

Humor in Parliament

Funny Men Who Have Sat in the British Commons.

Why Major O'Gorman Chose to Be a Minority of One.

An Irish M. P. Who Barricaded Himself in His Castle and Defied the Police.

H. W. Lucy, in the North American Review for July.

Perhaps the only Irish member who today habitually rises into flights of humor is Mr. Tim Healy. Among those who delighted the Parliament of 1874-80 was Mr. Delahanty, member for Waterford city. His panacea for all the woes of Ireland had something to do with 21 notes. I am ashamed to say, though I have often heard him discourse on the topic, there does not dwell in my mind a clear impression as to whether he desired to have 21 notes authorized or whether he would have had them abolished. However that may be, the peace of his view of Ireland was according to his view, wrapped up in the 21 notes.

One Wednesday afternoon in the session of 1878, the fortune of the ballot gave Mr. Delahanty an opportunity of dealing with this burning question. He had brought with him a small black bag, in which, according to the testimony of his companions, he had been carrying a quantity of dynamite. He had taken before him as corner of the city and county of Waterford. Now, it was primarily required to be a convincing notes of his oration. It is presumed that he had promised himself, when his task was completed, a few hours' relaxation in one of the inner circles of London society. In view of this arrangement of his evening he had, after filling his bag up to the top with manuscript notes, found just room enough to put in a comb, brush and a few other toilet necessities. Hauling out a handful of papers from the bag, and finding them not exactly what he wanted, he turned around, and amid an awful silence, deliberately resumed the search. Of course the first things that came to hand were the comb and brush.

Hastily thrusting them back among the documents, he made another search with his speech. But the fresh batch of papers also led to nowhere in particular. Committed to his original argument he turned once more to the bag, fearfully conscious of the presence of the comb and brush. With increased deliberation he rooted round, and finally, under the impression that he had at last seized the papers he sought, he produced a pair of white kid gloves. These he approached the Irish question from a quite unexpected avenue. The house roared with laughter. Mr. Delahanty, still falling in his endeavor to come across the missing note, took the miscellaneous articles out of the bag, and with his back to the speaker prosecuted his search. When at last he found the desired article, he went on as if nothing had happened, the house listening with high good humor to a story that had neither beginning, middle, nor end, through which the comb and brush came and went, as if they were so much of no account. Among other things that occur to the memory, emerging out of the now distant past, was Mr. Tom Connelly, who sat on the Conservative benches, and stirred up his compatriots on the opposite side with the long pole of scornful insinuation or satirical invective. There was Mr. McCarthy Downing, faithful to the last in his denials, and nearer in facial resemblance to a plucked jackdaw, as Butt's fortunes faded and he found himself thrust aside by the more strenuous efforts of his plebeian rival, presenting himself after a long debate, neither closed by the leaders on both sides, and insisting on continuing it indefinitely. There was also the magnificent monologue. He was the member Dizzy won over to vote with the government on a critical division by placing his hands on his shoulder and telling him with a sigh, how in personal appearance he was like the old friend Tom Moore. There was Capt. Stackpole, with his hands in his pockets and his reminiscences of Lord Palmerston. "Ah," he was accustomed to say sadly, shaking his head at recollections of his own past, "I wouldn't be like this if I had been here."

"Biggest, best of all, there was Major O'Gorman. The major was a man of great height and stupendous girth. His voice, when uplifted in oratorical effort, was like a peal of thunder. This personal peculiarity lent irresistible charm to a passage in his speech, delivered soon after he took his seat, on the occasion of a resolution affecting conventional institutions. The major had prepared for the occasion a dramatic and somewhat dramatic conversation between a high-born mother superior of a convent and one of the inspectors proposed to be constituted under Mr. Newdigate's bill. When the major, with fine mimetic art, recited the major's part of the conversation, he explained the character of the house went into a fit of laughter which prevented the conclusion of the dialogue being heard. After this speech, and up to his withdrawal from the scene, the major was a prime favorite in the House of Commons, members crowding in to hear him as if words had been round that Gladstone or Disraeli was up.

When Dr. Kenney moved for a royal commission to inquire into the conduct of the judges in the "Elophore case," the major, against the motion, in its favor, moved for the minority. When asked why he should have parted from his friends and friends, he explained that it was a warm evening, he knew the "No" lobby would be crowded, so he thought he would stroll through the other one. The major's humor was best when it was unconscious. But he had a ready wit as was shown in his correspondence with an important constituent, who urged him to obtain for him a local postmaster. The major declined the suggestion, and would never stoop to accept a favor from a Saxon government. He had written to the postmaster, and the letter with the remark: "Sure, you've only to write a line and the thing will be done."

The major thereupon replied: "I am in receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., in which you state I have 'only to write a line' in order that you should obtain the appointment you desire. I have, therefore, much pleasure in hereby appointing you postmaster of Ballymahool. I am, sir, your obedient servant, H. W. Lucy, Esq." The major thereupon replied: "I am in receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., in which you state I have 'only to write a line' in order that you should obtain the appointment you desire. I have, therefore, much pleasure in hereby appointing you postmaster of Ballymahool. I am, sir, your obedient servant, H. W. Lucy, Esq."

