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J. Benjamin Stone.

SIR
BENJAMIN STONE'S
PICTURES

RECORDS OF NATIONAL LIFE AND HISTORY

Reproduced from the Collection of
Photographs made by

SIR BENJAMIN STONE, M.P.

VOL. I.

FESTIVALS, CEREMONIES, AND CUSTOMS

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INTRODUCTION.

IN this Selection of Sir BENJAMIN STONE'S Pictures will be revealed the treasures of a Collection which, for size, variety, completeness, and general interest and value, has never been paralleled. To Sir BENJAMIN STONE photography is not a hobby: it is a passion; and that passion has made him a national personality and altogether dwarfed the enormous amount of work he has done in other directions. But while photography is his mistress, he has always used it wisely and as a means to a well-defined end—to leave to posterity a permanent pictorial record of contemporary life, to portray for the benefit of future generations the manners and customs, the festivals and pageants, the historic buildings and places of our own time. It was solely with this object that he began to form his huge collection; and it is solely with this object that he adds to it almost daily. For forty years he has, to use his own words, aimed at showing those who will succeed us, “not only the buildings—the places which have a history or are beautiful in themselves—but the everyday life of the people.”

Sir BENJAMIN STONE would be the first to admit, however, that he has consistently avoided the commonplace and the unimportant. Indeed, he would never have practised photography at all had it been possible to purchase the kind of pictures he wanted. Such pictures did not come within the scope of commercial photography, nor, wide as that is at the present time, do they now; for, if the professional worker could devote the time to them, he could not obtain the requisite facilities for taking them. There is the great, the insurmountable obstacle. Because, then, money would not buy the records that Sir BENJAMIN STONE needed, he determined to make his own, and for this purpose became an expert in photography.

This circumstance alone is a sufficient attestation of the unexampled and wonderfully interesting nature of the collection of pictures from which a comprehensive Selection—the first yet made—will be reproduced in this work. But it must be remembered that Sir BENJAMIN STONE has had very exceptional opportunities for carrying out his great task. The conditions have been perfect—ideal. Busy though his life has been, he has for twoscore years had leisure to devote to his monumental undertaking. For long, too, invitations have been borne to him on the four winds from people interested in that undertaking to photograph

a quaint custom, a rare curio, or an historic building, and when he has accepted them he has been an honoured guest everywhere, and all possible assistance has been rendered him in accomplishing his purpose.

Important, however, as have been these factors in his success, his position has doubtless been even more so. It has greatly facilitated the carrying out of his self-imposed task. He has interested the whole House of Commons in his work, and consequently everybody is pleased to help him, going so far, in many cases, as to obtain him the *entrée* to a place which is sacrosanct, and barred to the ordinary photographer. He has become, in fact, a Parliamentary institution.

And Sir BENJAMIN STONE has not neglected his opportunities, but, on the contrary, utilised them to the full. He has rambled all over England—which nobody knows better than he—in quest of subjects, and has secured very many which are the despair, mainly because they are so jealously guarded, of all other camera men, amateur and professional alike; he has secured photographic records of numerous picturesque festivals and curious customs, often having left the House in the evening, travelled all night, photographed some annual ceremony on the following day, spent another night in the train, and been back in his place at the next sitting of the Commons; and since he was returned to Parliament he has photographed, not only the House in detail, but the Members, customs, pageants, and ceremonies, as well as numbers of great State functions.

Nothing has ever come amiss to him. Leaving out of account his work abroad—and he has taken pictures of the eclipse of the sun in Brazil, a revolution in South America, the great earthquake in Japan, and of nearly every phase of life in a dozen countries—he has photographed a custom at dawn on a cold grey November morning and a kaleidoscopic, glittering pageant on which the sun has beat with tropical intensity. From an oil painting worth “recording” he has turned to a street scene; from a treasured tapestry to a beggar’s dole; from a palace to a dungeon. His “sitters” have been of all degrees, from the Prime Minister to a beggar, from a great foreign potentate to the poorest of his subjects. His exposures have ranged from a fraction of a second to twenty-four hours. No scene, no building, no object, no person, has baffled him.

A concrete proof of his great enthusiasm and amazing industry is that his pictures number between twenty and thirty thousand! Of the Houses of Parliament and their Members he has one thousand; of Windsor Castle several hundred; of the Tower of London six hundred; and of King Edward’s Coronation three hundred. Many of Sir BENJAMIN STONE’s negatives, moreover, are not only the best, but the only ones of their several subjects, since they are of scenes of an evanescent nature—scenes which can never recur—or of buildings or objects which only he has photographed.

That the Collection is highly important as well as large is demonstrated by the official recognition it has received. More than 1,200 of Sir BENJAMIN STONE’S beautiful prints, all made by one of the permanent processes, are stored in the British Museum, and form the

most valuable part of the "survey" of the whole country now in course of making by the National Photographic Record Association, of which Sir BENJAMIN STONE is the founder and President. Another batch—300 in number—was accorded a place of honour at the St. Louis Exhibition; and in recognition of the technical merit, historic value, and great interest of these pictures, Sir BENJAMIN STONE was given the premier award, a "grand prize." A still later instance of the high store set by competent authorities upon his work occurred in connection with the visit of French naval officers to Westminster, the Parliamentary pictures chosen by the Reception Committee for reproduction in the splendid souvenir presented to our guests being those taken by him.

Such is the Collection—vast, monumental, free from the trash that is born of vain attempts to exhaust the obvious, the wonder and admiration of all who know it—to be drawn upon and creamed for this work. While it will appeal specially to some classes of the community, it has been planned for all. Those photographers who glory in the name of "record men" will be delighted with the work of one whose name and achievements are so familiar to them; folk-lorists and lovers of old customs, ceremonies, and festivals (in which of late years there has been a marked revival of popular interest) will find in it the most perfect pictures obtainable of such observances; people who live in the towns and villages where ancient customs and festivals survive will, by its "records," have their local patriotism stimulated, and their resolution strengthened still further to draw out those links with the past; and politicians will—and may—look with confidence to the work for a more striking presentment of Parliamentary customs and institutions, personalities and places, than has ever before been published.

But, particularly interesting and valuable though this Selection of Sir BENJAMIN STONE'S pictures will be to these sections of society, it will be attractive to everybody. For it will treat of subjects that are near us and concern us, and treat of them in the best and most realistic way—by means of absolutely "unfaked" photographs. It is impossible, as Sir BENJAMIN STONE has often said with perfect truth, for the best-written description to convey to the imagination so accurate an impression of a scene or an object as that given by a photograph. The one is interpreted according to the mental capacity of the reader; the other is the same to every eye.

The work will depict—not necessarily, or even generally, in one view, but in as many as may be necessary—all kinds of customs and festivals, even some of those which take place only once or twice in a lifetime, and will carry the mind in rapid succession to quaint old Knutsford, historic Lichfield, Shakespeare's Land, the upper reaches of the Thames, Inverness, Hungerford, the Isle of Man, the pretty Derbyshire village of Tissington, and many another spot. Thus it will bring before the vision with actuality and clearness some phases of our national life of which few of us can hope to be eye-witnesses. Dealing with London, it will illustrate some of the remarkable ceremonies which take place in the Great City. The distribution of Maundy Money, the tossing of the pancake at Westminster School, the quaint

and ancient formalities at the Tower—such picturesque remnants of “Merrie England” will be revealed as in a mirror, only with more fidelity. Of some of these deeply interesting survivals, the pictures taken by Sir BENJAMIN STONE are unique.

Next will come a series of Sir BENJAMIN STONE’S superb Parliamentary pictures, the work which has crowned his reputation. His photographs portray Cabinet Ministers, Members, and officials as they are, and not as the “retoucher” makes them appear, and give a remarkable survey of Parliamentary ceremonies and customs, of the House at work, and of everything known by repute to the newspaper reader, but unknown to him personally.

Summing up the work as a whole, it may be truly described as a panoramic record of National Life and History, with the trivial and the ugly omitted; and it is precisely for this reason that it will be of interest and permanent value to the public generally, because it will add to everybody’s knowledge of the country that we love.

Finally, the work, with its brief but adequate descriptive notes, prepared by competent authorities, will be arranged on such a plan that it can be turned to in odd moments as well as for sustained entertainment, and, as its scope is new, so also will be its contents from cover to cover. “What is new,” runs the old saw, “is not true, and what is true is not new.” “SIR BENJAMIN STONE’S PICTURES” will be found both new and true.

INTRODUCTION.

PARLIAMENT is an institution of inexhaustible human interest. Centuries old, and yet perennially young—renewing its youth as it does every four or five years,—to paraphrase the fine and familiar saying, age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety, is but speaking the simple truth. Think of the sharp contrasts of temperament, of contradictions of opinion, of dissimilarities in aims, aspirations, and ideals, to be found in an assembly of 670 Members of all sorts and conditions, selected from every part of the Kingdom, from all classes, from most of the professions and callings, and thus reflecting completely the diverse life and character, the very image, of the nation! Think also of the great part that Parliament has played for centuries, and is still playing, in the political and social movements of humanity. Issues of the greatest magnitude, of the highest national concern, are there decided. Is there any other place in the world where more things are done **that** are destined to be remembered in history?

Hitherto the public has only been able to gratify its natural curiosity with regard to the national Legislature from the outside. Conservatism, or opposition to change, has always been a characteristic of the regulations and customs of the Houses of Parliament. No one has been allowed till now to unveil their mysteries from the inside. The same feeling that in earlier times made Parliament a secret debating society, holding the terrors of the pillory over the head of the newspaper editor that dared to publish a report of its proceedings, induced it in later years rigorously to exclude the camera from its precincts. But, happily, Parliamentary red tape has untied itself, and Parliamentary officialdom has unlocked all its doors before Sir BENJAMIN STONE'S zeal and enterprise, his intense interest in the Legislature and its ways; his affection and admiration for it not only as a Member, but as a citizen; and his enthusiasm for the historical and the antiquarian. The most sacred places of the Palace of Westminster; the most intimate ceremonies of Parliament; the most notable personages of the House of Commons, stand revealed through his camera.

It will be noticed that most of the portraits, and most of the groups, in this selection of "SIR BENJAMIN STONE'S PICTURES" have as a background a fine gateway. This gives entrance from the Terrace to the vast subterranean passages of the Houses of Parliament. Here on this spot, well lighted and convenient, has stood Sir BENJAMIN STONE'S camera, ever ready, Session after Session, for many years. Members got to be deeply interested in the work of

their colleague, as they began to recognise its value from the historical and Parliamentary point of view. They readily acceded to his request to allow themselves to be photographed.

A little story may be told in illustration of this eagerness to assist Sir BENJAMIN STONE, and, at the same time, of the friendly relations that often exist between Members of the House of Commons as wide apart as the poles in their political opinions. As Mr. Chamberlain was being photographed Mr. Michael Davitt appeared on the Terrace. "Has Mr. Davitt been taken?" asked Mr. Chamberlain. "No, I have not got him yet," replied Sir Benjamin Stone. "Then, I'll go and ask him myself," said Mr. Chamberlain. In a few minutes the Colonial Secretary of the Unionist Government, and the most powerful opponent of Home Rule, led the famous Nationalist leader and agitator, with much joking and laughter, before the camera.

It was not a formal "sitting" for a portrait which Members were asked to undergo. It was a pleasant, easeful "standing." Just as Sir BENJAMIN STONE never retouches his plates, by smoothing out the wrinkles, altering the shape of a nose, rounding off the angles of a chin, so also the preliminary operations of the professional photographer, the posing in a chair, the fixing of the head in a clamp, are dispensed with. The subject stands before the camera, and in a flash he is taken. It is the real man, with all his natural perfections crowding thick upon him, that we see.

With a very few exceptions, the portraits are full length, and not mere busts. Clothing often helps to the realisation of character. In any case, it is just as interesting to see the boots or shoes of a man as his collar and tie. They are also full-faced portraits. The subject looks you straight in the eye, not with the evasive glance of ordinary portraiture. In these likenesses, therefore, we have visualised for us the real personalities of Parliament, without resort to the transfiguring tricks of the professional photographer. We see the Members exactly as they appear when going about on their ordinary business or addressing the House. There is Mr. Chamberlain, as cool and confident as when he is delivering one of his vivid expositions of fiscal policy. Mr. Arthur Balfour is shown grasping the lapels of his frock-coat. To those who have heard the Conservative leader in the House, this picture will recall his favourite attitude as he stands at the table. We see also Mr. T. M. Healy exactly as he is when addressing the Chamber, passing without an effort from the tenderest pathos to the keenest sarcasm, from rollicking humour to solemn appeal. The great merit of these portraits is that they are all genuine and not retouched; and they are all the more artistic because of their actuality. We have got not only the men, but—with a few exceptions—their signatures. The different types of handwriting afford as curious a study as the different types of personality. A few of the Members included in the collection are dead. They were all distinguished in different ways, but they are given specially because they help to a realisation of the representative character of the House of Commons in humanity.

The collection covers a wide range of Parliamentary incidents as well as of Parliamentary personalities. In illustration of the visitors who come from all the ends of the earth to see the House of Commons—just like the pilgrims of old to a far-famed shrine—there are portraits of the Sultan of Perak, the Katikiro of Uganda, and of the famous pigmies from

the forests of Central Africa. It has been found impossible to photograph the House of Commons in session. But we are enabled to see what the House in Committee of Supply is like. Perhaps the most historic ceremony to be witnessed in Parliament is Black Rod going to summon the Commons to the House of Lords. We are privileged to see him, through Sir BENJAMIN STONE'S camera, not only on his way through the lobbies, but actually knocking for admission at the door of the House of Commons, which, in accordance with immemorial custom, has been shut in his face. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of this picture from the historical point of view.

Nor is the many-sided social life of Parliament forgotten. We are introduced to the private quarters of Members—their smoking and dining rooms—where no “stranger” is allowed to intrude. We see, too, the famous Terrace in various aspects, as a lounge for Members—its original purpose—and in its later development as an exclusive Society resort.

In this collection of pictures, for which we are indebted to the enterprise and public spirit of Sir BENJAMIN STONE, we have, therefore, depicted some of the rarest and most interesting features, incidents, and personages of Parliament. It does not, of course, pretend to be exhaustive. How could it, in view of the immensity and variety of the subject? But it is notably representative of the varying types of the Nation's legislators, of the chief officers of both Houses, of the architectural beauties of the Palace of Westminster, old and new, of the quaint and old-world ceremonies and customs of Parliament, of the strange and notable visitors from far-off lands. Its most marked characteristic is that it is an all-round collection, of compelling and permanent interest, from which it is possible to gain that intimate acquaintance with the life and usages of Parliament which cannot adequately be obtained from the newspaper reports.

The deeper significance of Sir BENJAMIN STONE'S photographs is that they tend to excite not only a freshened sense of interest in the human side of Parliament, but an accession of admiration and affection for it, as the representative assembly of the people, as the supreme authority in the land, as the instrument by which, taking it all in all, so much has been done for humanity, justice, and freedom. It is, indeed, a place of absorbing interest, this historic temple of British liberties, with its sacred memories and heart-stirring associations; the scene of glorious achievements in oratory and statesmanship, the place where questions affecting the well-being of the community are determined, and the field upon which the great and exciting duel between Parties is fought at close quarters. Thus it is that going through this collection of Parliamentary scenes and portraits should prove not a delight only, but a lesson.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

CORBY POLE FAIR.

I. A TOLL GATE.

ONCE every twenty years the people of Corby, in Northamptonshire, hold a unique fair in commemoration of a charter granted to them by Queen Elizabeth in 1585 and confirmed by Charles II. in 1682.

Preparations for the event begin months in advance, culminating in general activity during the last week. Two sets of stocks are set up, the streets decorated with strings of bunting, arches of evergreens erected, the houses of the leading inhabitants gaily ornamented, and, finally, all the roads leading into the village are barricaded.

These barriers, notwithstanding that they extend such greetings as "Welcome to our Fair," fulfil the usual office of such obstructions—prevent the ingress of visitors who do not pay a toll. Once the fair has been proclaimed, all who pass through the gates are expected to take a "toll ticket," for which some coin (the value is optional) must be paid; and should any ticketless person subsequently be found within the limits of Corby, he is promptly "poled" and then placed in the stocks, there to remain till he pays toll.

For this special occasion the "free list is entirely suspended"; everybody must give something, however little, towards the funds.



St. Helena, 1904

CORBY POLE FAIR.

II. THE CHAIRMAN, WITH THE CHARTER.

AFTER the fair has been proclaimed—the last occasion was at the early hour of 4.15 on Whit-Monday morning, 1902—several ceremonies are carried out with much precision. A procession is formed, with a band at the head, and with the organisers' leaders seated in chairs attached to poles, which are borne on the shoulders of some of the men. The village is then perambulated in state, halts being made at the stocks and the principal entrances for the purpose of reading the charter—a duty which is performed by the chairman.

This grant proves that Elizabeth highly favoured the men of Corby. By it they were freed from town and bridge tolls throughout the kingdom—no inconsiderable boon in those days—as well as from serving in the militia and on juries. Of course the villagers do not now claim such rights. They are quite content to fulfil their obligations in the same way as other citizens. But by holding a fête every twentieth Whit-Monday they celebrate the granting of the charter which exempted their forefathers from some of the irksome taxes and duties of mediæval England.



CORBY POLE FAIR.

III. IN THE STOCKS.

THE last halt made by the procession is at the stocks, which differ from most of such relics in that they contain five holes, as against the ordinary four or six. Where five-holed stocks still exist there is much speculation, particularly on the part of the rising generation, as to the reason for the odd opening, and the most popular theory is that it was provided for the one-legged tippler and disturber of the public peace! The explanation, however, is simple. It lies in the fact that persons placed in the stocks were not of necessity confined by both legs.

When the procession reaches the stocks, the officials who have been borne shoulder high through the village are clapped in them, and so detained till they have paid toll. This is a sudden turning of the tables; but the victims are solaced with a glass of ale, which is drawn for them by a functionary specially told off for this duty.



CORBY POLE FAIR.

IV. "CHAIRING" AND "POLEING" VISITORS.

THE leaders of the fair having been duly imprisoned, people are seized indiscriminately and carried off in triumph to the stocks, some mounted in chairs, and others, much more uncomfortably, astride a pole or "stang."

This observance is a survival of "riding the stang," one of those ancient punishments designed to awaken shame in a delinquent by exposing him to public ridicule. It is not yet extinct, though in most counties only an incidental part of it—"rough music"—has come down to our own times. Of old, the offender was made to ride a pole, and was, in addition, serenaded by a number of indignant villagers, who created an ear-splitting din by beating on frying pans and other kitchen utensils, using pan lids as cymbals, rattling together fire shovels and tongs, and, generally, pressing into service anything capable of making a discordant sound.

But the custom in its entirety has practically died out, "rough music" alone, as we have said, remaining as a means by which a community shows its indignation at wife-beating, marital unfaithfulness, shrewishness, and other scandalous conduct. An authentic case of "riding the stang" was recorded so late as 1862.

"Chairing" and "poleing" visitors form the last distinctive custom of Corby Pole Fair. Except for the amusement which may be created by placing a ticketless visitor in the stocks, the rest of the festival is a rural fête on a large scale. Feasting and merry-making speed the laughing hours, and there are a thousand reminders that "it only comes once in twenty years."



PICKING UP SIXPENCES AT SMITHFIELD.

ONE of the most curious of the many ceremonies connected with tombs takes place in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, on Good Friday morning. In this brick-and-mortar-environed burial ground there is a flat tombstone thickly encrusted with London's grime and broken in three places; and round it gather twenty-one widows, with the church officials and a few spectators.

Stepping out of the group, a churchwarden places on the stone some new sixpences, whereupon one of the women comes forward, kneels, and picks up one of the coins. On rising she receives a hot-cross bun from another gentleman, who then assists her to walk over the stone. As she retires the second widow takes her place, and so the ceremony proceeds till all the old ladies have crossed the stone. Subsequently each is presented with half-a-crown, though this is a modern addition to the dole, the gift of generous churchwardens.

Of the origin of the custom practically nothing is definitely known. Traditionally, it began in consequence of a bequest by one whose remains lie underneath the stone on which the new sixpences are placed—an explanation which is not improbable, since at one time there was a passing craze for bestowing charity subject to the observance of certain conditions by the graveside. At all events, the Good Friday ceremony at Smithfield has been performed regularly for centuries.



KNUTSFORD MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

I. THE MORRIS DANCERS.

NOWHERE, perhaps, is May Day celebrated more prettily than at Knutsford. Revived in the quaint old Cheshire town (Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford") in the early sixties, the festival of Maia and of Flora has ever since been the principal event of the year in the local calendar.

Long before the earliest visitors arrive the townsfolk begin "sanding" their two main streets—an observance reserved for special occasions, such as the May festival, a wedding, or a royal visit. "Sanding," which is peculiar to Knutsford, consists in forming hearts, crowns, true lovers' knots, and other designs, some of them much more elaborate, with sand as it runs through a funnel. For weddings homely mottoes are added to the devices, as :

"Long may they live, and happy may they be,
Blest with content and from misfortune free."

Two colours of sand are used, brown and white; and the effect produced is very curious.

It was in connection with weddings, according to tradition, that the custom originated. A plan was introduced of making such known by sweeping the street in front of the house of the bride's father, and sprinkling it with sand. Then the "sanding" gradually extended, till now it covers two streets.

Later in the morning, as the time for the procession draws nigh, one-half the town is busily engaged in dressing the other half. The Morris Dancers, who—headed by the master of ceremonies on horseback—make a brave show in their snow-white shirts and floral chaplets, require a good deal of attention, and even more, of course, has to be given to the large number of children who take part in the procession.



KNUTSFORD MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

II. THE CHILDREN.

MANY characters do the children represent ; indeed, their number and variety astonish most visitors. Besides many of a stock type, it is customary to have a novel set every year. Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Boy Blue, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, and other fairy tale heroes and heroines; milkmaids, gleaners, shepherdesses, historical personages, a group of Spanish ladies, representatives of the seasons—these and the like are repeated every year.

But every May brings forth new figures as well. At one festival the novelty consisted of a group of characters from “Cranford”—a very happy idea; and some years ago there was introduced a set of chess figures in red and white.



Elizabeth Taylor - The Great Day

KNUTSFORD MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

III. THE QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS.

THE procession starts from the Town Hall, and is at times nearly a mile long. At the end of the long train comes the uncrowned Queen in a carriage, preceded by the Sword Bearer, the Sceptre Bearer, the Crown Bearer, ladies-in-waiting, etc., and followed by the pages, train bearers, maids of honour, and a body of Beefeaters.

She who is the principal figure in the procession is to be "Queen of the May," by virtue of a ballot of the Committee. Formerly the Queen was always a scholar at the parish school, the Crown being given as a reward for regular attendance, as it still is in most places where the May festival is held; but now she is chosen by the votes of the ladies and gentlemen who manage the celebration.

The Crown, it should be noted, is literally given to the girl of their choice. A new one is purchased every year, and this becomes the property of the maid on whose head it is placed.



KNUTSFORD MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

IV. CROWNING THE QUEEN.

AFTER making a circuit of the town, with bands playing and banners flying, the procession proceeds to the fine expanse known as the Heath, where, in the presence of an enormous crowd of spectators from Manchester, Liverpool, and other towns, the Coronation takes place with elaborate ceremonial.

The Queen having ascended the Throne, the Crown Bearer advances with obeisance at every third step. She then rises, whereupon he takes the diadem from the purple cushion he bears, and places it on her head, saying :

“ I crown thee Queen of the May ! ”

After he has retired backwards, the Sceptre Bearer steps forward, and, proceeding to the Throne with a series of bows, invests the Queen with the symbol of royal power. Upon this the children sing the crowning song.

This concludes the ceremony, but not the festival. Old English revels follow, including a dance round the Maypole and the Morris Dance, which is seldom omitted from a Cheshire festival ; and it is late in the afternoon when the Queen descends from the Throne.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON MOP.

I. STANDING FOR HIRE.

THOUGH Stratford Mop, said to be the largest statute fair in England, has almost lost its original character, it retains some of its old features, and is still regarded by the agricultural class in the district as the chief holiday of the year.

