class of speakers in the Commons, who are allowed on all hands to be more than respectable. He seldom makes more than two or three speeches in the course of a session, and these are usually short. The longest I ever recollect to have heard him make, was in the session of last year. The subject was the condition of the factory children. The honourable member's speech occupied, if I remember rightly, from fifteen to twenty minutes in the delivery; and seldom have I seen a member more respectfully listened to, or cheered with greater manifest cordiality than was Mr. Brotherton on that occasion. Nor could it have been otherwise; for his speech must have commended itself to every intelligent and well-regulated mind, equally for the soundness of its arguments, and for the spirit of humanity which it breathed from the first sentence to the last.

Modest and unassuming as was the demeanour of Mr. Brotherton, and little as he fancied himself a political economist, the Poulett Thomsons and Dr. Bowrings, and the other traders in "ten hours" doctrines, would have found it one of the most difficult tasks they ever undertook, to have answered his speech,

even on their own commercial views. As for the humanity of the question, that is a point on which there cannot be two opinions.

Mr. Brotherton, in short, made out one of the strongest cases which it was possible to make out on behalf of the poor factory children, whether viewed in regard to the interests of the manufacturers themselves, or the interests and happiness of the poor infant slaves. I have not a doubt, from the attention with which the speech was listened to, and the repeated and hearty cheers with which it was greeted, that Mr. Brotherton in no small degree contributed to bring about the fortunate circumstance of leaving the political economists in a miserable majority of two, which of course had the effect of defeating the bill, and scattering the heartless notions of the "ten hours" advocates to the winds. I say this with the more confidence, because, the factory question not being a party one, hon. members were left to exercise their own unfettered judgment, and to give full play to the kindlier feelings of their nature. What doubtless added to the effect of Mr. Brotherton's speech on this occasion, was the fact of his being himself an extensive manufacturer; so that according to the Poulett Thomson notion, he was speaking against his own private interests.

Everything I have ever heard proceed from Mr. Brotherton, has been characterized by sound sense. His matter, too, is always well arranged, and his statements and arguments are so clear that no one can mistake them. His style is plain and accurate: it possesses the eloquence of simplicity.

As a speaker he is respectable. He uses little or no gesticulation beyond a gentle movement of his right hand. His voice is not strong; or rather his self-diffidence prevents his raising it to the proper pitch. It is, however, clear and pleasant. His articulation is distinct, and his utterance well timed. He never stutters or hesitates in the course of his address, but speaks with considerable fluency.

Mr. Brotherton is a great favourite with both sides of the house. It were, indeed, impossible that even party rancour could entertain towards him an unfriendly feeling. His very countenance is redolent of good nature. There is a perpetual smile upon it. Some people who pretend to understand these things better than I do, would ascribe his full round face, and somewhat corpulent figure, to his kindly disposition. It is certain that it is not to be ascribed to the roast beef which is so great a favourite with John Bull; for Mr. Brotherton has not, during a long series of years, suffered the smallest morsel of animal food to cross the portals of his mouth. Mr. Brotherton has adopted this resolution from the conviction that it is equally repugnant to the dictates of revealed religion and of humanity to eat animal food.* When the honourable

* The following arguments for entire abstinence from animal food are prefixed to an excellent work on "Vegetable Cookery," by a lady who sustains a most intimate relationship to Mr. Brotherton. They entirely express his views on the subject, if, indeed, they do not proceed from his own pen:

"The pernicious custom of eating animal food having become so general in this country, the following observations are submitted to the consideration of the public, in the hope that some impartial and well-disposed persons will be thereby induced to relinquish the practice, from a conviction that the flesh of animals is not only *unnecessary* for the support of man, but that a

gentleman attends any public dinner, he is considerably inconvenienced by the surprise expressed by those who are unacquainted with his peculiar views on this point,

vegetable diet is more favourable to *health*, *humanity*, *and religion*.

"That animal food is *unnecessary* to the sustenance of man will appear evident, when it is considered that, in the first ages of the world, mankind lived wholly on the vegetable productions of the earth, and that, even at this day, millions of human beings in Asia and Africa subsist in a similar manner. But we need not go back to the primitive ages, nor travel to distant climes, in order to prove that vegetable food is nutritive and salutary; we have the evidence at hand: the most hardy Highlanders take comparatively little animal food; and the Irish labourer, who works hard and possesses much strength, lives principally on a vegetable diet. If additional testimony were needed, proofs sufficient to establish the practicability and salutariness of the system are afforded in the health and strength enjoyed by the persons belonging to the society of which the Editor of this work is a member, upwards of one hundred of whom have entirely abstained from animal food and intoxicating liquor from ten to twenty years.

"That a vegetable diet is more favourable to *health* there can be little doubt. The nations that subsist on this kind of food are strong, robust, and capable of enduring the greatest fatigue, and it is generally admitted that the long lives of the primitive race of men must, in a great degree, be attributed to the wholesomeness of the food on which mankind then lived. On the other hand, we have the testimony of several eminent characters, both ancient and modern, that many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted may be ascribed to the eating of animal food.

"Dr Lambe has clearly demonstrated that not a few of the diseases with which the people of this country are afflicted may be attributed to this baneful diet. An eminent physician of Paris, in a work published some years ago, has also shown that numerous diseases are caused or increased by the eating of animal flesh.

"It is generally allowed that the eating of swine's flesh is the principle cause of the *scurvy*, and that a vegetable diet is absolutely necessary to effect a complete cure. Dr. Buchan says that '*consumptions*, so common in England, are in part owing to the great use of animal food.' The *gout* is also said to be caused, in some degree, by the eating of flesh-meat, and instances are on record of its being cured by a milk diet.

"Mr. Abernethy, whose opinion on the subject will not be questioned, says, 'If you put improper food into the stomach, it becomes disordered, and the whole system is affected. *Vegetable* matter ferments and becomes gaseous; while *animal* substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and acrid stimulus. Now

at his not partaking of any of the solids set before him. Mr. Hume, and the other Reform members and friends with whom he occasionally dines, knowing his opinions

some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from the irritation of the stomach. 'I am often asked,' says Mr. Abernethy, 'why I don't practise what I preach. I answer by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-post; both point the way, but neither follows its course.' Thus we see that it is easier to acknowledge a true principle than to live according to it.

"As a further illustration of the pernicious effects of animal flesh on the human system, the following fact may be adduced. 'The late Sir Edward Berry prevailed on a man to live on partridges, *without vegetables;* but after eight days' trial he was obliged to desist, in consequence of strong symptoms then appearing of an incipient putrefaction.' This fact alone is sufficient to prove that it is the use of the vegetables along with the animal substance that enables mankind to sustain the bad effects of the latter.

"In addition to the above, let us not forget that animals, like human beings, are subject to diseases, uncleanliness, and surfeits; that diseased meat is sometimes exposed for sale, and also that it is not a very unfrequent practice for butchers, perhaps with diseased lungs, to *blow* their meat, particularly veal, to make it look fine.

"Animal food, therefore, must always be more or less dangerous. For it is impossible for us to take into our stomachs putrefying, corrupting, and diseased animal substances, without being subjected to foul bodily diseases, weaknesses, corruptions, and premature death. If, then, we would enjoy health ourselves, and avoid laying the foundation of disease in our offspring, we must cease to degrade and bestialise our bodies, by making them the burial-places for the carcasses of innocent brute animals, some healthy, some diseased, and *all* violently murdered.

"That food has an effect on the disposition is clearly evinced by the different tempers of the carnivorous and herbivorous animals; the former are savage, ferocious creatures, that prowl out at night and seek to destroy all within their reach; the others wander tranquilly on the plains in herds, enjoy themselves in the day, and manifest their innocence by various playful sports with each other. The temper of the carnivorous animal, however, is materially altered by the kind of food which is given to it. A dog, for instance, which is fed on raw flesh, is much more fierce and rapacious than one that feeds on milk or vegetable substances. And the ferocity even of a lion has been greatly abated, and he has been rendered tractable, by being fed on vegetable food.

on the matter, take care to provide him with some sort of pudding or vegetable dish in the first course; which dish he enjoys quite as much as they do their lamb,

"The same effect of aliment is discernible among the different nations of men. 'The Tartars,' says Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, 'who live principally on animal food, possess a degree of ferocity of mind and fierceness of character which forms the leading features of all carnivorous animals. On the other hand, a vegetable diet gives to the disposition, as it appears in the Brahmin and Gentoo, a mildness of feeling directly the reverse of the former.'

"There can be no doubt, therefore, that the practice of slaughtering and devouring animals has a tendency to strengthen in us a murderous disposition and brutal nature, rendering us insensible to pity, and inducing us more easily to sanction the murdering of our fellow men. On the contrary, vegetable food clears the intellect, preserves innocency, increases compassion and love.

"We shall now proceed to show that a vegetable diet ought to be preferred from a principle of *humanity*. It cannot be doubted that there exists within us by nature a repugnance to the spilling of blood; and we cannot even see an animal tortured, much less killed, without feelings of compassion: this feeling of the heart, implanted by the DEITY, should be considered as a guide to human conduct.

"Had the Creator intended man to be an animal of prey, would He have implanted in his breast an instinct so adverse to his purpose? Could He mean that the human race should eat their food with compunction and regret; that every morsel should be purchased with a pang, and every meal of man impoisoned with remorse? Were we forced with our own hands to kill the animals which we devour, who is there amongst us, whose disposition has not been vitiated, that would not throw down with detestation the knife, and, rather than imbrue his hands in the blood of the innocent lamb, consent for ever to forego the favourite repast? Then ought we to induce others to commit what we cannot freely commit ourselves? Wild beasts of the field will seldom kill, unless impelled by hunger or in self-defence: what excuse then can we have for such a practice, while we have so many delicious fruits and vegetables?

"If we attend to the anatomy of the human body, it seems as if man was formed by nature to be a frugivorous animal; and that he only becomes an animal of prey by acquired habit. The form and disposition of the *intestines* is very similar to that of the ouran-outang, or man of the woods, an animal which lives on fruit and vegetables. It has also been remarked that all carnivorous animals have a smooth and uniform *colon*, and all herbivorous animals a cellulated one. Nor do we appear to be

game, fowls, or the other solids set before them. However much I may dissent from the views of Mr. Brotherton in this particular, I venerate his moral courage in

adapted by nature to the use of animal food from the conformation of the *teeth*. The carnivorous animals, such as lions, tigers, wolfs, dogs, &c., have their teeth long, sharp, and uneven, with intervals between them; but the herbivorous animals, such as horses, cows, sheep, goats, &c., have their teeth short, broad, blunt, adjoining one another, and distributed in even rows. Now, as man has received from nature teeth which are unlike those of the first class, and resemble those of the second, it seems that nature intended him to follow, in the selection of his food, not the carnivorous tribes, but those races of animals which are contented with the simple productions of the earth.

"Some persons, however, will argue that man is a mixed animal, and designed to live upon both animal and vegetable substances, because he does so live. This reminds us of a circumstance mentioned by Buffon, of a sheep being so trained to eat mutton that it would no longer eat grass; but will any man contend that sheep were designed to live on mutton, because their nature might be so far perverted as in the case above mentioned? If, then, men have degenerated from their original simplicity and innocence, is it to be contended that *custom* is a sufficient proof that their conduct is now right? Others say that animals eat each other, and why may we not eat them? What! because we see a wolf worry a lamb, are we to imitate the practice, and inherit the disposition of the wolf? Some modern sophists will sarcastically ask, 'Why is man furnished with the canine or dog-teeth, except that nature meant him to be carnivorous?' Is then the *propriety* of an action to be determined purely by the physical *capacity* of the agent? Is it *right* to do everything we have the *power* to do? Because nature has furnished man with the capacity to devour human flesh, will any one pretend that he was made to feed on his fellow men? The possessing of similar instruments, powers, or capacities, ought not to be too much relied upon as indications of nature, with respect to the mode of living. Hares and rabbits have feet very similar, but how different are their habits! A dog has claws, and he will make a hole in the ground with them to get at a mouse; but he will not burrow in the ground to escape from the cold: therefore it would be absurd to infer that he was designed by nature to live like a rabbit. The ouran-outang and man have similar teeth; the former lives entirely on fruits, and the latter gives proofs that he *can* devour every kind of animal, from the oyster to the elephant. Another question asked by the opposers of this humane system is, 'If we should live entirely on vegetable food,' what would become of the cattle? They would grow so numerous, they would produce a famine, or eat us up if we did not kill and eat them.' These are rather suppositions than arguments, mere fancies, because unexperienced. But it

acting on convictions which run so counter to the generally received impressions and practices on the point.

Mr. Brotherton is not only a man of the highest order of principle, but is exceedingly good-natured; as, indeed, every one must be convinced who has ever seen his pleasant and benevolent-looking countenance. A more harmless or inoffensive man was never returned to the house. If all the members were as disposed as Mr. Brotherton to live peaceably with each other, we should be spared those uproarious scenes which, to the discredit of the performers, the floor of the Lower House so often exhibits.

Mr. Brotherton has brought himself into notice, as a member of the House of Commons, principally by his efforts to put an end to legislation after half-past twelve o'clock. A more praiseworthy object was never contemplated. The only source of regret is, that Mr. Brotherton's motions for carrying it into effect have hitherto been defeated. Let him, however, persevere. Triumph is sure eventually, and that at no distant period, to crown his exertions. And when his object is accomplished, he will have the satisfaction of reflecting that he has rendered his country a service of no ordinary magnitude. I can bear personal testimony to the fact, that a great deal of that crude and mischievous

may be observed that there are abundance of animals in the world which men do not kill for food, and yet we do not hear of their injuring mankind, or becoming too numerous. Besides, many classes of animals live but a short time, and many of them perish unless attention is paid to them by men. Cattle are at present an article of trade, and their numbers are industriously promoted. If cows and sheep were kept solely for their milk and fleece, and if they should become too numerous, mankind would readily find means of reducing them, without having recourse to the butcher's knife."

legislation of which everybody complains, is to be traced to the late hours to which the House used to be in the habit of sitting.

After half-past twelve the great body of the members quit the house, except when a division is expected on some great political question, and proceed either to the club-houses, the gambling-houses, or other places, leaving the work of legislation to be performed by some thirty or forty individuals, some of whom may be personally interested in the questions under consideration, or to be brought before the House. If, therefore, there is to be any jobbing, then is the time for it. But even when there is no jobbing, nor any disposition to jobbing, the business of the nation, must, as a matter of course, be grossly mismanaged, from being left in the hands of a few members, who, at such late hours, must necessarily be fatigued and unfit for legislation. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that after half-past twelve, a very fair sprinkling of the remaining members is generally to be seen stretched out on the benches, in as horizontal and straight a position as if some undertaker were in the act of taking their longitude. But should a distinction be set up between occupying such a position at that hour of the night—(morning would be the correct term)—and the fact of the honourable gentlemen being asleep, let any one listen a few moments, and ten to one but he will be convinced that they are fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, by the unmusical sounds, commonly called snores, with which his ears will be greeted. But what matters it, practically, whether these horizontal, straight-line gen-

tlemen, are asleep or awake? They are taking no more part in the business of the House than if they were a hundred miles from the locality of Westminster. Only fancy a member suddenly starting up from such a position to make a speech, or to offer some observations on the subject under the consideration of the House! Besides, it is at variance with the habits of all respectable men, and with the usages of society, to do that business after midnight, which may as well be done in the usual hours. It is, consequently, an unseemly thing on the part of the legislature to extend its deliberations, or rather its sittings—for there is very little deliberation in the matter—beyond twelve o'clock, or half-past twelve at furthest.

To put an end to this improper and discreditable state of things, has been the great and praiseworthy object of Mr. Brotherton for the last three years. And though defeated, as already mentioned, in his efforts to get the House to pass a resolution that its sittings should on no occasion, except when engaged in debate, extend beyond half-past twelve, there is another way in which the thing may be accomplished. That way is by moving an adjournment of the House whenever the minute hand of the clock points to half-past twelve. This, it is true, would put the honourable member for Salford to a good deal of trouble. That, however, I am sure he would not grudge, for the accomplishment of so great an object. Indeed, he has already given abundant proof that the trouble would not cost him a moment's thought; for all last session he regularly, as the hour of half-past twelve arrived, rose to move the adjournment of the

House. What Mr. Brotherton wants, to insure the desired consummation of sending all the members home to their beds, or, at all events, turning them out of the House of Commons, at that hour, is energy or decision of character.

His radical error, in all the instances in which he failed last session, was in listening at all to the entreaties of honourable members to desist from his purpose. I allow that it was no easy matter to resist their solicitations; for to say nothing of the "Oh! ohs!" which proceeded from what Mr. O'Connell would call the "leather lungs" of certain gentlemen, whenever he rose, I have seen him entreated by the hands as well as by the "most sweet voices" of three or four other honourable members all at once. I have seen one look him most imploringly in the face, and heard him say in tones and with a manner as coaxing as if the party had been wooing his mistress—"O do not just yet, Mr. Brotherton: wait one other half hour until this matter be disposed of." I have seen a second seize him by the right arm, while a third grasped him by the left, with a view of causing him to resume his seat; and when his sense of duty overcame all these efforts to seduce or force him from its path, I have seen a fourth honourable gentleman rush to the assistance of the others, and taking hold of the tails of his coat, literally press him to his seat. I have seen Mr. Brotherton, with a perseverance beyond all praise in this righteous and most patriotic cause, suddenly start again to his feet in less than five minutes, and move a second time the adjournment of the house, and I have again had the misfortune to see

physical force triumph over the best moral purposes. Five or six times have I witnessed the repetition of this in one night. On one occasion, I remember seeing an honourable member actually clap his hand on Mr. Brotherton's mouth, in order to prevent his moving the dreaded adjournment.

I mention these things, in order that the public may be able to form some idea of the difficulties with which the honourable member for Salford has to contend, and the amount of resistance, physical as well as moral, which he is doomed to encounter, in his endeavours to insure a regular adjournment of the house at a seasonable hour. Let him, however, as I before said, persevere, and success is sure ere long to reward his efforts. When honourable members see that he is not to be deterred from his purpose, but is determined to accomplish it under any circumstances, they will soon cease to oppose him; and his object will be gained.

Mr. Brotherton, though now a rich manufacturer, was once a poor factory boy. And he has the greatness of mind not to be ashamed of his humble origin. I shall never forget the effect produced four years ago, on his advocating the cause of the factory children, when he emphatically said that he had been once a poor factory boy himself.

Mr. Brotherton's politics are decidedly liberal, but not ultra-radical. He is a man of excellent moral character. He is a dissenter; he belongs either to the Independent or Baptist persuasion. He is about the middle height, and, as formerly stated, rather stoutly made. His complexion is dark, and his hair is of a jet

black. His manners and appearance are plain. He would be apt to be taken for a country gentleman. His age is about fifty.