Another type of the now extinct Irish member was the O'Gorman Mahon, who had sat in the unreformed parliament, returned for county Clare in 1875, one of the few living members who had sat in the unreformed parliament. He was again member for 1847 to 1852, returning to the old scene after an interval of 27 years. In the meanwhile he had seen fighting both by land and sea. On one occasion, offended by a Conservative member opposing a bill, he was engaged in a duel with an Irish Nationalist member on his feet at the moment. The O'Gorman Mahon, crossed the boundary, and "cayrd" to the offender, and went into the lobby ready to complete the promise of a challenge.

So recently as 1884 Sir Patrick O'Brien, another richly endowed Irish member, went even further than that in the arrangements for a duel. In debate on a local Dublin bill Sir Pat, being two o'clock in the morning, got a little mixed as to whether it was Mr. Wm. O'Brien or Mr. Harcourt who interrupted his observations with what he described as "a snuff." At first he leaned toward conviction in favor of the latter, but when he incidentally remarked that "the honorable member was carrying parcels for a wage of six and sixpence a week in parliament." After stating with bloodthirsty eye for some time at the little band of Parnellites opposite, Sir Pat accidentally got Mr. Wm. O'Brien in focus, and convinced himself that it was he who interrupted him. Several times, leaning forward, putting his hand to his mouth, he inquired of the house, in a stage whisper, whether Mr. O'Brien was "arrived." No notice being taken, Sir Pat hurriedly looked up at the speaker, the O'Gorman Mahon, engaged him as a second, and returning informed Mr. O'Brien that he had to do with his man in communication with the ancient and venerable Sir Pat, who had been for an hour, Mr. O'Brien made no sign, and in the cooler atmosphere of the house, an uncle who regularly took six taxmakers of whiskey today, this troubled him, and after much thought he resolved to write and remonstrate with his relative. The following was the letter:

"My Dear Uncle—I write to say how pleased I should be if you could see your way to giving up your six glasses of whiskey a day. I am sure you would find many advantages in doing so, the greatest of which would be that, as I am persuaded, it would be the means of lengthening your days."

ABOUT SITTING DOWN.

Some People Don't Do It—The Majority of Humankind Squat—A Little Essay on the Attitudes of Rest.

From the New Review.

It would seem at a glance that there is nothing profitable to be said about sitting down. The humorist by trade could manufacture some jest out of attitudes and movements, no doubt; his ingenuity works up less promising materials. But what is there for serious debate? Our forefathers were "natural"—like eating. Persons not hasty to grant that a thing must be fashioned by Providence for the use to which we put it may willingly allow that the thigh bones are padded in order that we may sit down upon them without discomfort. Until lately, indeed, another purpose was assigned to these cushions. Our forefathers provided the manifest destiny of children to be whipped by the same anatomical arrangement, but long ago that custom was abandoned. Anyhow, it has passed out of use. But if the operation that we may sit down upon must sit down—and there is an end to the theory, for they do not "sit down," it seems likely that the men and women who sit are less than ten per cent. The bones of the feet, the hands, and India must be excluded. Only the thumbs, therefore, turn the cushion of their destined use, so that the great mass of mankind is expected to squat. But that is not all. The squatting habit is not confined to the East. In the far West, Asia, and the basis of Africa, the squatting habit is common. In America, from the middle of November to the middle of March, the Eskimoes squat. It may be hazarded as a mere conjecture, without any pretense of scientific accuracy, that the Eskimoes squat in swamps especially malarious. But the custom shows that unnatural squats may well develop where it occurs to them to sit down "like Christians."

Men who do not sit have two attitudes for resting: women use one of their own. Squatting, the habit is favored in India and China. In this position the weight of the body falls upon the toes, and to keep the balance comfortable the arms must be over the knees, the hands dangling. An European, trussed in this manner, or even a native of India, in this position the weight of the body falls upon the toes, and to keep the balance comfortable the arms must be over the knees, the hands dangling. An European, trussed in this manner, or even a native of India, in this position the weight of the body falls upon the toes, and to keep the balance comfortable the arms must be over the knees, the hands dangling.

Six Months on an Iceberg!

The Unpleasant Story of Captain Tyson, Only Survivor of the Parnell Expedition and His Dreary Life on a Block of Ice in Arctic Seas.

In a few weeks, says Peary, will start on his long march to attempt to reach the pole by a route known as the "Greenland route."

It is probable therefore that the dawn of a new era will see one of two things: either the discovery of the pole by another great Arctic tragedy, or the triumph of a challenge.

Mr. Peary is able to overcome the terrible difficulties of the polar ice barrier; Polar history is full of death and failures.

The oldest Arctic explorer living is probably Capt. George E. Tyson, now connected with the war department in Washington. He is the last surviving officer of the ill-fated Polar expedition, in which Commander Charles Francis Hall was lost.