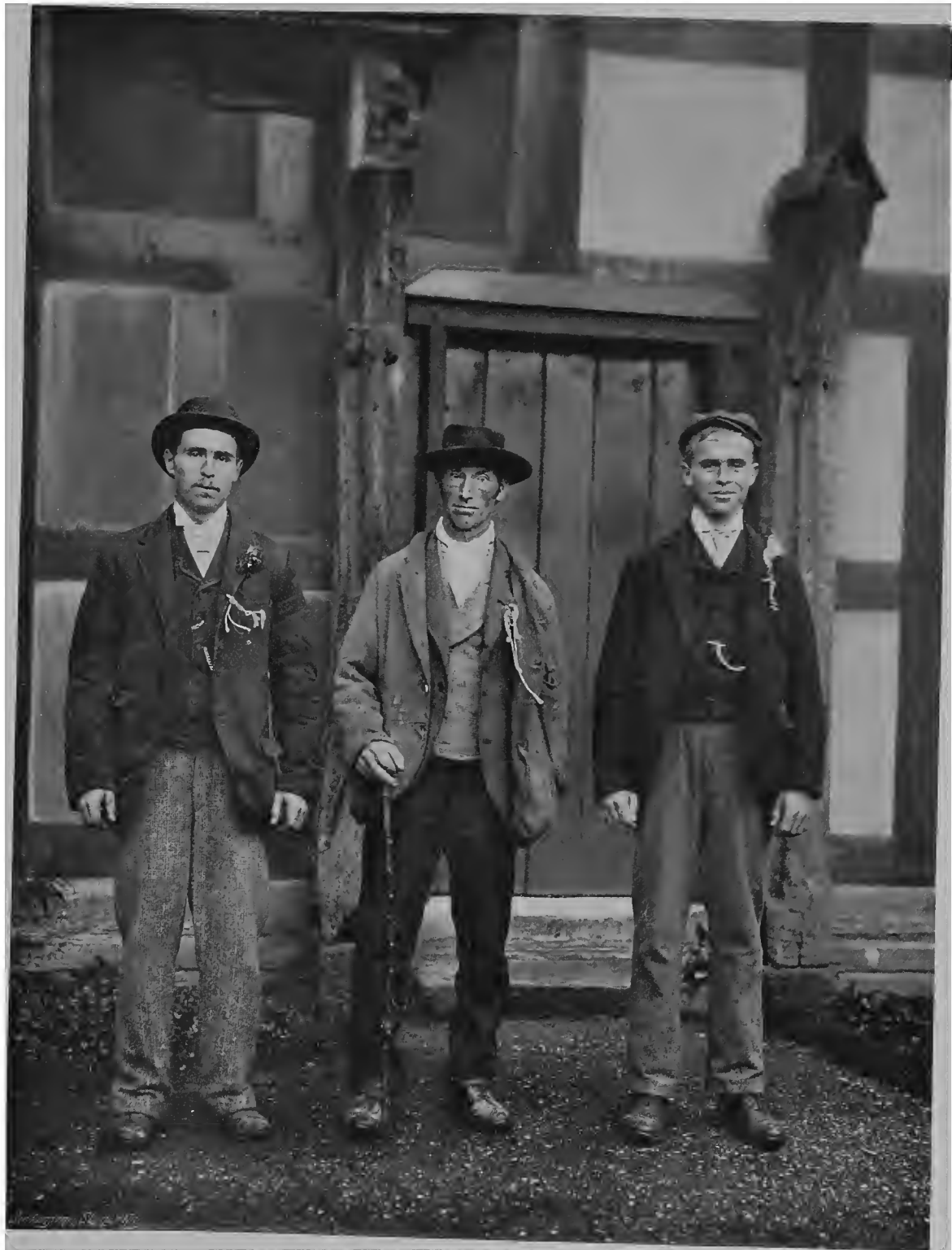
It is one of the few remaining fairs at which a custom nearly as old as the hills is still carried out—the custom mentioned in the Cumberland ballad :

“ At Caryl (Carlisle) I stuid wi’ a strae i’ my mooth ;
The weyves com’ roun’ me in custers.
‘ What weage dus te ax, canny lad ? ’ ses yen.”

So men commonly stood for hire in the days of ancient Rome, and down through the centuries till quite recently. Even in London, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, there were recognised markets—Cheapside and Charing Cross—for men in the building trade, who carried their respective tools as a badge or mark of their particular occupation.

The custom was general at hiring fairs. Except, however, at Stratford, Banbury—where grooms carry a bit of straw in their buttonhole, shepherds a twist of wool, carters a length of whipcord—and a few other places, it is now extinct. At Stratford the demand for whipcord, the trade mark of the carter, is such that men hawk it in the street. But even in Shakespeare’s town the maids, who formerly stood for hire like the men, now resort to the registry office.

Several derivations are given of the word “mop.” The mop seems to have been at one time a second hiring fair, at which the refuse from the first was mopped or swept up.

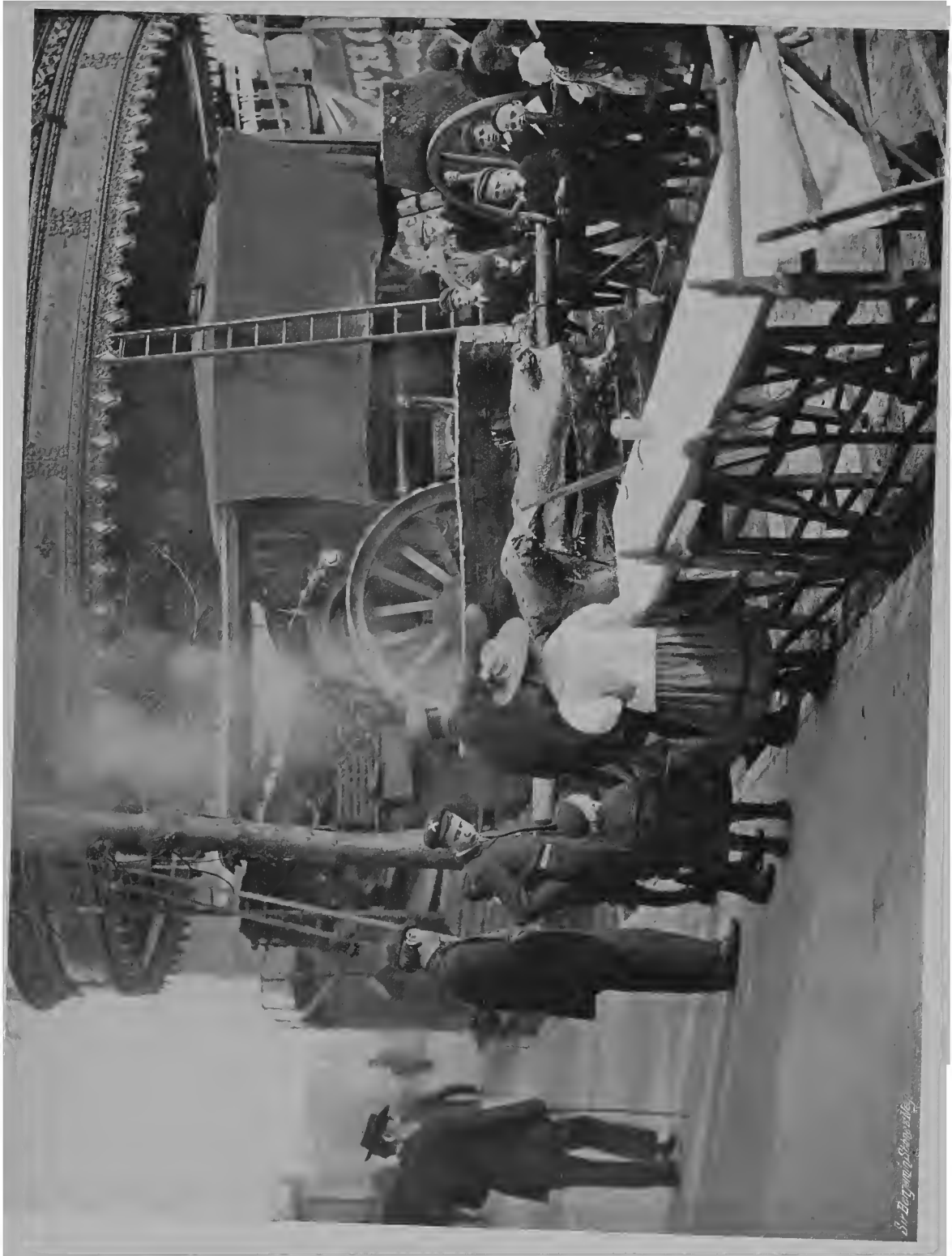


STRATFORD-ON-AVON MOP.

II. AN OX ROAST.

THE barbecue, that great feature of English merry-making in the olden time, also survives at the Stratford Mop. Both oxen and pigs are roasted whole in the open air. Sometimes there are as many as a dozen improvised cooking ranges, with tables in front laid with plates, knives, forks, etc., and a crowd awaiting their turn for a helping from the sizzling carcass.

Very large is the quantity of meat thus sold, five or six oxen and about a dozen fat porkers being cut up for the hungry holiday-makers.



St. Elizabeth's Hospital

STRATFORD-ON-AVON MOP.

III. DANCING THE "HAY."

No less interesting an institution at the Mop is the hay, a dance which probably took place at every rural fair in Shakespeare's time. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*. When arrangements are being made for the Pageant of the Nine Worthies, Constable Dull says, "I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay." To this Holofernes rejoins, "Most dull, honest Dull!" Again, in Buckingham's burlesque, *The Rehearsal*, the Earth, the Sun, and the Moon are made to dance the hey (hay) to the tune of "Trenchmore."

The most probable derivation of the word hay is from the French *haie*, a hedge, the dancers standing in two rows, as at the Stratford Mop, being likened to hedges. But the hay was danced in a circle as well as in line. According to an old direction, "the performers stood in a circle at first, and then wound round, handing in passing until they came to their places."

Stratford Mop, therefore, is one of the best examples we have of the old hiring fair, and helps to keep alive some of the customs of Shakespeare's England.



5/17 1917 Camp, Camp, May

SWAN UPPING ON THE THAMES.

I. THE MEET.

FROM the earliest times the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames has been jealously guarded, and the birds have been protected with the utmost strictness. Even now that privilege is enjoyed exclusively by two of the Livery Companies of the City of London—the Dyers and the Vintners—no other body or person, except the Crown, owning any swans on the river.

The Vintners have enjoyed this right from time immemorial. There is a record of it dated 1509, when certain expenses are set down for the upping of swans. Equally ancient, probably, is the Dyers' privilege; but when it was granted cannot be traced. Their record to the "game of swans," indeed, seems to have been lost.

While, of course, the privilege is no longer of any practical value, as it was when swans were sent to table and were used in river pageants, it is nevertheless highly esteemed; and once a year the Dyers' herdsman, accompanied by those of the Vintners and his Majesty, make an expedition to the upper reaches of the Thames for upping—or marking—purposes.

The party occupy a flotilla of row boats, the sterns of which are adorned with flags. A large white ensign, bearing a gilt crown and the letters "E.R.," with the device of a swan, is displayed by the Crown boat; while the Dyers' and Vintners' craft have blue and red flags respectively, also emblazoned with swans. As a further indication of the object of the voyage, the watermen of the City companies sport swan quills in their hatbands.



SWAN UPPING ON THE THAMES.

II. "NICKING" OR MARKING.

FOR several days subsequently all the reaches and tributaries are carefully searched for the birds. As they are found the boats form a semicircle round them, gradually close in, and force them to the side, where they are caught, usually by the legs. Both legs are then turned up on top of their wings, tied there, and they become helpless. After that they can be laid on the bank or handled anyhow.

The actual nicking, which is practised on the cygnets only, consists in making scratches on the upper mandible with an ordinary pocket knife. Though the cuts are not very deep, they never fill up or wear off.



SWAN UPPING ON THE THAMES.

III. EXAMINING THE OLD BIRDS.

THE old birds—which have become so used to the annual ordeal that they take it quite calmly—are merely examined, as they have been marked in previous years.

Until comparatively recent times the swan marks were rather elaborate. They were continued in use till the year 1878, when the swanherds were prosecuted by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on the ground that they caused unnecessary pain. Then, notwithstanding that the prosecution failed, the marks were simplified.

The Vintners' old emblem is commemorated in the inn sign, the "Swan with Two Necks." This is a corruption of the "Swan with Two Nicks." It was commonly, and very appropriately, used by such of the Vintners as were tavern keepers, and then adopted by other caterers for public refreshment.

It is necessary to "nick" the swans, because all the birds not marked are considered to belong to the Crown. Nobody can have a swan mark except by order of the Sovereign, and the possession of such has always been regarded as indicative of high rank and dignity. Nevertheless, the Constable of the Tower formerly had the right to "lift," or annex, all swans which came below bridge.



THE HORN DANCE, ABBOTS BROMLEY.

I. ALL THE CHARACTERS.

WHEN Henry III. granted the "Charta de Foresta" there was great rejoicing in some parts of England. Previous monarchs had afforested such vast areas that the greater part of the country had become forest, and this circumstance, coupled with the very severe penalties imposed for offences connected with the chase, had bred much discontent among the people. The charter restored to them large tracts of land, as well as mitigated the barbarous punishments, mutilation and death being forbidden; and consequently it was hailed with joy, and celebrated with a dramatic form of dance, which was performed in the characters of stags and huntsmen.

This dance formerly took place at several towns in Staffordshire, and remains the distinctive feature of the wakes at Abbots Bromley, on the borders of the once great forest of Needwood, where there is an almost continuous record of it for centuries.

The characters in the dance are very curious. Most wear spotted breeches of uniform pattern, and carry a large pair of reindeer's horns mounted on a short pole. These horns, of the early history of which practically nothing is known, are the same as those described by Dr. Plot two hundred and twenty years ago. At one time, according to the historian, they were painted with the arms of the principal landowners—a statement confirmed to some extent by the traces of paint still on them.

THE HORN DANCE, ABBOTS BROMLEY.

II. FOUR OF THE PERFORMERS.

THERE is also a musician, who supplies the music for the dance. His instrument is an accordion, which is the only modern accessory used in the primitive play. All the rest—horns, bow and arrow, etc.—are the property of the vicar for the time being, and are preserved in the church tower. With them is a curious old pot, which was formerly kept in turn by the town reeves. At this time the dance took place on certain Sundays at the main entrance to the church, and the reeves of the town provided cakes and ale to put in the pot, subsequently using it for collecting pence, which were partly applied to repairing the church and maintaining the poor.



THE HORN DANCE, ABBOTS BROMLEY.

III. THE "FOOL" AND ROBIN HOOD.

THE remaining characters include a "fool," Robin Hood, and a sportsman. Robin Hood is mounted on a hobby horse and carries in one hand a whip, while the sportsman (a boy) has a "property" bow and arrow. The arrow, when he shoots, passes through a hole in the bow, and then stops on a shoulder, making a snapping noise.

Nowadays the dance takes place up and down the street, and is of a character that plainly indicates its original object. The "deer" step to a lively tune, the sportsman making believe to shoot them, and letting off his bow and arrow with a "clack" in time with the music; and now and again Robin Hood slashes them with his whip to keep them moving. Clearly, therefore, the primary intent was to assert certain rights in regard to the chase. This is shown by the pantomime, the "deer," and the inclusion of the people's forest hero, bold Robin Hood, who makes the "deer" dance.

Long as it is since the custom lost its mediæval significance, much interest is still taken in it at Abbots Bromley. Servants, male and female, then pay a "mothering" visit to the home of their childhood, and the villagers in general enter thoroughly into the spirit of the holiday.



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CLIPPING THE CHURCH.

I. PAINSWICK CHURCHYARD.

To the tourist the appearance of the churchyard at Painswick, Gloucestershire, well stocked as it is with neatly-trimmed yews, generally suggests that the "clipping" of which he has heard is clipping those trees. The yew, as an emblem of immortality, occupies a prominent place in many a God's acre, and in some villages — as Harlington, in Middlesex — it used to be trimmed on a certain date, which was made a general holiday.

There were some revels even at East Bedfont, where, at the entrance to the churchyard, stand the famous "peacocks," which have been a wonder to generations of travellers along the Bath Road. The trees are said to have been originally cut in the shape of the vain bird by a man whose love two haughty sisters rejected with scorn, that they might be "spited" as they entered church every Sunday. So both eye and memory prompt the idea that the Painswick "clipping" is of the yews.

But the word is really used in the old sense of embracing, as it is commonly used in the folk-speech of Lancashire and other counties, and it is the church that is clipped, not any of the trees.



CLIPPING THE CHURCH.

II. THE PROCESSION.

THE custom is observed on the first Sunday after September 19th, the dedication festival. In the afternoon the Sunday School children march to the church, where a short service is held. Afterwards the scholars, headed by the choir, with cross and banner, leave the church in procession.





CLIPPING THE CHURCH.

III. THE CLIPPING.

OUTSIDE, the choir come to a halt and remain stationary, while the children make a complete ring, holding hands, round the church and facing it. Then the clergy and choir, singing a hymn, march round the edifice outside the circle of children, finally going back into the church. Upon this the children disengage hands and disperse.

Clipping—the original significance of which, probably, was that thereby the children showed their love for their mother, the Church, though some antiquaries think that the word is a corruption of *yclepping* (calling or naming)—is not peculiar to Painswick. It is observed at Cradley, Worcestershire, on Shrove Tuesday, and at other places on the various dedication festivals.

Formerly, too, it took place in many parts of the country, notably in Birmingham, where it was performed in an unusual manner. When that city had only two churches, the children of the charity schools used to meet at a certain hour on Easter Monday, clip one of the edifices, and then walk to the other in procession and repeat the ceremony. “Crowds of people,” according to a contemporary writer, were present, and “shouts of joy” went up as the children joined hands.



THE KERN BABY.

TILL recent years a rather common form of the revelry and thanksgiving which have ever taken place at the ingathering of the harvest was the Kern, though it has now died out everywhere except in a few Northumbrian villages.

One of the customs of the festival of Ceres, it had many local variations. It was observed in the northern part of Northumberland at the close of the reaping, not the ingathering. Immediately the sickle was laid down and the last sheaf set on end the men shouted that they had "got the kern." Then a curious image was produced—an image dressed in a white frock with coloured ribbons and crowned with corn ears—stuck on a pole, and held aloft by the strongest man of the party while the rest circled round it. Subsequently it was taken to the barn, set on high, and the merry-makers fell to on the harvest supper.

Though the Kern baby, as the figure was generally called, is seldom seen nowadays even in Northumberland, it is still made at Whalton. The villagers' effigy, which is about 2 ft. in height, is taken to church, and is afterwards the presiding genius at the harvest festivities.



COLLECTING "WROTH MONEY."

I. THE CEREMONY AT KNIGHTLOW CROSS.

A TRIBUTE which dates back for a thousand years, and connects the present with that remote past when the central counties of England were for the most part a wild and uncultivated chase, is rendered on Knightlow Hill, near Dunchurch, Warwickshire, on the early morn of St. Martin's Day. Known as "wroth money," it is paid to the Duke of Buccleuch as an acknowledgment of certain concessions made by his ancestors, on pain of a forfeit for every penny of 20s. or a "white bull with red nose and red ears."

Before dawn * on St. Martin's Day representatives of the townships which owe tribute, as well as crowds of spectators, wend their way to Knightlow Hill from all points of the compass. There, on the summit, and close to the Holyhead road, they gather round the base of an old cross. The Duke of Buccleuch's agent then reads out the names of the parishes and hamlets which are called upon to make payments, whereupon the persons responsible for such dues drop their coins into the hollow of the large stone.

In all there are 25 places which have to pay "wroth money" to the Duke of Buccleuch, the amounts ranging from 1d. to 2s. 3½d. The whole amount due (only 9s. 4d.) is usually collected, though within recent years there have been defaulters on several occasions. Once during the last century, however, the prescribed penalty for non-payment was enforced.

* The misty appearance of our reproduction is due to the early hour of the day—actually before sunrise—when the photograph had to be taken.



COLLECTING "WROTH MONEY."

II. "HEALTH TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH!"

WHEN the collection is completed, and the Duke's agent has checked the names on the list, the company adjourn to the village inn, which, by its sign, the "Dun Cow," helps to perpetuate the legend of the slaying of the gigantic "dun cow" by Guy, Earl of Warwick. Here breakfast is served, at the Duke's cost, to those who have made payment; and subsequently the whole company, long churchwarden pipes in hand, drink his grace's health in tumblers of rum and milk.

The custom is Saxon, and, as already stated, originated as an acknowledgment of certain concessions. In an ancient charter preserved in Broughton House, Northamptonshire—a charter which has only once been challenged, and, having then (in 1685) been confirmed, has since remained undisputed—"wroth money" is merely declared to be a legal tribute for ancient privileges, the nature of those privileges not being defined.

But it is almost certain, not only because "wroth money" may be translated "cattle tribute money," but for several other reasons, that they were pasturage and rights of way for cattle.



THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

I. REGALIA AND OFFICERS.

IN the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales we have a quaint and picturesque continuation of a kind of gathering which has taken place, with a probable intermission of a couple of centuries after 1568, from the earliest times. Eisteddfods were, at a period of which written history records little, held at Caerwys, in Flintshire, and other towns; and they are known to have met in the reigns of Edward III., Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth.

The object of an Eisteddfod—the present name of which is a colloquial contraction of the traditional ancient title, “The Session of the Bards of the Isle of Britain”—is twofold. It is, first and mainly, the preservation and cultivation of national poetry and music; and, second, to hand down national customs and traditions. Prizes are offered for competitions in literature and art; there is much music, including the ancient Welsh stanza singing to the harp; new members are introduced; and in these and other ways art and patriotism are powerfully stimulated.

Officers and regalia alike are Druidical, though modern additions have been made to the bardic robes. The Arch Druid now wears an oak-leaf coronet and a copper breastplate which were designed, made, and presented to him by Professor von Herkomer, R.A.



Sir Benjamin Stoughton

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

II. OPENING OF THE GORSEDD.

DRUIDICAL, too, is the circle in which the Gorsedd—meaning chief seat or throne, but used to denote the meeting at which the Eisteddfod is proclaimed—takes place.

This circle is customarily made in some open and conspicuous spot which is covered by green turf. When the Eisteddfod met at Liverpool there was some difficulty in finding such a site, but it was overcome by selecting a space known as Ashley Gardens, and re-naming it for the occasion the Mount of St. Michael. A suitable place having been found, great care is taken in placing the stones in position. They usually, according to the official account of the Eisteddfod ceremonies, consist of twelve, “which represent the compass points, outside of which three other stones are erected, over which, from the centre of the circle, the rising sun could be seen on the solstices and the equinoxes.” Sometimes the stones are left in the ground as a memorial, as at Merthyr Tydvil in 1901, after the first Eisteddfod of the twentieth century and of King Edward’s reign.

Much importance, indeed, is attached to the Gorsedd, and the ceremonies at its opening are dramatic and picturesque. It is proclaimed by the Keeper of the “Corn Gwlad,” or Trumpeter, after which the Arch Druid or other Chief Bard recites the prescribed prayer. Next the Arch Druid calls the Roll of the Bards, on which are names from the earliest to the present times.



THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

III. "IS IT PEACE?"

THEN comes the Ceremony of the Sword—a remarkably impressive observance. A huge sword is upraised and partly unsheathed. The attendant Bards having just placed hands on it, the Arch Druid partly supports it, and cries:

“A oes Heddwch?” (“Is it Peace?”)

From the people comes the loud response, “Heddwch” (“It is Peace”).

Again he demands, “A oes Heddwch?” and is answered back with a deafening roar, “Heddwch.” His voice rises once more, whereupon the multitude thunder, “HEDDWCH!”

The sword is then thrust back into its scabbard.

This ceremony symbolises a truce, and has come down from ancient times, when it was necessary to guard against the breaking of the Bardic Circle by armed men.

Addresses, etc., follow, and the meeting closes with music.

Such is the prelude to the Eisteddfod, which lasts four or five days.*

*In the foreground of the picture is the successful and honoured Bard of the year (kneeling). In the group are “Hwfa Mon,” the Archdruid, the Marquess of Anglesey, “Cadfan,” and other distinguished Bards.