CHAPER X.

LIBERAL ENGLISH MEMBERS.

(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Shaw Lefevre—Mr. E. S. Cayley—Mr. Grantley Berkeley—Mr. C. Villiers—Mr. Williams—Mr. Charles Hindley—Sir William Molesworth—Mr. Leader—Mr. Charles Lushington—Mr. James.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the member for North Hampshire, is, as the name imports, of French extraction. As a speaker in the house, he is not much known; but the respect in which he is held by all who know him, in conjunction with his popularity among the members of his own party, entitle him to a notice in a work of this nature. He is a man of excellent private character, and has always acted with the strictest consistency as a politician. He is a special favourite with his constituents; even the Tories of North Hampshire hold him in such high esteem, that it is understood many of them would as much regret his retirement from the representation of that division of the county, as the Liberals themselves. I chanced to be present in Winchester at his re-election* last year, when I heard the highest enco-

* The last election for North Hampshire reminded me of one of the elections in the town councils of Scotland under the close

miums pronounced upon him by all parties. His conduct and demeanour are such as could not fail to command the esteem of all with whom he comes in contact. He is a man of great urbanity of manner. He is also a man of extensive information on most of the topics which occupy the attention of the legislature.

I am surprised that, with his respectable talents, the extent of his information, and the respectful attention with which he is always listened to by the House, he does not speak oftener. I am convinced that if he were

borough system. Mr. Shaw Lefevre himself, owing to a domestic affliction, was not present; but the other candidate, Sir William Heathcote, was one of the spectators of the ceremony. The two candidates were duly proposed and seconded, and elected in the regular matter-of-course style. There was the usual shower of eulogies. Sir William Heathcote, the Tory candidate, heard all that was said in his favour by both mover and seconder, without a blush. The sheriff having declared him duly elected, he was at once expected to make a speech by way of returning thanks for the honour done him. "Now then for Sir William's speech!" shouted scores of voices: and many were the ears that were opened to drink in his eloquence. "Ah!" said a lady of antiquity who stood beside me, "you'll get no speech from him. He is not so fond of talking as that." Just as the venerable lady made the remark, a fight was commenced in the crowd. All eyes were withdrawn from Sir William, and turned towards the parties who appeared pugilistically disposed. Hints were dropped that the fight was a sham one, got up for the purpose of affording the honourable baronet a pretext for dispensing with a speech. This was probably an invention of the Liberal party, in the depth of their mortification that he should have been returned. Be this as it may, Sir William did certainly avail himself with great adroitness of the opportunity thus afforded him of escaping from the labour of speech-making. He instantly snatched up his hat, quitted the window whence he was expected to speak, and walked himself out of the room, and away from the place of meeting, without even one word in the shape of returning thanks. "Ah!" said the old lady referred to, with much glee, "I knew how it would be. Sir William was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He'll never take any trouble, if he can help it." It was edifying to see how soon the fighting ceased after the honourable baronet disappeared; and it was no less so to find that neither of the pugilists had inflicted the slightest injury on the other.

to do so, he would soon attain a more than respectable status as a speaker. His matter, if deficient in depth, has usually the attribute of good sense to recommend it. His speeches are always short. He seems to be in a hurry to get through what he means to say; hence he gives a great deal of matter in a small compass. His style is smooth and easy, without exhibiting any appearance of that polish which is the effect of study. His delivery is rapid, but always fluent. He is scarcely ever at a loss for the proper phraseology; nor does he, except in rare cases, and then but slightly, falter in his utterance. His enunciation is distinct, and he has a clear and agreeable voice of considerable compass. He is moderate in his action. When he rises, he usually puts his hat under his left arm, and makes a gentle movement with his right hand. He generally fixes his eye as exclusively on some particular member, as if that member were the only individual in the house.

In person Mr. Shaw Lefevre is about the middle height, with a slight inclination to the athletic form. He is a good-looking man, with a very intellectual expression of countenance. His complexion is clear, and symptomatic of good health. He is on the right side of fifty.

Mr. E. S. Cayley, the member for Yorkshire, (North Riding,) is a man of some note among the farmers. His opinions are respected by the landed gentlemen in the house. He seldom lets slip an opportunity of expressing his sentiments on agricultural subjects, when those subjects are under consideration. On currency topics, too, he takes a deep interest. He is a zealous opponent

of an exclusive metallic currency, and strenuously advocates a recurrence to a small-note circulation. He hardly ever speaks on any other subjects than agriculture and the currency. Occasionally he addresses the House at some length: the longest time, I think, he ever occupied its attention was about the beginning of last session, when he gave them a full hour, not by the Shrewsbury clock, but by the clock of the house. He is one of the prosy gentlemen with whom St. Stephen's abounds. His more lengthy orations are only tolerated, not listened to. And even the toleration which many members—Mr. Peter Borthwick and Mr. Arthur Trevor, for example—would be delighted to receive,—even this toleration is only extended to him in consideration of his only speaking at any length two or three times a session. I am satisfied that with the exception of some half-dozen landed gentlemen, whose ears are taken captive whenever they hear the words "agricultural interest" pronounced—I am satisfied that, with this exception, not one of the "deliberative" senators in the house could repeat as much of what he has said when he resumes his seat, as a seven or eight years' urchin could of a minister's sermon, when asked by his parents to be attentive.

Mr. Cayley's manner is much against him. His articulation is very imperfect, and he is seldom sufficiently audible. He opens his mouth wide enough, and yet the words come out of it as if some extraordinary violence were offered to them in the process of their birth. His utterance is, besides, much too rapid for his articulation to be distinct. His voice is either feeble,

or he gives very unfair play to his lungs. His voice has no variety; anything more monotonous it were impossible to conceive. He has now become so habituated to the same everlasting low tone, that I do not think he could, by any effort, succeed in varying it. Were he himself to say to his friends, that he meant to make a speech on some given night, in a different key from that in which he is in the habit of addressing the House, and that he meant, in the course of his oration, to treat his honourable auditors with sundry modulations of his voice, I am sure the betting would be twenty to one against his succeeding. Not more unchangeable, I am satisfied, is the Ethiopian's skin, than is Mr. Cayley's voice. Nor is the heaviness which attaches to him in this respect as a speaker, in any measure redeemed by his gesture. It is quite as monotonous as his voice. He always, when addressing the house, does one of two things: he either places his arms a-kimbo, and in that attitude hurries through his speech, or he gives a gentle incessant motion to his right arm, which is nearly as regular in its undulations as the movements of a pendulum.

But though Mr. Cayley be no orator, he is a very intelligent man. There are few members, perhaps, who are better informed on the currency and agricultural questions; and the matter of his speeches, though never brilliant, has always the quality of good sense to recommend it. His style is plain but correct, and he seldom has occasion to hesitate for the proper word, or to recall an unsuitable one, to replace it by a happier. In his political opinions he is a liberal Whig.

Mr. Cayley's personal appearance is not commanding. His head is deficient in hair; it is partially bald. To counterbalance, however, his deprivation of hair on his head, he can boast of a couple of whiskers of very ample proportions. They are of a brownish colour; so is the limited harvest of hair on his head. His face is thin, and his features are somewhat hard. He has a pale complexion; the expression of his countenance is, on the whole, agreeable and intelligent. In stature he is about the middle height, and is somewhat slenderly made. He is seemingly about forty-five years of age.

The Hon. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, the member for West Gloucestershire, makes just one speech every session, and that speech is always on the same subject. The subject is the admission of ladies to the gallery of the house, to hear the debates and witness the proceedings. As a member of the legislature, this is the only question with which Mr. Berkeley identifies himself. He is a good enough reformer, and a very respectable member of parliament otherwise, as far as his votes go; but still no inducement in the world would make him open his mouth in the house on any other subject. "Every one," says the proverb, "to his taste;" and speaking with all sincerity, I can see no reason why people should quarrel with Mr. Grantley Berkeley—as I know they do quarrel with him—for indulging in his. There are dozens of members who, like him, have but one idea in their minds. Mr. Thomas Atwood, for example, was never known to make a speech in parliament, be the subject of debate what it might, without an effort to hammer his notions respecting the currency into the

heads of members. Mr. Wallace and the Post-office are synonymous terms; and Mr. Tennison D'Eyncourt and triennial parliaments are a species of Siamese twins; that is to say, if we can with propriety apply the expression in a case where one of the subjects is physical, and the other a mental abstraction. Now, I should like to know what are Messrs. Attwood, Wallace, and Tennyson D'Eyncourt, that they should be allowed to have their stated field-days every session, when bringing forward their favourite subjects, while some people set up a growl of dissatisfaction at Mr. Grantley Berkeley for bringing forward his annual motion for the admission of ladies into the gallery. The trio of gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, usually occupy from two to three hours of the time of the house every session, in wading through their dull details, while Mr. Grantley Berkeley's speech is invariably restricted to ten minutes' duration. Is not this superior brevity a great recommendation in the honourable gentleman's favour? I am surprised at the shortness of his speeches on so tempting a theme. I admire the philosophy of the man who can expatiate in such a place as the House of Commons on the claims of the ladies, and yet with unfailing regularity limit the duration of his oration to the short space of ten minutes. There are few men in the house, who can speak at all, whose philosophy would prove so effectual a match for their gallantry. I know some men in the house, though I will not name them, who, if once they were set a-going on such a subject, would, as an Irishman would say, not stop at all.

I am surprised that in a house where such transcen-

dent gallantry is professed as in the House of Commons, Mr. Grantley Berkeley's efforts to procure admission for the ladies into the gallery should always be defeated. And what may appear still more surprising is the fact, that in most cases the greatest dandies—those who profess to pay such extreme attention to their dress from their devotion to the fair sex—are the most strenuous in their efforts to continue the exclusion of the ladies. But, to use a familiar expression, "I see how it all is;" these coxcomb legislators are so vain of having their own persons admired, that they cannot bear the idea of having such a phalanx of female beauty in the house as would, of necessity, withdraw attention entirely from themselves. Some of these dandy legislators not only display a profusion of rings on their fingers, and sport "splendid chains" on their breasts, and lace as tightly almost as the ladies themselves; but you may nose them at a distance of many yards, through means of the rich perfumes with which they scent the surrounding atmosphere.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley acquits himself very creditably as a speaker. I presume he previously prepares his brief speeches; at any rate, he delivers them with seeming ease. There is nothing peculiar in his voice or manner. He is tall and athletic in his personal appearance, and has very gentlemanly manners. He has a round full face, with rather marked features. His complexion is darkish. I should suppose his age to be about forty-five.

Mr. C. Villiers, the member for Wolverhampton, is one of those who are well known in the house, though they

seldom take part in the debates. When he does speak, except it be on the Corn Laws, you may rest assured that he will not inflict on you a long harangue. He very justly thinks—and happy were it for Mr. Abercromby, the House, and the country, if all other M. P.'s were of the same opinion—that it is very unreasonable for one man systematically to monopolise all the talk to himself, for a whole hour or hour and a half. If Mr. Villiers were to occupy the time of the House for more than half an hour at a time, on any other than the subject just named—he seldom speaks above ten or twelve minutes—I am sure he would feel that he had committed a sin of too great magnitude to admit of his extending forgiveness to himself. He is an intelligent man, and of more than respectable talents. If he have no pretensions to a great or comprehensive mind, you never hear him speak without deriving information from what he says, and without having many solid arguments in favour of the view which he takes of the question before the House, impressed on your mind. He is always clear, and rarely wanders from the point. He is not of the discursive school. He does not aim at effect. To make a display is a thing which does not appear ever to have entered into his head. He does not speak in order that he may be admired as a speaker, but because he either can, or fancies he can, contribute in some degree to place the question before the House in its proper light.

Mr. C. Villiers is steadily rising in parliamentary reputation. His information is varied and accurate, and he turns it, in most cases, to good account. In the

course of the present session, he made a very able and argumentive speech, in opposition to the Corn Laws, which occupied two hours in the delivery, and which was of itself sufficient to have given him some reputation in the house. What struck me particularly in his speech, was the clearness with which he treated an intricate subject, and the interest he contrived to impart to topics which are generally considered of a dry and unattractive nature. I have not often heard a speech in which there was a greater body of figures and facts blended with strong arguments. He was listened to with a degree of attention by the house, which is seldom accorded to honourable members when they speak for so long a space of time on such topics. And so engrossed was the honourable gentleman himself with his subject, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded, after he had resumed his seat, that he had been on his legs above half the time. A gentleman who saw him a few minutes after he had concluded his address, lately mentioned to me, that on his observing to him that he had made a two hours' speech, he looked, in the first instance, as if he had supposed the observation was meant ironically, and that the party intended to convey the idea, that either his matter or his manner, or both, had been so dull, that those who heard him had really thought he had been thrice the length of time on his legs which he actually was. "You began at six," said the gentleman. "I did," was the answer of Mr. Villiers. "And it is only a few minutes since you concluded?" There was no denying it, and Mr. Villiers accordingly assented. "Well, and it is fifteen minutes

past eight now," continued the other, drawing out his watch. The fact stared Mr. Villiers in the face, and he was surprised that he should have thought the time so short.

Mr. Villiers possesses considerable readiness as a public speaker. He does not write his speeches, except in peculiar circumstances. It consists with my own knowledge that he did not write the speech to which I have referred, though extending to so great a length, and though so largely interspersed with figures and facts. From this circumstance I infer that he must at once have an excellent memory, and superior talents for promptly marshalling his facts, arranging his figures, and putting his arguments and ideas into proper order. His style is perspicuous and expressive. There is no appearance of effort about it. He dislikes a fustian and tinsil diction, and would not on any consideration sport a far-fetched, sickly sentimentality. He speaks with much ease: addressing the house does not seem to be a task to him. His utterance is rapid, but not so much so as to affect the distinctness of his articulation. His voice is clear and pleasant. I am convinced he has never done it justice in the house. He is always audible, but there is a want of variety and volume in the tones of his voice, simply because he does not take the trouble to turn its capabilities to proper account. His action is moderate: he slightly moves his head and body backwards and forwards, and when he comes to what he conceives a good point in his speech, applies his right hand with considerable force to the back of the seat before him. His manners and appearance al-

together are unassuming. He has an open, cheerful expression of countenance. His eyes are clear and intelligent. His features are small and regular, and his complexion is rather darkish, but indicative of good health. His hair is of a light-brown hue. In person he is about the general height, and well formed. He is a young man, being only about his fortieth year.

Mr. Williams, the member for Coventry, is one of those who are well known both in the house and out of doors, though they speak but seldom. He addresses the House three or four times in the course of a session, and thinks it would be an unwarrantable intrusion of himself on its attention, were he to present himself oftener. What his notion may be theoretically about long speeches, I have not the means of knowing; but, judging from his own practice, he has no predilection for them. If brevity be with other people the soul of wit, the same quality is, to all appearance, with him, the soul of a good speech. I have no doubt he has come to this conclusion from observing, as every one must have done, who has been doomed like him to spend night after night in the House of Commons, that short speeches usually tell with the best effect. Ten minutes I should take to be the maximum of the time which Mr. Williams occupies in the delivery of his speeches. He is not a man of superior talents. He has no originality; nor does he show ingenuity in his illustrations, or vigour in his mode of expressing himself. His chief merit as a legislator consists in his intelligence, his good sense, and his integrity. He is a man of considerable information; he usually takes a sensible view of a sub-

ject; and is allowed, on all hands, to be a consistent and straightforward politician. He generally acts with the extreme Radicals in parliament, though he rarely or ever attends any of their meetings out of doors. He is a great favourite with his constituents: indeed, the manifest honesty of his purpose, his good nature, and his unassuming manners, could not fail to commend him to all who come into contact with him. Mr. Williams has no pretensions as a public speaker. His matter is heavy: he seldom seeks to enliven it with anything of a light or sprightly kind. He deals, too, on most occasions, rather liberally in facts and statements. His style wants polish, and is often made to appear worse than it is by his imperfect delivery. He occasionally stutters, and has to recall his words to substitute others more appropriate for them. His voice has no flexibility; it is the same at all times and on all subjects. It partakes of the bass quality. He has little or no action; beyond a moderate movement of his right arm, he can scarcely be said to use any gesture at all. He is more animated, and seemingly more at home in the common council, of which he has been long a member, and in whose proceedings he takes an active part.

Mr. Williams, as already intimated, is a plain-looking man. He dresses plainly, and has all the appearance of one who glories in the absence of everything fine or affected. He is above the general height, and proportionably made. He is of a sallow complexion, and has dark bristly hair, which looks as if it had a natural tendency to form itself into imperfect curls. His face is common-place. It partakes slightly of the

round form. The honourable gentleman is apparently between his forty-second and forty-sixth year.

Mr. C. Hindley, member for Ashton-Under-Lyne, does not take a prominent part in the discussions of the House; a circumstance at which I am much surprised; for he is not only a man of varied and accurate information on most of the questions which come under the consideration of parliament, but he is a highly respectable speaker. Let me not be understood as here wishing to convey the idea, that the honourable gentleman has any pretensions to the name of an orator. When I characterize him as a speaker, I mean that he speaks with much ease, and in such a way as, in most cases, to insure the attention of the most intelligent members of the house. He always evinces a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and often speaks with very great effect. I have known him on several occasions make a deep impression on the House. He is one of those who warms and becomes more animated with his theme. His happiest efforts have always been those in which the question at issue involved to a great extent the principles of justice and humanity. He is one of the most humane men in the house. And be it said to his everlasting honour, that when his own private interests come in collision with the claims of humanity, he never hesitates a moment in sacrificing the former to the latter. A memorable instance of this was furnished by the onourable gentleman when the subject of the factory children's hours of labour was before the House. Though himself an extensive cotton manufacturer in Lancashire, and though one of those who have benefited

to a very large amount annually by the protracted hours of labour in the factories, he was one of the most zealous advocates for short hours, from considerations of pure humanity to the youthful unfortunates themselves. It was a positive luxury to hear Mr. Hindley, Mr. Brotherton, and various other honourable gentlemen, addressing the House, when the Factory Bill was under consideration. How striking the contrast between the spirit which their speeches breathed, and that which pervaded the heartless harangues of Whig political economists!

Mr. Hindley is a most benevolent as well as humane man, and his benevolence, like his humanity, is not confined, as that of too many is, to mere speculation. It is embodied in acts. I learn from private sources of information, and have great pleasure in recording the fact, that he yearly expends a very large portion of his wealth in the promotion of benevolent objects. His benevolence—and that, after all, will be found the only genuine benevolence—is based on the doctrines of evangelical religion. Mr. Hindley is, I believe, a congregational dissenter.

