THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Some Recollections of the more Famous English Statesmen.

Richard B. Kimball in New York Times.

On my way to the Latin Quarter in Paris, of which I have made mention, I had a two weeks' allowance for a brief stay in London. I experienced the natural enthusiasm of youth about the historic monuments of the great city, but I confess it was the living men, the men who were then governing England, that I desired to see rather than the tombs of the dead in the famous mediæval abbey. I wanted to look at Brougham. I had "spoken a speech," when a boy at the academy, wherein Macauley described Brougham's terrible attack on Canning. His bold defence of Queen Caroline had made him popular over all England.

There were Wellington, Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, all prominent in the nation's councils, either supporting the Government or in opposition, and the young girl, Victoria, who in the course of nature (William IV. died a few months afterward) would soon be Queen.

I had for a companion a very close friend and fellow-student, and we planned how best to compass our purposes. Admission to the Houses of Parliament was only by order from a member. We were advised how to proceed by an English acquaintance. We worked hard to prepare a very brief sample letter which, *mutatis mutandis*, was to serve for both Lords and Commons. Our chief difficulty was what the proper address should be and how the document should wind up. Our landlady helped us out, and even indited several notes to certain lords and several notes to members of the Commons. They were chosen mainly at random, with the exception of Wellington and O'Connell. We "took turns" in signing these productions.

Engaging a cab, we drove first to Apsley House, where our mission was at once successful. Here on the aristocratic corner of Hyde Park, I was surprised to find an iron barricade put up around the front side of the duke's mansion, strong enough to resist any ordinary assault. It seems that while for years the duke was the idol of the nation, his extreme Toryism at length made him the most unpopular man in England, so that in less than twenty years after Waterloo he was forced to barricade his residence against the attacks of the mob.

To return from this digression. We drove next to the Duke of Richmond's and got an order instanter. The Duke of Richmond was one of the richest men in England, and, like George Peabody, always took "a bus" when coming into the city. The moment he entered the conductor would cry out, "Post office—bank—Duke of Richmond inside!" The "bus" would be filled in a thrice. For the following evening selections were made from the Commons. First, Daniel O'Connell. The visit to the great Irish statesman was enlivened by an amusing incident.

O'CONNELL'S HATRED OF SLAVERY

was carried to such an extreme that he would not willingly receive a southern man, even if he brought a letter of introduction. The stereotyped note was signed by my friend, and it inclosed his card, dating from "Boston, Mass." When we stopped before O'Connell's door we both got out and knocked with such vehemence that the house rang with the echo. (We had been told that in high life visitors of importance always knocked obstreperously). The door was opened with startling suddenness, and we stepped into the hall unbidden. We were informed that Mr. O'Connell was entertaining friends at dinner and could not be seen.

"Take this letter to him immediately," said my companion, "and bring an answer. It is of the utmost importance." The man took the letter, and as he went back he left the door of the dining room partly open. There was solemn silence for two or three minutes, then came a burst of laughter from the whole company. The servant returned and put two bits of paper into our hands. We escaped to the cab and then looked at their contents.

On one was written: "Finding Mr. Partridge is from a non-slaveholding state, Mr. O'Connell has the honor to comply with his request."

On the other paper was written: "Admit the bearer to the gallery of the House of Commons.

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

Our visit to the Lords was disappointing. Wellington was not present. Brougham, no longer a member of the Commons, was in his seat. He had been "cushioned" and the ancient fire was gone. I heard him speak for perhaps ten minutes in a dead alive way. I said to myself: "Is that the man whose scathing invectives made him the most feared in the Commons trouble, the man whom only O'Connell could silence?" The House of Lords appeared to me the dullest and the stupidest body of men I ever looked on.

The next day we were told Wellington would be our there, but there would serve only once. The session lasted only a few minutes, so I waited outside to put my eyes on the conqueror of Bonaparte. He came out erect and soldierly. He was then nearly seventy. A servant in modest livery stood at the head of two well groomed cobs. The duke mounted one with tolerable ease, though he stuck a little as his leg crossed the saddle. He started off on a brisk trot, the groom following. It struck me that the latter was the better mounted of the two, but perhaps I was mistaken.

Immediately after came the Duke of Cumberland, King William's brother. He was the most hated man in all Britain. There was no heinous crime of which he was not accused—murder not excepted. His niece, Victoria, stood between him and the crown, and horrible rumors were afloat (they were rumors only) of his designs against her.

I think I never saw a more cruel and wicked countenance. He got into a close carriage and drove off. On

THE KING'S DEATH

he became King of Hanover, the succession being confined to the male line, and England was rid of his presence.