THE BIDDENDEN MAIDS' CHARITY.

I. THE FAMOUS CAKES.

BIDDENDEN, a quaint and secluded Kentish village, is thoroughly aroused from its normal torpor on Easter Sunday, for people from all parts of the countryside, as well as many from London, flock thither on the chance of obtaining one of the famous Biddenden cakes, which have been distributed on the great feast ever since the beginning of the twelfth century.

These doles, the best known and most remarkable of their kind in England, are provided by the terms of a bequest made by two sisters who were precursors of the Siamese Twins. Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, as they were named, were joined together in the back by two ligaments. After a joint existence of 34 years, one died, and, as the other refused to have the cords of unity dissevered, saying, "As we came together, so also shall we go together," she survived her sister only six hours. The bequest consisted of certain lands, the rents from which, the twins provided, were to be devoted by the churchwardens to supplying the poor with doles of bread and cheese on Easter Sunday.

At present the income amounts to about £40, a part of which sum is spent in providing one thousand of the so-called cakes,* which are, in fact, small rolls stamped with a representation of the two united sisters. They are more suitable for preservation as curios than for eating, since they are so hard and durable that they will keep for twenty years.

* The postage stamps shown in the picture were, of course, photographed with the cakes as a standard of comparison as regards size.



St. Agnes, 1891



THE BIDDENDEN MAIDS' CHARITY.

II. DISTRIBUTING BREAD AND CHEESE.

THE rest of the income from the land left by the Biddenden maids is applied to the purchase of loaves and cheese, for which the poor of the village only are eligible. This better fare is distributed at the workhouse by one of the churchwardens, who hands to each one of the recipients a loaf and a large piece of cheese—a gift which causes them to hold in grateful remembrance the Biddenden twins.



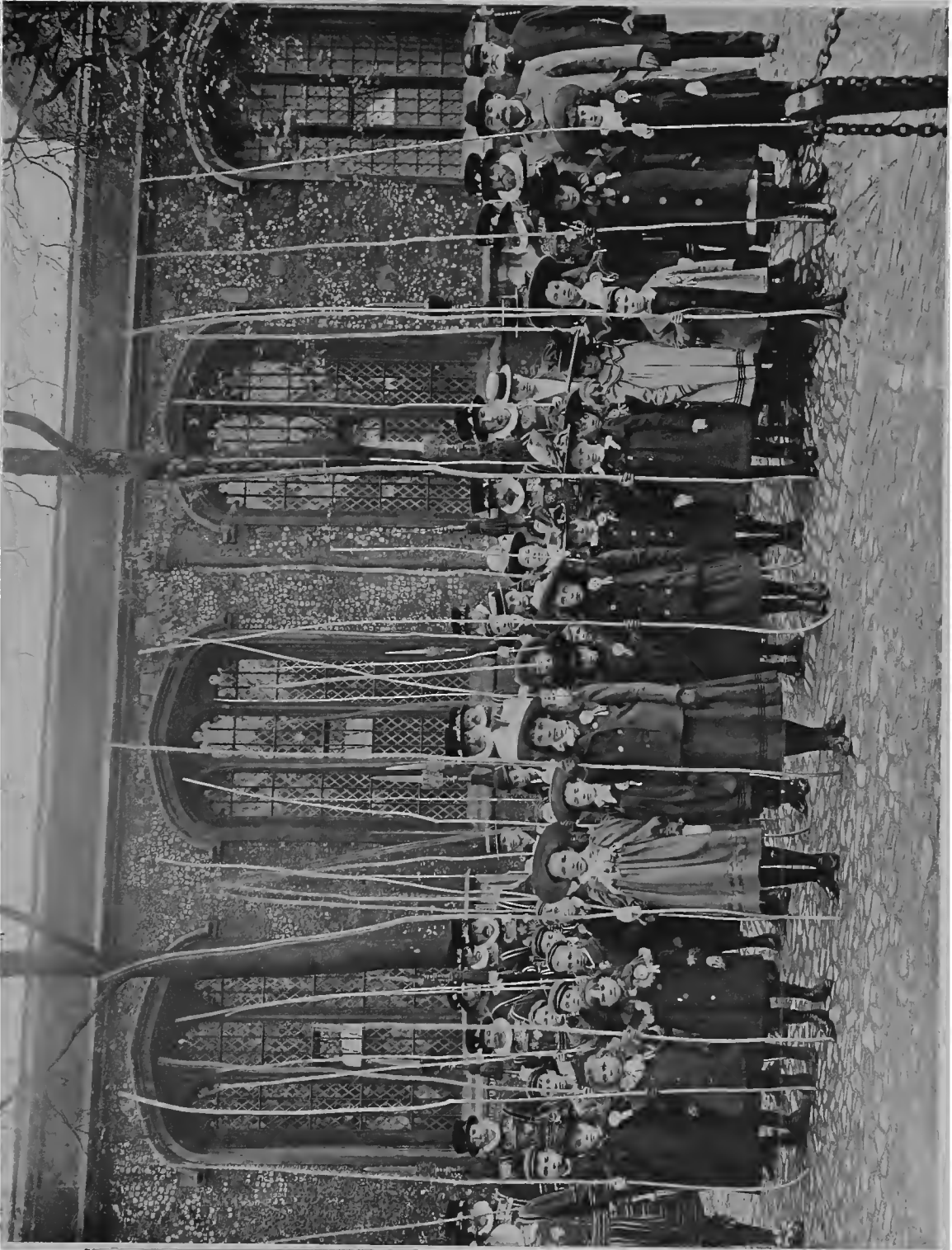
BEATING THE BOUNDS AT THE TOWER.

NOTWITHSTANDING that living witnesses are no longer necessary to prove the lines of demarcation between parishes, and that landmarks and maps clearly define such domains, beating the bounds is still carried out in many parts of the country. Once an important ceremony, it is now a custom; and its continuance illustrates how an act of utility survives long after its real purpose has disappeared. In some places even "bumping"—that is, banging a boy against a stone with such force as to give him pain, that he may remember the spot in after life—is not foregone, but is practised with ruthless precision.

Included in the areas where the bounds are beaten as of old is the liberty of the Tower. Once every three years all the children born or residing within the liberty are called together and provided with long willow wands, and then, accompanied by the Lieutenant of the Tower, some Yeomen of the Guard, and various officials, they walk round the boundary.

On Tower Hill they have to pass through a certain warehouse, where they are supplied with buns and milk, and where the boundary line is covered with merchandise. After the youngsters have had their refreshments, however, they go straight through the place, beating the barrels, etc., the while.

In returning, they go along the Embankment, and so reach Tower Green, where their perambulation ends.



THE NORTHUMBRIAN BAAL FIRE.

I. BRINGING IN THE FAGGOTS.

ALTHOUGH there are now very few, if any, superstitious beliefs connected with Midsummer fires on St. John's Eve, they appear to be survivals of the pagan rite in honour of the god Baal. Some of the practices which used to be carried out in England were certainly very similar to those of the worshippers of Baal and Moloch. As, for instance, those idolaters passed their children through the fire which burnt at the feet of their god, so our villagers used to jump over and through the flames. But such observances are now extinct; and if the Midsummer fires are of pagan origin, they are at present lit with no other design than that of continuing an old custom.

Till comparatively recent times a bonfire was lit on St. John's Eve in several Northumbrian villages, and is still at Whalton, which, remote from rail and tramway, retains most of its old customs. There the fire has never been omitted within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It has been postponed owing to heavy rain, but never left out of the year's round of observances.

As Midsummer approaches much wood is marked out for the bonfire, sometimes with the consent of local farmers. When this has been cut, it is brought into the village with a certain amount of formality. On the evening of the 4th of July a cart is borrowed and loaded with branches and faggots, some of the men get into the shafts, more are hooked on by means of long ropes, and then, with a good deal of shouting and horn blowing, the lumbering vehicle is run down into the village.



Sir Benjamin Stanger Neg

THE NORTHUMBRIAN BAAL FIRE.

II. BUILDING UP THE FAGGOTS.

Two loads of faggots, as a rule, are brought into the village, always by hand; no horse is ever used. Then begins the building of the bonfire, which, for some unexplained reason, is always constructed on the same spot. The site does not vary a yard from year to year; and yet nobody knows why this particular place is chosen.



Mr. Benjamin B. ...

THE NORTHUMBRIAN BAAL FIRE.

III. READY FOR LIGHTING.

WHILE the building is in progress a remarkable scene takes place. Of a sudden every house empties, all the villagers turning out with one accord. Old men and women, middle-aged couples, youths and maidens, school lads and lasses, toddlers in short frocks—the whole populace appears; and presently groups are gathered everywhere to watch the stacking of the bonfire.

Later on the children, joining hands, form a moving ring round the pile, and dance till they are tired. They are keenly interested in the ceremony, because they always have a scramble for sweets, which are scattered for their special enjoyment.



THE NORTHUMBRIAN BAAL FIRE.

IV. VILLAGERS DANCING.

YOUTHS and maidens also dance in the neighbourhood of the pile, a fiddler or other instrumentalist providing the music.





THE NORTHUMBRIAN BAAL FIRE.

V. THE FIRE ALIGHT.

As darkness creeps over the countryside, and the shades of night blot out familiar details, there is a cry of "Light her!" The bonfire, like a ship, is invariably personified, and of the feminine gender. A moment later a flame leaps skywards, to be joined by another, and then another, till at last the whole village is illuminated. The Baal fire burns!

Beyond dancing, there is no subsequent festivity or ceremony. But, if local tradition may be trusted, there used to be some superstitious practices. People jumped over the fire and through it. In bygone times, too, stealthy appropriation of ashes was not uncommon. Both these circumstances point in the same direction—to the remarkably long continuance of ancient rites and uses of fire.

Besant, in "Dorothy Foster," gives a graphic account of the Baal fire at Bamborough, and puts into the mouth of one of his characters the antiquary's view of it:

"Mr. Hilyard . . . will have it that the Midsummer fire is nothing in the world but a pagan rite, *videlicet*, a fire built and lit in honour of the god Baal, and of Phœnician origin; that is to say, it came from Tyre . . . for which reason, and in lasting remembrance [of Solomon], the Church hath done well to continue the practice, and to place under the protection of St. John the Baptist that rite which formerly was part of the worship of a false god, and would, therefore, without such protection, lay open those who practise it to the wiles and temptations of the enemy."



THE STATE EXECUTIONER.

I. WITH THE AXE TURNED OUTWARDS.

SINCE Lovat and Balmerino went to the block in 1746 no public offender has been beheaded in England, and since the days of the Cato Street Conspiracy the Tower of London has not been used as a prison, Thistlewood, Brunt, and company winding up the long list of "traitors" and others incarcerated within its walls. Yet the office of State Executioner is not extinct, nor has the once dreaded axe fallen into oblivion. Both the headsman and his weapon are still at the Tower.

The appointment, which is under the Crown, and carries with it certain distinctions and privileges, is conferred upon one of the most esteemed warders, and the duty appertaining to it consists solely in displaying the emblem of office, which has to be borne at State functions.

When the Tower was England's Bastille, the axe played a symbolical—as well, of course, as a decidedly practical—part in connection with the trial of State prisoners. Wolsey's rival, Buckingham, on returning from Westminster, landed, we are told by a contemporary writer, at Temple Stairs, and marched along Fleet Street and through St. Paul's Churchyard to the Tower, the axe carried before him all the way. And so it was always: the State axe invariably preceded the prisoner, whether he travelled to or from Westminster Hall by water or land. It was customary, also, for the executioner to turn the axe from or towards the prisoner according to circumstances.

When the procession left the Tower for Westminster Hall the axe was turned outwards, to convey to the public that the culprit had not been condemned.



THE STATE EXECUTIONER.

II. WITH THE AXE TURNED INWARDS.

IN returning from Westminster, the prisoner still had the edge turned away from him if his trial was not finished or he had been acquitted. But if, on the other hand, he was under sentence of death, the weapon was reversed—with the edge towards him.

The headsman's block is now one of the curiosities of the Tower, while the axe is preserved in the Lieutenant's office in the King's House.



THE WAYFARERS' DOLE, WINCHESTER.

WHEN Henry de Blois founded the Hospital of Holy Cross, Winchester, it was customary for religious houses to give hospitality to strangers according to their rank and necessity. Wayfarers of all degrees, from the baron to the beggar, put up at monasteries, as many as 500 travellers on horseback being entertained at a time at Glastonbury alone.

The Bishop provided, therefore, that assistance was to be "imparted compassionately, according to the means of the house, to the needy of every description;" and this direction has always been carried out in part by giving to every applicant at the porter's lodge a horn of beer and a bit of white bread, which together have long been known as the wayfarers' dole.

All comers are eligible for it, and consequently it is often applied for out of curiosity. Many by no means needy "wayfarers," from the King downwards, have presented themselves at the porter's lodge, and accepted the bite and sup.

Though the best known, the Winchester dole is not the only remaining instance of that hospitality which glorified the monasticism of the Middle Ages. At every monastery, and at most conventual establishments as well, bread at least is still to be had for the mere asking—or without that, if the wayfarer will stand at the wicket—and attached to the priory in Charnwood Forest, near Loughborough, is a guest house, with ever-open door, wherein all who will may have a basin of soup.



LICHFIELD GREENHILL BOWER.

I. GATHERING FOR THE PROCESSION.

To the ancient city of Lichfield belongs the distinction of having handed down to our own times the *campus martius*, the annual meeting of citizens to concert measures for defending the country against "all foreigners and enemies." It is mentioned in the laws of Edward the Confessor, which laws were afterwards confirmed; and subsequently various Acts were passed specifying the arms which towns were to provide and empowering Justices of the Peace periodically to "take view of armour." In the reign of Queen Mary, for instance, Parliament ordained (4 and 5 Phil. and Mary, c. 2) that Justices of the Peace should "meet to take view of armour," and also assign what harness and armour should be provided and kept by the inhabitants of any city, borough, or town corporate.

As Lichfield was constituted a Court of Arraye and View of Arms, the inspection was added to the ceremonies connected with the Bower, a feast so called because the *campus martius* and other courts were held on a mound of that name.

At present the Bower, which is maintained by public subscription, takes place in June; and shortly before noon on the appointed day the Mayor, Sheriff, and other civic authorities gather at the Guildhall.





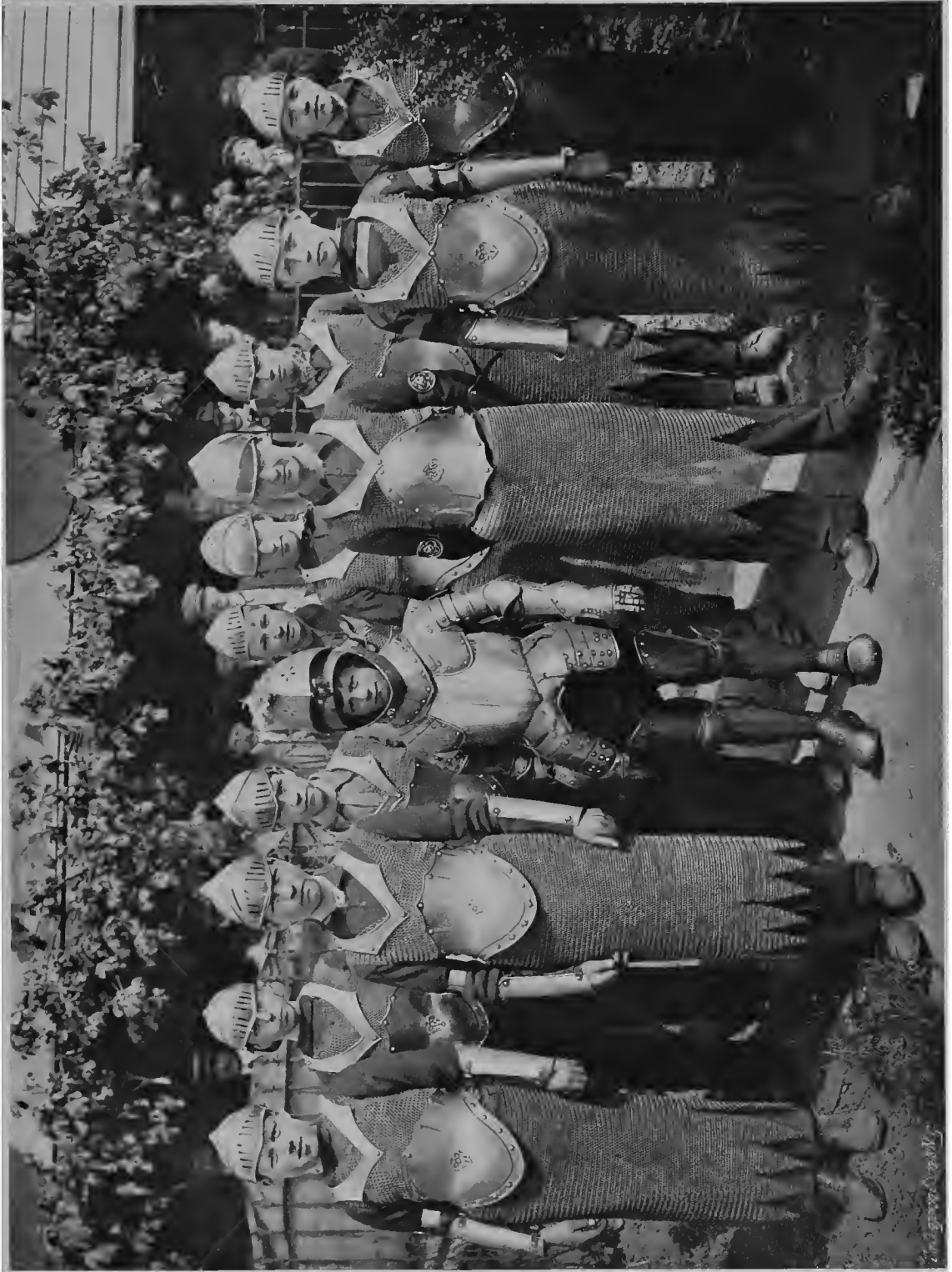
LICHFIELD GREENHILL BOWER.

II. DISPLAY OF ARMOUR.

THE Court of Arroye is opened precisely at noon with all the ancient forms, and then some lads don the city's armour, which, it is curious to note, is now much too small for the average man—a proof that we are *not* degenerating physically.

The Court having been closed in the customary manner, a procession is formed outside the hall, consisting of the Mayor, Sheriff, city fathers, and others in broughams, with tableaux, trade exhibits, Morris dancers, historical characters, etc. Then the principal streets are paraded, after which luncheon takes place at the Bower House on Greenhill.

Later in the afternoon the children get their share of good things in the form of Bower cakes, numbers of which are distributed among them. This seems to be a survival of the old custom of regaling the inhabitants of the various wards with cold meat, cake, and wine.



LICHFIELD GREENHILL BOWER.

III. HOLLOWAY'S SHOW.

BUT the great popular feature of the Bower festival is a fair of the pleasure type, with swings, roundabouts, booths, and the rest of the "jolly fun."

One of the standing attractions is Holloway's Show, owned by successors of the "Richardson's" so long associated with "Bartlemy Fair," the great Smithfield carnival, which was last held in the year 1855. At "Bartlemy" Richardson's was the chief dramatic booth, sometimes, indeed, the only one, though usually it had a rival in Scowton's. Its importance is shown by the charge for admission—6d., as against the 2d. asked at other booths—and by the description which a contemporary gives of the platform in 1825. It was lined with green baize, festooned with crimson curtains, and lighted with 1,500 variegated lamps. The money-takers sat in Gothic seats, while the band consisted of twelve Beefeaters.

Richardson catered for the most uncultured play-goers, as is shown by several bills of his quoted by Professor Henry Morley, the historian of "Bartlemy." One year a "Beautiful Spotted Negro Boy" was sandwiched between *The Monk and Murderer, or the Skeleton Spectre*, and *Love and Liberty, or Harlequin in his Glory*.

"Acting shows" are becoming fewer year by year, now that permanent theatres are springing up everywhere; and it is noteworthy, therefore, that an offshoot of the historic "Richardson's" is still welcomed at Lichfield and elsewhere.





THE ROYAL PROGRESS, 1902.

APART from the Jubilee processions, there had not been for many years so successful a pageant as the royal progress through London some little time after King Edward's Coronation, namely, on October 25, 1902, the day before the solemn thanksgiving service at St. Paul's. The route covered was about eight miles in length, and many thousands of people joined in welcoming the King and Queen.

Precedent was largely ignored on this memorable occasion; but the royal carriage made the customary stop at Temple Bar for the old-time ceremony of tendering the sword of the City. When it had come to a standstill, the Lord Mayor, bareheaded, advanced on foot, and, holding the sheathed sword in both hands, one at the hilt and the other at the point, offered it to his Majesty, saying—

“I surrender to your Majesty the sword of your ancient and loyal City of London.”

To this formula he added a prayer that His Majesty might enjoy a long, happy, and prosperous reign.

Lightly touching the sword, the King, with the words, “I thank you,” returned it to the Lord Mayor, who retired with a profound obeisance, mounted his horse, and rode off down Fleet Street, bareheaded and with sword uplifted, keeping in advance of the royal carriage to the Guildhall, which was reached by way of Ludgate Hill, Queen Victoria Street, Princes Street, and Gresham Street.





HALLATON HARE PIE FESTIVAL.

I. THE PROCESSION.

THOUGH both the hare and the public game of football are connected with Easter, they very seldom, if ever, come so close together in the observance of the festival as at Hallaton, in Leicestershire. Many years ago somebody now unknown left to the then vicar a piece of land under novel conditions. "Every Easter Monday," he stipulated, "the vicar and his successors shall provide two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two dozen penny loaves to be scrambled for on the rising ground called Hare Pie Bank." The scramble has consequently taken place ever since, and, in addition, football has long been played between those entitled to take part in it—the inhabitants of Hallaton and of the neighbouring village of Medbourne.

On Easter Monday the village clubs, headed by a brass band, and arrayed in their regalia, march to church, subsequently dining at one of the inns.



HALLATON HARE PIE FESTIVAL.

II. THE VICAR AND DEPUTATION.

LATER in the afternoon a deputation calls at the vicarage for the pies and beer, which are promptly forthcoming. Large and substantial pies are in readiness—fare that is fit to put on any table. At one time they were pretentious shams, as uneatable as the dishes in a stage banquet. Disliking to see food wasted, a certain occupant of the vicarage gave the deputation “property” pies, and devoted the money saved thereby to the deserving poor. But now the historic pies are irreproachable—much too good, in fact, to be kicked about a field, to which they are carried in sacks.

A “quantity” of ale is supplied in two wooden bottles or kegs, while a third miniature barrel of the same size and appearance, empty, is handed over for use as the football. This bears the marks of wear, as well it may, for it has done duty about half a century.



HALLATON HARE PIE FESTIVAL.

III. FILLING THE SACKS.

CUTTING up the pies, the vicar drops the pieces into the sacks, and the deputation then departs.

Subsequently the procession is re-formed, and, after parading the village, with the pies and beer well to the fore, proceeds to Hare Pie Bank, where the pies are scrambled for. And then things become lively. Immediately a native secures a piece he hurls it at someone else; the whole crowd, in fact, pelt one another till they are covered with grease from head to foot. Clothes are spoilt in abundance, but not tempers, since this horse-play is in accordance with immemorial usage. Nothing else is done with the pie, though subsequently some of the cottagers gather up fragments as souvenirs.

After the scramble the empty barrel is thrown on the ground, and the game Medbourne *v.* Hallaton begins. It is, however, less a game than a battle, less football than fighting, the struggles between the goals—two streams about a mile apart—resulting in much work for the local surgeons. Broken ribs and cracked heads are common, while minor casualties may be counted by scores. In the end the Hallatonians invariably win, and quaff the ale with great gusto. To the victors the spoils, and to them falls the day's prize.