Though not, as before stated, in the habit of taking an active part in the debates in the house, the honourable gentleman is regular in his attendance on his legislative duties, and is in every respect a member of great practical utility. He is a good man of business, and is one of the most efficient members on committees.

Usually, when he commences his speeches, he speaks in so low and subdued a tone as to be scarcely audible in the more distant parts of the house; but when, as

already observed, he proceeds a little further, especially if the question involve any great principle of humanity, he becomes warmer and more energetic, and then he not only speaks in sufficiently loud tones, but his voice is pleasant, and is sometimes modulated with considerable effect. His utterance is, if any thing, rather hurried. He speaks with considerable fluency; rarely hesitating for a suitable expression, or having to recall a wrong word in order that a right one may be substituted. His action is variable. Sometimes he has scarcely any; at other times he liberally moves his arms, especially his right arm, backwards and forwards, and looks from one part of the opposite side of the house to the other. In most cases, however, he chiefly addresses himself to the Speaker. There is always great earnestness in his manner: there is no resisting the conclusion that he speaks from conviction, and only from conviction.

As a speaker his personal appearance is not in his favour. He is of less than the average height, of a pale complexion, rather thin face, and has a thoughtful expression of countenance. His features are strongly marked: his eyes are deeply set, and he has a protruding forehead. His hair is of a darkish hue, and usually hangs carelessly about his brow. If his appearance may be depended on, his age is about forty-five.

Sir William Molesworth, the member for Leeds, has acquired very great prominency, both within and without the walls of parliament, of late. He is a young man of some promise: he possesses very respectable talents as a literary man, and acquits himself very creditably as a public speaker, including in the phrase

the matter of his speeches. It is true that he always prepares his speeches beforehand, writing them out most carefully, and then committing them *verbatim* to memory; but as he is so young, being only in his twenty-eighth year, it is not improbable that as he increases in confidence in his own powers, he may become a respectable extemporaneous speaker. His plan of writing out his speeches is one which, in the case of any young man just entering on an important public career, is worthy of all commendation. I wish it were more generally adopted by our senators in the House of Commons: we should, in that case, be spared much of the crude undigested matter, and everlasting repetitions, which those in the way of attending that house are doomed to hear night after night, and which are inflicted on the public through the columns of the papers of the following morning. Writing one's speeches insensibly causes the party to arrange his ideas in their proper order: it prevents that excess of mere words, which, with few exceptions, characterizes extemporaneous effusions, and it guards against repetitions. Sir William Molesworth's speeches usually indicate a deeply reflective mind. They prove him to be possessed of the faculty of close and continuous reasoning. His style is always clear: it does not want vigour, but there is a harshness about it, which impairs the effect his speeches—I speak of them as read—would otherwise produce. It cannot but strike every one capable of judging on the point, that he bestows much more pains on his matter than his manner—on his ideas than on his diction. This is certainly to be preferred to the circumstance—a very common one, by the way,

both with our legislative orators and with authors—of sacrificing one's matter to the manner, the sentiments to the style; but I conceive it quite possible to give due attention to both. I am afraid, however, that there is little hope of Sir William Molesworth improving, in any very marked degree, in his language. I fear he has deliberately formed his style on a bad model, and that he thinks it is unexceptionable. I should like him to be disabused of this notion, if he really does entertain it. If he could only be prevailed on to endeavour to round his periods somewhat more, and to impart a greater smoothness to his style, he would speak with much more effect. As a writer, the gain to him would be still greater.

As a mere Speaker, apart from his matter, Sir William Molesworth does not rank high. His voice is feeble, and has little or no power of intonation. He is just audible when the house is in a tolerably tranquil state, and that is all. When the house is in an uproarious mood, even though only moderately so, he is not heard at any distance from the place whence he speaks. His enunciation is somewhat rapid, as is almost invariably the case with those who speak from memory. The very mistakes he makes show how carefully he has committed his speech to his faculty of remembrance. His attitudes were, for some time after he entered parliament, highly theatrical. Now he is more subdued in his action. Sometimes, indeed, he runs to the other extreme of using no gesticulation at all. I have seen him, on more than one occasion, fold his arms in each other on his breast, and in that attitude remain during the delivery of a speech which occupied ten or fifteen minutes. On

such occasions he has strongly reminded me of a school-boy giving a recitation at an annual examination. Sir William always, when he speaks, advances two or three feet from the first bench towards the middle of the floor, and with his back to the door, and his eye intently fixed on the Speaker or the Speaker's chair, I am not sure which, remains in that position till he has uttered his last word. His pronunciation is most affected. It is quite of a dandified order. A better specimen of "a fine young gentleman," when addressing the House, you could not desire to meet with.

His personal appearance has nothing commanding about it. He is of the middle height, and of a passably good figure. His complexion is fair, and his hair is of a colour approaching to redness. It is usually long and flowing, and sometimes falls down over his eyes. His features are irregular. He uses a glass for his right eye so frequently, that I am sure he must sometimes fancy he is looking through his glass when it is dangling by means of a black ribbon on his breast; on no other hypothesis can I account for his sometimes making such queer faces, that a stranger would conclude he had a very marked habitual squint.

Sir William is an excellent scholar. He has a good knowledge of languages, and is, I believe, a superior mathematician. He was expelled the University of Cambridge under singular circumstances. His private tutor, who was also a fellow-student, having quarrelled with another student, determined on calling out the latter. Sir William was the bearer of the challenge, and of

course was to be his tutor's second. The party challenged, having no notion of exposing his person to the fire of his antagonist, gave information of the circumstance of his being challenged,—not to the magistrates, but to the head master of the university. The latter immediately decided on the expulsion both of the intended principal and his second, which expulsion was duly carried into effect. But what, it will be asked, became of the party challenged? Why, he was expelled also; not, certainly, in the same way as Sir William and his friend, but by the other students. They literally persecuted and hissed him out of the university, for what they considered ignoble conduct,—not so much because he refused to fight, as for his playing the part of an informer against two fellow-students.

Sir William Molesworth is a man of great energy of character and decision of conduct. He "goes the whole hog" in Radicalism, and presents a bold front, both to Whigs and Tories, in the House of Commons. Though he stood alone in that house, I believe he would as fearlessly assert his principles as if he knew he had a majority of the house with him. I admire this trait in Sir William's character, without at all identifying myself with his extreme opinions. I like to see a man boldly and fearlessly avow his views, whatever they may be, when they are the result of conviction after mature deliberation. It is his resolute and straight-forward course of conduct which gives Sir William whatever weight he has in the house.

Every one must have made the observation, that the Ultra-Radical party last session possessed greater im-

portance in the house than on any former occasion; and I have heard various conjectures as to the cause. The most common one is, that, though few in number, these extreme Radicals were then more united, and acted more in concert, than they had ever done before. This is the true hypothesis; but the cause of the closer union and greater concert in the course they then pursued, is not generally known. I cannot see any harm in letting out the secret. The unity of purpose which last year characterized the extreme Radicals, is to be ascribed to the circumstance of Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Leader having come to a resolution—and carried it into practice too—of giving a series of parliamentary dinners to their party. This course of parliamentary dinners commenced the week before the opening of the session. They were given in the Clarendon Hotel. Sunday* was the day fixed on for the purpose. Sir William paid one week, and Mr. Leader the other. A good dinner is proverbial for the good feeling it produces. To many of the Radicals a dinner in the best style of the Clarendon Hotel must be an object of especial importance; and there is nothing uncharitable, any more than unphilosophical, in the supposition, that the fear of exclusion from these Sunday festivals was of infinite use in keeping the party closely together. The dinners were not renewed this session; a circumstance which very satisfactorily accounts for the disunion which now characterizes the extreme Radicals.

* It is much to be regretted that the practice of giving political dinners on Sunday should exist. It is peculiarly unbecoming on the part of Ministers thus to desecrate the Sabbath, as they are ostensibly the special friends of the christian religion.

Sir William Molesworth, as is generally known, was for some time the principal proprietor of the "London and Westminster Review." He occasionally wrote articles for it. The opening paper in the January number for last year, which was regarded, and justly, as the manifesto of his party with regard to the course they would pursue in the then approaching session, was written by him. I am aware it has been said that he was the writer of only a very small part of it, and that it was chiefly written by a literary gentleman of great talent in London, who is a regular contributor to the "Review." This supposition is altogether groundless. Sir William wrote the whole of the article himself, down in Cornwall. Mr. Leader chanced to be on a visit to him for two days while he was employed on it, and threw out two or three suggestions as to the topics which he thought should be touched on in the article; but surely no one would say that this was assisting to write it. I refer thus particularly to this article, because it made a good deal of noise at the time, and some speculation was indulged in as to the authorship.

Sir William can afford to pursue a more independent course than most other Radicals. His ample fortune, which is from 10,000*l.* to 12,000*l.* per annum, renders him less liable to the temptations of place than the great majority of legislators.

Mr. Leader, the member for Westminister, is a Radical of the first water. He and Sir William Molesworth are a sort of political Siamese twins: they hold in common the same extreme political opinions. Indeed, on all such subjects, they seem to think, speak, and

act together with such entire harmony, that one could almost fancy they had but one mind equally divided between them. A more perfect community of sentiment, feeling, and purpose, has never, I am convinced, existed under similar circumstances.

They appear to have entered into a sort of political co-partnership; and in order that the interchange of sentiment and feeling between them may be the less liable to interruption, they live in the same house at Pimlico. Mr. Roebuck, who has a fellow feeling with them on most political questions, usually spends his Sundays with them. The late insurrection in Canada was a fertile topic for the deliberations of the triumvirate. Many an anxious hour did they spend together in discussions as to the best mode of procuring the redress of Canadian grievances.

Mr. Leader rose rapidly into distinction last session, but he has rather fallen back since. He is a man of more than average talents. He distinguished himself at the university in many branches of education. Those who know him well assure me that he is an excellent mathematician, and that he has considerable pretensions as a linguist. Be this as it may, he is a man of considerable talent, viewed as a legislator. He does not speak very often in parliament; but no one ever heard him address the House for two minutes at a time, without perceiving that he is a man of superior intellectual calibre. There is always stamen in what he says. He is a good reasoner, and displays much ability in the clear and forcible way in which he asserts the peculiar views of the party with whom he identifies himself. His

style is nervous: it is always correct; but would tell with better effect, were it sometimes more polished. The great fault of most speakers is, that they evidently bestow too much pains in their efforts to round their periods. I have sometimes thought that Mr. Leader runs to the other extreme, and is too careless as to the construction of his sentences.

As a speaker, Mr. Leader acquits himself very creditably. His voice is clear and pleasant. I am convinced it is capable of every variety of intonation; but, from some cause or other, he has not availed himself of its capabilities in this way. There is something of sameness in its tones. He is, however, always audible, and is usually listened to with attention in the house. When speaking in parliament, he takes, I believe, the precaution of doing so from memory, having previously committed his thoughts to writing. I am satisfied, however, that he possesses in a very respectable degree the faculty of improvisation, did he choose to exercise it. I have heard him speak without the slightest premeditation at public dinners, and seen him get through his speech in a highly respectable manner, and seemingly without an effort. He is a man of great decision of character, and of great determination of purpose. When once he has resolved on pursuing a certain line of conduct, neither the most alluring appliances of seduction, nor ridicule, nor menace, nor abuse of any kind, will divert him for one moment from the path he has pointed out for himself. That he is a man of more than common nerve, may be inferred from the fact, that though all his relations are Tories, he has, in defiance

of threats, and solicitations, and entreaties from innumerable quarters, openly embraced the very opposite class of political principles. This is the more to be wondered at, as he is only, if I be not misinformed, twenty-nine years of age. He has taken an active part in the assertion of the same set of opinions for several years past. His appearance is quite boyish. You would fancy, on first seeing him, provided you did not know him, that he was some youth who had not yet finished his educational course of instruction. His personal appearance, notwithstanding his being short in stature, and of a slender figure, is very prepossessing. There is something exceedingly pleasant in his countenance; it is always open and cheerful. His whole appearance and manners are those of a perfect gentleman, without anything of that dandyism in dress, or laboured politeness in company, which are so common in persons in his station of life, and which make them so ridiculous, if not contemptible, in the eyes of men of judgment. His complexion is clear, and his features are regular. His face, like his stature, is small, but his forehead is ample. The expression of his countenance is intellectnal; but no one would suppose, from an inspection of his face, that he possessed the decision of character I have mentioned: one would rather think that he was deficient in energy of purpose. His hair is usually ample, and is of a moderately dark colour.

Mr. Charles Lushington, the member for Ashburton, and brother of Dr. Lushington, the member for the Tower Hamlets, is rising into notice. He was pretty well known before as a liberal and enlightened member;

but he did not bring himself with the same prominency before the house and the public, as he has done of late. He has recently distinguished himself out of doors, as well as in the house, by his zealous advocacy of the interests of the Dissenters. His advocacy of their cause is the more important, and the more creditable to himself, from the circumstance of his being a decided churchman from principle. He is one of the few who think that the church would gain more in usefulness, as well as popularity, by trusting exclusively to her own resources and to the support of her own members and friends, than by compelling the Dissenters to do violence to their consciences by contributing to her maintenance. This is an opinion which is rapidly gaining ground among the more enlightened and conscientious churchmen. The same feeling of an anxious desire to see the church strengthened, has induced Mr. Lushington to take an active part in the exertions which are now making to eject the bishops from the House of Lords. His conviction is, that they not only neglect their spiritual duties, and impair their usefulness as individuals, by mixing themselves up with politics, but that they thereby bring much odium on the church herself in her collective capacity. Actuated by these convictions, he brought forward a motion in the third week of last session, for relieving the bishops from the toils of political legislation: but the motion was lost by a large majority.

Mr. Lushington is a man of superior intelligence. He possesses a sound judgment, as well as, extensive information. He is cool and calculating in all he says

and does. Reason, and not the passions, is the guide of his conduct. In politics he is liberal, but cannot with propriety be classed among the radical party. He is one of the most consistent of our public men; and his strict integrity as a politician, any more than his excellence as a private man, has never, so far as I am aware, been questioned. I believe there are few men who act more thoroughly and uniformly from conscientious motives. As a speaker he cannot be ranked high: his voice has something hard about it, and is not sufficiently powerful for effective public speaking. He appears to much greater advantage at a public meeting than in the House of Commons. His utterance is timed with judgment to the ear: it avoids the extremes of slowness and rapidity; but it wants variety as well as a pleasant tone. He occasionally hesitates, especially when speaking extemporaneously. His speeches usually indicate the possession of more than a respectable measure of intellect on the part of the speaker. He is a good reasoner: indeed, were there sometimes less argument, and more declamation in his speeches, they would tell with much greater effect on a popular assembly like the House of Commons. His statements are always clear; and the drift of his argument can never be mistaken. His style is chaste, without any indications of its being laboriously polished. He deals not in the flowers of rhetoric; nor has he, either in matter or manner, any of the claptraps so generally observable in the speeches of our modern orators. His gesture is moderate and rational. He seldom speaks long at a time; but his speeches usually contain much valuable matter. If they never dis-

play originality, or any particular vigour of mind, there is never anything feeble or silly in them.

Mr. Lushington is apparently upwards of fifty years of age. His personal appearance is prepossessing; it is that of the gentleman and man of intelligence. He is a little above the middle height, and has a handsome figure. His face has something of the oval conformation. His features are regular and pleasant in their general expression. He has a clear intelligent eye and a well-developed forehead. His complexion is sallow, and his hair of a dark grey.

Mr. Lushington does not speak with frequency; but he is much respected by men of all shades of political opinion, and always commands attention when he rises. He invariably employs the most unexceptionable language in speaking of an opponent. He never mixes himself up with any of the squabbles which take place in the house: even when attacked in acrimonious terms by others, he maintains his temper. He repels the attack with much firmness, but in the most temperate language. I recollect seeing the honourable gentleman, two or three years ago, give a striking proof of his command of temper, at a meeting of the supporters of the Mendicity Society. Some nobleman, whose name has escaped my recollection, made some ill-natured observations in consequence of some unpalatable opinions—unpalatable, I mean, to the party—which Mr. Lushington had previously expressed. The tone and temper in which Mr. Lushington replied to the noble lord's attack must have administered to his assailant a severe rebuke, apart from the words, if the mind of the latter had an ordinary share of susceptibility.

Mr. James, the member for Cumberland, is a plain, straightforward, honest-minded Reformer. Had Mr. Beaumont, the ex-member for Northumberland, been still in parliament, I should have mentioned Mr. James's name after his, because both honourable gentlemen possess certain qualities in common. Both act independently of parties. They do not identify themselves either with the Whigs or the Radicals, but vote with either or neither, according to their own conscientious opinions on the question before the House. They are both men of sufficient moral courage to think and act for themselves; and it so happens that they sometimes arrive at conclusions, and adopt a course of action, in which they stand nearly, if not wholly, alone. The circumstance of the amendment moved by Mr. Beaumont, at the opening of last session, to the address to the king, recognizing the justice and propriety of making the Roman Catholic religion the established religion of Ireland—the circumstance of this amendment being seconded by Mr. James, is a case in point. Mr. Beaumont, as I have stated before, withdrew his amendment; consequently I cannot say with certainty what would have been the result, had it been pressed to a division; but I am convinced, that if it had been so, the two honourable gentlemen would have found themselves alone.

Mr. James is not a good speaker. He has a curious half-screeching sort of voice, with very little if any flexibility in its tones. He does not, in ordinary circumstances, speak sufficiently loud to be heard in the more distant parts of the house, unless, indeed, an unusual degree of order should chance to reign in it. Mr. James

does not speak often; and when he does, I have never seen honourable gentlemen seized with any special disposition to be attentive. He generally speaks slowly, and with little animation, unless the subject be one on which he feels very strongly. Then he is full of fire and energy, though not the fire or energy of true oratory. In his more forcible moods, he wheels his body from one side to the other with very considerable celerity, casting a look at the reporters in the gallery about once on an average every minute. His right arm is, on such occasions, put into active requisition. One day last session, in the plenitude of his gesticulation, he gave an honourable member, whose name I forget, a violent blow on the head, and that, too, with his clenched fist. It is but justice, however, to Mr. James to say, that he very felicitously begged the pardon of the honourable gentlemen, by way of parenthesis, in the middle of his speech.

His style is plainness itself. He seems to have no ambition to be considered an orator. He is sincere in his opinions; and all he appears to be concerned about is, that the House should know what those opinions are. To be sure, he would prefer it, were the House practically to adopt them; but he is too much a man of sense, and knows too much of the ways of the world, to entertain any such expectation, constituted as the House now is. He knows full well, that a man who, like himself, stands aloof from all parties, recognizing no motives of action but his abstract convictions of what is right, has no chance of carrying his peculiar views into practical effect. His matter is innocent enough of anything indi-

cative of genius. It has nothing but its common sense to recommend it.

