

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

AN HOUR'S VISIT AND CHAT WITH HIM IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

He doesn't dress as gorgeously as Solomon Except on State Occasions—He Holds Court, Presides at Big Dinners, and Has no End of Other Duties.

The Lord Mayor of London is a very great man. There are those in London who believe that he sits on a small throne. There are those in the country districts who believe that he feasts on nightingales' tongues and lives a life of sybaritic ease. So much has been said about the gorgeously of the Lord Mayor's parade that some fancy him to be unapproachable to the common people. He is still an official about whom the glamour of red coats, laces, tinsel, royal feasts and flunkies in stained glass attitudes is yet thrown. He is the civic head of London. The present official is Joseph Savory. His residence is in the Mansion House, built in 1740, and a place worth visiting, in the very heart of bustling London. An endless string of wagons, handbuses and busses are continually going by it, with bobbies trying to preserve order, while drivers sweat, and pedestrians who attempt to cross the street take their lives in their hands in the endeavor. It is a very busy spot. Diagonally opposite is The Little Old Lady of Threadneedle street, surrounded by all her wealth. In

He invited me to accompany him, and I was conducted to a room across the broad hallway. It was not an imposing room. It was over-crowded with spectators and lawyers, and was but dimly lighted. When the Lord Mayor appeared he wore a judge's gown over his shoulders, and there was deep silence until he took his seat and opened court. This appearance of the highest public official of a great city like London presiding over a petty criminal court seems somewhat strange. I watched the Lord Mayor at work for a time, and the sight was not uninteresting.

One rough looking character was brought to the bar charged with the heinous crime of having stolen a pair of boots valued at four shillings. He did not seem to care much and was remanded without any waste of time. William Gard, a sleeping omnibus driver, pleaded guilty to hav-



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ing been drunk. The Lord Mayor remarked to William that he had no right to get drunk when in employment, and forthwith fined him 10 shillings. A youth named Fisher was then arraigned for throwing stones from Blackfriars' bridge. He couldn't deny his guilt. The Lord Mayor said gravely that this was a serious offence, as stones sometimes fell with great force, and persons might be crippled for life by being struck with them. He therefore fined the young man two shillings and sixpence.

There was more of the same kind, but these cases will do as well as others for examples.

At later hours than those on which I saw him at the Mansion House Court, you might find the Lord Mayor pursuing other duties with the same steady industry and perseverance that he displays when sitting in a petty criminal court. As Lord Mayor he is connected with all the civic boards that have to deal with the finances of the city; and he has to dispense the hospitality of the city to those persons whom it may care to honor. He is a member of the school board for London, an alderman of the City of London, a governor of the Princess Helena College and a governor of the United Westminster schools. Then again he is a governor of Queen Anne's Bounty and of the Royal Hospitals. Besides these he is a church warden of the historic church of St. Mary's Woolnoth, a prominent member of the ancient and honorable guild of Goldsmiths, a conservative and a member of the Primrose League.

So you can readily see that the Lord Mayor is far from being an idle man. Then on special occasions, such for instance, as the visit of a frisky monarch to London, the drafts which are made upon his time and energy and pocketbook are something enormous. In return he gets compensation in the way of a little extra glory, and in the shape perhaps of a decor-



PANELS OF THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH.

ation of some sort to have and to hold as a mark of the generosity of kings and queens. His show on Lord Mayor's day, when he is sworn into office, is a very costly affair, but he does not have to pay all the expenses of it. It is paid for on a sort of voluntary assessment plan by the Lord Mayor, the aldermen of the city, and the city guilds.

For all this, the Lord Mayor is paid \$5,000 per year, while to keep up anything like the dignity of the office he must spend at least \$25,000,—he can serve but one term of one year in duration. Most Lord Mayors indeed spend a good deal more than this, for they do not elect poor men to be Lord Mayors in London, and as the honor is considered a great one by London merchants, rich aldermen are willing to spend a deal of money once they reach the high position of chief magistrate of the city.