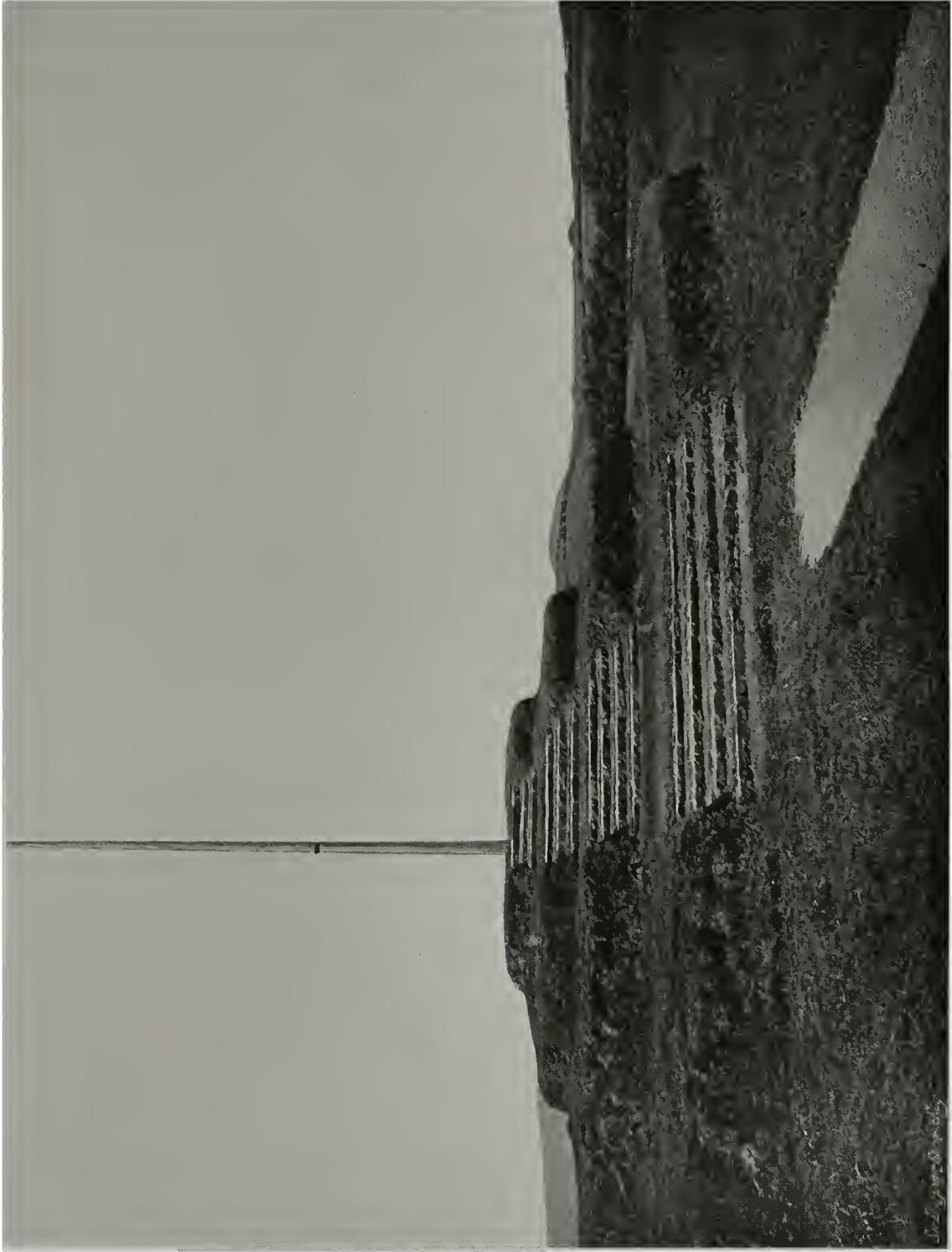
TYNWALD DAY.

I. TYNWALD MOUNT.

A REMARKABLE custom is observed annually on Tynwald Mount, in the Isle of Man, on old Midsummer Day, July 5th. Alike for antiquity, quaintness, and as the only survival of the oral method of handing down laws, it is very interesting, and though, of course, almost superfluous, it should be continued, if only as a link with the days of the Sagas.

The principal part of the ceremony—proclaiming the laws—takes place on Tynwald Hill, the name of which indicates its ancient use. “Tyn” is derived from the Icelandic word “Thingvellir,” which means the place where a “Thing”—that is, a public assembly—is held. “Thing,” denoting an assembly, was in common use in Anglo-Saxon times, and is still preserved in the Storthing, in the kingdom of Norway. In Early English history, too, it appears in such forms as “Althing,” “Tything,” “Thingstead,” etc. “Tynwald,” therefore, may be taken to mean the place of meeting of a public governing body.

At one time proclaiming the laws was common among Norse nations, and long survived in Iceland—the Tynwald Hill or Thingvellir of which country, it may be noted, is also called the “Loberg,” meaning Law Rock—though it has been discontinued. But only in the Isle of Man is the custom now carried out.



TYNWALD DAY.

II. CHURCH AND STATE.

THE proceedings on Tynwald Day begin with a gathering at the Chapel of St. John, near the famous hill. Attended by a military escort, the Governor (representing the King) goes to the chapel, and is there received by the Bishop, Clergy, Keys, Deemsters, Coroners, and a large number of people, many of them visitors from the mainland.

Of course, the presence of the Bishop and the Governor symbolises the union of Church and State. These officials are together throughout the whole ceremony, both on the hill and in the chapel—a circumstance noteworthy in so great a stronghold of Nonconformity as the Isle of Man.



TYNWALD DAY.

III. SALUTING THE GOVERNOR.

AFTER Divine service in the chapel, a procession is formed and proceeds to the hill. It goes through a company of Volunteers and a number of Naval Reserve men from Peel, drawn up on each side of the pathway; and the Governor, before whom the Sword of State is carried, is saluted as he passes.



TYNWALD DAY.

IV. PROCLAIMING THE LAWS.

WHEN the procession reaches the hill, the officials and Keys pass under a tent—a modern innovation, the ceremony having taken place for centuries with no canopy overhead save that of heaven—and the people gather in crowds on the grass beyond. Then the Southern Deemster calls upon the Coroner of Glenfaba to “fence the Court,” which he does by “charging all present” not to “quarrel, brawl, or make any disturbance . . . on pain of death.”

The proclamation is curious for its ancient phraseology, as are all the forms used on the occasion, particularly the oath of the Deemster. It runs :

“By this Book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect or favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our Sovereign Lord the King and his subjects within this isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring’s backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish.”

As soon as the Court has been duly “fenced,” the Coroners are sworn in, after which the marginal notes of the laws are read, first in English and then in Manx. This constitutes the proclamation of the laws. An Act is not binding till so proclaimed, nor till then is it an “Act of Tynwald.” For many centuries it was necessary thus to make the laws known, because no documentary record of them existed; but now they are transmitted to paper in the usual way.



TYNWALD DAY.

V. ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

WITH the reading of the laws the ceremony on the hill ends. The procession is then re-formed, and the Court returns to the chapel, which, as Durham Cathedral was "half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," may be described as half church of God, half Parliament house. It passes up the rush-strewn aisle to two tables, at the head of each of which is a chair, with seats down one side. The Bishop takes one chair and the Governor the other, while the Keys distribute themselves over the seats. If there be money votes they are then quickly passed, after which the House rises. The business transacted is always purely formal, any matter on which a debate may take place being adjourned.

Whether the members of the Court, as they leave the building, think of the rushes which they again tread under foot is, perhaps, doubtful—unless, indeed, they commiserate the farmer who is obliged to supply them for the occasion as a condition of his tenancy. But these growths give the finishing touch of antiquity to the whole proceedings, and prove to demonstration that they began in the far-off days when carpets had still to be invented.



St. Margaret's Church, New York



34. *James Stogardley*

DISTRIBUTING MAUNDY MONEY.

I. THE LORD HIGH ALMONER AND CLERGY.

FOR centuries the chief religious rite on Maundy Thursday was the washing of the feet of poor persons by a prelate, noble, or sovereign, in imitation of our Lord's lowly act at the Last Supper. The custom still survives in the Greek Church, and is observed by the Roman Church even in our own country, for at Westminster Cathedral the Cardinal Archbishop, clothed in his episcopal robes, washes the feet of thirteen acolytes habited in white. But the full ceremony has been extinct in the Anglican Church since 1754, the last monarch who carried out the feet-washing being James II.

While, however, the distinctive religious feature of the rite is obsolete, Maundy Money is still distributed in Westminster Abbey on Holy Thursday—the day preceding Good Friday. A procession is formed in the nave consisting of the Lord High Almoner (representing his Majesty), clergy, officials, and Yeomen of the Guard. White flowers are carried, and some of the party wear white scarves in memory of the towel with which Christ girded Himself before washing His disciples' feet at the Last Supper.



DISTRIBUTING MAUNDY MONEY.

II. YEOMAN CARRYING ALMS.

A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD, too, carries on his head a basket containing the alms, which are in red and white purses.

From the nave the procession passes to the chapel. Here service is held, and during its course two distributions of alms are made to a company of old men and women who have been selected to receive the Royal charity. Everyone is, or should be, according to the regulations, not under 60, and the number of each sex corresponds to the age of the Sovereign.

In the first distribution each woman receives 35s., and each man 45s.; the second is of the red and white purses, the red containing £1 and £1 10s. in gold, and the white as many pence—made up of silver pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences, all fresh from the Mint—as the ruler is years of age.

While the Maundy pence represent the original alms in money, the gold is given in lieu of clothing and food. Much scandal was occasioned by the gifts in kind, particularly the clothing. The female recipients, with the weakness of their sex for “trying-on,” donned their garments in the chapel at York House, Whitehall—where the distribution then took place—and loudly expressed their pleasure or dissatisfaction, according to their view of the fit. Money was, therefore, substituted for clothing and food—35s. (with 10s. more to a man) for the one, and £1 and £1 10s. in gold for the other.



DISTRIBUTING MAUNDY MONEY.

III. CHILDREN OF THE ROYAL ALMONRY.

A CURIOUS feature of the ceremony is that there are always present at it four children, who, like the clergy, wear white scarves and carry white flowers. These represent the Children of the Royal Almonry, four old men who, prior to 1808, had the right of providing the towels, and of afterwards selling them, and who were paid £21 for participating in the ceremony. When the charity was reorganised their office was abolished, and real children were substituted.

The children now receive five guineas annually, from the age of seven to fourteen years, for their education, and are also given a fee of 5s. each for their attendance at the distribution of Maundy Money.



THE SHAKESPEARIAN FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD.

IF the Shakespearian Festival at Stratford is modern, it is none the less pretty, and bids fair to grow in interest as the years roll on. Held on the poet's birthday, it consists of a pilgrimage to his tomb.

All the visitors in the town meet at the Town Hall, where they are received by the Mayor and the Shakespearian Committee. Subsequently the whole of them, with the Mayor and other local officials, go in procession to Trinity Church, and there lay wreaths on Shakespeare's grave within the communion rails. For the occasion large quantities of rare and beautiful flowers are annually received from all parts of the world—the tributes of Shakespearians in many lands.

The 1905 festival was marked by an interesting innovation. At previous celebrations speaking had not been allowed; but Professor Friedler, of Birmingham University, in presenting a wreath on behalf of his countrymen—the Germans—pronounced a most graceful eulogy on the poet as he laid that token on the grave.



St. Elizabeth's Hospital

HELSTON FLORA DAY.

I. PLAYING THE "FURRY DANCE."

To see the most curious and interesting remains of the comus, or wandering dance, which celebrated the return of spring, it is necessary to go to Helston, in Cornwall, on May 8th, locally known as "Furry Day." The prime feature of the festival is a dance of this kind—the "Furry Dance," which is to a quaint old horn-pipe tune, repeated so often during the day that the visitor remembers it as long as memory lasts.

While, however, the dance is emphatically the thing, an important part of the merry-making consists in singing a ballad which admirably conveys the spirit of the holiday. The opening verse runs :

" Robin Hood and Little John
They both are gone to the fair, O ;
And we to the merry greenwood,
To see what they do there, O.
And for to chase, O,
To chase the buck and doe,
With Hal-and-tow,
Jolly rumble, O."

"Furry Day" begins early. Soon after dawn the Volunteer band perambulates the town, playing the haunting tune that is to become so familiar to every living soul before night, and rousing the inhabitants generally.



HELSTON FLORA DAY.

II. EARLY DANCERS.

A LITTLE later there is a good deal of dancing in the streets by the young folk, who all know the figure. To the first half of the "Furry" tune couples dance hand in hand; to the second, the first gentleman turns the second lady, the second gentleman the first lady, and so on all down the set.



HELSTON FLORA DAY.

III. THE "FURRY DANCE."

BUT *the* dance does not take place till the afternoon. A procession of ladies and gentlemen having been formed, a start is made from the Market House at one o'clock. The band strikes up, and away the couples trip, heading straight for the nearest house, through which they all go, and come out at the rear, there to turn and pass into the next dwelling. This is the peculiarity of the ceremony; the uniformed musicians, with a train of dancers, go right through the houses, from front to back, or *vice versâ*.

In bygone years there were several other customs of "Furry Day." A number of the inhabitants proceeded to the Grammar School and demanded a holiday for the boys. At noon the men went into the country, returning with oak branches in their hats and caps. Lastly, if anybody was found at work, he was seized, set astride a pole, carried to the river, and made to leap across—or, rather, attempt to leap across, for a spot was chosen where he was certain to get a ducking—or pay a fine.

These and other old observances have fallen into desuetude, and the energy which was spent on them is now devoted to holding horse, dog, and poultry shows. But the distinctive part of the festival—the "Furry Dance"—if not kept up with as much enthusiasm as formerly, still takes place, and will probably be handed down through the ages.



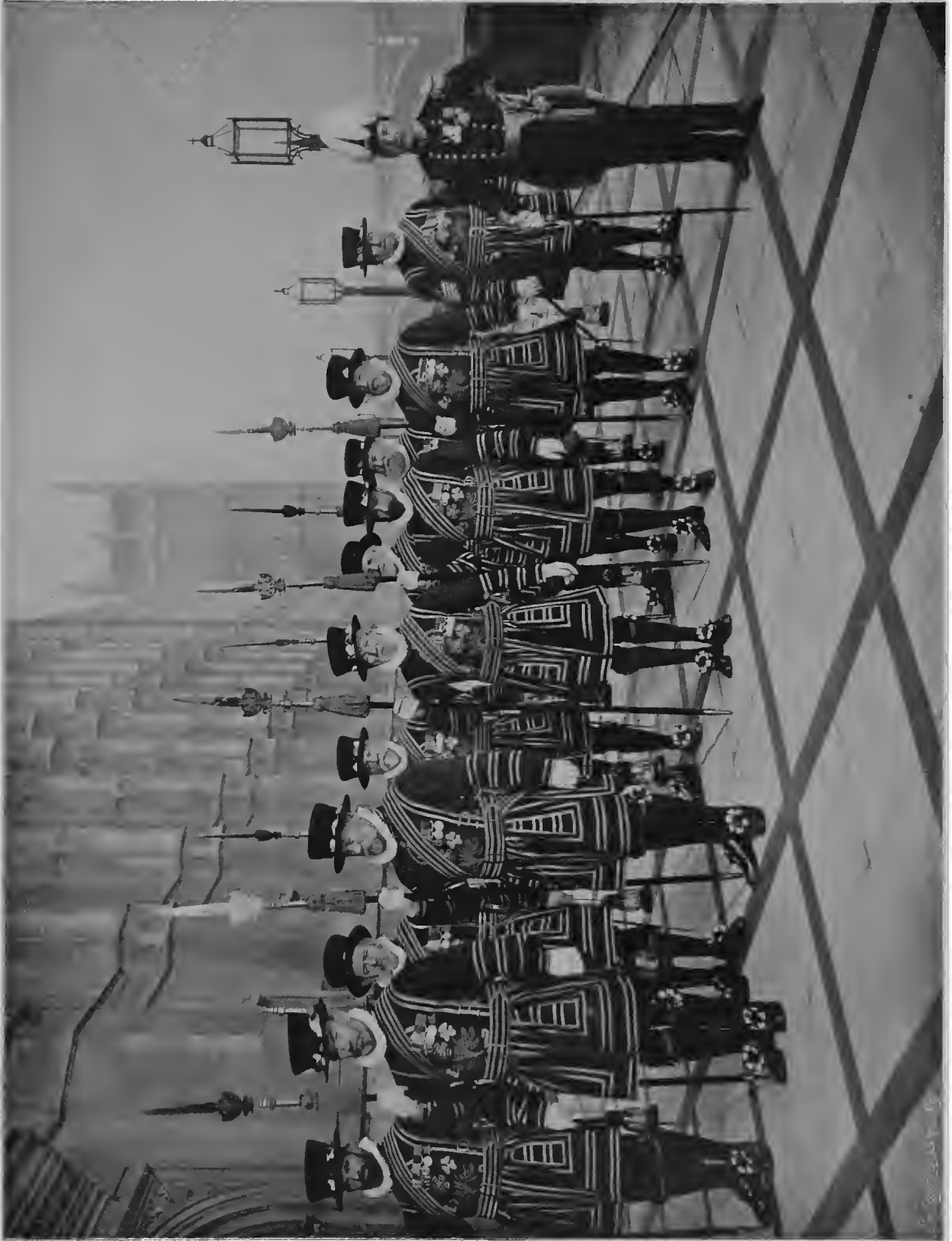


THE GUY FAWKES SEARCH.

I. READY TO EXPLORE THE VAULTS.

OF the many old customs which linger in and about the Houses of Parliament, the quaintest and most picturesque, perhaps, is the periodical search of the vaults. Ever since the time of the Gunpowder Plot this has taken place on the day on which Parliament assembles and, though of no practical value, is not likely to be discontinued.

Early in the morning of that day a body of the Yeomen of the Guard gather in the Prince's Chamber of the House of Lords, and thence proceed, halberds and lamps in hand, through the lower passages, flashing their lanterns round—notwithstanding that no artificial light is needed—as if they really expected to find a modern Guy Fawkes or some of his diabolical handiwork.



THE GUY FAWKES SEARCH.

II. A PART OF THE VAULTS.

THE Yeomen, in fact, search the whole of the vaults, and, having discovered nothing untoward, return through the Lower House and the Upper House to their meeting place.

Subsequently they are entertained at a neighbouring dwelling with bread, cheese, and beer by the representatives of the family which gave its name to "Bellamy's," the famous coffee and chop house adjoining the old House of Commons—the "Bellamy's" whose veal pies Pitt is said to have longed for on his death bed.

According to Stanhope, the great statesman's last words were, "O, my poor country;" but there is a well-known story (apocryphal) that they actually were much more fleshly than patriotic. Pressed by his attendants to take some food, Pitt said, "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's veal pies," and after that never spoke again. When some veal pies, brought from Westminster with all speed, arrived, he was no more.

"Bellamy's" dispensed hospitality to the Yeomen when it was an eating-house and a club to which Members repaired day after day, and the owner's descendants have generously continued to provide for them down to the present time.

SEARCH

THE GUY

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VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO WINDSOR.

NEWMAN, in a famous passage, maintains that the reception we give to distinguished foreign visitors is prompted solely by our love of show and our snobbishness. "It is the way with Englishmen," he says. "A saint in rags would be despised ; in broadcloth, or in silk, he would be thought something more than ordinary. St. Francis of Assisi, bareheaded and barefooted, would be hooted ; St. Francis Xavier, dressed up like a mandarin, with an umbrella over his head, would inspire wonder and delight."

Whether we are snobs or not, we certainly welcome foreign rulers in no half-hearted fashion, as is instanced by the reception which Windsor gave to the German Emperor and Empress on the occasion of their visit to Queen Victoria in 1899. Used as the inhabitants of the borough were, and are, to royal ceremonials, they decorated their principal thoroughfares, turned out as one man, lined the way from the railway station to the Park, and cheered enthusiastically as the Emperor and his consort swept along.

The welcome they extended to our guests was, indeed, magnificent, though its warmth was due in no small measure to the usual contingent from Eton, where they know how to cheer.



THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT.

I. AN ENGLISH CHIEFTAIN, TRIBESMEN, AND FAMILIES.

IN commemoration of the twelve hundredth anniversary of the founding of Sherborne, a folk play, written by Mr. Louis N. Parker, was performed at the Aldhelm celebration on June 12, 13, 14, and 15, 1905. Dealing with the main events in the history of the town, it was presented in an eminently fitting theatre—on the sward in front of the Castle, which, built by Roger of Caen, stood two sieges during the Civil War, and was finally blown up by order of Parliament in 1645, that it might not give the Roundheads further trouble.

Mr. Parker's play opens with an episode showing the coming of Ealdhelm, the founder of Sherborne (A.D. 705). Enter, first, an English chieftain with tribesmen and families. He kills a deer, which two of his attendants place on a large stone, near which are rushes and other aquatic plants indicating the presence of a spring.

The Chieftain. This stone was an altar of the old gods before the wild men of Wales brought us word of the white Christ.

1st Attendant. Perchance 'twas the old gods that gave luck to thine arrow.

2nd Attendant. It were well to offer a burnt-offering in token of thanks.

The Chieftain. Thou knowest, Gurth, the old gods are dead.

2nd Attendant. I know we have ceased to worship them. But I fear them still. For dead they are not. Now they haunt the woods as evil spirits.

(The others assent.)

1st Attendant. Wherefore, O Chieftain, turn away their anger.

The Chieftain. Why, kindle a fire, then, and bring me a knife.



THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT.

II. THE COMING OF EALDHELM.

As the men are making a fire the sound of singing is heard, and through the underwood come a group of monks, among whom is a white-habited figure (Ealdhelm). Ealdhelm addresses the English chieftain.

- Ealdhelm.* My son, what is this thing thou art about to do?
- The Chieftain.* Who are you, sir, that come weaponless amongst us, and speak with such gentle speech?
- Ealdhelm.* My name is Ealdhelm, a poor priest of the Lord. But answer me, my son.
- The Chieftain.* Sir, I am making ready a thank-offering for the luck the god has brought me in the chase.
- Ealdhelm.* Well knowest thou that Christians may not offer burnt-offerings.
- The Chieftain.* Christians we are, but so long is it since we have had any teaching that we have half forgotten the new faith and lean half on the old gods.
- Ealdhelm.* (*turning to his disciples*) Behold, children, we come in God's time. . . . (*Pointing to the spring*) My son, by what name is this water known?
- The Chieftain.* Sir, in our ancient tongue we call this water the Scir Burn—the clear stream. It is a holy place.
- Ealdhelm.* (*interrupting him*) A holy place indeed! for here I plant the standard of Christ. (*He turns to his cross-bearer*) Give me the Cross, my son. (*He takes the Cross, and with one thrust fixes it in the earth, by the side of the spring*)
- The Chieftain.* Sir, what does this mean?
- Ealdhelm.* Upon this holy place, by this clear stream, and on this pleasant hill, I will build a city and a church. From this holy place the knowledge of the true God shall spread throughout the Western Lands. (*He dips his hand in the spring and sprinkles the ground with the water*) And it shall be known throughout all ages as the place of the Clear Stream, and unto the end of time its children shall call it—Sherborne.

Later, King Ine and his Queen enter, and Ealdhelm is made Bishop of "these Western Lands, hence unto both seas and the borders of the Welsh."

AGENT.