The personal appearance of Mr. James, like his matter and his diction, is plain. He has nothing fashionable or affected about him. He is a fine specimen of a country gentleman, fond of associating with the working farmers, and looking after his own cattle and horses. He is about the usual height, rather stoutly made. He has an open, generous, or, to use a still more expressive though homely term, jolly-looking face, though a slight obliquity of vision is occasionally perceptible. No one can doubt, on looking at Mr. James's countenance, that he is an honest-hearted, unsophisticated man. His complexion is healthy, and his features are pleasant, though not boasting of a particularly intellectual expression. His face is full without being round. He has a well-developed forehead. The little hair he has is dark, but his head is for the most part bald. He has passed the meridian of life. Judging from his appearance, I should take him to be on the wrong side of fifty-five. As, however, he is in the enjoyment of good health, and possesses a robust frame, it is to be hoped he has still a long and honourable public career before him.

CHAPTER XI.

CONSERVATIVE SCOTCH AND IRISH MEMBERS.

Mr. Pringle—Mr. Serjeant Jackson—Mr. Serjeant Lefroy —Mr. Emerson Tennent—Colonel Verner.

Mr. Pringle, the member for Selkirkshire, is a man of some consideration among the Scotch Conservatives, though comparatively little known in the House. I believe he has no ambition to be considered a parliamentary orator. If the infrequency of his speeches may be held as decisive of the point, then I may convert the proposition I have put hypothetically into one of positive affirmation, and say in so many terms that the honourable gentleman *has* no desire to possess the reputation of a speaker in the House. I am convinced that, taking one session with another, he does not occupy the attention of the House for two hours, putting all his speeches together, in the course of the six months which each session usually lasts.

I should suppose that the average number of his speeches each session, including those he delivers in committees of the whole House, is seven or eight. He is a man of very respectable talents, and is usually listened to with attention by honourable members. If he has no pretensions to vigour or originality of mind, he possesses a clear head, and displays a sound judgment. He has the further merit of being always intelligible: his perceptions are quick, and he evinces considerable talent in placing them in so clear a light before

the House, that the dullest and least intellectual M. P. in it cannot fail to understand what he is saying, and to perceive the point to which he wishes to conduct the House.

Mr. Pringle's matter is always sensible; nor is he by any means deficient in argumentative power. I do not mean to say that he excels in this respect; I do not mean to say that his argumentative powers are of such an order that he can carry his audience along with him as if he had taken their judgments captive at his pleasure; but they are of an order to place his view of the subject in a very favourable light, provided he has truth and justice on his side. He is a calm and quiet speaker. There is no appearance of effort; no straining after effect in what he says. He speaks from conviction; you see this in every sentence he utters. He has singular faith in the moral excellencies of Conservative principles; but his conservatism, it is right to state, is associated with the religion of the New Testament. He is satisfied he sees in the gospel the doctrine which constitutes his political creed; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at if he be thoroughly persuaded in his own mind that Toryism, if it had full scope, would prove a most mighty moral engine for the promotion and production of human happiness. He is a man of excellent private character, and is very consistent, so far as I am aware, as a politician.

I have said that he is a quiet speaker. His manner is exceedingly unassuming. He speaks in general in as subdued a tone and in as easy a manner as if he were in a small room, surrounded by eighteen or twenty

friends, to whom he was giving an exposition of his sentiments on some particular subject. His voice is either weak, or he does not call his lungs into play. His utterance is somewhat slow, and he occasionally falters a little. When replying to the speech of any particular member on the opposite side of the House, his practice is to look him in the face, as if in the full consciousness that he cannot fail to convince him that his positions are untenable. One of his favourite attitudes is to join both hands at his back, and then rock himself backwards and forwards.

His personal stature is small. He is considerably below the usual height, but well formed. He has a high forehead, which is graced by a tuft of hair, now beginning to assume a greyish complexion. His features are small and regular, and the expression of his countenance is tranquil and intelligent. His age I should take to be from forty-two to forty-five.

Mr. Serjeant Jackson, the member for Bandon, is a man of some mark among the Irish Tories. His status in the House as a speaker is respectable. Generally his orations reach mediocrity; on some occasions they rise above it. I should say that his influence in the house is, as they say in Mark Lane, rather "looking up."

This is unusual in one who has been so long a member, and who is near his fiftieth year. His speech on the administration of the Irish government, in the second week of the last session, was, perhaps, the ablest effort he ever made in the House of Commons. It certainly added a cubit to his parliamentary stature, in the estimation of his Tory friends. It added two

cubits to his stature in his own view of the case; and I believe it added about a fourth of a cubit in the estimation of the honourable gentlemen on the Ministerial benches. Mr. Jackson himself can correct me if I am wrong when I say, that the cheers with which his Conservative friends greeted his oration, rang like sweet music in his ears all the night. I dare say he would have no objection to answer the question, should anybody, as a matter of curiosity, put it to him—whether his excessive joy at the reception his speech met with, did not prevent his enjoying his usual slumbers when he retired to bed.

To this fact I can speak with confidence, that next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, as nearly as I can remember at this distance of time, he went to the Carlton Club, to receive the congratulations of his friends there; and the honourable and learned gentleman ran some risk, in the plenitude of their admiration of his addresses, of having his shoulder shaken out. If he had had the hundred hands of Briareus, he would, on that occasion, have found friends enough to have seized and squeezed them all. As it was, it seemed to be quite a contest among the members of the Carlton Club, as to who should be the earliest and most cordial in the operation of shaking the Serjeant by the hand. Some of them shook it with a vehemence I have never seen equalled.

On some occasions you might have seen two or three, in their impatience to pay him their congratulations, shaking him all at once. Their kindness, in the long-run, must have proved exceedingly fatiguing to him.

A stranger, to have seen so many Conservatives crowding round Mr. Jackson, and all shaking him so violently, must have come to the conclusion that the story of the apothecary and his patient—"when taken to be well shaken"—was in the act of being again repeated in the experience of the honourable and learned gentleman.

I chanced to see him coming out of the Carlton that afternoon, seemingly as much fatigued as if he had been but just recovering his breath. There was however, a smile on his countenance, which told how highly he was gratified with the congratulations which had been heaped on him in such unsparing measure. I never saw a man who seemed on better terms with himself. The day was one of the roughest and most rainy which is ever witnessed, even in the ungenial month of February. It was one which might have made the most cheerful man look dull and downcast. It did add visibly to the longitude of the face of every body else who was exposed to the wind and rain; but the countenance of the learned Serjeant looked as serene and smiling as if he had been walking in some of those fairy scenes which are so abundant in the pages of the poet and the novelist, but which exist nowhere else.

Mr. Serjeant Jackson rejoices in a tolerably commanding figure. He is tall and well formed. His countenance has nothing very intellectual about it, but it is sufficiently pleasing. It is of an angular form: his nose is sharp and prominent, and his forehead is also ample. His complexion is fair; and his hair white as the snow, —not, perhaps, in its unsunned state, but after it has been on the ground for some time.

As a speaker, viewed in a mere mechanical light, he is rather above mediocrity. He talks with sufficient fluency: I never yet heard him, so far as I recollect, falter or appear at a loss either for ideas or words. He is moderate in his use of action; but his admirable lungs enable him safely to dispense with anything like vehement gesticulation. His voice is exceedingly powerful, and he can rely on it at all times and under all circumstances. I have seen other honourable members unable to render themselves audible, through hoarseness, constitutional debility, exhaustion, or other circumstances. Poor Cobbett, the last time he ever attempted to address the house, was unable, owing to a sore throat, to make himself audible three or four yards from where he stood. I never heard of Serjeant Jackson having a sore throat, or anything else that could impair the efficiency of his voice. It would be an era in the honourable and learned gentleman's parliamentary existence, to find that he addressed the house without making himself heard in every part of it. What is worthy of observation is, that the honourable and learned gentleman's voice seems to improve in its capabilities the further he proceeds in his speeches.

Other members begin, in so far as their voice is concerned, and continue for some time very auspiciously; but it is clear to all, long before they finish a speech of any length, that they are much fatigued. Everybody sees that it costs them a great and painful effort to make themselves heard until they have done. Many, indeed, are obliged to call in the aid of oranges, and to have recourse to other appliances to enable them to

proceed; while some are often compelled to leave off altogether, very abruptly. Not so with Mr. Serjeant Jackson. His voice gets better and better the longer he continues; and he seems in a far better condition for addressing the house after he has been up an hour or an hour and a half, than when he first rose. His stentorian capabilities are unquestionably of the first order. Hence Mr. O'Connell's happy application of the term "leather" to his lungs.

Mr. Serjeant Jackson scarcely ever makes a speech on any important Irish question which takes less than an hour and a half in the delivery. He would not think it worth his while to rise from his seat to deliver a short address. Occasionally he retains possession of the chair, as the parliamentary phrase is, from two to three hours. And a moment before he resumes his seat on these occasions, he looks so fresh, and his lungs seem to be in such excellent order, that any one would warrant him, did he choose to "trespass further on the indulgence of the house," for five or six hours to come.

The matter of Mr. Serjeant Jackson's speeches is very unequal. He is often prosy; full of words without an idea. At other times his speeches are made of very excellent "stuff." There are happy ideas and forcible arguments in them. He is bold and fearless, on certain occasions, in his attacks on Mr. O'Connell and on the Irish government; at others he is resolute and earnest in his vindication of the course pursued by his own party. He almost invariably, as before stated, addresses the house on every question bearing immediately on the affairs of Ireland; but he hardly ever opens his mouth

on any other. He is a religious man, and takes a warm interest in all questions affecting the church of Ireland. He is one of her most able champions. For nearly twenty years, if I remember rightly, he was secretary to the Kildare Street School Society.

Nobody, I believe, ever doubted the sincerity of his religious opinions; as no one, not even his greatest enemies, of whom, however, I believe he has but few, ever threw out an insinuation against the exemplary nature of his character in private life. He is good-natured; at any rate, I have no recollection of ever having seen him lose his temper in the House. He is usually cool in his manner. He bears the attacks of Mr. O'Connell, and of the other liberal Irish members, with admirable equanimity; and replies to their speeches with great decision of purpose, and yet without the use of vituperative language.

Mr. Serjeant Lefroy, member for the Dublin University, is not unlike Mr. Jackson in personal appearance. His hair is of a brown colour, but he has but a scanty crop of it. His head is partially bald. His complexion is fair, with an admixture of ruddiness. His face is not quite so angular as that of Mr. Serjeant Jackson; nor is he so tall in stature. In regard to politics, he and the member for Bandon are as closely united as I have described Sir W. Molesworth and Mr. Leader to be.

I am at a loss to know in what terms to express myself respecting Mr. Serjeant Lefroy as a parliamentary speaker. It is consoling to think that I am not obliged to number him among the "unpopular" speakers; and

yet I cannot, however grateful would be the task to me, call him a popular orator. There is this difference between him and the unpopular speakers to whom I refer, that while they are assailed with groans, and hisses, and yells of every kind, the moment they rise to address the house, there is as general a rush to the door as if the house were on fire, whenever he presents himself. Strangers in the gallery, who know no better, generally conclude that the House itself has risen, whenever Serjeant Lefroy rises. I have seen the honourable and learned gentleman thin the house with such incredible expedition, that the benches, which but a few minutes before were crowded, have become almost entirely deserted. The reading of the riot act does not more certainly or suddenly disperse a mob, than the honourable member does the legislators of the Lower House, when he assumes a perpendicular position. When he does intend making a speech, he always selects such an hour in the evening as is most convenient for the other honourable members taking their dinners. Whether he does this purposely or not, I cannot say.

To Mr. Lefroy's everlasting credit be it spoken, he never appears to feel in the least degree annoyed at the disrespect shown him. He proceeds to plod through his speech with as much patience, and seemingly with as much gratification, when there are not above thirty or forty members present, as if the house were full. No drain of honourable members, however great when he rises, discourages him in the smallest degree. I verily believe he would go through his speech, which always lasts from an hour to an hour and a half, were nobody

at all in the house to hear him. I can only account for his perseverance in speaking under circumstances which would dishearten any other man, on the supposition that he entertains the singular theory; that he is called on under certain circumstances to make a speech of a certain length in the House of Commons; and that though honourable members will not hear it, he has done his duty in giving them an opportunity of doing so by delivering it. Nothing, I am confident, but a conviction that he is performing a duty which his conscience imposes on him, could ever support him to the end of his speech.

Were his orations reported, I could easily enough imagine that the circumstance of seeing himself in print next morning, would in some measure reconcile him to the wasting his eloquence on empty benches; but this is a gratification he never enjoys. The reporters never dream of taking a single note of what falls from him. They consider his rising quite a windfall: the time he is up affords them a corresponding cessation from their arduous labours. He is a great favourite with them; they look on him, viewing the thing professionally, as the most agreeable speaker in the house.

The honourable and learned gentleman is a very indifferent speaker. He has abundance of words at his tongue's end, but he drawls them out in so peculiar a way, that it is unpleasant to hear him. Sometimes he speaks in so low a tone as to be inaudible; at other times he articulates so imperfectly, that it requires an effort to understand what he says. Very few, however, of his very few hearers, ever put themselves to the

trouble of trying to understand him. He is one of the coldest speakers I know: nothing can be more dry than his manner, except it be his matter. His countenance was never yet lit up by a gleam of animation. He specially guards against an undue exercise of his lungs; and the speaker's chair is scarcely more innocent than he of anything in the shape of gesticulation.

Mr. Lefroy is entitled to all praise on the score of good temper. There does not exist a more decided Tory; but he never betrays anything of the virulence of party feeling in the house. When he refers by name to his political opponents, it is rather in the form of observations than in that of attack. I have no idea that he has any personal dislikes: I am sure that no one entertains any feeling of ill-will towards him. I scarcely ever recollect to have heard the Liberal Irish members make even an ill-natured allusion to him.

Though he excites no attention as a speaker, I believe he is respected by all who know him, as a consistent public character, and as a man of much private worth. Though not remarkable for the regularity of his attendance in the house on ordinary occasions, he is as sure to be present when any Irish question is under discussion, as is the Speaker himself. He has great faith in the ultimate triumph of Toryism. The Reform Bill he has always regarded as a political pestilence; but doubts not that eventual good will result from it. He is not very positive as to the time when the reform visitation shall completely cease; but he is quite satisfied, that though now beyond his fiftieth year, he will live to see the happy day.

Mr. Emerson Tennent, member for Belfast is celebrated in the house for his extraordinary memory. As I mentioned in my first series of "Random Recollections, he can commit to memory, with very little exertion, a speech full of figures and of facts, which will take three hours in the delivery; and he will even deliver it without missing half a dozen words, or making any alteration in it whatever. The honourable gentleman has also brought himself into notice by the length of his speeches. He does not make more than three speeches on an average in the course of a session; but if any honourable gentlemen regret that he does not treat them to his eloquence with greater frequency, he gives them a sufficient quantity of it when he does begin. He would not think it worth his while to open his mouth, for less than an hour and a half's monopoly of the attention of the House. He speaks with much rapidity, without pausing for a moment till he has got through his task; that is to say, until he has repeated all that he has committed to memory.

His parliamentary exhibitions also are not unlike those made at school, when giving a recitation at an annual examination. He uses little action, and that little is restricted to the looking about among those of his own friends who sit within a yard or two of the place from which he speaks. When he gets into what he conceives the more brilliant parts of his oration, he superadds to the movement of his body a moderate motion of his right hand. On such occasions he waxes very animated; but the want of variety in his voice prevents his animation producing any sensible impression on the House.

Lord Morpeth happily characterized the quality of the honourable member's voice, when, after the delivery of a speech which occupied nearly three columns of "The Times," in February last year, the noble lord said it had been spoken with an entire monotony of voice. His voice is clear, and his enunciation, notwithstanding the rapidity of his delivery, sufficiently distinct. He would be by no means an unpleasant speaker, were he to reduce the dimensions of his orations to about a sixth part of their usual size. The everlasting monotony of his voice always palls on the ear before he resumes his seat.

Mr. Emerson Tennent is a great favourite with the reporters; and he is deservedly so; for he kindly saves them the trouble of reporting what, from the rapidity of his utterance, and the number of facts and figures which he usually presses into his service, they would find, if I may invent a word, an unreportable speech. He sends his speech, sometimes before he delivers it, to his favourite paper, whence slips are procured for such of the other journals as may be disposed to open their columns to the honourable gentleman's oration in its full proportions. Hence, while the Tories are rewarding the honourable gentleman's exertions and eloquence with an occasional faint cheer, though secretly wishing, with the occupants of the Ministerial benches, that his speech or lungs would fail him,—the printers are venting their indignation, in no very becoming language, at what they call his "wretched" manuscript.

Mr. Emerson Tennent is a man of talent. His speeches usually display acuteness; but, like the orations

of Demosthenes, they smell of the midnight lamp. Every sentence bears on it the impress of great elaboration. I have no idea that he possesses in any great degree the faculty of improvisation; at any rate, I never saw him give any proofs of his being a man of extemporaneous resources. How long it takes him to prepare a speech which occupies an hour and a half in the delivery, I cannot say; but that it must be an Herculean task, I am fully convinced. How else would he deliver a speech on a given night and on a certain question, which was intended for delivery a month or two before, and on a totally different question?

Lord Morpeth detected this practice on the part of the honourable gentlemen, at the commencement of last session. The noble lord publicly expressed his conviction, that the speech which Mr. Emerson Tennent delivered while the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill was under discussion, was intended, though the honourable gentleman was then prevented from delivering it owing to his not being fortunate enough to catch the Speaker's eye, for the discussion which had taken place a fortnight previously, on the alleged abuse of patronage on the part of the Irish government. It is very convenient for the honourable gentleman that he can thus bottle up his speeches, or, as Burns would have said, "nurse them to keep them warm," until an opportunity is afforded of getting them comfortably delivered.

Mr. Emerson Tennent has, of late, been a Tory of the first water. It was not always so; in other words, he is one of the many political apostates who are to be found in the House of Commons. Immediately before

the passing of the Reform Bill, he was an ultra-Reformer. He then presided at or took an active part in the proceedings of a meeting held in the north of Ireland to petition for Reform, on which occasion he was a strenuous advocate for triennial parliaments; and, if my memory be not at fault, household suffrage, and the vote by ballot. Some time after, however, he set up like Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Mr. Walter, and some others, for an "independent member," which, translated into plain English, means becoming a downright Tory. The honourable gentleman takes an active part in all party conflicts in the north of Ireland.