The present Lord Mayor is no exception to the rule. Indeed he has more than one reason to make his incumbency noted for generous display. He has been married but two years, and his wife is an exceedingly charming woman, with a gentle poise and a pleasant smile. She helped him not a little when the German Emperor was here, and since her husband has been in office, has more than kept up the reputation of that Mansion House for hospitality. Mr. Savory was a good while climbing to his present position. His father was a respectable business man in the goldsmith line. He mounted up by easy stages. He joined his father's guild and that gave him a start. Later he was elected a sheriff. Next he was elected an alderman to represent Langbourn. All this was done slowly, but once he became an alderman his way to the lord mayoralty was clear, providing he could live long enough. No one but an alderman can become Lord Mayor, and it is the aldermen who elect him. In accord-

ance with an old custom, if not a rule, it is the senior alderman who is each year elected, so once an alderman—you must be worth \$2,000 at least to be one—it is only a question of time, when you will be Lord Mayor. But many a good and worthy citizen of London has wearily waited for the years to roll round and has died before the time came, when his ambition would be satisfied.

The Lord Mayoralty of London is a very expensive one. The man who holds it yields comparatively little political power, and as a stepping stone to a higher position it is of no consequence. Indeed most Lord Mayors think there is no higher position, not even that of Prime Minister.

But Londoners hold the position of Lord Mayor in high respect because of its history. Of the 18 traditions that are connected with it. In a sense it represents the ancient as well as the present rights of the freemen of the city of London, rights that they have had to fight for, with varying results, for some eight centuries, and they have been sturdy fighters always, these men of old London town, and awfully tenacious. More than one king has seen fit to abolish the offices of Lord Mayor, alderman, sheriff and the like, and even to send the Lord Mayor to the Tower. But they always repented of it before they got through with the stubborn Londoners.

We have heard much of Magna Charta, the great charter of England wrested from false King John by his barons at Runnymede. But the charter of London was in existence before that time, and the freeman of London stood by the barons in that little difficulty. London got its charter from John's predecessor and brother, Richard I. Edward I. quarrelled with London about it, and eventually took the right of electing the Lord Mayor away from the city, and did the appointing himself. After a few years he was glad to go back to the old system of electing the Lord Mayor, and the freemen of London followed the examples of Edward and with like results. In 1411 of Guildhall was built, and it still stands, and the Lord Mayor is sworn in there every year in the most magnificent style.

Of course the Stuards did not like the independent ways of the citizens of London. Charles II. went so far as to get the King's Bench to declare the charter forfeited. But that decision did not stand, and the attacks of James upon the rights of the people were not more successful. George the First was the first of the sovereigns to assist the Lord Mayor's show out by his presence, and since that time it has been important.

Some radicals denounce the yearly show as being useless, expensive and childish. But the great part of London likes it. Some favor it because beer and food is plenty and free, some because at the banquet with which it concludes, the prime minister appears for the queen to explain what her government would like to do during the next year if it could, and some for the reason that they believe in keeping up good old customs. And so it goes.

There will not be a London Mayor's day for some time, so after seeing the Lord Mayor himself I went over and saw the next important feature of the pageant on Lord Mayor's day—the great state coach in which he rides to Guildhall. It is worth seeing, too.

This coach was built in 1757 and was first used in November of that year by Sir Charles Agill, Knight, Lord Mayor. It was built out of a fund made up by the aldermen personally and thereafter every alderman upon his election had to subscribe 60 pounds towards another fund to keep it in repair. Every Lord Mayor elected had to put up 100 pounds for the same purpose. Later the corporation took the affair in hand and now attend to the coach, so it looks well despite its age. No course it has been repaired from time to time and its present wheels are comparatively new—they were put on in 1828.