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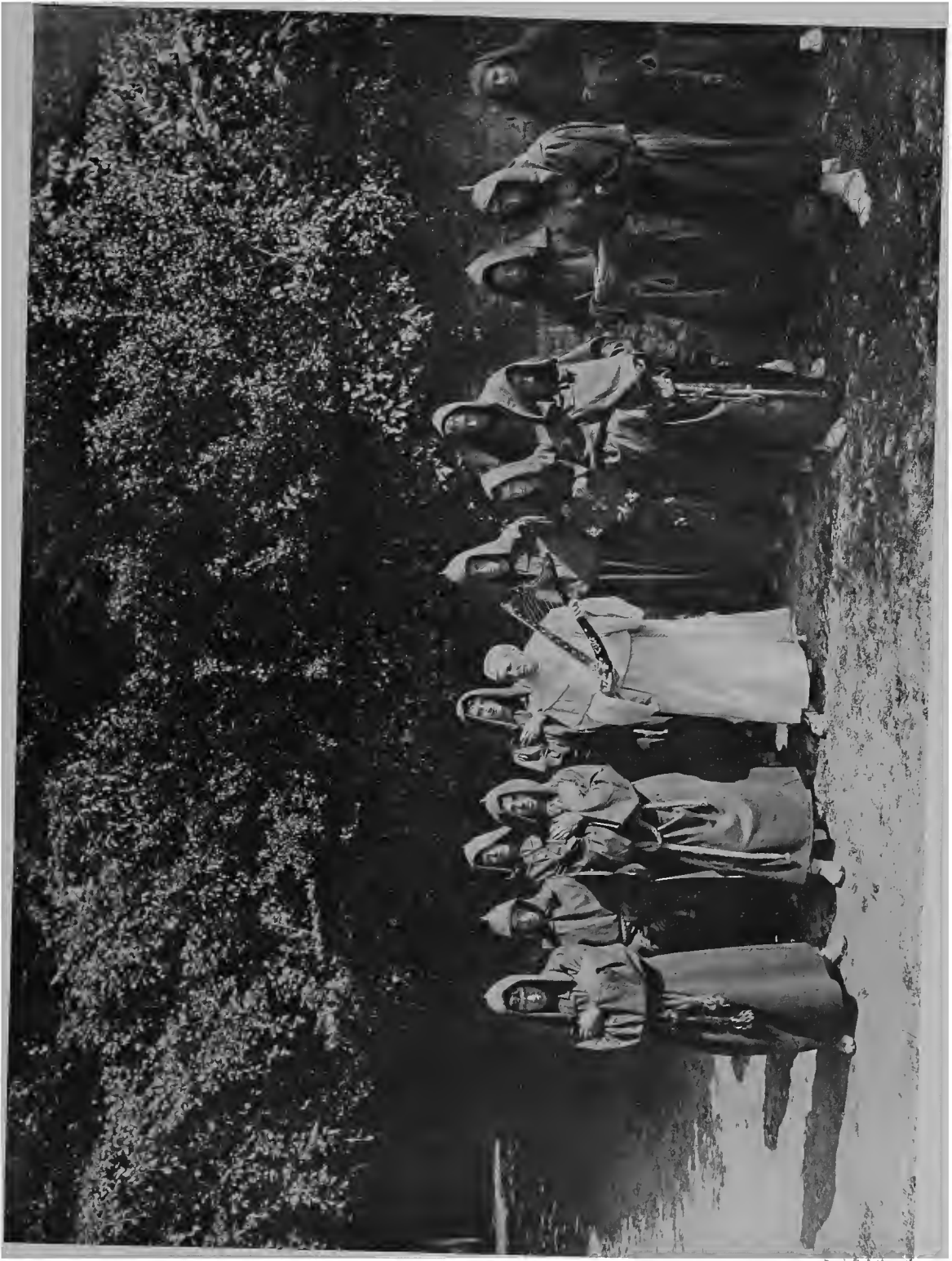
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THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT.

III. ATTACK OF THE DANES.

THE second episode is based on the attack of the Danes (A.D. 845). In the fight the enemy are defeated, the scene closing with the chorus :

Thus were the Danesmen from our borders driven ;
And Sherborne's sons in war did mightily.

A handful smote a hundred ! On that day
Methinks a banner was unfurled in heaven.

Yea, and pursued them, till brave Ealhetan
Saw Parret's channel choked with Danish dead.



THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT.

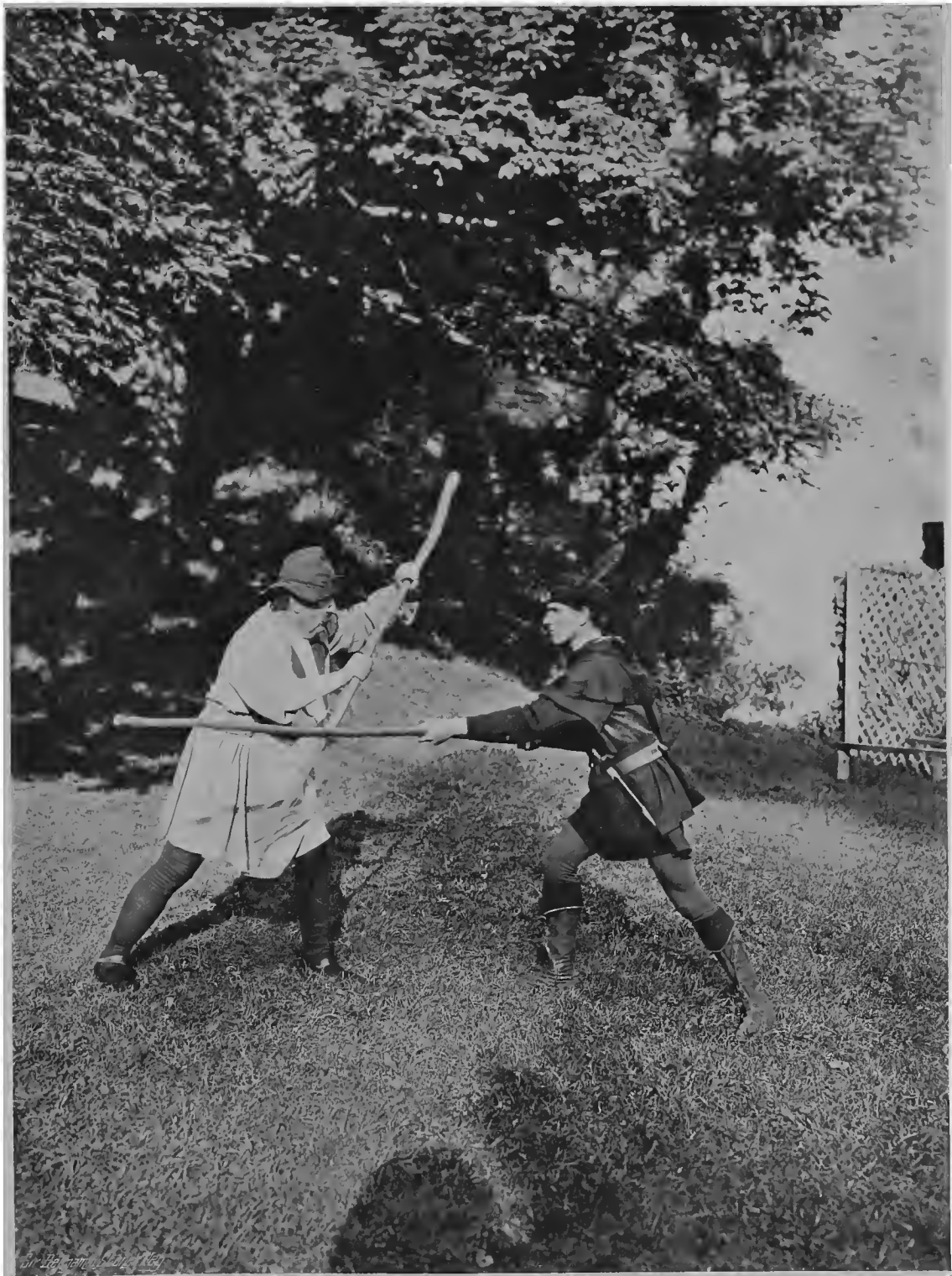
IV. TOWN v. MONASTERY.

SUCCESSING episodes closely follow other events in the history of Sherborne, the seventh depicting the quarrel between the town and the monastery in 1437.

To Bishop Neville, the spokesman of the town party complains of alterations made in the Abbey Church and the shifting of the font. The Abbot replies, stating that the men have set up in the Church of Allhallowes their own font, and "do ring the bells of Allhallowes at daybreak and before, just as my monks are wont to take their brief hours of slumber." An altercation follows the Bishop's decree. Walter Gallor, a butcher, rushes off, with the Abbot and monks, to destroy the new font which has been set up, while the parish priest goes out with the avowed intention of setting fire to the Abbot's thatch.

A Townsman. What's he up to?
Another. No good.
Another. Don't let's bide here. Let's do summat.
Another. We've a-got no leader.
Robin Hood. What? No leader? What's toward?
A Townsman. A fight in Sherborne town. The men o' Sherborne against the Abbot.
Robin Hood. Ho, ho! my merry men! Abbots are our meat, eh, Little John? Eh, Friar Tuck? I'll be your leader.
Another Townsman. An' who be you, pray?
Robin Hood. The Earl of Huntingdon if I had my rights, but here—Robin Hood.
 (*The ABBOT re-enters with his Monks, WALTER GALLOR, and his followers*)
Abbot. (*joyfully*) Walter Gallor hath destroyed the font!
Robin Hood. Then have at thee, Walter Gallor!
 (*Short quarter-staff bout between WALTER and ROBIN HOOD.*)

In the end, however, the monastic party gives way, conceding "a parish church with font complete."





THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT.

V. MORRIS DANCERS IN THE GREENWOOD.

THE announcement that the townsfolk shall have a parish church to themselves is received with much jubilation.

All. (*throwing their caps in the air*) A parish church with font complete!

Abbot. So harmony and kindness dwell in Sherborne once more!

Then there is great cheering, after which Robin Hood and Maid Marian step forward and dance with the Morris Dancers.

Next comes the Foundation of the Almshouse, and then successively the Expulsion of the Monks, the School receiving its Charter, Sir Walter Raleigh arriving at Sherborne, and the final picture :

A stately figure symbolical of Sherborne has been raised on a pedestal in the centre of the Quadrangle. In one hand she bears a model of Sherborne Abbey; the other reposes on a shield bearing the arms of the School. On her right stands her daughter, the American Sherborn, bearing in one hand the model of a caravel, and resting the other on the arms of the State of Massachusetts. Now the School marches through the crowd, singing the "Carmen Sæculare" (the Sherborne School song).

ELECTION DAY AT GIRDLERS' HALL.

I. THE PROCESSION OF THE CROWN.

IN the early years of the London Livery Companies, the election of Master was a ceremony carried out with much pomp and feasting, and, though comparatively little of either has survived to our own times, some companies still retain certain of the ancient formalities of the event. A prominent instance is the Girdlers', several of the old customs being observed on election day, which is usually on or about St. Lawrence's Day, in the early part of August.

The whole of the Court and Livery assemble in the Hall, and, the Master, wardens, and officials having been chosen, march in a body to the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, for the purpose of hearing a special sermon, for delivering which the preacher is entitled to a fee of 3s. 5d., an ancient bequest of a kind not uncommon in connection with the City churches. Formerly the Girdlers were accompanied to church by musicians, while candles or lights were carried in the procession. The parson, too, was with them in their progress through the streets. But the age of pageantry is gone, and the procession is now formal without being picturesque.

After service the company return to the hall, where the Master and wardens are crowned in accordance with ancient usage. A procession* is formed of the beadle, robed, and bearing his mace, the musicians (generally a small contingent from the band of the Grenadier Guards), the porter carrying the crown on a cushion, the clerk, and the butler with the loving cup.

* The scenes here depicted were photographed in the forecourt of the Girdlers' Hall, and represent the ceremony as it takes place in the Hall itself.



ELECTION DAY AT GIRDLERS' HALL.

II. CROWNING THE MASTER.

THE procession thus constituted marches up the middle of the hall to the Master, upon whose head the clerk places the crown, at the same time calling him by his name, and crowning him Master of the Girdlers' Company for the ensuing year. Then the butler hands him the loving cup, with which he pledges the company. Afterwards the wardens are crowned in like manner, upon which the procession retires. A feature of the ceremony is that the Master is literally "elevated" or "raised" to the chair, as the King is "elevated" to the Throne.

Whenever the custom originated — and the first mention of a formal election is dated 1328—the crowns seem to have been used for centuries. Made of velvet and silk, the outside embroidered with gold wire and bearing the figure of St. Lawrence, many gridirons, and the national emblems of the rose and the thistle, they are believed to be of the sixteenth century, and that they were in use in 1550 is proved by a note relating to one of them in a cash book bearing that date. Despite their age, they are still in good condition. The velvet, originally gold and blue, is now brown; but the silk is yet a bright yellow.

For long the election was succeeded by a grand ball, and musicians were provided "for the ladies' accommodation to dance." This, however, was abolished in 1760, and has never since been revived.



LADY MARGARET'S CHARITY.

As a form of posthumous benevolence, the dole, no less than the almshouse, has long since ceased to be fashionable. It has been superseded by other good works. All instances of it now extant, therefore, are of long standing.

One of the oldest is that known as Lady Margaret's Charity, instituted by Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII. Besides the foundations at Oxford and Cambridge, she left many bequests to Westminster, one of them for the weekly distribution of food and money which bears her name. The dole consists of a loaf of bread, a piece of meat, and fourpence ; and it has been presented to the poor continuously—without, as far as is known, a single break—for about four hundred years.

The distribution is made every Saturday at the entrance to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, the Dean or his agent handing the dole to the poor folk who have been selected as eligible to receive it.



GARLAND DAY AT ABBOTSBURY.

I. CHILDREN WITH GARLANDS.

THE custom of offering floral tributes to Neptune still has many local survivals, and even in our own country it lingers here and there, particularly on the Dorset coast, though it seems likely to die out in a few years.

One of the fishing villages in which it has been long observed is Abbotsbury. On the 13th of May, locally known as "Garland Day," the children go round the village with large garlands of flowers, soliciting gifts of money from householders. After they have called on all the inhabitants they proceed to the beach.



GARLAND DAY AT ABBOTSBURY.

II. THE NEPTUNE FESTIVAL.

THEN the garlands are placed in boats, taken out to sea, and, instead of being committed to the waves, as they used to be, and as such tributes are still in several of the Greek islands, brought back again. This is a recent innovation. So also is the ecclesiastical character now given to the festival. Formerly the ceremony was nothing more than the embodiment of an ancient superstition ; now it is a religious festival, the children taking the garlands to church—where a special service is held—before they are carried out to sea in the boats. The custom, therefore, has lost its chief significance.

It is, indeed, dying out. Of old a dozen or more boats, each with a garland, put off from the shore at Abbotsbury, as against one from Swyre and another from Puncknowle, and every floral offering was placed on the waves in the firm belief that it would bring luck to the mackerel fishing. But latterly only two or three boats have gone out to sea.

While, however, the ceremony is almost a thing of the past, Garland Day is still observed as a general holiday by the inhabitants, who dress in their best and provide bounteously for visitors from neighbouring villages.

PROCLAIMING THE KING.

Le roi est mort ! Vive le roi ! With the spirit of the old paradox at heart, people hurried to St. James's Palace on January 25th, 1901. In the quadrangle on the east side of the sombre pile—Friary Court—there were already a detachment of Grenadier Guards with band and mounted officers, and the balcony above—the spot where Queen Victoria appeared before her people for the first time nearly sixty-four years previously, with such emotion that she subsequently expressed the strong view that the Sovereign ought not to be present on such an occasion—was draped with crimson cloth.

Nine o'clock struck. Every eye was instantly turned on the window opening on to the balcony, and a murmur ran through the crowd as a group of gorgeously-arrayed figures stepped out. The Earl Marshal led the way, followed by the Deputy King of Arms and the Heralds and Pursuivants, four State trumpeters and four of the King's Serjeants-at-Arms bringing up the rear.

Every head uncovered as the figures—a brilliant splash of colour against the weather-stained stone—moved into position. Without any delay, the trumpeters blew a long, triumphant blast, and then Norroy King of Arms proclaimed the accession of King Edward VII. in the customary formula. Raising his voice at the end, he cried, "God save the King," to which rose from all present the fervent response, "God save the King."

Again the trumpets blared a pæan. Below, the troops saluted the King's colour and the band struck up the National Anthem. Then all was over. King Edward VII. had been proclaimed.*

* On the morning of the ceremony London was wreathed in fog—a circumstance which explains the apparent defects in the picture.



TISSINGTON WELL DRESSING.

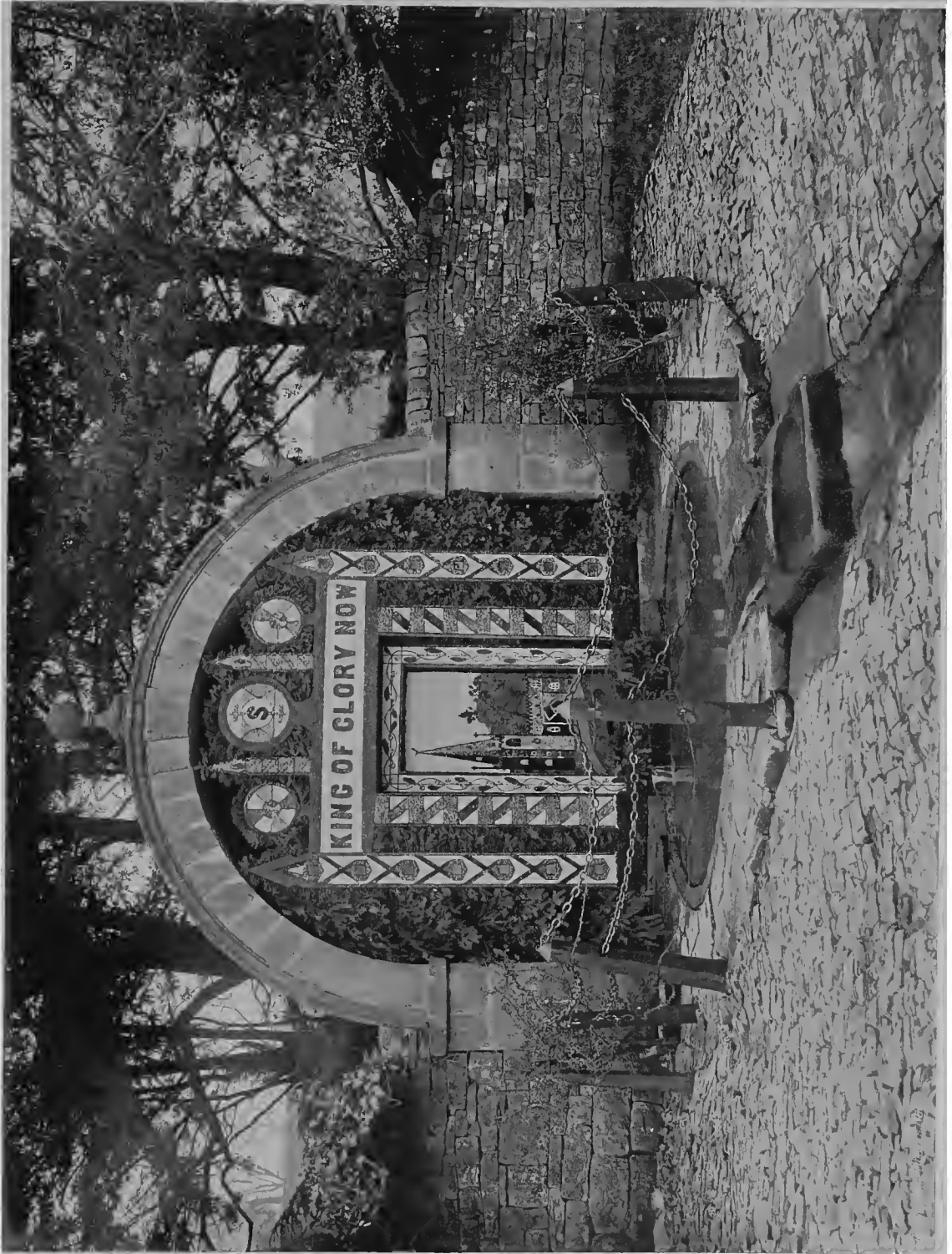
I. DRESSING THE WELLS.

THE custom of well dressing, originally a pagan rite, is firmly established in Derbyshire. It flourishes vigorously in several villages, particularly in Tissington, where it is observed with much old-world charm and rustic beauty.

In the decoration of the wells—of which there are five, namely, the Cup and Saucer or Hall Well, the Hands Well, the Coffin Well, the Town Well, and the Yew Tree or Goodwin's Well—the villagers display admirable taste. For days before the festival young and old scour the countryside for flowers, which, with coral berries of the holly, mountain ash, and yew, gathered the previous winter and stored for May, are used for forming the designs. Simultaneously a wooden frame is erected over each well in the form of a temple, grotto, or wayside chapel. Then everything is ready for the actual dressing.

This process is very interesting. The framework is covered with a layer of soft, plastic clay, in which are stuck the flowers and berries according to a pre-arranged plan, until at last the well is backed with a most beautiful mosaic, as perfect in form as it is harmonious in colour. Nothing jars on the æsthetic sense; the effect is wholly pleasing.

There are no set or stock designs. Each well is dressed differently every year, though the pretty picture over it is invariably surmounted with an appropriate motto or text, such as "Let the earth bless the Lord," "King of Glory now," or "Come ye to the water."



TISSINGTON WELL DRESSING.

II. READING PSALMS AT THE COFFIN WELL.

By the morning of Holy Thursday, when the festival takes place, the dressing of the wells is finished ; but the villagers are not aware of this by ocular demonstration. While each section of Tissington takes the keenest interest in the decoration of its own well—and in some cases that has been carried out by the same family for generations—it is against all traditions for it to inspect the wells before the festival. That were sacrilege. Nor do visitors make the round before the formal tour. Both residents and strangers see all the wells for the first time as the procession goes from one to the next.

This is essentially a religious ceremony. Divine service having been held in the parish church, the parishioners, accompanied by the clergy, make a tour of the wells, at each of which a portion of the psalms appointed for the day is read and a hymn sung.

The second halt is made at the Coffin Well, so called from its peculiar shape, and always an excellent specimen of the peculiar local art.



THE ASCENSION

TISSINGTON WELL DRESSING.

III. SERVICE AT THE YEW TREE WELL.

AFTER visiting other wells, the procession comes to the Yew Tree or Goodwin's Well, where the concluding service is held.

Throughout, the religious spirit is most marked. The villagers regard the festival as one of thanksgiving to God for a bountiful supply of pure water, are indignant at the suggestion that it is of pagan origin, and declare that it was first held in Tissington when neighbouring villages were suffering severely through drought. As a consequence they are reverent and devout, and the visitors, recognising their motives, conduct themselves accordingly, with the result that the procession is really a religious ceremony.

When, however, the perambulation of the village is over, a gayer spirit reigns. Worship gives way to mirth and jollity, open house is kept everywhere, friends from neighbouring villages are welcomed, and, finally, there is a dance on the green.