Mr. Emerson Tennent is a man of some literary pretensions. He has the reputation of being a very respectable scholar. With modern Greece he is understood to be particularly conversant, having resided in that country some time: in what capacity I am not exactly aware. He wrote a work of a rather interesting character, on the subject of Greece; and a year or two since he produced another volume, a very small one, under the title of "Letters from the South." The title would mislead those unacquainted with the facts of the case. The "South," whence the honourable gentleman's epistles were written, is not the south of *Europe*, but the south of *Ireland*.

Mr. Emerson Tennent is apparently about forty years of age. He is of the average height, and of a rather good figure. His features are distinctly marked: they have, on the whole, a pleasant expression. His face is of an oblong form. His complexion has a healthy appearance. His hair is of a sandy colour, and seldom

exhibits any proof of having been lately in the hands of the *friseur.*

Colonel Verner, member for his native county of Armagh, is one of several members that could be named, who have been brought into notice by accidental circumstances. For several years past the gallant gentleman has been well known among the Protestant party in Ireland, as one of the most zealous supporters of the "Protestant institutions of the country," and as a most cordial "respondent" to the toast of the glorious and immortal memory. He had also, before the present session, acquired some distinction as a vindicator of Orangeism in the House of Commons. The circumstance, however, which has brought him into greatest notice, both in the house and the country, was that of having, five or six months since, given at a dinner-party the toast of "The Battle of the Diamond." That toast, given as it was under peculiar circumstances, was so strongly disapproved of by government, that Lord Mulgrave at once visited the gallant gentleman, by way of punishment, with dismissal from the magistracy.

This fact, in conjunction with the Orange papers in Ireland and the Tory papers here holding him up as a martyr to his attachment to the constitution and the Protestant religion, while the Liberal journals in both countries denounced him as guilty of little short of treason, brought him into a measure of prominency for some weeks, which seldom falls to the lot of man. Then came the arraignment of his conduct in the battle of the Diamond affair, in the House of Commons, and the defence which he made against the charges there preferred

against him. On that occasion he spoke, if I remember rightly, nearly two hours; but with that exception, and one or two others, on questions bearing more or less directly on the interests of Orangeism, I have never heard him make a speech worthy of the name. In other cases when I have seen him rise, he has always confined himself to a very few desultory observations, which, I am confident, he himself would never have dreamed of dignifying with the name of a regular address. He is not a man of great talent: there is little appearance of his being a close thinker in anything he says.

In the course of the two hours speech to which I have referred, not a single sentence escaped him bearing upon it the impress of originality. Nor is there anything in his style to redeem the mediocrity of his ideas. It is plain and sufficiently expressive; but it is wholly destitute of anything approaching to eloquence. Occasionally it is incorrect; it is not only rugged, but sometimes he uses the wrong words. I do not, however, ascribe this to any deficiency of literary taste; but rather to the circumstance of his labouring under a slight embarrassment when addressing the House. The gallant gentleman has the merit of being always clear. However much you may differ from his positions, and however illogical and inconclusive you may deem his arguments, you can never charge him with being so obscure that you cannot perceive his drift.

As a speaker, in the usual acceptation of the term, Colonel Verner has no pretensions. His voice is sufficiently clear, and he always makes himself heard in all parts of the house; but beyond that there is nothing

to praise his manner. He stands in nearly the same position all the time he is addressing the House, and looks as steadily at one or two of the members on the Ministerial benches, directly across, as if it were a crime of the first magnitude to bestow a glance on any other part of the house. He moderately moves his right arm, or rather that part of it which is below his elbow. His utterance is quick, and yet he does not often stutter; and even when he does, it is only slightly. He is never at a loss either for ideas or words.

To account for his readiness in these respects, is, in his case, a very easy matter. The secret of the thing consists in the fact of his never speaking but on one subject, and that a subject which engrosses his mind to the exclusion of almost everything else. Orangeism is with him an all-absorbing topic; it may be said to be part and parcel of his moral nature.

And here let me do the gallant colonel the justice to say, that I look on him as a most honest Orangeman. There are thousands of his party, as there are of all parties, who identify themselves with a particular class of opinions, merely for the sake of advancing their individual interests. I have no idea that this can be said of Colonel Verner. I am persuaded that he deems the safety of Protestant institutions in England to be inseparably mixed up with Orangeism, and that this circumstance, in conjunction with a sincere and disinterested attachment to the Protestant religion as by law established, is the great cause of the extraordinary zeal with which he espouses Orange principles, and identifies himself with Orange practices.

The gallant gentleman served in the army for several years prior to the peace of 1815. He displayed distinguished bravery at the battle of Waterloo, on which occasion he was wounded.

In his personal appearance Colonel Verner is above the usual height, and proportionably made. There is a marked slope in the conformation of his face, from his forehead downwards to his chin. The expression of his countenance is kindly, and not destitue of intelligence. He has prominent eyebrows and a clear expressive eye. His hair is of a sandy colour, and rather stinted in quantity. His complexion is fair, and of a healthy appearance. What his exact age is, I have not been able to learn; but I am pretty sure I am not wrong when I guess it as being somewhere about forty-five.

CHAPTER XII.

SCOTCH AND IRISH LIBERAL MEMBERS.

Mr. Gillon—Mr. Villiers Stuart—Mr. Bannerman—Mr. Wyse—Mr. Barron—Mr. James Grattan—Mr. Smith O'Brien—Mr. Lynch—Mr. Serjeant Woulfe.

Mr. Gillon, the member for the Linlithgow burghs, is one of the best known of the Reform members in Scotland. With his own countrymen, but especially with his constituents, he is highly popular. To the Reformers of England he is not so well known. His popularity north of the Tweed is to be accounted for from the fact of his principles being decidedly liberal, coupled with his uncompromising adherence to, and

fearless assertion of them at all times and under all circumstances. I believe there are few of our public men, of any party, who have been more consistent in their conduct as politicians than the member for Linlithgow.

The question in which he feels the deepest interest, and in which he has taken the most prominent part, is that of religious establishments. A more strenuous opponent of our established church does not exist. With the voluntary party in his own country, he is consequently a peculiar favourite. In the House of Commons he seldom speaks, and never at any great length. When he does present himself to the notice of the Speaker, he generally commences his address in loud and distinct tones, and with considerable animation of manner; but his tones become lower as he proceeds, and his manner altogether grows more languid. One of his favourite gestures is to stretch out his hand horizontally, and then to move it moderately up and down. At other times he extends both hands before him, and opens them as persons do when they are about to swim. If he addresses the house on the subject of some bill before it, he usually holds the printed copy of the bill in his left hand, and, when in the more animated parts of his speech, gives various smart knocks on it with the palm of his right hand. When not animated, his most frequent practice is to rest both hands on his breast. He alternately looks at the Speaker and at the side gallery opposite. You rarely see him look any honourable member in the face when addressing the house. His style is plain, but does not want force. Rhetoric is a thing on which he never wasted a thought. If a meta-

phor were to escape him, I have no doubt that he would be sorry for it afterwards.

He sometimes speaks for five or six minutes at a time with considerable fluency, and with much seeming ease; but then it is a wonder if he does not utter three or four sentences in the next two minutes, which require a slight correction as he proceeds. At times, one would suppose that speaking was to him a painful exercise; at others, you would conclude, from his looks and manner, that it was quite a luxury. His voice has little or no flexibility; nor is there anything like cadence in its tones. It partakes slightly of the quality of huskiness, and to an English ear this huskiness is aggravated by a strong Scottish accent.

Mr. Gillon, though one of the most liberal politicians of the present day, is practically, whatever he may be in theory, a great stickler for honorary prefixes to people's names. It is amusing to see the extent to which he carries his views in this respect. When taking part, one evening in the end of January last, on the then discussions on the Canadian question, he referred to the resistance offered by the celebrated patriots Hampden and Pym to the unjust taxation of their day, in illustration of a particular proposition he had laid down; and in speaking of these men he called them Mr. Hampden and Mr. Pym. Where he speaking of Shakspeare and Milton, I have no doubt he would call them Mr. Shakspeare and Mr. Milton. Whether he carries his partiality to the honorary prefix of Mr. to such an extent as to apply it to the ancients when speaking of them, is a point I am unable to decide; but it is easy to imagine

how oddly it would sound in one's ears to hear the honourable gentleman talking of Mr. Plato, Mr. Socrates, Mr. Demosthenes, Mr. Cicero, and so forth.

Mr. Gillon is a man of very respectable talents. He does not, however, shine as a speaker. His matter as well as his manner is too heavy for that. His speeches are chiefly characterized by great good sense. They have no pretensions to anything original or smart. Neither, on the other hand, it is right to add, are they ever feeble, or foreign to the subject before the House. The honourable gentleman, indeed, never wanders from the point at issue. He has also the merit of saying a great deal in a short space of time.

Mr. Gillon is, in most cases, listened to with considerable attention by all parties in the house; though, as might be expected, the ears of the extreme Radicals are most open to receive his words. He is fond of a cheer, as most members are, and always expresses his sense of any such manifestation of applause, by turning himself for a few moments towards the quarter whence it emanates. But though gratified by a cheer from any honourable gentleman, I am convinced that he would prefer one from Mr. Hume to a dozen cheers from as many other members. I ground this conviction on the fact of having always seen him—so at least it has appeared to me—look particularly pleased whenever Mr. Hume has greeted any part of his speech with one of his distinct and emphatic "Hear, hears!"

Mr. Gillon is about the middle height; rather inclined to an athletic form. He has a full face. His features are not marked; they are regular and sufficiently

pleasant. He has a well-developed forehead. His complexion is slightly tinged with a darkish hue; and his hair is moderately black. He is only in his thirty-sixth year.

Mr. Villiers Stuart, the member for the county of Waterford, is comparatively seldom heard of in the house. He contents himself with uttering some half dozen sentences on some unimportant subject, three or four times in the course of a session. He was chosen, however, at the commencement of the last session, to second the motion for an address to his late Majesty, in answer to his Majesty's most gracious speech; and in adverting to the way in which the honourable gentleman acquitted himself on that occasion, the reader will be able to form a very accurate idea of his usual characteristics as a public speaker.

Before he commenced his motion, he looked up most significantly to the reporter's gallery, as much as to say to the reporters, "Now, gentlemen, I am about to speak; I beg your special attention to what I am going to say, and I hope, whatever may be the reception my oration may meet with from the House, that you will do your duty, and give a faithful report of my eloquence in your papers of to-morrow morning." No one certainly could have witnessed the repeated and significant glances which the honourable gentleman cast towards the reporter's gallery, immediately before rising to deliver himself of the speech with which he was labouring, without coming to the conclusion that these were the feelings and sentiments which were working in his mind. Nor was he disappointed; the reporters, or as his coun-

trymen call them, the *reporthers*, did do their duty, and he next morning appeared to much greater advantage in typography than he did that evening as an orator.

Mr. Villiers Stuart is one of the stock-still gentlemen. It is true, he showed by example that his head possessed the power of motion; but as for his body, it was as innocent of any thing of that kind, as the small sword which hung by his left side, while gently sleeping in its scabbard.

Here it may be right to repeat what I believe I mentioned in my First Series of "Random Recollections of the Commons," namely, that the mover and seconder of the address always sport an apparently good small sword. It is one, however, it may be right to remark, which is quite harmless; it has never been guilty of cutting human flesh nor shedding human blood. The blade of the honourable gentleman's weapon may be keen enough; but its merits in this respect have never been put to the test. It may possess the capability of doing a world of mischief, should the honourable proprietor be reduced to the extremity of testing its capabilities that way; but then it is quite possible it may be as incapable of harm as if the blade were made of wood. Whether the sword worn by the honourable gentleman on this occasion was made of steel or of wood, is a question which, as they say in the north of Scotland, I do not feel "obligated" to decide. It is with his speech, and himself as a speaker, and not with his sword, that I in strict propriety have to do. Well, then, the honourable gentleman is no Demosthenes; and yet there are many worse speakers. He got on, upon the whole, in

a tolerably creditable manner, though every body saw before he had delivered himself of a dozen sentences, that the oration had been the work of most careful previous preparation, and that it had been committed to memory with an assiduousness of application which would have made the reputation, for attention to his tasks, of any third or fourth form schoolboy. Mr. Villiers Stuart began his speech in a very pleasant chit-chat sort of style. He was quite clear and audible in his voice, without any undue exercise of his lungs. And as he began, so he continued and ended. He was the same in the tones of his voice when he uttered the last sentence, as he was when he broke ground in the first instance. He just hit the happy medium between making himself heard, and neither inconveniencing his own lungs, nor dunning the ears of his honourable auditory. Mr. Villiers Stuart seems so thoroughly a man of monotony, that I believe, had he spoken till four or five o'clock next morning, he would have been innocent of the slightest variation in the tones of his voice.

With regard to his action, again, it was, as may be inferred from what I have already said, in admirable keeping with his voice. For anything which appeared to the contrary, one might have concluded that his arms lacked the power of motion. His right hand rested on his breast all the while, as if he had been making protestations of "love to woman;" while his left hand rested, in poetical repose, on the hilt of his small rapier.

The matter of the honourable gentleman's speech was not amiss. Many a worse address have I been doomed to hear in the House of Commons. There was much

good sense in it; and it was respectably reasoned. Occasionally, however, the honourable orator suffered himself to wax too poetical. I am sure I need not tell him —for he knows it just as well as I do, and that is well enough—that the House of Commons, so long as there are such men in it as Mr. Hume, Sir Matthew Wood, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. C. Watkins Wynn, &c., is not the place where the beauties and delicacies of poetry have any chance of being appreciated. What wonder, then, that some of his choicest flights of fancy were unadmired and unheeded by the unpoetical members of the Lower House. Some of Shakspeare's characters, I do not now recollect which, blessed his stars that the gods had not made him poetical. If this be a source of self-gratulation, I know of no body of men under the canopy of heaven who have greater reason for indulging in it than that assemblage of personages whose names are graced with the appendage of M.P. I am not in the habit of anathematizing any man, or any class of my fellow men; but if I were, I could have wished, on this occasion, to have had some Sterne beside me to invent "a curse" sufficiently bitter to imprecate on the heads of the Whig, and Tory, and Radical assemblage before me, because of the indifference with which they heard the most beautiful of the honourable gentleman's poetical images. This comes, there can be no doubt, of the virulence of party feeling.

So intent are our politicians on their sectional objects, that they are as insensible to the imagery of prose as to the beauties of poetry. The honourable gentleman, if I am not mistaken, compared Ireland—I am quite sure

he compared something—to woman's love; and yet so stupid were his audience, that they appreciated not the beauty of the simile. Their countenances looked as stolid as before. He himself, however, seemed to be powerfully struck with the extreme felicity of the image; for I observed him press with peculiar force, as he spoke, on the hilt of his little sword,—just as if afraid that, when talking on so exciting a theme as woman's love, that sword would do what Burke said every sword ought to do, whenever the name of Marie Antoinette of France was mentioned, namely, leap from its scabbard. No such circumstance, however, occurred. It seemed quite content to remain quietly where it was, while he talked in poetic strains of woman's love, and one or two other kindred topics.

Mr. Villiers Stuart has a very intelligent countenance. I should think he is about forty years of age. His complexion is fair, his eye quick, his forehead well developed, and his features altogether regular. His nose is prominent, but it does not much impair the pleasant effect of the general expression of his countenance. His hair is brown, and is usually "done up" with some care, though I have no idea he employs a friseur for the purpose. He is rather above the middle size, and rejoices in a handsome though rather slender figure.

Mr. Bannerman, the member for Aberdeen, is well known, and much respected by members of all parties in the house; but he very seldom speaks. When he does address his fellow legislators, he is always brief. The length of time he remains on his legs hardly ever

exceeds five minutes: it seldom exceeds two or three. The longest speech he ever made—I mean in parliament—was when he either moved or seconded, I do not recollect which, an address to his late Majesty, in answer to his speech on the opening of parliament, some two or three years ago.

Mr. Bannerman possesses none of those oratorical qualities which could render him a superior speaker; but he acquits himself in a very creditable manner when addressing the house. He does not often stutter, or pause for the proper word; but speaks with considerable seeming ease. His voice is feeble—at any rate, he does not betray any great strength of lungs,—and remarkably monotonous. If there were a possibility of gauging the loudness of his tones, I think it would be found there was no variation in this respect from the time he rises till he resumes his seat: nor does he evince any animation in his manner. It were hardly possible for him to be more sparing of his gestures. He belongs to the stock-still class of speakers. When I say this, I refer to his speeches in parliament.

When addressing the electors and other inhabitants of Aberdeen, Mr. Bannerman divests himself of that lifelessness which he shows on the floor of the house of Commons, and displays considerable animation. His voice is then flexible in its tones, and he is pretty liberal of his gesticulation. He is an intelligent man, and the attribute of good sense characterizes all his speeches. He is not eloquent, in the proper signification of the word; but he is always clear, and his style is usually correct. His excellent private character, and his con-

sistent conduct as a public man, render him popular with his constituents. He has made great exertions for the spread of liberal principles in Aberdeen and the neighbouring counties. Four or five years ago he took an active part in the establishment of a newspaper in Aberdeen,* with the view of promoting a modified Radicalism, and also, no doubt, of securing the continuance of his seat in parliament for that enterprising and rapidly prospering city. In person he is above the average height, and well formed. His complexion is dark, and so is his hair. His features are marked, but pleasant. His countenance has an intelligent expression. I should suppose, judging from his appearance, that he is between forty-five and fifty years of age.

Mr. Wyse, the member for Waterford, is a gentleman of extensive information, and of great talents, especially on matters of a practical kind. He does not, however, take a prominent part in the proceedings of the House. Except on his favourite subject of national education, or the details of measures immediately bearing on the interests of Ireland, he very rarely speaks. When he does address the House, he always acquits himself in a manner which at once shows that he speaks from conviction without reference to party purposes, and that he is thoroughly conversant with his subject. Indeed I question if there be half a dozen members in the house who evince an equal amount of information on any question in the discussion of which they take a part. In the course of the passage through committee of the Poor Law Bill for Ireland, he repeatedly spoke,

* The Aberdeen Herald.

and I was much struck with the new arguments and facts he brought to bear on particular clauses of the measure, after most of the other Irish members had spoken on the subject.

Mr. Wyse is a strictly independent man. He votes and acts with the Liberal party on most great questions; but he always does so from principle, and not because he is mixed up with that party. He is one of the most consistent and straight-forward men in the house; and these qualities, conjoined as they are with great moral worth in all the private relations of life, naturally account for the estimation in which he is held both by Tories and Whigs.