But the way it is gilded and carved and decorated and painted and bejewelled would surprise you. It must in a sense overpower the Lord Mayor, together with his chaplain, and sword bearer and mace bearer, when they ride on it on Lord Mayor's day. Nor is it any small affair either. It weighs three tons, 1,600 weight, and is drawn by six horses. The horses wear a superb state harness made in 1833. That on each horse weighs 100 pounds. Of course the Lord Mayor has a state coach of his own, and I was able to see that too, and it is a fine modern affair in green and gold and gilt and brass. It is decorated with the royal crown, with the arms of London, the arms of the Lord Mayor, the arms of the various guilds to which he belongs and other things. It must have cost Mr. Savory a pretty penny.

What They Played.

There lives in Boston a lady whose faith is firmly placed in the mind-cure, and who is endeavoring to get her children safely through the illnesses and aches of childhood by its means. If little Margaret tumbles on her face, or if she has the stomach-ache, she is told that there is nothing the matter with her, and that the pain is imaginary.

She is flattered whenever she says that she is ill, and assured that there is no such thing as illness save in the fancy, and it is not to be wondered at the child finds this rather cold comfort when she is not feeling well.

Margaret's favorite playmate is little Elsie, but one day Elsie remarked to her mother with a sigh:

"I don't have much fun playing with Margaret, mamma."

"Indeed, Elsie," her mother responded. "Why not?"

"Because, mamma, she never wants to play at anything but being sick. She says her mother will never let her be sick at all, and so she wants to play it all the time when she is here."

Never suffer youth to be an excuse for inadequacy, nor age and fame to be an excuse for indolence.—B. R. Haydon.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARNELL.

The Uncrowned King as Justin McCarthy Saw Him.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in giving his personal recollections of Mr. Parnell, includes a description of the man's real nature and his political life, which will be a decided revelation to the majority of the people; and at the same time the famous author and statesman treats the memory of his late friend and political opponent tenderly and expresses the greatest admiration for his better qualities.

Mr. McCarthy tells how, three weeks since, he and Mr. Parnell sat talking together until 8 o'clock in the morning. They discussed business and many things, avoiding politics and all topics upon which they were at odds.

"Mr. Parnell," smoked a cigar or two, of his own peculiar and mild flavor, during that time, declining mine, which I offered him.

"You," he said, "are a hardened smoker of long cigars."

"He," he added, "enjoyed milder tobacco, and enjoyed it mildly."

"He looked wasted. His eyes shone with an ominous glitter, telling of overstrained nerves and ill health; but he would not admit that anything was wrong with him. He was certainly in good spirits. He had to catch the train to Holyhead at 7.15 the same morning, on his way to Dublin, whither he was going."

"I shan't sleep much tonight," he said. "I asked him if he was not overworking himself. He answered, smiling, that he thought it did him good."

"He always seemed to neglect himself with reckless disregard of his health, if he were absorbed in any subject. Such details as breakfast and dinner were omitted. He started in life with a splendid physical framework, to all appearances, yet he was constitutionally weak. He was much given to many sports until his later years, when he abandoned all exercise except his daily ride."

"Mr. Parnell was not fond of reading, except books on the applied sciences, and the result was that he was not a cultured man. He often told me that his great ambition in life was to be absolutely out of politics and to devote himself to the development of the industrial resources of his own property and of the Irish counties. He knew nothing of literature, and the popular books of our day were quite unknown to him."

"He was extremely nervous and shy and reserved. People fancied that he was proud and cold, because he could not thaw down to the atmosphere of the commonplace. In the house of commons he passed for a man of iron nerve, but I have often seen how his hands trembled behind his back, where he held them clasped in a nervous tension whenever he was speaking on a momentous subject. He could force himself over any fence which he was determined to jump, but each effort of that sort drained his nerve power beyond what he could spare."

"He told me that he gave up putting questions in the commons because he could not stand the strain of waiting until the time came to be called. He was firmly convinced that he was a very bad speaker. I once tried to encourage him in this particular, but he shook his head and replied:

"The fact is, I hate public speaking so much, and this alone shows that I have no capacity for it. Every man enjoys doing what he knows he does well."