To come to the House of Commons. There I did see Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell and O'Connell. Although the latter was pursuing his merciless attacks on Peel and Wellington, this appeared to be an off night. Peel was explaining his sudden change in advocating the repeal of the corn laws and the country members were attacking him, declaring he had deceived them and turned traitor to their cause. It was said that what touched Peel most deeply that evening was a single remark from a country squire, an old personal friend. These were his words: "Mr. Speaker, I do not say the honorable member has deceived us, but he has allowed us to deceive ourselves."

The next day O'Connell made a characteristic onslaught on Peel, but we were not in luck. Five years later I heard O'Connell "agitate" in the Grass Market, Dublin, where, in giving the immense gathering an account of his labors in Parliament, he said: "Why, my lads, there is Wellington, who has won a hundred battles, and there is Peel, who has practised a hundred rogueries, and I have beaten them both."

Visiting Westminister Abbey late on Saturday, we won the heart of the verger by a fee, apropos of nothing, of half a crown instead of a shilling. As we were leaving he said: "Would you young gentlemen like to see the Princess Victoria?"

"Yes, indeed," was our joint response.

"She will attend service with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, tomorrow in the private chapel, and you must manage to be close to the door of the entrance to it when they come out. There will be no crowd, for no publicity is given. The duchess keeps her daughter very close."

We acted on the information, though half suspecting it to be apochryphal. We made several circuits around the abbey in search of that particular "entrance," and were left in doubt of its existence.

We waited till the next day, and at the proper time we made inquiry of a policeman at a point where we thought the famous entrance ought to be. He was disagreeably reticent and walked stiffly away.

"We are in for it," said my companion, "I believe we are on the right track; this is no shilling affair. Our spending money is melting fast, but we must go half a crown apiece on him."

We took a turn and made another attack. We told the fellow who we were and what we wanted, and fortified the observation with the 5s. ($1.25).

There was no relaxation of his countenance; indeed, it was more glum and stolid than before. He replied gravely, "No one is allowed inside that railing. The gate, you perceive, is open. I must go on to that corner. If on my return I should happen not to see you, you will not be disturbed, but keep very quiet." We did keep quiet, standing as immovable as posts against the old stonework. We had just secured this "coign of vantage" (our friend, the policeman, was back at his post in half a minute) when a close carriage drove up

THE COACHMAN AND A FOOTMAN

on the box and two lackeys standing up behind. In less than five minutes there was a slight stir, then emerged from the abbey, walking side by side, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the Princess Victoria. I have little or no recollection of the appearance of the mother, but Victoria was (her expectations aside) a really modest-appearing, rosy-cheeked, pretty English girl. Before we knew it they were off in the carriage. We left at the same moment, and, saluting our policeman, whom I have ever since held in affectionate remembrance, we went to our lodgings to talk over the day's incidents.

I have seen the Queen many times since then; the last time not eighteen months ago. She was stout, red faced and decrepit, walking with a cane as a support. The lines from the great dramatist came to mind: "Is this the promised end?" The pretty, fresh, modest English girl of eighteen; the fat, red-faced, decrepit old woman of seventy-two! Yet what a history runs between those dates!

My next experience of Parliament was in 1842. Mr. Roebuck, who had lived several years in Canada and had brought home with him extreme radical ideas, was then member of the Commons. He embarked in the quixotic effort to put down "bribery and corruption" in the election of members. He gave notice that on a certain night he would interrogate separate members point blank on the subject, using a formula which would cover every possible case. Sir Robert Peel was Premier, and would gladly have choked off such an inquisition, but he could not afford to do so. The public was on the *qui vive*. I had procured an order of admission to the gallery, and went very early to secure a place, but to my intense chagrin every seat was filled. I was turning away when the good-natured door-keeper advised me to wait. The chances were, he said, out of the large number some one would have occasion to leave, and I stood next. A crowd was already gathering, hoping to get in. In three or four minutes a solitary individual emerged and I was installed in his place. The House was crammed as well as the galleries.

As soon as the ordinary routine business was over, Roebuck rose, and, selecting his victim, propounded his iron clad formula. The effect was like that of a hawk pouncing down upon a dovecote. The ridiculous attempts to evade by one, the denial of the right of the member to put such a question by another, the simple declining to answer by a third, and so on, occupied an hour or more, the proceedings being interrupted by cock crowing and cat calls, while Roebuck kept on unmoved. At last a retired officer, who had been many years in Parliament, was called up. I could see every one was anticipating fun. He began with an easy, careless air, and expressed the desire to give the honorable member all the information in his power as to

HOW ENGLISH ELECTIONS WERE MANAGED.

"I have," said he, "stood for Parliament five times—twice I lost, three times I won. I lost the first election, but I left £30,000 in the district. The second time I was again unsuccessful, but I had an associate, and it only cost us £10,000 apiece. After that I won. My first success was expensive. My opponent was a large landed proprietor, and he turned all his tenants out of doors because they voted for me, and I had to build new cottages for them. My next venture was very satisfactory. I got off for about £8000."