I am surprised that with his extensive mental resources and his readiness and ease in speaking on the spur of the moment, he does not address the House with greater frequency. Some of his replies to other speakers who have addressed the House before him, have appeared to me exceedingly happy. Not less happy, judging from the reports which I have seen in the public journals, were his replies at public meetings lately held in different towns in the provinces, to the attacks which were made in some of those towns on his system of national education. One of his speeches at Manchester or Cheltenham—I forget which—six or seven months ago, in refutation of some objections made to his views on this subject, appeared to me singularly triumphant.

And here I must take the opportunity of saying, that Mr. Wyse's exertions to promote the great question of national education are above all praise. In connexion

with that most momentous question, his name will go down to posterity; and generations yet unborn will regard his memory with admiration and gratitude. He has struck out for himself a truly enlightened and philanthropic path; he has chosen a course which is indeed worthy the name of patriotism. Nor ought I to omit to mention that he has persevered in that course amidst discouragements—chiefly arising from the apathy in the public mind, which he had in the first instance to encounter—which would have unnerved and overcome men of less vigour of mind, or of less confidence in the goodness and ultimate triumph of their cause. If I were to express an opinion on the details of Mr. Wyse's plan of national education, I should say, that the only feature in it to which I would object, would be that which excludes the Bible from the schools. My own decided conviction is, that there can be no sound system of morals where that system is not based on revealed religion; and therefore, with a view to the welfare of individuals and the happiness of society, I would—even without reference to a future state—insist on the reading of the Bible, as an essential part of any national system of education. I would let the Jew confine himself to his Old Testament Scriptures; I would let the Roman Catholic have his Douay Testament; the Socinian his Improved Version: and then I would let the other classes of Protestants have our common translation, which is almost universally adopted by the Protestants of the United Kingdom. I would thus, I repeat, let every class of religionists have their own approved version of the Scriptures; but I would insist on it as an

indispensable part of the plan, that revealed religion should be recognized, and its fundamental principles systematically inculcated in the schools.

Mr. Wyse is of the Roman Catholic persuasion; but he is a man of great liberality of opinion on religious as well as other questions. He belongs to a Roman Catholic family of high respectability and very great antiquity in the town which he represents, and which town, from his great popularity among his constituents—arising not only from the excellence of his public character, but from personal attachment to himself and his family,—he is likely to continue to represent for a long series of years to come.

Mr. Wyse is a man of superior scholastic attainments. A gentleman, himself a scholar and a man of high literary reputation, who was a class-fellow of Mr. Wyse's in Trinity College, Dublin, assures me, that Mr. Wyse was one of the most distinguished young men at that university, and that he carried off, from a host of competitors, some of the highest prizes. As an author he is also well and favourably known. His "Historical Sketch of the late Catholic Association," in two volumes, published in 1829, soon after the dissolution of that Association, is popular in Ireland. In 1836 he published an elaborate work on his favourite subject of "National Education," which displays varied information, deep thought, and, in most cases, sound philosophy.

As a mere speaker, the honourable gentleman does not rank high. His voice wants strength. In the remoter parts of the house, especially if any noise prevail at the time, he is now and then but very imperfectly

heard. He speaks with too great rapidity, and in somewhat of a monotonous tone. He rarely falters or hesitates for a word; never for ideas. His action is unpretending; or rather, he has so little of it that it hardly merits the name. Were he more liberal of his gesture, and at the same time raised his voice a little higher, he could not fail, considering the quality of his matter and the tastefulness of his style, to make some impression in the house.

Personally, Mr. Wyse is about the middle stature; rather, perhaps, under the average height. His figure is well and compactly formed. His face inclines to the angular shape. His complexion is clear, and his hair, which is usually bushy, is of a light-brown colour. In his countenance there is an expression of thoughtfulness almost amounting to reserve. He is but a young man, being only about his fortieth year.

Mr. Barron is the colleague of Mr. Wyse in the representation of Waterford. He addresses the House with some frequency, but very rarely on questions of great importance, and consequently his name does not often appear in newspaper reports. He is a gentleman of fair talent. His information is respectable, and his manner of acquitting himself is, in ordinary circumstances, highly creditable. He speaks with ease, and always has the merit of being clear. I have seen him make some happy extemporaneous efforts. His speeches are always short, and whether his arguments be good or bad, no one can accuse him of wandering from the subject. The leading characteristic of his speeches is the common-sense view he takes of a subject; except

when he speaks under the influence of excited feelings, and then he utters some things which would not have suggested themselves to his mind in his cooler moments. On some occasions I have seen him display considerable acuteness. His language is plain, without being so to a fault. Unlike most of his countrymen, especially those of them who possess an ardent temperament, he has a decided aversion to figures and hyperbole. He would blush for himself if he found from the newspapers of the following morning, that he had so far forgot himself as to perpetrate any expression of a rhetorical character.

The attributes of Mr. Barron's oratory are so manifest, that there is no mistaking them. His voice is clear, with a tendency to a bass tone. His utterance is pleasant and well timed: if he err either way, it is in being too rapid. His Irish pronunciation is less marked than that of most legislators from the other side of the Channel; though you see at once that he is a genuine Irishman. There is usually considerable earnestness in his manner; but it is an earnestness rather of look and tone than of physical action. He is sparing, on the whole, of his gesture. He moves his face with some rapidity from one direction to another, and he saws the air on a small scale with his right hand. In these movements of the person and hand of the honourable gentleman, there is nothing ungraceful.

Mr. Barron is understood to be of a straight-forward nature. He is of a hot and hasty temperament, which accounts for the frequency and prominency of the part he takes in the scenes which occur in the house. I be-

lieve that, with the single exception of Mr. O'Connell, he appears as often in the scenes of the house as any other honourable member that could be named. He is one who will not brook anything like insult. If anything improper be said about him, he starts to his feet that moment, and virtually invites the party, as if it were a special favour conferred on him, to send him a challenge. And he is one of the very few members who make use of language which is likely to be noticed by the opposite party, in perfect good faith. He is always ready to adhere to the positions he has laid down, or the statements he has made, without the slightest regard to personal consequences.

One of the best scenes in which Mr. Barron has taken a prominent part while I have been present, was in the discussion which arose, in February last, on the motion of Lord Maidstone for a vote of censure on Mr. O'Connell, in consequence of the latter gentleman charging the Tory members in the aggregate with perjury when serving on election committees. Mr. John Morgan O'Connell having, in reference to an observation made by Mr. Jenkins on some remark that he (Mr. M. O'Connell) had made, said, that he did not impugn the decision of the Ipswich election committee,—Mr. Barron started up, and with great energy said—"Then I do."

This was enough to produce additional uproar in an already excited house. Deafening were the cheers with which the Ministerial members greeted the bold and fearless declaration, and no less vociferous were the cries of "Question, question," from the Opposition.

Mr. Barron continued, but not one sentence of what

be meant to say, was he permitted to finish. "It is," he said, "a most extraordinary fact, that ——— (Loud cries of 'Question, question.' The whole question before the Ipswich Committee turned on the single point as to whether parish constables had a right to ——— (Great uproar.) I wish the country to know that the ——— (Vehement cries of 'Question, question,' 'Divide, divide,') I ask the honourable gentleman (Mr. Jenkins, I presume was meant) whether the whole question did not hinge on the single point as to ——— (Here the honourable member's voice was drowned amidst the most deafening uproar, which lasted for some minutes.) I will be heard, and ——— (Shouts of 'No, no,' 'Divide, divide.') If I am rightly informed, the committee that sat ——— (Loud cries of 'Withdraw, withdraw,' and tremendous uproar.) I have a great accusation to make against this committee, and heard I will be ——— (Renewed uproar.) It may be an inconvenient question—an awful question, and therefore they may think to stifle my voice, but in that they shall not ———" (Deafening cries of 'Question, question,' 'Divide, divide.') The honourable gentleman continued for some time in the same way, amidst similar uproar and confusion, without being able to make himself heard, except in broken sentences.

The honourable gentleman is but a young man. His age cannot much exceed forty. He dresses with much taste—with a taste, indeed, which verges on dandyism. His countenance wears a thoughtful if not reserved expression, and is not without intelligence. His features are regular, and his appearance altogether is in his

favour. His complexion is dark, and his hair black. Of the latter, there is no lack of quantity, nor are there any indications, even incipient ones, of coming baldness. A tuft of the honourable gentleman's hair is usually seen to overlap his brow, especially when any important subject is before the House, and he intends to offer some observations on it. He is rather under the middle size, but well formed. He is regular in his attendance on his parliamentary duties in ordinary circumstances: but remarkably so when any Irish question is before the House. You might as soon expect to miss the bench itself on which the honourable gentleman sits, as miss Mr. Barron on such occasions.

Mr. James Grattan, member for Wicklow, is hardly known in the house as a speaker: but the circumstance of his being the son of the celebrated Henry Grattan, is of itself sufficient to entitle him to a brief notice. He does not address the House above once or twice in the course of a session, and then only very briefly; and yet there are many worse speakers in the habit of inflicting their eloquence on honourable gentlemen. He has a powerful voice, though he seldom raises it to that high pitch of which it is susceptible. It has something of a husky sound, which, when he lowers it, has the effect of preventing his being distinctly heard. He talks with great fluency; he never appears to be at a loss for words: but his style is by no means polished. It is, however, tolerably correct. His ideas are of an inferior order: they never, even by accident, rise above common-place. Occasionally he repeats himself, and at other times he is not so very explicit as he might be. In his manner

he has nothing of the vehemence of his brother, the present Henry Grattan. His action is moderate: he gently moves his head up and down, and sometimes turns his face from one part of the house to the other. When about to speak, he puts his hat under his left arm, and in that position retains it during the time he is on his legs.

In personal appearance Mr. James Grattan has a good deal of resemblance to his brother. He is a little above the middle height; and, without being stoutly made, has manifestly a strong constitution. His face has something of an angular form. His forehead is well developed, and the expression of his countenance altogether is that of intelligence and decision of character. His complexion has something of a florid hue. His hair is of a dark brown, and he usually rejoices in such a luxuriant crop of it that a hair-cutter would be apt to charge him double the usual price for a poll,—provided the honourable gentleman were to make no contract beforehand with the knight of the scissors and comb. He looks much older than his brother Henry, though he is only a few years more advanced in life.

Mr. James Grattan is pretty regular in his attendance on his parliamentary duties: when an Irish question is before the House, you may calculate as safely on his presence as on that of the Speaker himself, or the clerks at the table. He almost invariably acts and votes with Mr. O'Connell. The only instance I recollect of his differing from him, was on the occasion of the introduction of a measure for giving poor laws to Ireland. He highly eulogized the conduct of government in that case,

though Mr. O'Connell was avowedly opposed to any poor laws for Ireland.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the member for the county of Limerick, is a gentleman well known and much respected in the house, though he does not speak very often. His plain unassuming manners are much in his favour. He possesses highly respectable talents, but has no pretensions to depth or originality. His speeches, which are for the most part short, are chiefly characterized by the good sense which pervades them. He is always clear; there is no possibility of mistaking his meaning. I have sometimes thought that by means of these qualities his speeches would be more likely to convince those whose minds were open to conviction, than the speeches of men of greater oratorical celebrity. He possesses respectable extemporaneous resources. I have repeatedly heard him make good speeches in reply.

He acquired for himself some distinction by his speeches on the Spottiswoode conspiracy, at the commencement of the session. In fact, he brought the subject before the House on one occasion, and acquitted himself, both in his opening speech and in his reply, in a very creditable manner. He is not a verbose speaker. His style is sufficiently correct, but has no appearance of being the result of labour. He speaks fluently enough. He never seems embarrassed. He appears to have quite as many ideas, and as great a capacity of expressing them, as are necessary for any useful purpose. He seldom hesitates, but goes on sentence after sentence, smoothly and seemingly without effort, to the end.

Mr. O'Brien is not prodigal of gesture. His action,

indeed, is rather tame than otherwise. His voice is clear, and his enunciation good. Were he to modulate the tones of his voice according to its manifest capabilities, his elocution would be generally admired. As it is, there is a sameness in it which impairs the effect of his speeches.

The honourable gentleman's mother was one of the richest heiresses in Ireland. She was co-heiress to William Smith, Esq., an attorney of extensive practice, who left upwards of a quarter of a million of money.

Mr. O'Brien is a young man. Judging from his appearance, I should take him to be under forty. He is about the middle height, and rather slenderly made. His face is round, and his features, with the exception of a prominent expression about the brow, are regular. His complexion is clear, and his hair partakes of a darkish hue. His countenance has a smiling, pleasant aspect, and is so far, I believe, a correct index of his disposition.

Mr. Lynch, the member for Galway, very rarely speaks except on Irish questions, and even then but seldom on questions of paramount interest. He prefers addressing the House on subjects of ordinary importance to Ireland, and usually acquits himself in a very respectable manner. There is little show in his speeches; but they are always characterized by much practical good sense. He is one of the few members in the house, in the habit of getting on their legs, as the phrase is, whose mind is so intensely occupied with the subject as to exclude all consideration of self. He never rises for the purpose of having it in his power

next day to tell his frieuds that he has made a speech; but because he has something of importance to say, which has escaped the observation of all who have preceded him on the same side of the question.

I have no idea that he is an admirer of the Benthamite philosophy: indeed, I may say pretty positively, that he disclaims all sympathy with that philosophy. But he is, nevertheless, quite a utilitarian in the matter of his parliamentary exhibitions. If he sees no useful object to be gained by rising to address the House, he sits on his seat as closely as if he were glued to it. Eloquence however great, matter however brilliant, go for nothing in his estimation, unless they are associated with something which promises a practical benefit, either to the country generally, or to some particular portion of it.

As might, therefore, be expected, Mr. Lynch has nothing flashy or ornamental about him as a speaker. He rises for the purpose of laying before the House his views of the subject; and his object is to have those views made clear to all who hear him. That object gained, he sits down with the most perfect self-satisfaction. What may be thought of him as a speaker, is a point on which he is never troubled. I believe he would afterwards reproach himself with a species of mental weakness, if he were to waste a thought about what either the House or the public are likely to think of his speeches, considered merely as oratorical efforts. It will naturally be inferred from this, that not only are his speeches "few and far between," but that they are never tedious.

He may have made, in the course of his parliamentary career, speeches of longer duration in the delivery than a quarter of an hour; but, if so, I have never happened to be present on such occasions; neither has any such instance been mentioned to me. Of this I am tolerably certain, that if on any occasion he occupied the time of the House for more than fifteen minutes in the delivery of one speech, he would not only, before sitting down, beg the pardon of the House for trespassing on its attention, but he would do so with the most entire sincerity; which, by the way, is a very different thing, as matters go in the House of Commons, from doing it in words. I am also certain that, in such a case, he would have much greater difficulty in forgiving himself than would the honourable members whose pardon he supplicated. I wish all our legislators were, in this respect, like Mr. Lynch. Such a consummation would be a happy one for the nation. We should then have as much business done in a couple of months as there now is during the session.

Mr. Lynch, as may be presumed from what I have stated, applies himself strictly to the question at issue. Though a lawyer, and in constant practice in the Chancery Courts, he never, when on the floor of the House of Commons, allows himself to wander into irrelevant matter, which is so common a blemish or fault in the parliamentary speeches of barristers. Neither does he load his views or sentiments with a quantity of unnecessary words. He has the rational notion that the intention of words is to express ideas, and that the fewer the words—assuming, of course, there is a suf-

ficient number to express his meaning—the more numerous will be the ideas he will be able to unfold to the House within a given time.

His style is plain; it has nothing in the shape of rhetorical embellishment. Imagery is a thing which he holds in the lowest possible estimation. To speak more correctly, he holds it, indeed, in no estimation at all. Let me not, however, be understood as implying that his style is defective in accuracy. No such thing: it is a good, clear, expressive style, of which no one need be ashamed. Of the quality of his ideas I need say nothing, after what I have already stated. You are never struck with them as being the emanations of a comprehensive mind, or a fertile imagination; but you are satisfied they are the results of careful meditation, and the conclusions of a sound judgment.

It will not, I am sure, be expected, after the observations I have already made, that I should represent Mr. Lynch as an attractive speaker as to his manner. His manner partakes a good deal of the plainness of his matter. His fat round face looks very pleasant while he is addressing the House; and his action is agreeable enough. In saying this, I have said almost everything that is necessary to enable the reader to form an idea of his manner. He would be all the better if he had a little more animation. That would keep up the attention of honourable gentlemen better; though it is but due to him, and but a matter of justice to them, to say, that he has no reason to complain of inattention. His enunciation is easy, and his voice clear and audible. He always speaks in one key. He either cannot or will not vary the tones of his voice.

His personal appearance is sufficiently marked. He is a little thick-set man, with a head bald on the crown, but having a considerable quantity of long white hair on either side. In his face there is no marked expression. It has neither the sharpness nor the longitude of that of the lawyer. His appearance altogether is homely and farmer-like.

He is devotedly wedded, in the article of apparel, to a coat in which there is abundant room; and has a decided antipathy to a stiff collar or fashionable stock. He is singularly partial to a white neckerchief, tied with a large double knot. An excessive politeness of manner, or anything approaching Beau Brummelism in dress, are things which he regards with positive dislike. He is about his fiftieth year. His recent appointment to the office of Master of Chancery has given the greatest satisfaction to the profession.

Mr. Serjeant Woulfe, the member for Cashel, was returned to parliament, for the first time, in February 1837. He had not been many nights in the house when circumstances compelled him to make his maiden speech. The second reading of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill coming then under the consideration of the House, he could not, as the Attorney-General for Ireland, omit making a speech on the occasion, without to a certain extent compromising the government of which he had but a few weeks before been made a member. In Ireland the honourable and learned gentleman had, for many years previously, enjoyed the reputation of being a man of superior talents. That impression was general at the time of his entering the house. It is one which

is always very prejudicial to a new member; for, to produce an effect on a first appearance, it is necessary that the House should, to a certain extent, be taken by surprise. Mr. Serjeant Woulfe's parliamentary *debût* did not come up to the general expectation, though it could not, without doing injustice to the honourable and learned member, be called altogether a *failure*. Perhaps it could not be more correctly designated, than by saying it was a *respectable* maiden speech. He showed none of that trepidation or want of confidence which is so common with practised out-of-door orators, and with other legal gentlemen, on their first effort at speech-making in parliament. He was seemingly as much at his ease in the outset, as if he had been a member of a quarter of a century's standing. All was attention for some time after he rose. It was clear from the silence which prevailed, and the circumstance of all eyes being fixed on the honourable and learned gentleman, that the expectations of the House were wound up to no ordinary pitch. For some time, say ten minutes, after he had commenced, he acquitted himself in a more than creditable manner; and the presumption for that length of time was, that he would improve in his eloquence, and in the animation of his manner, as he got further into his subject. Instead of that, however, he became much heavier in his matter, and more languid in his manner. He consequently lost, to a corresponding extent, the attention of the House; and many members rose and went out. In about a quarter of an hour after this he rallied, and made what is called a number of good points. He also became much more

lively in his manner, and repeatedly elicited loud cheers. He continued to speak for a full hour more,—making at least an hour and a half altogether, during which he addressed the House.