"I reminded him that John Bright hated public speaking, whereupon he responded:

"If I could speak like Bright I would speak every night of my life."

"Mr. Parnell always shrank from the society of London. He thought that the English people disliked him. He told me in a sympathetic way which was one of his most winning characteristics in his intercourse with his personal friends."

"I don't like to be disliked among my intimate associates."

"He was a sweet, genial and delightful host. Although he was rigidly abstemious, and absolutely indifferent to the delights of eating and drinking, it gave him the utmost pleasure to arrange a capital dinner, with the best wines, for his guests, and in this part of a host's duties he was particularly happy."

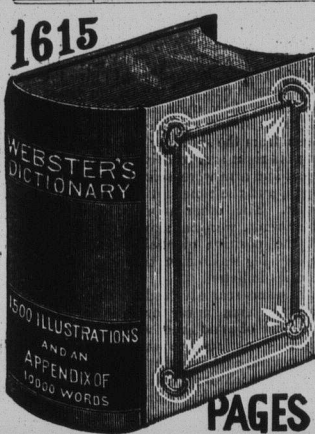
"I have heard him accused of coldness and haughtiness, and with assuming imperious ways toward the members of his party. Perhaps he behaved in this manner toward some of the more violent, talkative and impulsive of the Irish party, but I never saw anything of the sort. On the contrary, the youngest and most obscure of the members of the parliamentary party could address him at any moment, certain of being received with frank and cordial familiarity. He was absolutely free from affectation."

"Recently he made tremendous mistakes," said Mr. McCarthy, "but, as Dr. Johnson tenderly said about Goldsmith:

"He will do so no more."

A Chinese Country Home.

A Chinese farm house is a curious looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathered bamboo and thick spreading banyans. The walls are of clay and wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room extending from the floor to the tiled roof with closet looking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof made out of oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons and a litter of pigs, all living together in happy harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands houses are strongly fortified with high walls, containing apertures for firearms and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge. With grain, swine and a well under his roof the farmer and his men might hold out against a year's siege.—*Jerish Messenger.*

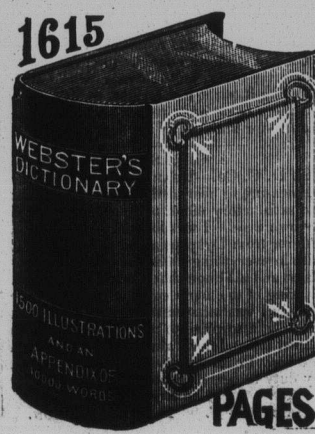


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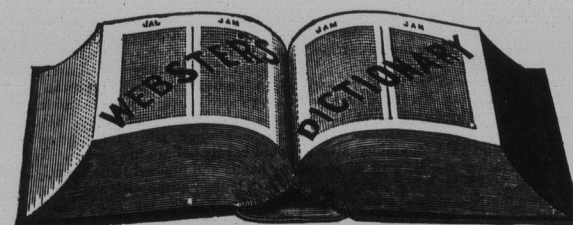
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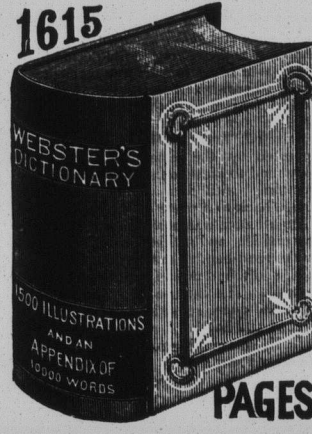
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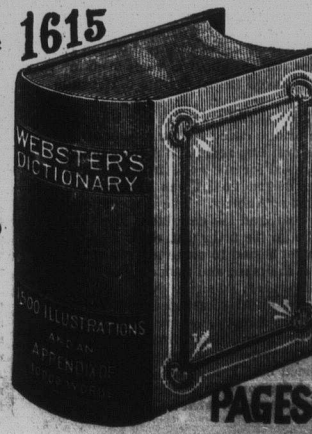


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