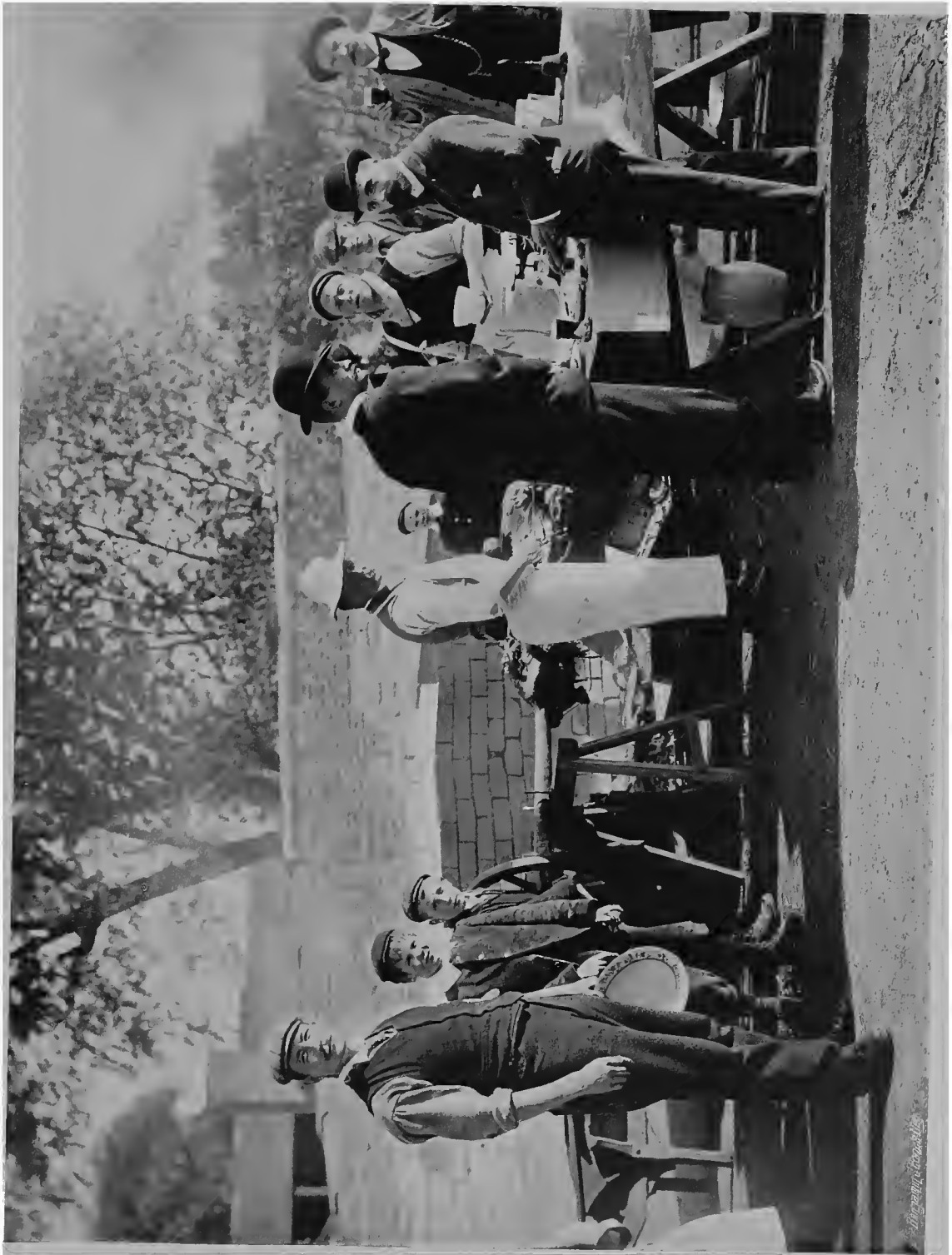


BIDFORD MOP.

I. THE PIG ROAST.

TILL comparatively recent years a pig roast was one of the principal features of a rural fair. It used to take place on the green, sometimes with the aid of an enormous spit, such as may still be seen in a small village near Billingshurst. Several pigs were always barbecued here ; but, though roast pork is still as inseparable from the feast as plum pudding is from Christmas, the cooking is now carried out in the villagers' houses, not in the open air.

This is the usual practice nowadays. At Bidford Mop, however, pigs are still roasted whole, and a brisk trade is done in cuts from the carcasses.



BIDFORD MOP.

II. "SIPPERS" AND "TOPERS."

BIDFORD has for centuries had a reputation for deep drinking. It is the "Drunken Bidford" of the lines attributed (no doubt unjustly) to Shakespeare—lines which are supposed to hit off the characteristics of a number of neighbouring villages :

"Piping Pepworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

And the local "sippers" and "topers"* became famous through the well-known crab tree incident. One summer morning, according to the tradition, Shakespeare set out for Bidford. Meeting a shepherd, he jocularly asked him if the Bidford toppers were at home, to which the man replied that the toppers were away, but that he would find the sippers, who might, the native added, be able to hold their own with him. The shepherd's anticipation was realised; for Shakespeare, in wending his erratic way homeward after foregathering with the mere sippers, was fain to throw himself under a crab tree and sleep off some of the effects of his carouse

Whether true or false, the story was credited at Stratford as far back as 1762, when the tree was known as "Shakespeare's Canopy." It stood in a field fringing the Bidford-Stratford road, and has since been represented by a crab tree nearer that highway.

* It need hardly be said that the terms do not apply in any personal sense whatever to the two villagers who consented to be shown in the photograph here reproduced.



A GRAVESIDE EASTER SERVICE.

CLOSE to the railway station at Market Harborough stands the little Church of St. Mary-in-Arden—a sanctuary which, notwithstanding its age and romantic history, is now closed from Easter to Easter except at funerals.

In consequence of the ill reputation it had acquired for the celebration of clandestine marriages, its perpetual curacy was consolidated with that of Harborough so far back as 1614, and, though decree was then made that service should be held in it occasionally, that St. Mary's might not be wholly neglected, it is now open, save for funerals, only on Easter Eve, when an interesting ceremony is performed.

The members of the Harborough choir wend their way to the ancient church, and, as the twilight deepens, gather round the grave of one William Hubbard, and sing the Easter hymn. For this service they receive one guinea, which is derived from a rent charge on a house in the town, in accordance with Hubbard's will. The testator, who died at the beginning of last century, chose this method of perpetuating his memory, and thus far it has been as effective as any he could have found at so small a cost.



LOCKING THE TOWER GATES.

I. FASTENING UP FOR THE NIGHT.

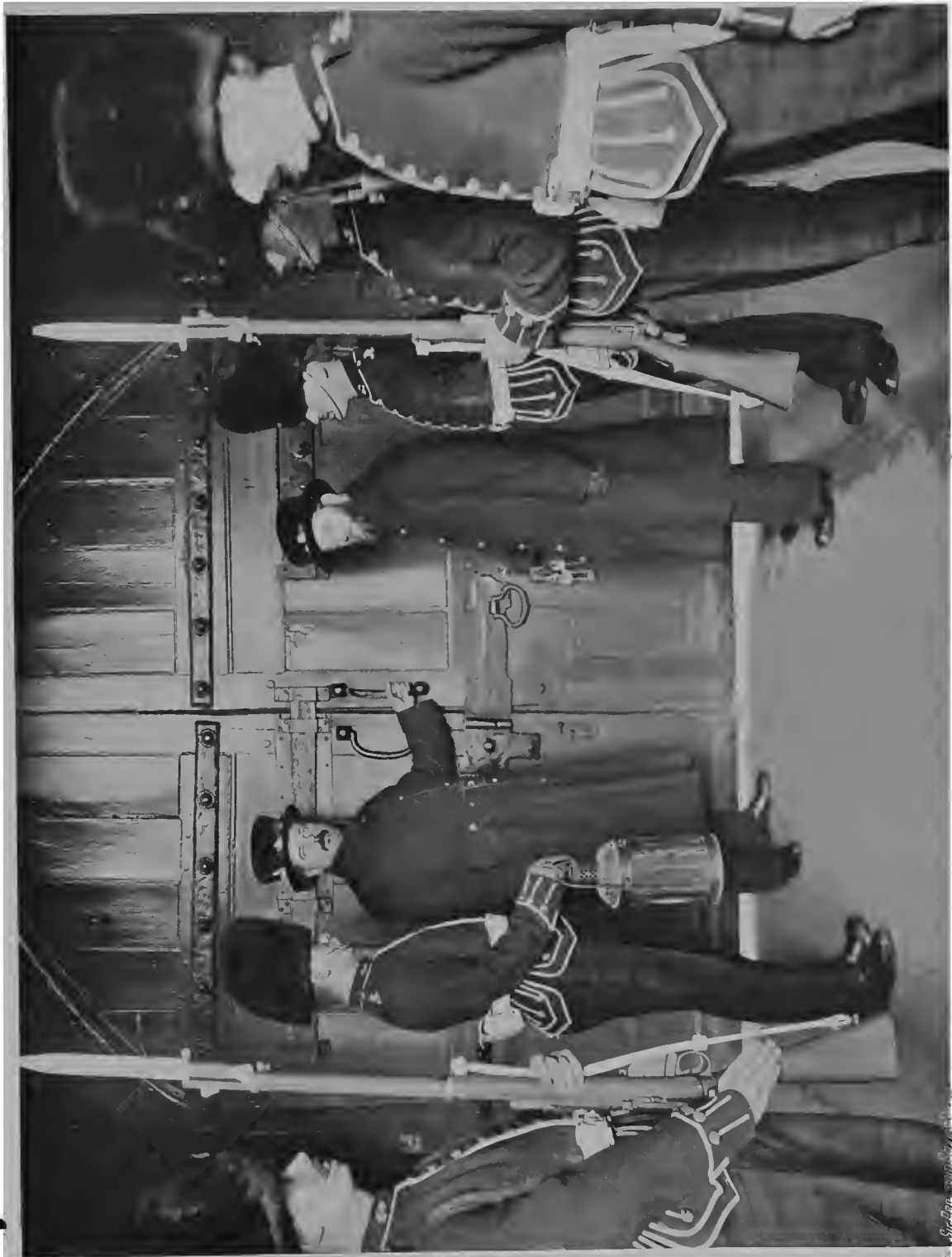
As the "Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower"—generally known as the Tower of London—is not an ordinary fortress, it has many distinctive ceremonies, of which the quaintest and most picturesque is the locking of the gates at "midnight."

Shortly before 11 p.m. the chief warder—who, in a MS. preserved in the Tower, is said to be "always called in all books of records 'master porter,' and in ancient times always 'the yeoman,'" and, further, "to have been recommended by the Lieutenant and chosen of the ancientest warders"—goes to the Lieutenant's house for the keys of the gates. These keys are formally delivered to the Constable after his installation in office by the Lord Chamberlain.

Having obtained them, the warder proceeds to the officer in command, and asks for an escort, which is at once furnished. Then all wait for the hour. Eleven o'clock strikes.

"Quick march!"

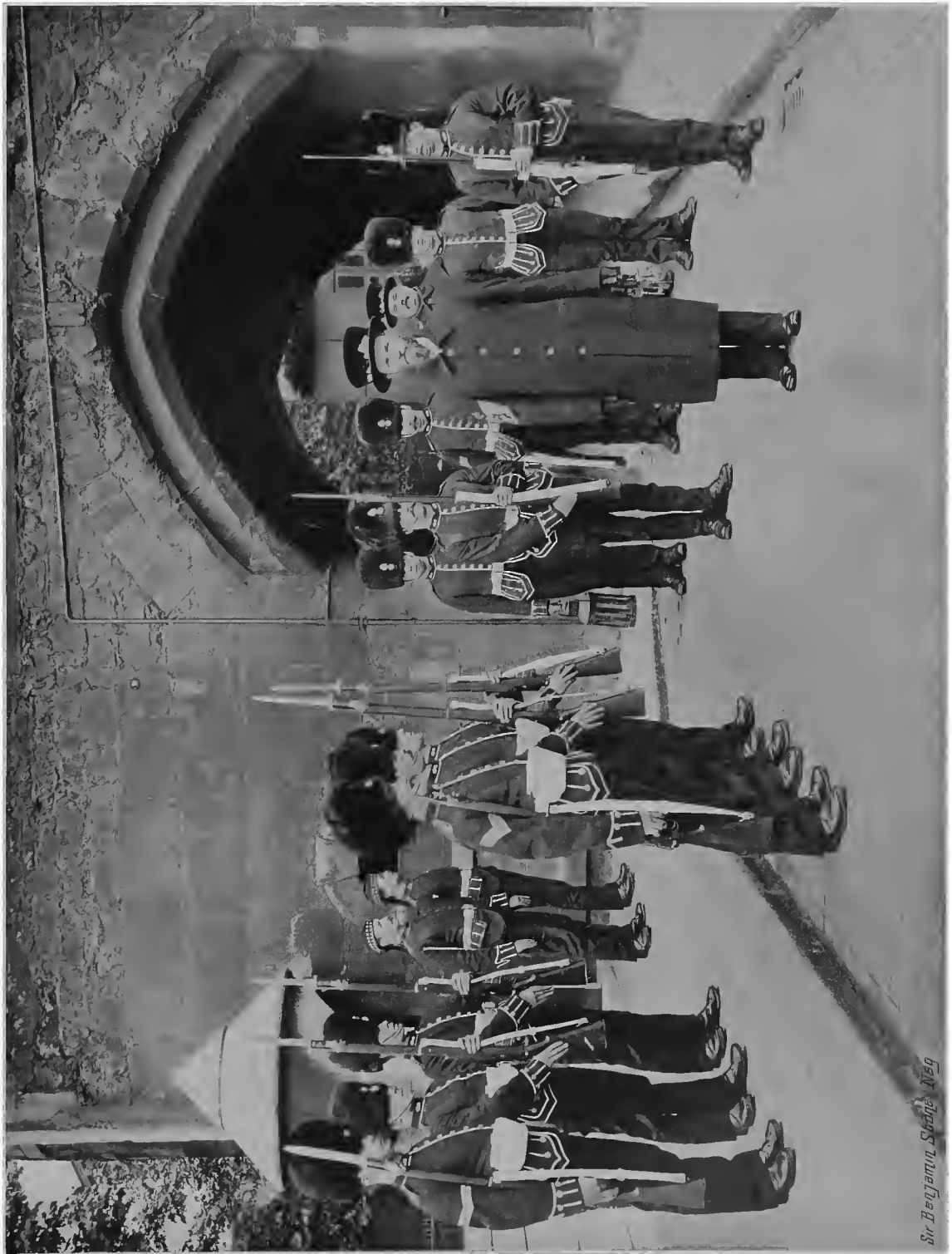
Away the party swing to the main gate, which the warder locks.



LOCKING THE TOWER GATES.

II. AT THE BYWARD TOWER.

THE warder, with the escort, then starts on the journey back to the Lieutenant's house for the purpose of returning the keys. Soon he reaches the Byward Tower, where the guard turns out and salutes.



Sir Benjamin Strohle, Nag

LOCKING THE TOWER GATES.

III. "WHO COMES THERE?"

PASSING on, the bearer of the keys comes to the Bloody Tower, where ghosts of the noble dead prowl nightly. As he emerges from under the gloomy archway a challenge rings out :

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"The keys," responds the warder.

"Whose keys?"

"King Edward's keys."

"Advance, King Edward's keys."



LOCKING THE TOWER GATES.

IV. SALUTING THE KEYS.

THE warder then goes on till he arrives at the guard-house, where all the soldiers salute as he passes.



LOCKING THE TOWER GATES.

V. "GOD PRESERVE KING EDWARD!"

COMING to a halt, the warder wheels round, takes off his hat, and says solemnly :

" God preserve King Edward ! " *

And the whole guard responds :

" Amen ! Amen ! "

Without further delay, the warder carries the keys to the Lieutenant's house, where he delivers them to the officer in command.

This remarkable ceremony has been performed nightly, as shown by entries in the Tower books, ever since the time of Edward III.

* This series of photographs was taken in the reign of Queen Victoria —when, of course, her Majesty's name was used—and at a time when, in consequence of the South African War, the Scots Guards were on duty at the Tower. The guard-house shown in the picture has since been altered—a circumstance which demonstrates the value of history photographs, because here is a record of a condition of things already belonging to the past.



FIFTH OF NOVEMBER "GUYS."

OF the comparatively few English customs which commemorate real events in the history of our country, the most popular is the Gunpowder Plot celebration. "Guy Fawkes' Day" is observed everywhere, and always in pretty much the same fashion, "guys" (often supposed to represent the most unpopular man of the moment) being burnt on enormous bonfires to the accompaniment of a fusillade from squibs and crackers and small cannon prone to explode when they are capable of doing the most injury.

The most important local variations, perhaps, are in the rhyme which is repeated, as the "guys" are paraded through the streets, in the early part of the day :

'Please to remember the Fifth of November,
Gunpowder Treason and Plot ;
I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.'

There are several versions of this appeal for coppers, while in some counties additions are made to it. The "guys" in the picture were photographed at Windsor.



PANCAKE TOSSING AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

I. THE GREAT HALL.

WHEREVER else old customs may die out, they will always survive in public schools, the atmosphere of which is peculiarly adapted to their preservation; and as long as the ancient foundation at Westminster exists, so long will the pancake be tossed in its great hall on Shrove Tuesday.

The schoolroom, with its handsome Gothic roof of wood, supported by iron bars, is a singularly fitting environment for so quaint a survival. Every part has its tradition. Even to the very bar—the foremost, and the most prominent, shown in the picture—which extends from side to side of the room, and over which the pancake is thrown, a strange story is attached.

From it originally hung a curtain dividing the Upper from the Under School. One day a boy tore this curtain, but escaped punishment at the hands of the then master (Dr. Busby, who never spoiled a boy by sparing the rod) through the kindness of a schoolfellow, who took the blame upon himself. In after life the punishment-scorning boy, William Wake (father of Archbishop Wake), became a colonel in the service of the King during the Civil War, and joined in Penruddock's rebellion in 1655. Taken prisoner at the rout of the Royal party, he was tried at Exeter by the old schoolfellow (probably Serjeant Glynn) whom he had generously saved from a flogging. The judge recognised him, and, hastening to London, used all his influence with the Protector, with the result that the hero of the curtain was pardoned.



St. Lawrence Church, N.Y.



PANCAKE TOSSING AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

II. BRINGING IN THE PANCAKE.

THE ceremony on Shrove Tuesday, though it has been modified slightly from time to time, has remained substantially unaltered for centuries. In the morning one of the vergers from the Abbey, bearing a silver mace, conducts the cook, who carries the pancake in a frying-pan, into the great hall, where all the boys are assembled.

When the room was divided by a curtain, this was then drawn aside, and the cook threw the pancake over the bar towards the door, whereupon all the boys scrambled for it. Of late years only a few—one representing each form, chosen by the scholars themselves—have taken part in the scramble.



PANCAKE TOSSING AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

III. "THE GREEZE."

GOING forward, the cook hurls the pancake aloft in the direction of the bar. If it goes clean over, the selected boys make a wild rush for it in an endeavour to catch it whole, and, usually failing, then struggle for it on the floor. The one who secures it, or the biggest portion, is entitled to a guinea. The scrimmage is known as "the greeze."

Not always has the fritter gone over the bar. Some years ago the cook failed to send it high enough, and it fell on the wrong side. The boy who caught it bore it to the master's house in triumph, only, however, to be informed by the learned doctor that, as the cook had failed to throw it over the bar, the ceremony was null and void, and, therefore, the guinea would not be paid.

Whether the cook, who, it may be added, was pelted by the boys with school books, also lost his fee—two guineas then, but only one now—on this occasion is uncertain; but presumably the total amount saved was three guineas.

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PANCAKE TOSSING AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

IV. THE VICTOR RECEIVING HIS GUINEA.

THE boy who gets the pancake, or the largest piece, which has been over the bar takes it to the Dean of Westminster, who thereupon hands him the guinea.*

Of the origin of this quaint ceremony—which at one time had its counterpart at Eton—nothing is known. The pancake-tossing is doubtless a survival of the mediæval sports which delighted schoolboys; but when and why it came into being cannot be traced, though probably it did not originate after the date of Elizabeth's foundation (1560).

* For the benefit of future generations, it may be noted that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, on the occasion when the photograph was taken, stood in the background, is not usually present at the payment of the guinea.

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HORSESHOE TRIBUTES IN OAKHAM CASTLE.

PERHAPS the most singular mediæval tribute now exacted is the horseshoe required from every peer who passes through Oakham. Originally the shoe had to come from the actual horse ridden by a baron ; but for a long time it has been usual to commute the toll by paying for a fancy shoe, and as a result the tributes in Oakham Hall vary greatly in shape and size, and are even made of different metals.

They are mostly dated, the most important exception being a large shoe given by Queen Elizabeth, who probably sent it about 1556, after her visit to Lord Burghley. Among them are several from the Royal Family—Queen Victoria (when Princess Victoria) in 1835 ; Queen Alexandra (when Princess of Wales) in 1881 ; and his Majesty the King (when Prince of Wales) in 1895. In all there are nearly 200 shoes, which are of all sizes, from 7 feet in length down to one only big enough for the small-hoofed racehorse.

However the tribute may have originated, it seems to have been demanded continuously for seven centuries. Probably it was instituted by Walchelin de Ferreris, to whom Henry II. gave the Barony of Oakham. From what is known of his truculent and overbearing character, it is conjectured that he ordered his seneschal to take a shoe off the horse of any other baron who had the temerity to ride through his territory, and that thence evolved the custom of demanding a horseshoe from every peer who passed through Oakham.



THE INVERNESS GATHERING.

I. DANCING THE "GILLIE CALLUM."

IN the social life of Scotland athletic sports—called "meetings" in the Lowlands and "games" or "gatherings" in the Highlands—are more important events than corresponding fixtures on this side of the Border. Held in the "season"—at the end of August and during the whole of September—they are musters to which cling a series of festivities; and Lanark, Ayr, Musselburgh, Inverness, Oban, Atholl, Braemar, and other places, are in turn the scenes of brilliant assemblies.

At the Northern Gathering, which takes place at Inverness, kilts and tartans are the only wear, and Scottish sports the only competitions in which much interest is shown. The sword dance—such as the "Gillie Callum"—is an invariable feature, though he who is adjudged the best performer is not always a Scotsman, but, it may be, somebody closely related to that curious freak, the "Houndsditch Highlander." In fact, some of the kilted pipers who hail from London surpass in skill not a few of such of their comrades as are on their native heath.





THE INVERNESS GATHERING.

II. TOSSING THE CABER

ON the programme, too, a place is always found for tossing the caber. The beam or tree so called, when used at the beginning of open competitions, is about 25 feet long, pieces being sawn off the thick end till the right length is found; but customarily it is about 21 feet long, with a maximum diameter of 3 inches at the thin end.

In throwing it the competitor holds it perpendicularly, balancing it against his chest, with the thin end resting in his hands; and he casts it from him in such a way that it will fall on the thick end and turn over. The winner is he who scores the farthest toss and straightest fall.



THE INVERNESS GATHERING.

III. THROWING THE HAMMER.

No less regular a contest is throwing the hammer, at which the Highland athlete, ever strong rather than agile, and consequently ill-adapted for sprinting and steeple-chasing, is difficult to beat. Sometimes the "fifty-sixer" is hurled about 90 feet, and that without a turn, which is forbidden by the rules.

Every gathering is famed for some special feature. At Inverness it is the ball at night, at Atholl the feudalism maintained by the Duke of Atholl, and at Braemar the march of the clans—a brilliant pageant. First come the Balmoral Highlanders, each bearing a Lochaber axe on his shoulder, and the whole forming a blaze of Royal red; then the Duffs, radiant in bright red tartans, march past; and then along stride the green-clad Farquharson Highlanders, claymore in hand, and preceded by two standards of white silk.

When the representatives of the various clans march round the enclosure, to the skirl of the pipes, the effect is superb—a mass of waving colour broken up by the flash of steel; and the mind goes back to that historic gathering which preceded the battle of Sheriffmuir, and which is commemorated by a brass plate in the window of one of the Braemar hotels. "On this spot," runs the inscription, "the Earl of Mar raised the standard of revolt, on behalf of the Pretender, in 1715."

DISTRIBUTION OF CARLOW'S CHARITY.

No charity, perhaps, is distributed under stranger conditions than that of Thomas Carlow, who died in 1738, leaving 20s. to be given away in bread on Candlemas Day. For the distribution is made in a dark outhouse or shed, the state of which is more likely to make all present think of things decidedly earthly than of the long-dead benefactor.

Thomas Carlow provided by his will that he should be buried in the garden of his house, behind the Bull Hotel, Woodbridge, in Suffolk, and that 20s. should be distributed annually in bread from his tomb. His directions were followed implicitly. As land became more valuable, stables were erected on the garden, and the tomb was enclosed in them. There, in the most curious environment imaginable, it remained for many years ; but eventually the tomb was shifted to an adjacent building, though Carlow's remains were left behind, and, indeed, they are still where they were deposited in 1738.

It is in front of the tomb, and not over the grave, that the distribution, the endowment of which is from the land and house left by Carlow, is now made. The bread is placed on a table covered with a linen cloth, and is given to poor people by the rector of Woodbridge, who is assisted by his two churchwardens and others. Despite, in fact, the peculiar position of the tomb, the ceremony is performed regularly and punctually.



HOCKTIDE AT HUNGERFORD.

I. DEMANDING HOLIDAY FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

POPULAR a festival as Hocktide was, it is now as extinct as Twelfth Night, except in a few towns, perhaps because it comes only a fortnight after Easter, and clashes, therefore, with one of the great holidays of the year. Indeed, only in the old-world town of Hungerford, Berks, do many of the ancient humours of Hocktide survive, and even there they have come down to the present day owing to the circumstance that certain rights which the place enjoys are contingent on the observance of set formalities at this season.