His speech was undoubtedly an able one: it was full of excellent matter; but the argument was a good deal too close and continuous for telling with effect, under any circumstances, on the House,—especially when the speech was not very well delivered. Mr. Serjeant Woulfe is evidently an original, if not a very philosophical speaker, and he can arrange his ideas with clearness, and express them in appropriate phraseology; but to make any impression on the House, it is necessary that there be more or less of declamation, or what is called "taking points," delivered with animation and energy.

In my First Series of this work, I mentioned the remarkable similarity there was in the voice of Mr. Wakley, the member for Finsbury, and that of the late Mr. Cobbett. An equally striking similarity exists between the voice of Mr. Shiel and Mr. Serjeant Woulfe. Any person accustomed to hear Mr. Shiel would have been as confident as he was of his own existence, that it was that honourable and learned gentleman who was addressing the House, had he been conducted blindfolded into St. Stephen's on the evening in question, and heard Mr. Serjeant Woulfe in some of his more energetic moods. This is the more surprising, as Mr. Shiel's is the most extraordinary voice, perhaps, in the house. It has something in it which I cannot describe, and which, I take it, nobody could. Mr. Serjeant

Woulfe's utterance, too, bears an equally close resemblance to that of Mr. Shiel. It is as rapid at times as if the words were instinct with life, and were struggling with each other as to which of them should first make the ascent of his throat. At Elgin, in Scotland, the boys have a certain game, of which I do not now recollect the particulars; but I remember quite well that it ends in their all starting off on a race for a certain point, while, in order to stimulate their efforts at swiftness, one boy, who acts as a kind of master of the ceremonies, sings out, "Deil tak' the hindmost." Though the personage in question were destined to take the last term which Mr. Shiel utters, there could not be a greater struggle among his words to make their escape out of his mouth into the atmosphere of the house. It is the same with Mr. Serjeant Woulfe. His elocution, when I first heard it, reminded me of one of those scientific rat-tat-tats at which an experienced footman is so expert. Parts of his speech were a sort of constant explosion. For a reporter to follow him was out of the question. Hence, a very imperfect report of his speech appeared on the following day. Had the speech been well reported, it would have produced a much greater effect on the country than it did on the House. The honourable and learned gentleman attempted, after its delivery, to report it himself from recollection, for one of the morning papers. He proceeded so far, but was obliged to give up the undertaking in despair.

The honourable and learned gentleman's style is correct, without being polished. He does not appear to care much about rounded periods. His diction, how-

ever, is always vigorous. So far it resembles that of Mr. Shiel. I mention this, because I have referred to so many other points of resemblance between the two men. The former, however, has not the rhetoric or brilliancy of the latter: nor can he ever hope to attain to anything like the same status in the house.

Mr. Serjeant Woulfe is not so prodigal of his gesticulation as Mr. Shiel; but so far as it goes, it resembles that of the honourable and learned member for Tipperary. His figure has, naturally, somewhat of a decrepit appearance; but it looks more so than it really is, by the awkward position in which he stands when addressing the House. He always stoops and leans over the table, except when in his more energetic moments. He then raises his arms, and throws them about as if he were determined to have nothing more to do with them. Sometimes he leans down on the table altogether, and keeps his eye as steadily fixed on Mr. Shaw, or some other leading Irish member, as if he were making a speech for that member's special benefit.

Mr. Sergeant Woulfe is seemingly upwards of fifty. His figure, as I have just hinted, is not prepossessing. He does not appear to be a man of strong constitution. His height is about, or perhaps rather above, the average. He is rather slenderly formed. His nose is sharp, and so is his face altogether. His complexion is sallow, and his hair, which is abundant, is of a dark-brown colour. It exhibits no traces of being ever brushed or combed.

The honourable and learned gentleman has something of an absent-minded if not an eccentric appearance, and his conduct sometimes goes to support the hypothesis

that there is a degree of eccentricity about him. Two nights after the delivery of his maiden speech, he went up, while Lord John Russell was addressing the House in opposition to Mr. Walter's speech on the Poor Law question, to one of the side galleries, and stretched himself at full length on his back on one of the seats. For some time I thought he had addressed himself, as the poet says, to sleep; for he lay as tranquilly as if he had formed a part of the cushioned bench on which he reposed; nor would it have been matter of wonder if he had, after, like Sancho Panza, invoking a thousand blessings on the head of him who first invented sleep, taken what Lord Brougham calls a moderate nap; for it was impossible to conceive of anything having a more soporific tendency than that particular speech of Lord John's. Whether Mr. Serjeant Woulfe did or did not actually commit himself on this occasion to the arms of Morpheus, is a point which I cannot determine with anything like absolute certainty; nor is it a matter of much importance to the public. If he did sleep, it was only for a very short time; for in less than ten minutes he turned and tossed himself about, as if he had been, as one of his own countrymen would say, "spitted" before a fire. At last he sought to dissipate the *ennui* caused by Lord John Russell's heavy oration, by amusing himself with his ample crop of hair. Putting the fingers of his left hand about one inch apart from each other, he thrust them in among his luxuriant hair, just as a barber does when about to apply the scissors to the excrescences of a customer's cranium; and then with his right hand he seized the tufts which made their way

up between his fingers, and pulled at them with as much seeming violence as if he had been trying how much of his hair he could uproot at once. Had it not been that I knew the dulness of Lord John's speech had imposed on him the necessity of resorting to some expedient or other to kill time—though this, I must confess, appeared to me a very extraordinary one,—I should have leaped at once to the conclusion, knowing him to be a Roman Catholic, that he was doing penance on himself. Lord John, however, having soon afterwards resumed his seat, Mr. Serjeant Woulfe rose and went to the area of the house to discharge his parliamentary duties.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOVERNMENT MEMBERS.

Mr. Fox Maule—Mr. Francis T. Baring—Mr. Vernon Smith—Mr. Robert Steuart.

Mr. Fox Maule, member for the Elgin district of burghs, and Under Secretary of State, was rejected by a small majority at the last election for the county of Perth, and government was not without apprehensions that some considerable time might elapse before an opportunity would be again afforded him of returning to the house,—his absence from which, considering the situation he fills, being exceedingly inconvenient for them. The appointment, however, of Sir Andrew Leith Hay as governor of Bermuda, occasioned a vacancy in the Elgin district of burghs, and Mr. Fox Maule, both

from his personal intimacy with Sir Andrew, and his connexion with the government, having been the first to learn that such vacancy was on the eve of occurring, set off to the north of Scotland in the midst of the late severe weather, and digging his way through the wreaths of snow which at the time obstructed all intercouse between the one borough and the other, he was fairly in the field as a candidate before Sir Andrew's constituents were aware that they had lost, or rather were about to lose, their representative. Sir Andrew being very popular with a considerable majority of the electors of the Elgin burghs, the circumstance of Mr. Fox Maule being known to be his personal friend, and being strongly recommended by him, went far, of itself, to pave the way for a successful canvass. The Tories were aware of this, and therefore none of their party could be prevailed on to stand in opposition to him. He walked the course; and having, from the hustings and in print, thanked the electors for the honour done him, he quitted Morayshire, the day after his election, for London.

Mr. Fox Maule very rarely speaks on questions of a general nature; not even on Scotch questions of commanding interest. He confines his addresses in a great measure to questions which more immediately relate to the department of government with which he is connected. He takes a deep interest in those Scotch matters which to others have little or no attractions. I have heard him make a speech of considerable length, and with much animation and energy, about the preservation of game in Scotland. He is a very respectable speaker. He has a good clear voice, rather of a tenor

kind, and capable, I am satisfied, of being modulated with great effect, were he to put his capabilities to the test. He speaks with fluency, and usually with some rapidity. He is never at a loss either for ideas or words. I am not sure that I ever knew him hesitate or stammer; I seldom, indeed, have known him to be under the necessity of correcting his phraseology. He is not a wordy speaker: he rather speaks in a close, condensed style. He is always clear, and usually proves himself to be a man of sound judgment and excellent business notions. He is much respected in the house by men of all parties: his good-nature, and his obliging, unassuming manner, make him a general favourite. If he has not made that appearance in the house which was expected of him by his countrymen, when first returned to parliament, I am convinced the cause rests either in diffidence or indolence, or something else of an adventitious kind: it is not for want of talent,—of which he possesses a considerable portion. He is the less excusable for not occupying a more prominent position in the house, because there was not only a general prepossession in his favour when he made his *debût*, but he can still, at any time, command the respectful attention of honourable members, whenever he chooses to present himself. Many a man of decided talent has been lost for ever as a parliamentary speaker, for want of the favourable opportunities which Mr. Fox Maule has all along possessed, and possesses still, if he only thought fit to avail himself of them.

Out of doors, at county meetings, or when addressing assemblages of the people at the time of an elec-

tion, he acquits himself in a highly creditable manner. Such a speech, one displaying so much readiness and talent and in some parts humour, as he delivered at Elgin on his election for that district of burghs, would be sure to "take" in the House of Commons, and give him a much higher reputation as a speaker than he at present possesses.

I have often been struck with the fondness which a newly elected member shows for his legislative duties for some time after his return. It is ten to one if he be not, until the novelty of the thing has worn off, as early in the house as the Speaker himself, and among the last to leave it. The temporary exclusion of Mr. Fox Maule from parliament seemed to produce this feeling in his mind. He took the oaths and his seat on a Thursday, if my memory be not at fault, and on the following day he was down by the time the Speaker took the chair, and there he remained until the right honourable gentleman left it. In other words, Mr. Fox Maule was the last of the members to quit the house; and even then, when the lights were about to be extinguished, he seemed as loath to leave it as a lover is to part with his mistress. Mr. Wallace, the member for Greenock, was, on that occasion, also seized with a fit of fondness for the house; from what cause I know not. He preceded Mr. Fox Maule, when an exit became necessary, in the passage to the door, with slow and reluctant step. The latter gentleman, when he reached the bar, could not help casting one longing, lingering look behind.

Mr. Fox Maule's personal appearance, as well as his manner, is pleasing. He has an open, good-natured

expression of countenance. His face is round, and his features are regular. His complexion is slightly dark. He has black hair, with prominent eyelashes, and a clear quick eye. He is of the middle height, and of a firm compact make. His father, Lord Panmure, is now an old man, and he has consequently the prospect of a seat in the upper house at no distant day. He is apparently about his fortieth year.

Mr. Francis T. Baring, member for Portsmouth, and Secretary of the Treasury, is an excellent business man, and a very respectable speaker, though he has no great disposition to make oratorical displays. He acts as much as possible on the principle that silence is best. It is only when he has to call the attention of the house to something which specially appertains to his department of the public business, or when he or his department is attacked, that he can be induced to make a speech. And when such accidental necessity of addressing the house is imposed on him, his great object is to make his statement, or repel the attack, with the utmost practicable expedition. He seems, indeed, to be quite uncomfortable on his legs. He resumes his seat far more gracefully, and with immeasurably greater pleasure, than he stands up to make his speech. His notion is, that speaking is but a foolish affair at best; the result, in most cases, of a passion for reputation, or notoriety, or whatever people choose to call it. He would be much better pleased if the Opposition never opened their mouths: not because he thinks there is any difficulty in demolishing their positions, or refuting their arguments, but simply because, in that case, neither his

Ministerial-friends nor himself would be put to the trouble of replying to them. If honourable gentlemen were generally of Mr. Baring's opinion, it would save the house a world of words, and vastly facilitate the business of the country. It will invariably be found true of the proceedings of the House of Commons, that when most is said least is done, and *vice versâ*. However, this is a point on which it were useless to expatiate. There are many members whose chief if not only ambition is to play the orator; and were speaking at a discount, they would have nothing whatever to do with legislation.

Mr. Baring on rising to reply to an attack, starts up with great suddenness to his feet, and plunges at once to the very marrow of the matter. He never, in any case, wastes a word in the shape of prefatory remark; and what is no less worthy of observation, is, that his very first sentence is usually delivered in as loud a tone of voice as any part of his speech. He speaks in so bold and fearless a manner, that every one who hears him must feel surprised that he speaks so seldom. His manner of speaking argues much more confidence than his appearance. He has a distinct and impressive delivery. His voice is clear, and possesses very considerable volume. His utterance is hurried; without stuttering or stammering. He is occasionally pretty liberal of his gesture, especially in the motions of his right arm. His matter is good: it is chiefly remarkable for its sound sense. At times he displays some acuteness in replying to an opponent. His style is correct, but unadorned. The graces of rhetoric are matters

which never cost him a thought. If a brilliant idea occurred to his mind, I am sure he would not give it expression. He would keep it a prisoner in the place in which it was born. "Business" is his motto. With all matters appertaining to his own office, he is intimately conversant. He is, in that respect, a most useful public man.

Mr. F. T. Baring's personal appearance is marked. He has a manifest stoop in his gait, and his body appears to lean slightly on one side. His face is expressive of good-nature; but his features are irregular. His eyes are large, and his forehead is straight and somewhat contracted. His hair is of a dark-brown colour, and his complexion is sallow. In height he is a little above the usual size, and rather firmly made. He is much respected in the house, and is a great favourite with his constituents. I was present at his last election for Portsmouth, and had many proofs of this afforded me. In coming into the house, the honourable gentleman is remarkable for the short steps he takes. In walking the same distance on the floor as other honourable members generally, I should say he takes three steps for their two. In this respect he exhibits a strong contrast to one of his colleagues in office. I allude to Mr. Charles Wood, a gentleman who takes such long strides when entering the house, his hat all the while swinging in his hand, that you would fancy he was trying with how few steps he could walk from one side of the floor to the other. Mr. Baring is in or about his forty-second year.

Mr. Vernon Smith, the member for Northampton,

and Secretary of the Board of Control, is one of those hon. gentlemen—and there is a considerable number of them—who are much better known in the house than in the country. His connexion with the government necessarily brings him into frequent contact with members of all parties, though chiefly with those of his own party. His politics are liberal, but not sufficiently so to warrant me in classing him among the Whig-Radicals. He considers himself to be a Whig of the old school, and would not, I am sure, like to be designated in any other way. He is what may be called a smart debater: he wants depth, but he is always ready, and often displays considerable acuteness. I never saw anything in his speeches which indicated a comprehensive mind. He chiefly excels in the dexterity with which he seizes on certain details of a question, and turns them to his own and his party's account.

His speeches have the merit of being always clear, and he is entitled to the further praise of closely applying himself, on all occasions, to the real points at issue. I know few members of the house to whose minds a greater number of ideas so readily occur, in answer to the speeches of an opponent. I have repeatedly seen him at a loss as to which of the arguments that have suggested themselves to his mind, in refutation of positions advanced on the opposite side, he ought to give the preference to, when he finds that he cannot make use of them all within a reasonable time. He is a pleasant speaker; but there is nothing either in his matter or manner calculated to make an impression. You hear all he has to say, and you give him credit for being a

clever man; but the moment he resumes his seat, you not only forget all he has said, but very possibly, also, the fact of his having spoken at all. He is by no means ambitious of speech-making. He never aims at effect. I never saw him attempt to give utterance to a philosophical truth, nor to clothe his ideas in pompous or rhetorical phraseology. He is what I would call a business speaker. He sees no use in speeches, except in so far as they have manifestly a practical tendency, or pave the way for the transaction of business. His matter, consequently, consists in a great measure of statements and facts, and his speeches are always short. I have no recollection of having seen him occupy the attention of the House more than twenty minutes on any occasion. Between eight and ten minutes is, with him, a favourite period for remaining, as the parliamentary phrase is, on his legs. His diction is plain: it is just such as would occur to the mind of an intelligent man. He speaks with some rapidity, and now and then stutters slightly when withdrawing one word to substitute another which is more appropriate. His manner has altogether the appearance of that of one who speaks under the impression that the sooner he gets through his addresses the better. He seems to be quite in a hurry to come to a conclusion. His voice is clear, but wants flexibility. He occasionally gets a little animated, and then he is quite mercurial in his bodily movements. He turns himself about from one part of the house to the other, with a quickness of evolution which few members could match. At one time you see both arms put into active requisition; at others he suffers his left arm

to rest itself either on the table or by his side, while the right one is busily employed. He has abundant confidence in himself, but never suffers that confidence to degenerate into anything like flippancy of manner. He not only disapproves of personalities, but he never aims at irony or sarcasm, in replying to an opponent. He neither wishes to annoy his opponents, nor to be considered a fine speaker himself; all that he aims at, is to vindicate the measures adopted by the department of the government with which he is officially connected; and it is only when such measures are either arraigned, or when he has to bring them before the House, that he speaks at all.

Mr. Vernon Smith's personal appearance has nothing striking about it. He is above the general height, and of a good figure. His features are small, and the expression of his countenance is pleasant. His complexion is fair, and indicative of health. His hair is of a sandy colour. He dresses with taste, but is not foppish. He has a decided partiality to a frock-coat, and is seldom seen in any thing else. In age I should think he does not much exceed forty.

Mr. Robert Steuart, member for the Haddington district of burghs, and one of the Lords of the Treasury, is a man much better known in the house than he is out of doors. He has an excellent knowledge of those departments of the public business to which his official situation has rendered it necessary that he should particularly apply his mind; and when he has occasion to speak on topics bearing immediately on such matters, he acquits himself in a highly creditable manner. He

possesses a clear mind and a sound judgment; nor is he deficient in the attributes which are necessary to enable him to express his views, and to vindicate his measures, with effect. He is a plain, but easy and pleasant speaker. He is always cool and collected; he seems as self-possessed when addressing the House, as if he were carrying on a "free and easy" conversation with some friend in his own office, or in his own house. His delivery is somewhat rapid; but he rarely hesitates for a word. He is quite an unassuming speaker. He never waxes warm, nor ventures on energetic action. He appears to have a horror of any thing artificial. He can scarcely be said to use any gesticulation; while the tones of his voice are as even as if he dare not, under some penalty of alarming magnitude, impart the least variety to them. His articulation is always distinct, and he is usually audible in all parts of the house, though by no means a loud speaker. His Scotch accent is not nearly so marked as that of several of the other honourable members from the north of the Tweed: still an English ear would at once detect the Scotchman in him.