At the beginning these statements were greeted with roars of laughter from all sides of the House, and when he sat down vociferous cheers rang through the hall.

It will be noticed that he stopped short with his fourth canvass, and he had made no reply to Roebuck's quest on the fifth; but the temper of the House was such that Roebuck acceded to a motion to adjourn, and he never renewed the attack.

I was present at the passage of arms between Russell and Palmerston at the close of 1851, when the latter was forced out of office for favoring the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon. It was comparatively a tame affair, for there was no personal feeling between the two, and Palmerston's easy, jaunty air greatly neutralized the serious attack of Lord John. I will make one more mention of these debates. It was early in 1866, when Disraeli, in opposition, was pressing Gladstone, then the leader of the House, who was forced out of office the latter part of June.

The habits of these two men when in their seats were exactly the reverse of what would be generally supposed. Disraeli, a charming companion with his friends outside the precincts of the House, was moody and uncommunicative when in his seat. Gladstone, on the contrary, was cheerful and chatty. His temper was irascible, and Disraeli took advantage of this when he could. Disraeli was not an orator, his set speeches amounted to little; but he was a born tactitian, and a remarkable ready debater. Gladstone was exactly the reverse. He was an orator, a classical scholar, and to a fair extent a statesman. He had a habit when interrupted in debate of looking around on his friends as he resumed, asking, "Where was I?" or "What was I saying?"

On this particular occasion Disraeli had wrought his antagonist up to fever heat. While Gladstone was launching invectives at his opponent he was interrupted by a question, and, on resuming, he put the familiar query: "What was I saying?"

Disraeli was seated on the Opposition branches, his legs crossed, his hat drawn completely over his eyes, showing only the tip of his long nose, apparently somnolent. The moment Gladstone asked: "What was I saying?" Disraeli in his high, rasping voice cried out: "Diabolical was the last word!" The whole House was convulsed, and it certainly spoiled Gladstone's speech for that night.

A Heroic Priest.

"He was probably the most naturally heroic soul of this century," says Montalambert in his biography of Lacordaire. Something of this natural heroism seems to be possessed by a young priest, the Abbe Fresquet, cure of Saint-Laurentdes-Arbres in the diocese of the Gard. Small pox recently breaking out in a house in the village, the house was at once abandoned. The panic lasting, the sufferers would have died but for the Abbe Fresquet, who tended them night and day. One of them dying, the public authorities forbade that the body should be taken into the church. The corpse being completely abandoned, it was then that the cure performed for it the last offices, placed it in the coffin and carried it on his shoulder to the cemetery. The inhabitants of Nimes are begging that the Abbe Fresquet may be rewarded.

You have catarrh, and other remedies have failed you—then give Nasal Balm a fair trial. There is no case of catarrh it will not cure if the directions are faithfully followed.

Henry G. James,

Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and since then I have been quite well. I would not be without B. B. B. now, for any complaint. B. B. B. will always occupy a place in my house."

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THE CROSS MOTHER.

She Wears Her Mind and Body and Makes Her Children Miserable.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold the arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows.

She sows bitter feelings, and repels loving attentions, with her irritable, hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's lives. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked. It made me cross," and she considers that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays over it, sheds bitter tears—and then the trouble repeats itself.

The remedy lies near at hand. Let a mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause if possible. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened. If there is too much sewing, too much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength.

Some Recent Famous Converts.

"The rush Romewards," which seems to have marked this year, has by no means spent its force, if one may judge from recent conversions among various classes of the community, says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Prominent among them are to be noted those of Mr. George Skeffington Ussher, a lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Ussher, Protestant Primate of Ireland; Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known author, and his wife, who is the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; Major-General and Mrs. Whinyates; and Mr. Basil Lechmere, son of Sir Henry Lechmere, Bart. At a time when all England is, as it were, venerating a new memory of Nelson, it is interesting to find that the Hon. Edward Horatio Nelson has become a Catholic, making the third of the present Earl Nelson's sons who has taken the step. Viscount St. Cyres, the eldest son of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and a popular student at Oxford, whose conversion was prematurely announced a year or so ago, and denied by his father, has now openly declared his adhesion to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman House, in South London, which is to be worked by Catholic members of Oxford University on the social and religious lines laid down in the Papal Encyclical. Among the ladies occur the names of Miss Stewart, of Ascog Hall, Bute; Mrs. Thornton, superintendent of Mysore College; Miss Charlotte O'Brien, the daughter of the late W. Smith O'Brien, M. P., and of not less than three matrons of London hospitals, as well as several in the provinces. The latest clerical recruit is the Rev. Thomas Cato, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, making the twelfth minister of the Established Church who has "gone over" within a comparatively brief period.

The usual statistics of conditional baptisms and confirmations just presented show that the number of conversions in each of the fifteen dioceses of England ranges from 700 to 1,000 annually.