This being so, all Hungerford still makes merry at Hocktide. Holiday is formally demanded for the school children; several public dinners, etc., take place; the governors of the town are appointed with some ceremony; a number of old customs are strictly carried out; and general honour is paid to the memory of John o' Gaunt, the great patron of the town, who gave it the wonderful horn on the preservation of which its privileges depend.



HOCKTIDE AT HUNGERFORD.

II. CONSTABLE AND TUTTI MEN.

HOCKTIDE begins with a "watercress supper" at the "John o' Gaunt," a number of the townsmen sitting down to black broth, Welsh rarebit, macaroni, and salad, accompanied by bowls of punch. On the following morning the local crier, standing on the balcony of the Town Hall, sounds the ancient horn, after which the Hocktide Court assembles. The jury is then sworn, and, the names of the freemen having been read over by the Town Clerk, and the commoners called upon to "save their commons," a number of officials are elected—water-bailiff, hall-keeper, ale-tasters, etc.

Afterwards the tything or tutti men visit the residence of the constable (the chief ruler of the town), and are there invested with their emblem of office, namely, a pole, on the top of which is a tutti or posy. They are then able to begin their pleasant duty, which consists of calling on the commoners and demanding toll—a penny from the men and a kiss from the women—and presenting every person in the house with an orange.

Much excitement is occasioned by their progress through the town, and there are many little screams and much rustling of dresses as they go from house to house. For, while the pecuniary tribute is always readily forthcoming, and while, too, lip toll is usually paid with a good grace, some ladies object to be kissed, and, on the appearance of the fortunate tutti men, hastily put up bolt and bar, and scurry to safe hiding places, there to remain till all danger is over. Kissing does not always go by favour.

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HOCKTIDE AT HUNGERFORD.

III. CRIER COLLECTING PENNIES.

THE crier also collects pennies, though he does not share the privilege of the tutti men to demand a kiss from the lady commoners.

Subsequently there is a big round of festivities and observances. A luncheon is given by the constable, and the Sandon Fee Court is formed, among other purposes, for making regulations for the feeding of cattle on the marsh. After another dinner, the court-leet is held. Then comes the constable's banquet, at which his Worship sits beneath the famous John o' Gaunt's horn, suspended from the two tutti poles, and the principal feature of which is the toast, "To the memory of John o' Gaunt." This is drunk in solemn silence as the clock strikes the midnight hour; and then the festivities proper are over, though the proceedings really close by the constable and other officers attending service in the parish church.

To the student of the past the whole festival, with its many remarkable survivals, is most interesting. Indeed, a visit to Hungerford at Hocktide is an education in old English customs.



THE CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

EVERY sitting of the House of Commons opens with prayers for light and guidance.

The Speaker takes his place at the head of the table. By his side is the Chaplain of the House of Commons, a gracious figure in silk gown and muslin bands. The members stand in files along the benches, each party facing the other across the dividing line of the floor. The service begins with Psalm lxvii., "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us." The Lord's Prayer is recited, and is followed by prayers for the King and Queen and the Royal Family. Then there is an invocation to God on behalf of the House of Commons, at which the Members turn to the wall with bowed heads.

"Send down the Heavenly wisdom from above," the Chaplain prays, "to direct and guide us in all our consultations; and grant that we, having Thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the glory of Thy blessed name, the maintenance of true religion and justice, the safety, honour and happiness of the King, the public welfare, peace and tranquillity of the realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same, in true Christian love and charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour."

It is most impressive to hear in the hushed Chamber the prayers of the Chaplain, and the responses given by the Speaker.



Basil Wilberforce (Chaplain)

TEA ON THE TERRACE.

THE Terrace, so well known in connection with the social side of Parliamentary life, is unique. No other legislative building in the world is favoured with so fine a possession, at once a thing of beauty and a place of recreation.

This splendid lounge and promenade extends the whole length of the river-front of the Palace of Westminster. The waters of the Thames wash its walls. The noble Palace—with its many Gothic windows, its delicate stone carvings, its pinnacles and towers—looks down upon it majestically. Across the broad and fast-flowing river is seen, on the right, the ancient Palace of Lambeth. Far beyond are caught misty glimpses of the Surrey hills. On the left are the spires of the city, with the dome of St. Paul's looming massively and imposingly in their midst.

Here Members of the House of Commons, escaping from the enervation or boredom of the Chamber, take exercise and enjoy the delicious freshness of the air. On fine summer afternoons, during the season, tables are laid for tea, in the deep, cool shadows of the great Palace. In attendance are smart waitresses in black gowns and white aprons. Crowds of ladies are enjoying the tea and cake and strawberries, and Parliamentary small talk of their hosts; and in turn lending additional charms of colour and animation to the picturesque scene.

But there are legislators who think that "tea on the Terrace" is a function which lowers the dignity of Parliament. For their solace, a part of the Terrace is cut off by a post bearing the warning "For Members only," and there they ruminate in glum aloofness, undisturbed by the laughter of Beauty and the rustle of her skirts.



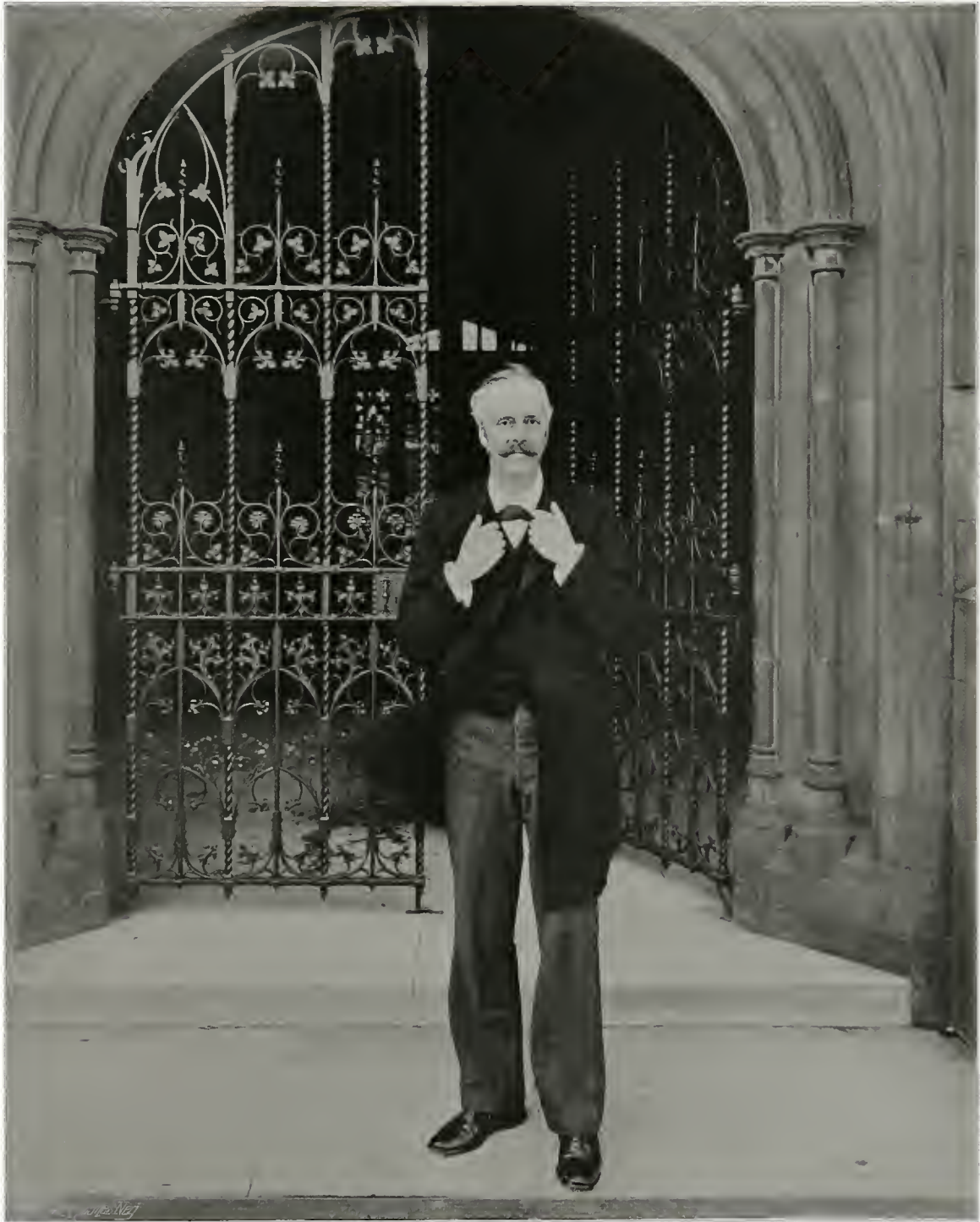
The Right Hon.
ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

Few men have been more fortunate and successful in public life than Mr. Balfour. He was returned to the House of Commons at the early age of twenty-five. For some years, as a private member, he made comparatively little mark. This tall, willowy, and fragile young Scotsman was regarded as rather indolent, with some keenness of intellect, but with a bent for the abstractions of metaphysics.

Then he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland in a time of trouble and difficulty. It was generally looked upon as a sort of forlorn hope. But the supposed loungeur and trifler very soon showed that he was possessed of remarkable gifts, and displayed a resource in tactics worthy of a veteran. The result was that at the early age of forty-three he attained to the great position of Leader of the House of Commons, and before he was ten years older he was Prime Minister.

Here, surely, was success beyond the wildest dreams of ambition. Yet this is what Mr. Balfour has to say of public life: "If I could wish for some earthly gift to be given by a fairy to an infant whom I loved, my first wish would be that under no circumstances should the child be under any temptation to become a politician."

The right hon. gentleman plays golf, and it is his ambition that he should excel in it. He has, moreover, declared that one of the sore regrets of his life is that he did not take to it in his early years, so that he might have mastered this most difficult, as he said, of all games. It was as much as to say that he would gladly exchange his success in the Senate for glory on the golf links. Still, regret it how he may, Mr. Balfour is destined always to stand forth exalted among politicians.



Mr James Belfour . 1897
F. L. & Misses

“WAY FOR BLACK ROD!”

BLACK ROD is perhaps the most picturesque functionary of Parliament. An official of the House of Lords, he controls the admission of strangers to the Upper Chamber. But he is best known as the Parliamentary messenger of the Sovereign, for as such he plays a historic part frequently during the progress of the Session.

When the King appears in the House of Lords, either personally or by Commission, to open Parliament, to give the Royal Assent to Bills which have passed both Houses, or to prorogue Parliament, the Members of the two Chambers must be present, and it is in his capacity as royal messenger that Black Rod is directed on these occasions to summon the Commons to the House of Peers.

The official dress of Black Rod consists of cutaway coat, knee breeches, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, and a sword by his side. In his right hand he carries a short ebony stick with a gold knob, from which he derives his curious title. As he walks through the lobbies between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the usher in evening dress who precedes him heralds his approach with cries of “Black Rod! Way for Black Rod!”*

* The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the picture is General Sir Michael A. S. Biddulph, G.C.B.; the Usher, Mr. W. Chandler, one of the doorkeepers of the House of Lords; and the police officer, Inspector Kenrick, of the House of Lords' police.



The Right Hon.
HERBERT GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE has been in the thick of things political ever since the day—in January, 1854—he was born at the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Downing Street, the very centre of our system of political administration, the most famous political street in the world.

Those who have read the “Life of William Ewart Gladstone,” by Mr. John Morley, know that while Mr. Herbert Gladstone was a student at Oxford his father used to write him long letters on political affairs. Consequently few men have a wider knowledge of politics. There are entries in his father’s diary which also show how often he joined in the latter’s favourite pastime of felling trees. He is a great athlete, proficient, indeed, in every form of outdoor physical recreation. Hence his abounding vitality and energy.

Mr. Gladstone—who became Home Secretary when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman formed his Cabinet in December, 1905—filled with success the very difficult and responsible post of Chief Whip of the Liberal party. For such a position his engaging social qualities, as well as his acute political judgment, and the glamour of his name, eminently fitted him.



W. Myerstone West Leeds

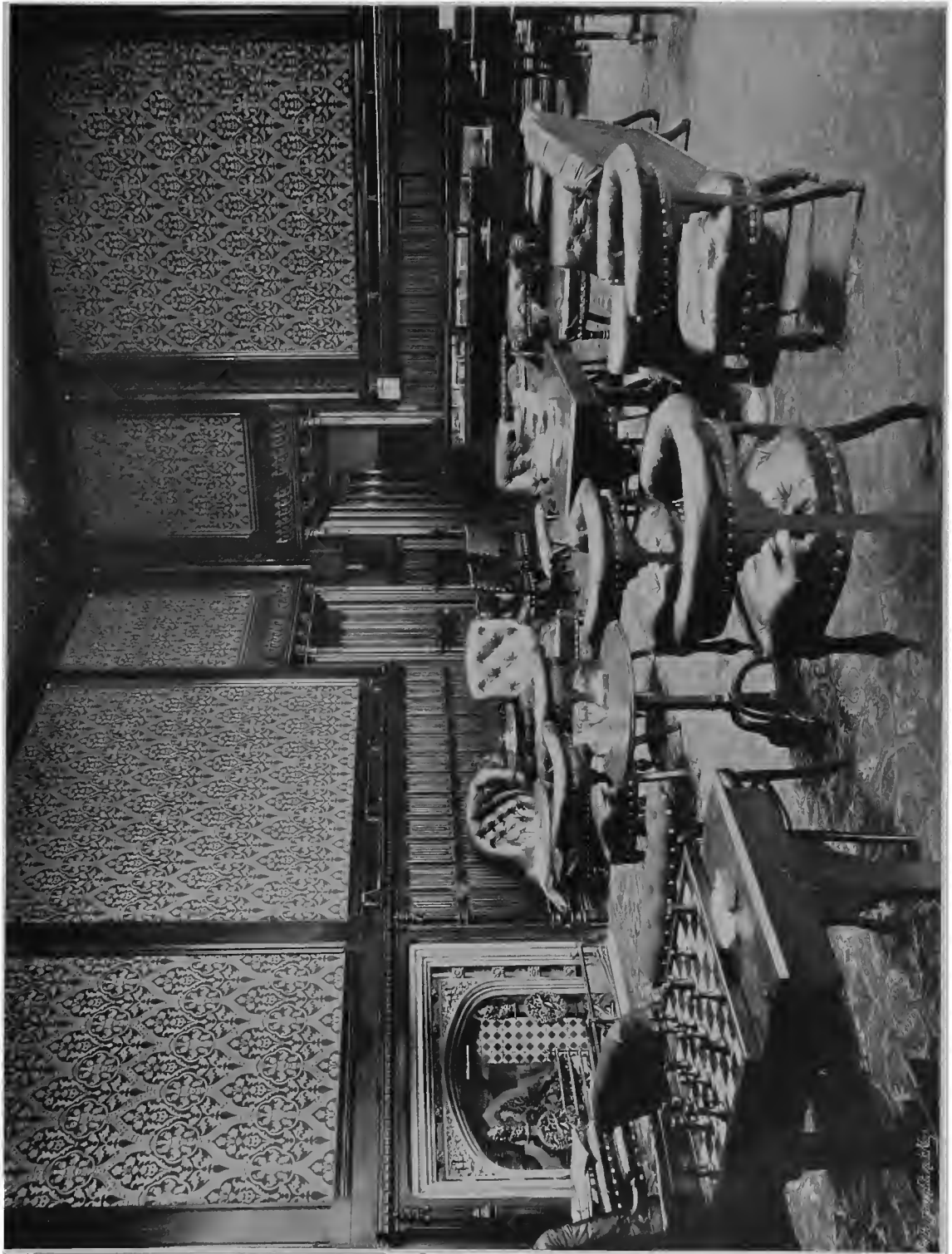
THE MEMBERS' SMOKING-ROOM.

IN the old House of Commons, which was swept away by the great fire of 1834, there was but one smoking-room. What it was like Macaulay describes in a letter to his sister, dated July 23rd, 1832: "I am writing here at eleven o'clock at night," he says, "in the filthiest of all filthy atmospheres, in the vilest of all vile company, and with the smell of tobacco in my nostrils."

In the Palace of Westminster there are now half-a-dozen rooms devoted to the enjoyment of tobacco. Into some of them Members may bring their friends. But the chief smoking-room, just off the dining-room, is sacred from the intrusion of strangers.

Is there any reality or sincerity in party conflicts? The question is suggested by the engaging spectacle to be seen in the Members' smoking-room any night of a Session. Political opponents who, in the Chamber not an hour before, angrily shouted at each other across the floor, exchange their real opinions of questions and policies, with mutual amity and confidence, in free and unrestrained talk, and with many a hearty outburst of laughter, over coffee and cigarettes. Thus it is that party conflicts in the House of Commons usually end serenely in a cloud of smoke!

In truth, party animosity in the House of Commons rarely goes far or deep. But, however severe may be the political strain in the Chamber at times, in the smoking-room it is always relaxed, and no other rivalry is known there but that of who can say the cheeriest word and tell the funniest story.





The Right Hon.
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

THE most attractive figure on the Treasury Bench during the Balfour Administration, from the point of view of the Ladies' Gallery, was Mr. George Wyndham. There he was considered the handsomest man in the House.

About Mr. Wyndham, certainly, there is an air of poetry and romance. He comes, indeed, of historically picturesque stock. Is he not the direct descendant, on his mother's side, of that romantic figure in Irish history, Lord Edward FitzGerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, the leader of the Irish revolutionaries of 1798, who died in prison of wounds received in resisting arrest?

But Mr. Wyndham has sterling mental qualities as well as rare personal graces. With a good deal of affection and sentiment for things Irish, as well as with the blood of the martyrs in his veins, it was fitting that he should be Chief Secretary for Ireland. In this the most difficult of offices to fill, he established his undoubted capacity as a statesman.

He introduced and carried through Parliament, with the approval of all parties, the great Land Purchase Act of 1903, for converting the tenant farmers of Ireland into peasant proprietors. This, undoubtedly, will rank among the greatest of Parliamentary achievements. In carrying it through Mr. Wyndham proved that in him there is the unusual combination of an ardent, poetical mind with a tireless industry. He had a complete mastery of the large and complicated scheme of purchase. In its exposition he displayed remarkable lucidity and persuasiveness of speech, and always through his statement of its details ran a delightful vein of imagination.



George Wyndham.
Chief Secretary for Ireland.
May, 1902.

STATUE OF SIR CHARLES BARRY.

AMONG the immense crowd which witnessed the grand and terrible spectacle of the burning of the old Houses of Parliament on the night of October 16th, 1834, was an architect named Charles Barry. He had known and loved the ancient and historic pile from his earliest years, for he was born in Bridge Street, under its very shadow.

Parliament decided to have an open competition for plans for the new legislative buildings, and a Royal Commission was appointed to award the prize. There were as many as ninety-seven competitors, and the first prize fell to Charles Barry for his Gothic design. The successful architect was forty years old at the time.

From 1837, when the river wall was begun, until 1852, when the Palace of Westminster was opened by Queen Victoria, Barry superintended the erection of the edifice. Its progress was beset with many difficulties and vexations for the designer. The building was originally expected to be finished in six years, at a cost of £800,000, exclusive of furniture and fittings. Twenty years passed before it was fully completed, and over £2,000,000 was expended upon it. The Treasury fixed Barry's remuneration at the lump sum of £25,000, which was £23,000 less than he considered he was entitled to if paid by fee.

However, he was knighted on the completion of his splendid work. Dying in 1860, his remains were honoured by a grave in Westminster Abbey. His statue, by John Henry Foley, stands at the foot of the great staircase leading to the committee-rooms of the Houses of Parliament.



SIR CHARLES BARRY
1793 1860.

MR. T. M. HEALY.

A PRIME favourite with the House of Commons is Mr. Healy. When word goes round that "Tim Healy is up," Members crowd in from lobby, smoking-room, library, and Terrace, deserting the humourist in the middle of his good story, leaving the cigar unsmoked, casting the popular novel aside.

Yet he is not an orator, in the common meaning of the term. His style of speaking is unpolished and rugged. In matter he is often irregular and erratic, for he does all the thinking while he is on his feet, and it consequently suffers from a want of continuity. But his speeches are made up of rhapsody, fancy, fun, anecdote, humour, banter, sarcasm, pathos, that are never forced, that come to him quite naturally—even the look on the face of an opponent is sufficient to suggest a brilliant train of ideas—and, being an earnest, sensitive man who feels deeply, there are running through it all strains of marked seriousness and genuine eloquence. He fires in turn the sense of the ridiculous, the heart, the imagination, of his delighted hearers.

He has grown to love Parliament, as Parliament has grown to love him. He once said in the House, years ago, when as a stern and unbending Nationalist he was the bitterest sayer of bitter things, "I do not care a dump whether I am in jail or in the House of Commons." No doubt he thinks differently now. But occasionally, like the old Irish pagan bard, Ossian, after he had become a Christian, he seems to look back with a heart heavy with grief, and an eye filled with tears, on the glorious days of his unregenerate Parliamentary youth.



Mr Healy North Louth

GROUP OF UNIONIST WHIPS.

“DING-DING-DING! Ding-ding-ding!” In every part of the Palace of Westminster the electric bells are ringing out their summons to Members to hasten to the Chamber for the great division. “Hurry up! Hurry up!” they seem to cry. Three minutes—the time being taken by a sandglass on the table in front of the Clerk—are allowed before the doors of the House are locked. Members come rushing in from all quarters. Eagerly bustling about in the skurrying throng are the Government Whips, crying, “Don’t be late! Don’t be late!” in unison with the bells.

The debate is over. The arguments have been advanced and disputed, and the political issue at stake is about to be settled by the weight of numbers in the division lobbies.

Oftentimes many of the Members who thus come thronging to the Chamber for the division are ignorant of the matter at issue, and do not know exactly how they are to vote as party men. Just inside the door of the Chamber, where corridors on the right and left lead to the two division lobbies, stand the Government Whips, who shout “Aye!” or “No!” meaning that their men are to go into the “aye” or the “no” lobby. Indeed, not a word may be spoken. The Whips may simply point with their thumb to the right lobby. Such is the force of party discipline in the House of Commons that the sign thus given is compliantly followed by our representatives.*

* In this group of Unionist Whips, during Mr. Balfour’s Administration, the Right Hon. Sir William Walrond, Chief Whip, and the Hon. Ailwyn Fellows are on the left, standing behind the seat. On the seat are Sir Alexander Acland Hood and Mr. Victor Cavendish. Mr. H. T. Anstruther is seen with his elbow on the table; seated in front of him is Viscount Valentia; and on the right stands Mr. W. Hayes Fisher.







VISCOUNT SELBY.

“MR. SPEAKER!” So begins each Member who rises to address the House of Commons. Yet, of all the speakers in the Chamber, “Mr. Speaker” speaks seldomest and the fewest words. He sits in his high-canopied Chair—an imposing and dignified figure in a big wig and flowing silk gown—not to talk, but to listen to other talkers. Hours may pass during which “Order! Order!” are the only words spoken by “Mr. Speaker.”

Yet it is impossible to exaggerate the trying and arduous nature of the Speaker’s duties, or the strain, mental and physical, involved in their discharge. A man’s qualities could be put to no severer test than that of filling the Speaker’s Chair for ten years, like Viscount Selby—better known as William Court Gully—and at the end of it to be ranked among the greatest, for firm ruling and impartiality, of the long line of Presidents of the House of Commons.

The Speaker guides the deliberations of the House. He names the member who is to continue the debate. This is not simply a matter of “catching the Speaker’s eye,” as it is popularly called. The Speaker does not always name the Member upon whom his eye rests first. It is a careful and deliberate selection. If a Liberal is talking, it is certain that a Conservative will speak next. The object of the Speaker is to secure that as far as possible every phase of opinion shall find expression in the debate. Therefore it is that Members on opposite sides—the opponents and supporters of the question under discussion—follow each other alternately.



1898

R. C. Sully.

FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS AT WESTMINSTER.

“IT was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings. . . .” So opens that famous passage of Macaulay descriptive of Westminster Hall as it appeared at the trial of Warren Hastings. More remarkable still, on Saturday, August 12th, 1905, the rafters of the Hall rang with the mingled “Vive” of the French and the “Hurrah” of the British, in a toast of amity between the two nations, so long historically estranged.