Mr. Steuart seldom speaks, and still less frequently at any length. I question if he ever spoke fifteen minutes at a time since his introduction to the house. I should suppose the average duration of the time which his speeches occupy in the delivery, is under five minutes. He has no pretensions to originality or vigour of mind; nor does he ever attempt to grapple with great questions. He never speaks except on questions of minor interest, or on the details of an important measure. He is much respected by all parties, as his ex-

cellent private character and consistent and independent public conduct could not fail to make him. He was one of the four honourable gentlemen holding office, who had the manliness to vote against Ministers and in favour of the ballot, on Mr. Grote's motion on that subject in February last.

In personal appearance, Mr. Steuart is above the usual height, and well formed. His complexion is dark and his hair black. He is partial to large whiskers, and to what the friseurs call an abundant crop of hair. His countenance has a cheerful, tranquil expression. His face is something between the round and oval form. He has a well developed forehead, with prominent eyebrows. He is a young man, being only in his thirty-second year.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW MEMBERS.

Lord Leveson—Mr. Gibson Craig—Mr. D'Israeli—Mr. Colquhoun.

Lord Leveson, son of the Earl of Granville, and member for Morpeth, brought himself into notice at the commencement of the session, by moving the address in answer to the Queen's speech. As this was the noble lord's maiden speech,* all eyes were naturally fixed on him. What added to the interest of his moving the address, was the circumstance of his speech being the first after the regular meeting, not only of a new parliament, but of a new parliament under a new sovereign, and that sovereign a female of only eighteen. The proceedings on the election of Speaker are only considered a sort of preliminary matter which has no connexion with the actual business of the session.

The interest which the circumstances to which I have alluded, gave to the speech of Lord Leveson, was greatly heightened by his exceedingly youthful, not to say boyish, appearance. The noble lord is very young to be entrusted with the representation of an important constituency; for he is only in his twenty-second year; but young as he is, he even looks still younger. He

* The noble lord was elected for Morpeth towards the close of the last session, but never made any regular speech in the house before.

commenced with wonderful self-possession, under all the circumstances of the case, and spoke for about fifteen minutes with much seeming ease. His utterance was rapid rather than otherwise, and the words proceeded in regular order from his mouth. His voice does not appear to be powerful, but it is clear and pleasant. His articulation was sufficiently distinct, and in his pronunciation there was an absence of that dandified "fine-young-gentleman" manner of speaking, which is somewhat common among the sons of the aristocracy. His action was quiet and unpretending; in fact, beyond a slight movement of his right arm, and an occasional gentle turning of his head from one side to the other, there was nothing in his manner to deserve the name of gesticulation. In the matter of his speech there was little either to praise or blame. It was rather above mediocrity; which is all that can be said about it. But, in justice to the young nobleman, let me guard the reader against prejudging him on the score of talent, in consequence of my speaking of his maiden oration in the house as not rising much higher than mediocrity. Supposing he were a man of commanding abilities, he could not, in the circumstances in which he was placed, have made any striking display of his talents. The movers and seconders of addresses in answer to royal speeches are necessarily tied down to certain topics—the topics, namely, embraced in the speech; and even in speaking on those topics, the mover and seconder are expected to be exceedingly guarded in what they say. They have no latitude allowed them, either of thought or of expression. It is for this, perhaps, more

than for any other reason that could be named, that no men of distinction as speakers are ever selected to move or second the address in either house; for Ministers would be apprehensive, were such men to be entrusted with the moving or seconding of such address, that they would, in some ill-starred moment, follow the impulses of their genius, and overleap the prescribed limits.

Lord Leveson's personal appearance is very prepossessing. His manner is modest: there is no assumption in it. He is under the middle height, and slenderly formed. His features are small; his complexion is fair; and his hair has something of a flaxen hue. He has a bright eye, and a rather intelligent expression of countenance. His face is exceedingly pleasing: it is not without a feminine expression. I am anxious to see how so young a legislator will acquit himself, when he takes part in any important debate.

Mr. Gibson Craig, the member for the county of Edinburgh, seconded the address, as I have stated in another work,* which had been moved by Lord Leveson. Mr. Craig having been long known as an advocate of considerable distinction at the Scottish bar, great things were expected of him: great things, I mean, as to the manner of his speech. The delusion was dispelled before he had uttered half a dozen of sentences. He completely broke down in the very outset, and never afterwards recovered himself. He commenced thus:—"Mr. Speaker,—I rise, Sir, for the purpose of seconding the motion which has just been made by the noble lord; and I——" Here he sud-

* Sketches in London.

denly paused, and appeared to be labouring under great tremor. Not resuming his speech for some seconds, both sides of the house cheered him, with the view of enabling him to recover his self-possession, and of encouraging him to proceed. I am convinced that these cheers only aggravated the evil they were kindly meant to remedy; for though it is the custom, at all public meetings in England, to endeavour to encourage a tremulous speaker in this way, I do not recollect ever having seen the expedient resorted to in Scotland; and therefore it must have sounded strange in the ears of Mr. Craig,—if indeed, he did not understand it in a light the very opposite of what was intended. I have seen it stated in several journals, that after he had uttered the first sentence, he actually sat down and did not rise again. This is not correct. He remained on his legs at least five minutes; and during all that time did continue saying something or other, though that something was, to use one of his own favourite terms in the law courts of Edinburgh, often as "irrelevant" to the subjects to which he should have confined himself, as it was possible to be. Nor is this all. Not only did Mr. Craig wander from the topics introduced into the royal speech, but he wandered from every other topic. His language, in other words, had often no meaning at all. One of the most experienced and accurate short-hand writers in the gallery mentioned to me a few days afterwards, that he could not, by any exertion of his intellect and judgment, extract anything like meaning or coherency from his notes of the learned gentleman's speech.

Mr. Craig, on finding himself break down in the commencement, referred to the notes which he held in his hand of what he meant to say; but they afforded him no assistance worthy of the name. It is true, they did help him to an idea or two, when there seemed to be an utter absence of any in his mind; but the evil of it was, that he could not clothe those ideas in the proper phraseology, so as to make himself intelligible to his audience. He stuttered and hesitated, corrected and re-corrected his expressions, and then, after all, left his sentences worse at the last than they were at the first. His self-possession all but completely forsook him; and his nervousness was so excessive, that in many cases he could not pronounce the word even when it suggested itself to his mind. Hence, during a good part of his speech (if so it may be called) not a word was heard by those a few yards distant from him, though his lips continued to move. The most pleasant part of the matter, to all who were present, was to see him again resume his seat, which he did very abruptly.

Great surprise has been generally expressed, that a lawyer so much accustomed to public speaking as Mr. Craig has been for many years past, should thus have completely broken down in the House of Commons. To my mind, there is nothing surprising in the circumstance. The causes of his failure appear to me as plain as can be. They were the peculiar circumstances in which he was then placed. These were different from any in which he had ever found himself before. It was the first day of the meeting of parliament, and the first time in which he had been on the floor of the House,

except during the election of a Speaker, and while taking the oaths. Everything, therefore, was new to him. He found himself, too, overwhelmed with that undefinable sort of awe which almost every man who ever addressed the House immediately on his introduction to it, has afterwards confessed that he felt.

It will doubtless be urged, in opposition to this hypothesis respecting the causes of Mr. Craig's breaking down, that, on the same grounds, Lord Leveson ought likewise to have failed, as he may be said to have been also a new member. To this I answer, that there was this difference between them,—a difference which will at once be seen to be decisive in favour of my theory, —that Lord Leveson, not being a practised speaker, took the wise precaution of previously writing out and committing his speech to memory; so that he had only to repeat it, just as when giving one of his short recitations at school a few years before; while Mr. Craig, confiding in his extemporaneous powers of utterance, had not prepared his speech, but trusted to his consulting, if there should be a necessity, a few confused notes which he had jotted down on paper.

It was a most ill-advised thing on the part of Ministers to ask Mr. Craig to second the motion for the address, knowing as they did that he had never been in the house before. It was still more injudicious on his part to undertake the task. I do not at this moment recollect any previous instance of the kind; but I know several instances in which the most distinguished men have either broken down altogether, or comparatively so, when they ventured to address the house on the

first day of their introduction to parliament. I have mentioned in my First Series of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," that Cobbett once stated to me, that, bold and confident in his own resources as he was, he felt a degree of tremor come over him when he rose to address the house on the day of his first entering it, which almost unnerved him for the task; but that knowing every word he uttered would be severely criticised, he took the precaution of preparing his speech beforehand, and consequently managed to get through it in a passable manner.

The instances are innumerable in which men of first-rate talent have broken down in the house, when making their maiden speech, even after they have been some time in it, and consequently might be expected to have felt more at ease. The case of Addison, who rose up and said, "I conceive," three successive times, resuming his seat each time, because he was unable to proceed, and who did not eventually succeed in uttering another word, is known to everybody. Sheridan, also, in his first effort, completely failed; so did Erskine, and so likewise did the late David Ricardo. The truth is, it will generally be found that parliamentary failures most frequently occur in the case of great men. The reason is obvious: they are usually the most diffident: they want that assurance which is so common among persons of mediocrity. Such personages as Mr. Peter Borthwick never break down. Their stock of overweening conceit of their own abilities is, at all times and under all circumstances, abundant; and they have

consequently an ample supply of mere words for all occasions.

The nervousness of Mr. Craig, under the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, I should have regarded as presumptive proof of his being a man of superior intellect, had I known nothing of him previously. Cicero mentions, that not only did his knees tremble, and his whole frame shake, when he first ventured to address an assemblage of his countrymen; but that he never, even after he had enjoyed for years the reputation of being the first orator in Rome, rose to speak on any important occasion, without feeling himself oppressed in the outset by an excessive nervousness. Mr. Craig has the matter in him; and, as Sheridan said of himself in similar circumstances, "out it will yet come." I am much mistaken indeed if Mr. Craig does not, by the success of his future efforts, more than atone for the failure of his first attempt.

Mr. Craig is about the middle size, rather robustly made, and is in his forty-second year.

Mr. D'Israeli, the member for Maidstone, is perhaps the best known among the new members who have made their *debûts*. As stated in my "Sketches in London," his own private friends looked forward to his introduction into the House of Commons as a circumstance which would be immediately followed by his obtaining for himself an oratorical reputation equal to that enjoyed by the most popular speakers in that assembly. They thought he would produce an extraordinary sensation, both in the house and in the country, by the power and splendour of his eloquence. But the

result differed from the anticipation. It was known for some days previously, that he was to make his maiden speech in the course of the discussion respecting the Spottiswoode combination. He himself made no secret of the fact among his party, that he was preparing for an oration which he expected would produce a great impression; and this circumstance, taken in conjunction with the sanguine notions already referred to of his friends, as to his capability of achieving great oratorical triumphs, made the House all anxiety to hear him.

When he rose, which he did immediately after Mr. O'Connell had concluded his speech, all eyes were fixed on him, and all ears were open to listen to his eloquence; but, before he had proceeded far, he furnished a striking illustration of the hazard that attends on highly-wrought expectations. After the first few minutes he met with every possible manifestation of opposition and ridicule from the Ministerial benches, and was, on the other hand, cheered in the loudest and most earnest manner by his Tory friends; and it is particularly deserving of mention, that even Sir Robert Peel, who very rarely cheers any honourable gentleman, not even the most able and accomplished speakers of his own party, greeted Mr. D'Israeli's speech with a prodigality of applause which must have been severely trying to the worthy baronet's lungs. Mr. D'Israeli spoke from the second row of benches immediately opposite the Speaker's chair. Sir Robert, as usual, sat on the first row of benches, a little to the left of Mr. D'Israeli; and so exceedingly anxious was the right honourable baronet to encourage the *débutant* to pro-

ceed, that he repeatedly turned round his head, and looking the youthful orator in the face, cheered him in most stentorian tones. All, however, would not do.

At one time, in consequence of the extraordinary interruptions he met with, Mr. D'Israeli intimated his willingness to resume his seat, if the House wished him to do so. He proceeded, however, for a short time longer, but was still assailed by groans and under-growls in all their varieties; the uproar, indeed, often became so great as completely to drown his voice.

At last, losing all temper, which until now he had preserved in a wonderful manner, he paused in the midst of a sentence, and looking the Liberals indignantly in the face, raised his hands, and opening his mouth as wide as its dimensions would permit, said, in remarkably loud and almost terrific tones,—"Though I sit down now, *the time will come when you will hear me.*" Mr. D'Israeli then sat down amidst the loudest uproar, which lasted for some time.

The exhibition altogether was a most extraordinary one. Mr. D'Israeli's appearance and manner were very singular. His dress also was peculiar: it had much of a theatrical aspect. His black hair was long and flowing, and he had a most ample crop of it. His gesture was abundant: he often appeared as if trying with what celerity he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again. At other times he flourished one hand before his face, and then the other. His voice too, is of a very unusual kind: it is powerful, and had every justice done to it in the way of exercise; but there is something pe-

culiar in it whichI am at a loss to characterize. His utterance was rapid, and he never seemed at a loss for words. On the whole, and notwithstanding the result of his first attempt, I am convinced he is a man who possesses many of the requisites of a good debater. That he is a man of great literary talent, few will dispute.

I am convinced that, on this occasion, Mr. D'Israeli was made to utter a great many things which otherwise would not have escaped his lips; for I observed that he usually made some observations in reference to the interruptions offered to him; and that it was when doing so, or immediately afterwards, that he gave expression to the most objectionable sentences. In the middle of his speech, when respectfully soliciting the indulgence of the house, especially as it was his first appearance,—a plea which one would have thought could not have been ineffectually urged in an assembly "not only of the first gentlemen in Europe," but of men sitting there for the specific purpose of doing justice,—Mr. D'Israeli very emphatically said, that he himself would not, on any account, be a party to treating any other honourable gentleman in the way in which he himself was assailed. I did think that this appeal to the sense of justice and gentlemanly feeling on the Ministerial side of the house, could not be made in vain. The event showed that I was mistaken. It had scarcely escaped the honourable gentleman's lips, before he was assailed as furiously and as indecently as ever.

Let me, before concluding my notice of Mr. D'Israeli's parliamentary *début*, mention in justice to him,

that however inapt his speech may have been, yet that the way in which he was assailed from the Ministerial side of the house was most unbecoming, if not actually indecent. There was an evident predisposition on the part of many honourable gentlemen to put him down, if at all possible, without reference to the merits of his speech; and I have always observed, that when the "Liberal" members have come to a resolution of this kind, they never scruple as to the means they employ to accomplish their purpose. The Tories cannot stand a moment's comparison with them in the matter of putting down a member. Not only are they, generally speaking, blessed with lungs of prodigious powers, but on such occasions they always give them full play. Their "Oh!'s" and groans, and yells, to say nothing of their laughing, or rather *roaring* capabilities, far exceed everything I have ever heard elsewhere, not even excepting the ultra Radical assemblages which meet at White Conduit House, or at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

Mr. D'Israeli is of the middle height, rather slenderly made, and apparently about thirty-five years of age.

Mr. Colquhoun, the Conservative member for Kilmarnock, has only, as yet, spoken two or three times; but, from the circumstances under which he has delivered his speeches, and the manner in which he acquitted himself, I am quite convinced that he is destined to distinguish himself in the house.

Comparisons, as every one knows, are said to be very odious things. Whether they be so or not, I have so

great a dislike to them, that it is only in very peculiar cases that I ever resort to them. I am not sure that it can be called a "comparison," when I say that I am greatly mistaken indeed if Mr. Colquhoun does not, as a parliamentary speaker, eventually earn for himself a much greater reputation than any of the hundred and fifty-eight new members of the house who have already made their *débûts*. He is a man of very considerable talent, and is well informed on general topics. I look on the few efforts he has already made in the house as highly successful.

His speech in February, on the night on which Lord Maidstone brought before the House the conduct of Mr. O'Connell, in charging the English and Scotch Tory members with perjury, was one which would have done credit to the most practised debater in that House. It was clearly, in all its essential parts, an extemporaneous effusion; for the honourable gentleman particularly adverted to every point of importance in the speech of Lord Howick, who preceded him on the other side of the question. As a reply, it was exceedingly happy.

Not less entitled to praise, on the score of acute and apposite observation, were those parts of his speech which related to a more general view of the question before the House. And not only was Mr. Colquhoun's matter excellent; but his diction was in exceedingly good taste. It was easy and eloquent; there was nothing turgid or bombastic about it. It bore no evidence of effort; but every word seemed to suggest itself in the most natural manner to his mind.

Mr. Colquhoun has already proved that he possesses

one attribute as a speaker, in the absence of which all the other qualities to which I have referred would not insure his permanent success in that capacity. I allude to his great self-possession. The demonstrations of a disposition to put him down, on the part of honourable gentlemen opposite, do not disconcert him in the slightest degree. In the course of his speech in support of Lord Maidstone's motion for a vote of censure on Mr. O'Connell, he was frequently interrupted by the Liberal party; but he stood as calm and self-possessed, until their interruptions were over, as if nothing had been the matter. In one or two instances he took advantage of those interruptions, and turned them with considerable adroitness into arguments in favour of his own view of the case, and against that of the Ministerial side of the house.

The honourable gentleman is, withal, an accomplished speaker, with regard to the manner of his speech. He has an exceedingly pleasant voice. There is a sweetness in it which is equalled in but few cases in the house. His enunciation is distinct, and his utterance is in the best taste. He is remarkably fluent: sentence follows after sentence with a smoothness and regularity which are not often surpassed by any of our public speakers. His gesture is also in good taste. He stands erect, and stretches out both hands, in some of the happier parts of his speech, in a very graceful manner. At other times he moderately uses first his right hand and then his left. His gesticulation otherwise has nothing in it which calls for notice.

Mr. Colquhoun, I may here mention, is a decidedly

religious man. He identifies himself with the evangelical high-church party in Scotland, and possesses a very intimate acquaintance with polemical as well as practical theology. His religious creed is of the most liberal kind, though his politics are Conservative. He is said to be, with what truth I know not, a member of three religious denominations, whose discipline and forms of church government are as different as it were possible to conceive; and also at once an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, and an independent; a circumstance unknown to me in the annals of Christian sects. So accommodating a conscience in religious matters, if the honourable member does possess it, must be an extremely convenient thing. Had the Covenanters of Scotland or the Puritans of England possessed an equal pliability of mind, it would have saved thousands of them a world of persecution, and many hundreds the pains of martyrdom.

The honourable gentleman is of the ordinary height, and of a good figure. His appearance is much in his favour. He has a pleasant intellectual expression of countenance. His face is of the oval form. His complexion is clear, and his hair is of a sandy colour. He dresses with taste, but not in a foppish style. Judging from his appearance, I should not think his age exceeds thirty-five.

THE END.