Read the story of Capt. Tyson's drift down the Arctic seas for 1,500 miles on an ice floe with seventeen companions, and you will begin to realize the difficulties which Lieut. Peary will encounter.

USED TO POLAR SEAS. CAPT. TYSON was thoroughly familiar with the Arctic regions, before he was engaged as navigator and master of the expedition, in which Commander Charles Francis Hall on the ill-fated Polar expedition, which sailed from the Brooklyn navy yard on June 23, 1871.

The Polar expedition sailed on the ice floe as Peary will sail in a few days. In due time the vessel made its way through Smith's Sound, Kennedy Channel, and Robeson's Channel.

Late in October, 1872, the Polar expedition was locked fast in the heavy pack ice off Littleton Island. For weeks the vessel had been in the nip, and practically helpless. She creaked and groaned unceasingly every hour.

On the evening of Oct. 15 there came a sudden alarm that the vessel had sprung a leak. Pumps were engaged and Sailing Master Buddington, in a moment of excitement ordered everything "thrown out on the ice."

Night had already fallen, and the sailors could scarcely see each other as they toiled away at the packages of clothing, instruments and provisions. The rumor of a leak turned out to be a false alarm. The ice began to crack all about the vessel.

Sailing Master Buddington rushed to the side of the vessel and ordered the sailors to take the provisions as far back on the ice as possible. They were engaged in this work when there came a roar and a rattle like a heavy machine gun, and the ship shook herself free from the ice and disappeared in the thick darkness, leaving Capt. Tyson and seventeen men hanging on the ice floe.

CAPT. TYSON CAST AWAY. Besides Capt. Tyson there were Frederick Meyer and the meteorologist of the expedition, the steward, and six Eskimoes, two Eskimoes men, and five Eskimoes children, one of whom was an infant.

The long Arctic night had commenced, and when the ship broke away a heavy snow was falling.

The entire commissariat consisted of fourteen cans of pemmican, one can of dried apples, fourteen hams and eleven bags of bread. Two boats had been saved from the general wreck, and in these various attempts were made to reach the shore, but in vain.

Once they sighted the Polar ice, they fled in terror. The piece of ice left to the party of eighteen was about the size of a city block. After the first break, others came in rapid succession. The weather was bitter cold, and prayers were constantly being uttered. Whoever in trouble tried any of his neighbors came to him for advice as to what to do. "Play no trumps," was the motto for rent. Mr. Peary solemnly shook his head. "I cannot," he said, "express my views on this, and that Mr. Balfour says they are illegal. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll show you 'what no rent' is, and holding out his watch, the perturbed tenant read upon it the admonitory legend, "Pay no rent."

SIX MONTHS NIGHT BEINGS. CAPT. TYSON established a regular diet of eleven ounces for adults and half rations for the children. It was very hard for some of the sailors to come down to this, and they were a good deal of grumbling, but it had to be done. Ten days after the separation from the Polar ice, Capt. Tyson was

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ICE FLOE BREAKING UP.

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To make matters worse they were surrounded by crashing and grinding icebergs.

On April 1 the party took to the boat and after being almost swamped succeeded in reaching a large floe. As the days passed matters became worse for the little party. The ice again began to crack and split. They were eventually washed out of their huts by the sea and again took to the boat.

Once again they landed on a large ice floe, where they managed to exist for a week. Then the sea began to break over them. All the provisions were placed in the boat, with the women and children. Each succeeding wave would wash the boat all but of the ice. The men, clinging to the gunwales, would rush it back, ready for another deluge.

The entire night of April 20 was passed with the thermometer close to zero. They had all but given up hope when, at 4:30 o'clock on the morning of April 24, over six months after they were cast away, a steamer was sighted bearing down on them. She was soon lost, however, and the wretched beings again fell into a state of despondency.

The steamerward another steamer was sighted. She proved to be a sealer, the Tigress, from Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

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CAPT. TYSON ON THE PROPER WAY TO REACH THE POLE. To the Editor of The Advertiser: Great Dear Sir—I have the great interest of the coming expedition of Lieut. Peary to the polar regions. As a man of some experience in that direction, I will say that I do not think he will succeed in his design of reaching the pole.

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Reaching Peary's proposed expedition, I see no reason for supposing that he will get any further than he has already got, as long as he sticks to the Greenland route. The comparatively easy and sure path is the one I have indicated. GEORGE E. TYSON, Washington, D. C., June 30.

Wrestles With Disease. A New and Perfect Medicine Which Takes Hold of Heart Disease and Defeats It.

Living on Fox Meat. A fox was shot. Poor, scrawny, with almost all his ribs showing, he was slain, and the carcass was skinned, and the skin was cut into two pieces.

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Auction Mart, Storage and Moving. PORTER & CO., phone 1162. MILLER'S ELECTRIC PARCEL EXPRESS, 223 Dundas, phone 836.	Grocery Broker. HAROLD LAMBE, J.S. McDougall, Agt.
Artists. J. P. HUNT, 34 Dundas street.	Hats and Furs. FRASER, McMillan