Words of the Saints.

He who has renounced the world or despises it should resemble a statue which does not prevent itself being dressed in rags, nor being despoiled of the purple which ornaments it.—*St. Ignatius.*

It is quite easy to speak, to write, and listen to discourses about afflictions; but when they happen to us, we find them difficult to bear.—*B. Henry Suso.*

As to the desires of the flesh, we believe that God watches us without ceasing, because the prophet said to the Lord: "All my desire is before Thee."—*St. Benedict.*

Every one should say to himself; Though I should possess all virtues and have not humility, I deceive myself, and whilst I consider myself virtuous I am but a proud Pharisee.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

At Last.

The sports of summer are always prolific of all kinds of physical injuries, and to the treatment of such, here is a most striking example. Mr. Jacob Etzensperger, 11 Sumner St., Cleveland, O., U. S. A., says: "I sprained my arm, clubbing chestnuts; could not lift it; suffered for years. But St. Jacobs Oil cured me." After many years he still says the same. Isn't it wonderful? The best thing first saves much.

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25-cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one-half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen, and I never felt better in my life."

Mrs. Geo. Rendle.

Mrs. Geo. Rendle, of Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer complaints. We are never without it in the house." Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Price, 35c.

Catholicity in the Front.

In certain circles, says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, it is taken for granted that the Catholic Church is opposed to science, but a slight knowledge of history will recall such eminent names as Fallopius, Eustachius, Vesalius, and Malpighi in the domain of physiology; Buffon and Cuvier as zoologists; Jussieu the botanist; Galvani, Volta, Ampere, and Gramme in electricity and measure, Fresnel in light, Lavoisier and Chevreul in chemistry, Descartes in philosophy, Torricelli, Galileo, Mariotte, and Regnault in physics, Bishop Steno as geologist, botanist and anatomist; Clavius, Mayer, De Vico, and Grimaldi; Copernicus, the monk of Thorn, who dedicated his book to Pope Paul III.; Gassendi, the Padre Piazzi, Theatine monk, who discovered the first of the asteroids on the first day of the present century; Secchi and Father Perry, greatest of travelling observers and real martyr to science; all astronomers of immortal fame, and all Catholics—all men of science, every one of whom died members of the Catholic Church. In navigation we might mention Hadley, the inventor of the quadrant; Vasco di Gama, and the great Columbus, who did so much for geography and travel. Leonardo di Vinci, painter, pioneer, geologist and designer of the tressel bridge. These and ten times more would still be a fraction of the names enrolled on the list of Catholic scientists. The Catholic Church is ever encouraging her children to take their place as discoverers and collectors of knowledge, but she forbids them to use fact in defence of fancy opposed to her teaching. She cautions them that human reason is fallible and prone to mistakes, and that in all things they should strive to so use their discoveries that there will not be even an apparent contradiction between them and those truths the promulgation and protection of which have been entrusted to her by her Founder, the Redeemer.

The Christian Teacher.

Thomas J. Morgan, A. M., D. D., Principal of the Rhode Island State Normal School, in his recent book, "Studies in Pedagogy," says:

"The ideal schoolmaster is a Christian; not a sectary or a bigot, but a man who, without cant or hypocrisy, reverences God and recognizes in Jesus Christ the ruler of the universe. That wonderful being whom we call man has a religious nature, as well as a body and mind. If it is true, as Plato has said, that a good education is the full development of man in his entirety, then it must include the unfolding of that which is the crowning excellency of man's nature, his religious susceptibilities. The education which secures to him merely the training of his body makes him only a magnificent beast. That which affords him an intellectual training alone may make him a Mehistopheles, a sort of human devil, acute, cunning, capable, but unprincipled and full of subtlety. That training which would secure to him the health of body, the vigor of mind and the discipline of his moral powers, would fit him for citizenship; but if it left him untaught religiously, it would make of him a cultivated heathen. Man is not a congeries of discontented natures, he is a unit. Education pertains to him in his entirety. A complete education is a symmetrical education. Man without a religious training is like a kingdom without a king, or an army without a general. He may be admirable for what he suggests, a splendid torso, but nothing more."

The Boston *Congregationalist*, says an exchange, is one of the brightest and ablest of Protestant papers. In a recent issue it had an article by G. B. Clarke, called "Among the Jesuits." The writer states that he is intimately acquainted with a number of members of the order, and he adds: "It has never been my pleasure to know a more gentlemanly, kind and considerate class of men. That spirit of charity so eminent in all priests is preeminent among them. They are moral and temperate. The popular error that 'the end justifies the means' is one of their mottos, is an error, and no such sentiment is found in any of their teaching. Their wealth is not spent upon themselves. They are too busy and too wise to waste their time in the petty proselytizing business so often attributed to them."

Beautiful Banff, N. W. T.

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