The most auspicious event of the memorable week of the visit of the French Northern Squadron to this island was certainly the entertainment of Vice-Admiral Caillard, his officers, and their ladies, at a banquet in Westminster Hall by both Houses of Parliament, with the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker to bid them welcome. The heartiness of their reception was probably all the more appreciated by the French sailors owing to the traditional belief abroad that the people of this country on such occasions are unsympathetic and indifferent.

The officers were smart and alert young men, bold and resolute of face, and they had that breezy expansiveness of manner, with something of the smack of salt in it, which the briny, far-spreading sea seems always to impart to those who spend their lives with her in intimate association.

After the luncheon the officers and ladies were brought on to the Terrace, and a group photographed with M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, in the centre, Vice-Admiral Caillard on his right, and Rear-Admiral Leygue on his left.



DR. T. J. MACNAMARA.

It is true that that success in the House of Commons which is represented by early appointment to office still depends largely on aristocratic connections. A man who has the advantages of birth and rank may rapidly rise to an official position to which another of equal talent, but of democratic connections, may be years in reaching, or, indeed, may never attain at all.

But there is a more enviable kind of success in the House, to the achievement of which neither birth nor rank affords any assistance whatever. That is inclusion, not among the office-holders on the Treasury Bench, but among the twenty or thirty members, out of the six hundred and seventy, who have a hold on the assembly, who compel the attention of the House. Such a position is to be reached only by ability and force of character, by force of character especially, for in political life it is temperament more than intellect that tells. Instances of men who have reached to this prominence so rapidly as Dr. Macnamara are rare.

His success is due entirely to his own merits. The son of an Irish soldier, born at Montreal, though reared and educated in England, he had his own way to make in private life. He made it with quick strides. At the age of fifteen he was a school teacher, at thirty-one he was editor of the *Schoolmaster*, and at thirty-five President of the National Union of Teachers. In public life his individual gift of brisk and invigorating speech—a style entirely his own—was bound to carry him far. Spontaneity, directness, humour, sincerity, are its qualities. Behind the speech there are clear thinking, strong convictions, undaunted courage.



Sir Benjamin Storer's Neg

Very faithfully Yours
W. Macnamora
North Cambeswell.

THE CHIEF OF THE PARSEE RACE.

THE Jejeebhoy family of Bombay have for a hundred years and more been the most conspicuous members of the cultured and wealthy and enterprising Parsee community. The head of the family in 1858, Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, celebrated for his boundless philanthropy, was created a baronet; and since then the holder of the title has also been Chief of the Parsee race, and first citizen of Western India.

Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the fourth baronet, was in the public service, under the Government of Bombay—interesting himself especially, like his predecessors, in social questions—until he succeeded to the title. On the special invitation of the Home Government, he came to England, with Lady Jejeebhoy and their family, for the ceremonies of King Edward's Coronation in 1900. He was also photographed on the Terrace, and with him in the group are his son and daughter, and Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P.



The Right Hon.
JAMES BRYCE.

MR. BRYCE is an interesting instance of how a man may be at the same time a learned University don and a successful politician, two characters which are supposed to be incompatible. He is eminent as historian and jurist. No one has so complete a knowledge of the world's various forms of government, its social organisations, and political institutions. But besides his scholarship and education he has the tenacity, the physical energy, and the force of will which sustain political causes in the ascendancy.

Mr. Bryce is a great mountaineer. One sees the result of this exercise in his virile and active form, and in the steady, searching gaze of his clear grey eyes from under his heavy eyebrows. As an advanced Liberal he takes in hand forward political questions and ideas with the same unfaltering courage and resolution as he faces the far-off Alpine heights. It is an intellectual treat of the highest order to hear him in debate, piling up arguments, instances, reasons, in support of his side, slowly, tranquilly—without passion, without emotion—but vigorously and earnestly, and with deadly effect.



James Bryce Aberdeen

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE most imposing view of the Palace of Westminster is obtained from the Thames. Standing at the eastern end of Westminster Bridge, and looking across the river, especially when the mighty waterway is at a full tide, one realises the beauty and dignity of this great temple of legislation, for which the nation is indebted to the genius of Sir Charles Barry.

The stately regularity of the long façade, its uniform symmetry, the lightness and grace of its stone carving, the steeples and pinnacles, terminating with the solid massiveness of the high Victoria Tower, form altogether a most impressive architectural triumph.

There is not only the grace of line and colour, which makes things material beautiful; there is also the charm of historic association, the glamour of antiquity and tradition. It is true that the Houses of the Legislature are not yet mellowed, like the ancient Abbey across the way, by the softening touch of the centuries. But, comparatively new as they are, the buildings have already caught from the historic site upon which they stand—a Royal Palace having existed there since the time of Edward the Confessor—and from the great traditions of Parliament, which has always sat at Westminster, something of the splendid romance and mystery of the mighty past.



St. John's, St. John's, Nfld.

The Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE erect and alert figure of Mr. Chamberlain, without a superfluous ounce of material, suggests the trained athlete. As a matter of fact he scorns exercise. Everything about his appearance is, indeed, spick and span. That is why so virile and combative a personality—the centre of passionate controversies—always appears cool and spruce and bland. This carefulness in regard to dress at once inspires confidence. It implies, to begin with, a thoroughly businesslike and orderly man, who is never sloppy, who takes as much pains about his clothes as about the most important of public affairs. The inquiring eyeglass—and even that rare and unconventional flower, the orchid, in his buttonhole—emphasises his air of authority and determination that knows no baulking.

As a debater he stands supreme in the House of Commons. Lucidity, directness, and force are the chief attributes of his style of speaking. No one can state a case more clearly. There is never any doubt as to his meaning. Conviction and masterfulness are in his crisp and terse sentences. The alertness and resource he displays in seizing and utilising an interruption are wonderful. His elocution is perfect. He speaks, calmly and dispassionately, in a penetrating voice; but when he is deeply moved, or wishes to drive home some fierce thrust, there comes, with the glow of passion in his language, a deep, inspiring swell in his otherwise even and clear utterance. Above all, there is that highest test of oratory—its instant effect upon the audience.

Mr. Chamberlain has initiative and driving force—the two qualities which make most for success in public life.



*J. Chamberlain
Bernisphos*



THE PIGMIES.

SURELY extremes met when the little folk from the heart of the Ituri Forest, in Central Africa, mixed with the Members on the Terrace of the House of Commons. They are supposed to be of the lowest type, mentally, as well as the smallest, physically, of the human race. What did they think of the greatest Legislature of the world? What dim conception did they form of its purposes and of its work? Probably they said it is a good place for honey and lime-juice, the two things of civilisation for which they cultivated the keenest zest.

They left their native dress aside—beads, bracelets, earrings, nose-rings, anklets—on the day in the Session of 1905 when they came over from the Hippodrome to the House of Commons, and were photographed on the Terrace, with a background of Members of Parliament. They wore the less picturesque raiment of civilisation, the men being in boys' sailor suits. But they were armed to the teeth with their weapons of war, tiny bows and arrows and spears.

These children of primitive nature were certainly sleek and healthy. They seemed bright and intelligent. What they saw in the Palace of Westminster did not overwhelm them with wonder. They found more attraction in the passing steamboats of the London County Council than in the groups of Parliamentary legislators who, with lady friends, thronged the Terrace to see and speak to them.*

* Members and others at the back from left to right are:—Sir John Batty Tuke, M.P., Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P. (since raised to the Peerage), Mr. R. J. Price, M.P., Mr. J. J. Harrison (Explorer), Sir Charles Cayzer, M.P., Mr. King, Mrs. Hutchinson, Sir Walter Foster, M.P., Sir Robert Ropner, M.P., Mr. N. Hoffman (Interpreter), Sir Lees Knowles, M.P., and Dr. Hutchinson, M.P.



MR. RICHARD BELL.

THE General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants—perhaps the largest trade union organisation in the kingdom—is one of the best respected of the Labour representatives in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bell had been employed in Welsh iron-works for four years before he commenced his railway career at the age of seventeen. He entered the service of the Great Western Railway Company as a porter at Merthyr-Tydvil station. Ten years later he became prominent as a Labour advocate at Swansea. He was transferred to Cambrae, a remote place in Cornwall, but he soon resigned his position on the railway, and, returning to Swansea, resumed his post of organiser for the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. In 1898 he was appointed General Secretary of the society. At the General Election of 1900 he was returned to the House of Commons as one of the Members for Derby.

In the House of Commons Mr. Bell interests himself chiefly in matters affecting the welfare of railway servants. Noted for moderate and practical views, his representations with regard to excessive hours of labour on railways, and the absence of adequate provision against accidents to the men, have always great weight with the Board of Trade.



Richard Bell
Derby

ST. STEPHEN'S HALL.

THE "Strangers'" entrance to the Palace of Westminster is by St. Stephen's Porch, in Old Palace Yard. Immediately to the left extends the wonderful and impressive Westminster Hall, the thrilling associations of which must quicken the pulses of the least imaginative. Straight ahead lies St. Stephen's Hall, leading to the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament.

This fine apartment is traversed daily during the Session by hundreds of the public on their way to or from the Legislative Chambers. How many pay heed to its strange history and vicissitudes?

It occupies the site of old St. Stephen's Chapel, originally the Chapel Royal of the ancient Palace of Westminster, and presented to the House of Commons by Edward VI. In that Chapel the Commons sat regularly from the middle of the sixteenth century until it was totally destroyed by the fire of 1834. On the building of the new Palace, the Chapel Chamber was reconstructed as a noble hall. The place in the Lobby, just at the door of the old Legislative Chamber, where Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, was shot dead in 1812 by mad Bellingham, a Liverpool broker, is marked by a brass plate. The positions of the Speaker's chair and the table are similarly indicated.

Its splendid roof is most imposing. Grace and delicacy distinguish its painted windows, its stone and wood carvings. But its most conspicuous and interesting features are the memorials of great Parliamentary personages of the past. It fittingly contains statues of twelve of the greatest and wisest statesmen of former days, whose voices, raised in behalf of patriotism and public virtue, so often rang through the old Chamber of the House of Commons.



MR. JOHN WANAMAKER.

THE Houses of Parliament have naturally a great attraction for Americans. During the Session hundreds of them come to see the Chambers at work, to walk through the Members' quarters, to have a cup of tea on the Terrace. The visits of the Hon. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, will be long remembered by those who have met him. He is one of those strong and virile personalities of which the United States seem to be so prolific.

Those who run may read the characteristics of Mr. Wanamaker in his interesting face. They are unmistakable. Here, surely, are faith in self, indomitable will, self-control that is absolute and unshakable, and with them the kindness, the charity, the surrender, which religious fervour imparts.

At the age of fourteen he was an errand boy. He is now one of the richest men in the world. The largest business in America, that of Wanamaker and Brown, retail clothing salesmen—with its headquarters in Philadelphia, and branch stores throughout the States—owes its extent and prosperity to his industry, enterprise, and powers of organisation. He is also an active politician, and from 1881 to 1893 was Postmaster-General of the United States.

But Mr. Wanamaker does not confine his energies to the fields of business and politics. He is one of the great lay religious forces of the United States. He founded the largest religious organisation in the country, the Bethany Sunday School movement of the Presbyterian Church, and still superintends it.



Sir Benjamin Stong's Neg

Your Friend J. W. Wauwateer Philadelphia



GROUP OF PEERS AND COMMONERS.

IN the popular fancy, fed on fabulous novelettes dealing with high-born society, the Peers are glittering beings, always clad in magnificent robes, and each with a golden coronet, flashing with jewels, upon his brow. The Lords attending to their legislative duties wear sober suits of customary black or grey, just like the Commoners; and when a Joint Committee of both Houses sit together for the consideration of a Bill, or a group of Peers and M.P.'s are photographed on the Terrace,* there is nothing to distinguish—not even the strawberry mark or its absence—the hereditary legislators from the elected.

But what a contrast there is between the two Chambers in Session. The House of Commons is a responsive, emotional, and boisterous assembly. Party statements are punctuated with roars of approbation or vehement dissenting retorts.

The atmosphere of the House of Lords, on the other hand, is always calm and serene. Oftentimes the speaker seems like one addressing, in loneliness and isolation, a strange and indifferent company. Rarely does the assembly give any indication of being moved. Debate there is but seldom associated with “Oh, oh,” and laughter.

* In the picture is shown a group of Peers, M.P.'s and others. Front row from left to right:—Lord Llangattock, Rt. Hon. C. B. Stuart Wortley, M.P., the Marquess of Zetland, K.T., Col. H. F. Bowles, M.P. the Marquess of Granby, Sir Walter Plummer, M.P., the Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., Sir James Bailey, M.P., Baron Percy de Worms, Lord Barrymore. Back row from left to right:—Sir Francis Powell, M.P., Sir F. W. Lowe, M.P., Col. H. W. Gray, Sir Lindsay Wood, Sir Thomas Wrightson, M.P., Mr. Imbert Terry, Sir Fredk. Dixon-Hartland, M.P., Sir Charles Philipps, Sir Charles Cave, Mr. P. P. Pennant, Mr. W. J. Marshall, Sir James Rankin, M.P., Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., Mr. R. N. Sutton-Nelthorpe, Mr. A. E. Southall, Earl of Stradbroke.



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD was for many years, and at different periods of his life, a Member of the House of Commons. But it is as a sailor, rather than as a legislator, that he lives in the hearts of the people. Joining the Navy when he was only thirteen, by sheer hard work, and splendid courage and resource in times of danger, he attained to the distinguished and unique position of being hailed by popular acclaim as the typical British sailor.

He embodies the romance, the endurance, the handiness, the daring, and, when necessary, the "calm, open-eyed rashness" which in all ages have been associated with the sea-faring life.

On the benches of the House of Commons Lord Charles Beresford was, in character and temperament, as much the sailor as on board the *Condor*. A strong, broad-shouldered man, with clean-shaven, mobile face, laughing blue eyes, and a hearty, bluff, and cheery demeanour, as he walked up the floor of the House one noticed in his gait the characteristic roll of "one who names the waves his steeds." Speaking from the benches on such topics as that of physical deterioration in relation to national decay, he also showed the sailor's frank and racy outspokenness and breezy good humour. On subjects connected with the Navy—the efficiency of its *matériel*, the comfort of its *personnel*—he spoke with a deep note of earnestness that was unmistakable, and at times he was unsparing in his criticism of the naval policy of the Unionist Government, of which he was politically a supporter.



Charles H. Heyford.

LADIES IN POLITICS.

THE influence of women in politics has always been enormous. Formerly the political salons of the great Whig and Tory ladies were most important factors in the struggle between the parties for place and power. These were fashionable assemblages held in the spacious drawing-rooms of Belgravia and Mayfair, where the party allegiance of the Member of Parliament was steadied and strengthened by bringing him, with his wife, into association with the most brilliant and select coteries of gentility, very jealous as to who should be admitted within their charmed circles.

But different times, different methods. Not much is done nowadays in the way of keeping party men steady by the soft and insinuating influence of the drawing-room. The voter has become more important than the representative. If the convictions of the Member of Parliament do not keep him straight as a party man, the danger of losing his seat will. It is, therefore, on the electors that the great ladies of politics now bring to bear the charm of their brilliancy and attractiveness.

The Primrose League—of the Executive Committee of which Lady Louise Loder (eldest daughter of the Duke of St. Albans) is a member—has turned the attention of political ladies to the primary importance of wooing the electorate rather than the representatives.

Mr. Gerald Loder (seen beside his wife on the right-hand side of the picture) is also a leading member of the Primrose League; and on the left side is the Hon. T. Cochrane, M.P. (son of the Earl of Dundonald), who was Under-Secretary for the Home Department in the Balfour Administration.



MR. W. S. CAINE.

THE typical John Bull. It was thus that Mr. William Sproston Caine was depicted in a hundred caricatures. Rough hewn physically, blunt and downright in manner, he seemed to be the embodiment of the national rude strength and self-confidence.

Yet at heart he was a frank and simple philanthropist. He was always at war with the evil things of life. An intensely religious man, in private life he was a sort of lay minister, teaching the ignorant, visiting the sick, raising the fallen, conducting services and preaching every Sunday to waifs and strays of society in a chapel at Vauxhall. In Parliament he was the most prominent spokesman of advanced temperance views.

The House of Commons has a weakness for giving nicknames to its best known Members. Mr. Caine, whose muscularity and abruptness by no means veiled his pitying and generous heart, was happily known as "the genial ruffian."



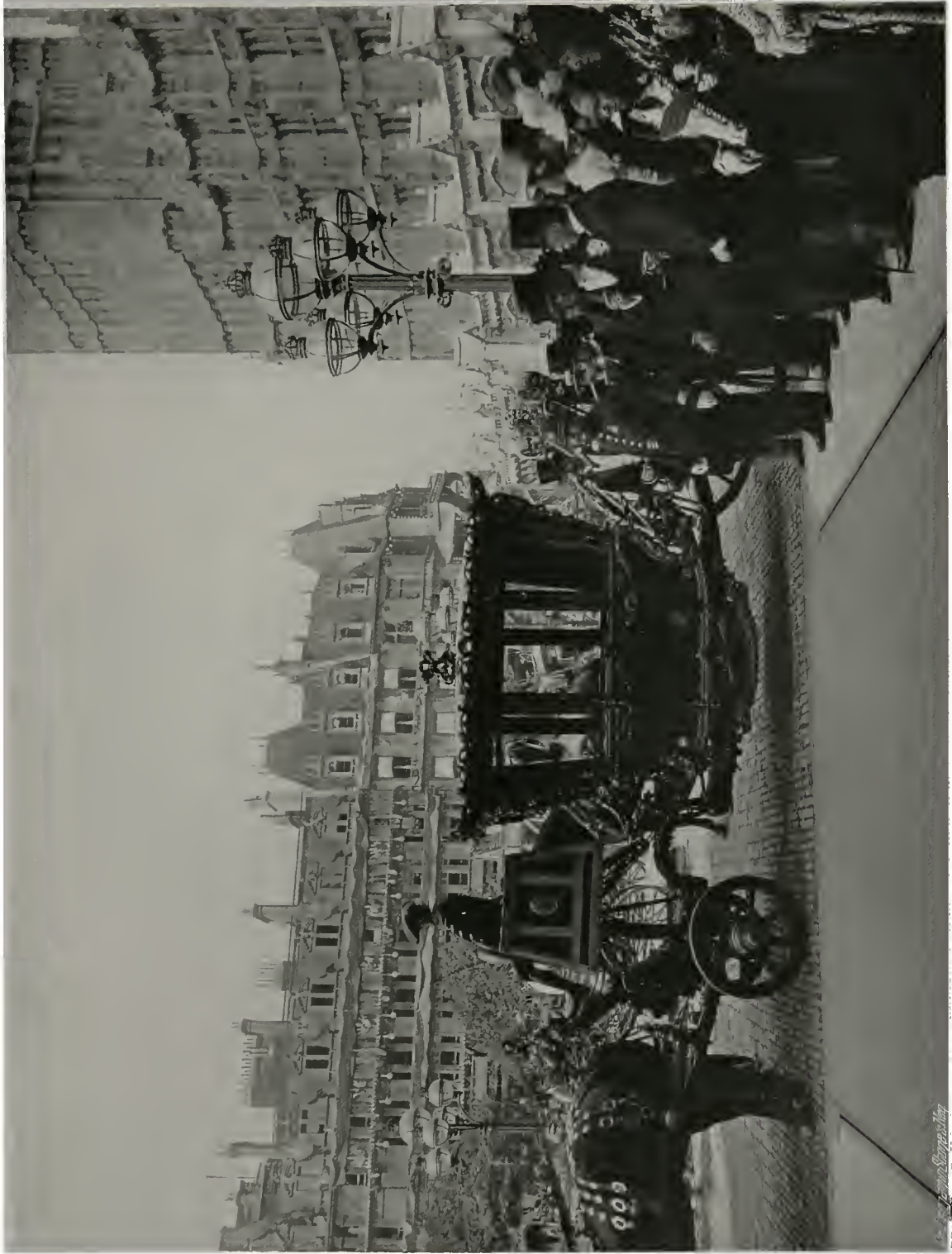
W.S. Caine
Cambridge

THE SPEAKER'S STATE COACH.

THE Speaker's State Coach, a vehicle quaintly built but handsomely decorated, is rarely seen in public. It was used in 1872 when Mr. Speaker Brand drove to St. Paul's Cathedral to join in the thanksgiving service for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his dangerous illness. In 1887, Mr. Speaker Peel, rather than use the coach, preferred to walk on foot to Westminster Abbey for the Queen Victoria Jubilee service.

On June 23rd, 1897, the day of the visit of the House of Commons to Buckingham Palace to present an address to Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee, the old coach, after a quarter of a century of retirement, was again brought forth into ceremonial life. On that occasion there was a difficulty in horsing the carriage, weighing, as it does, over four tons. It was only overcome by the provision of two horses of enormous strength from the stables of a well-known firm of brewers.

The coach, containing Mr. Speaker Gully, the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Chaplain of the House of Commons, the Speaker's secretary, and his train-bearer, lumbered slowly, with much rocking, to Buckingham Palace. It was accompanied by the Speaker's traditional escort, a solitary mounted Guardsman. Behind it followed the Members of Parliament, on foot, or in horsed vehicles of all kinds, and motor-cars.



MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

THE empty sleeve hanging by Mr. Davitt's side tells a tale of the hardships and mishaps of his early life. When he was a boy his parents were evicted from their homestead in County Mayo, and, coming to England, settled in the little town of Haslingdon, in Lancashire. There in a cotton mill, when he was ten years old, his right arm was torn off by the machinery.

All his life Mr. Davitt has been associated with the extreme wing of the Irish Nationalist movement. At the age of twenty-five he was convicted in London of treason-felony—the particular offence being the importation of arms to Ireland—and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Released in 1877, he was associated two years later with Charles Stewart Parnell in founding the famous Irish Land League.

Mr. Davitt was returned to Parliament at various times by different Irish constituencies. But his appearances in the House were fitful, and he seemed to be a lonely and somewhat pathetic figure. The political atmosphere of the place was to him most uncongenial. He found its complicated cross-currents of thought and feeling bewildering. A stern stickler for principle, accustomed to frame his actions solely by reference to his convictions, the opportunism of the House, its sense that the chief obligation of its Members is unquestioning loyalty to Party, its spirit of concession and compromise, of give and take, puzzled and somewhat scandalised him. In the House of Commons more is gained by dodging round difficulties than by desperate and heroic frontal attacks. It has, therefore, always been the despair of political enthusiasts, to whom their cause is a faith, a great creed, a fanaticism.



Michael Davitt

THE NIGHT FIRE BRIGADE.

AFTER the destructive fire of 1834 it was determined to build the new Palace, for the accommodation of the Houses of Parliament, as nearly fire-proof as possible.

But the Palace of Westminster is the largest Gothic structure in the world. It occupies an area of about eight acres. Within the vast pile there are no fewer than 600 rooms and offices of all kinds. It also houses the principal officials of the Lords and Commons. The risk of fire in so extensive and intricate a building is, therefore, by no means remote. To meet it the police, who act as watchmen at night, are trained as a Fire Brigade. They are regularly drilled not only on the Terrace, but in coping with imaginary outbreaks of fire through the Palace.



SIR REGINALD PALGRAVE, K.C.B.

JUST below the Speaker, at the head of the Table, sit the Clerk of the House of Commons and the two Clerk-Assistants, in wigs and gowns, like barristers in the Courts of Law, busy discharging their multifarious duties, such as sub-editing questions to Ministers, amendments to Bills, notices of motion, handed in by Members, or taking minutes of the proceedings for the Journals of the House.

Sir Reginald Palgrave was a wise and extremely able Clerk of the House of Commons. Unpretentious in manner, and most courteous, he readily placed his vast knowledge of Parliamentary history, customs, and traditions at the disposal of anyone to whom it could be of service. He spent half a century in the service of Parliament. He became a solicitor in 1851, and in the same year accepted a clerkship in the Committee Office of the House of Commons. He retired in 1900, and died in 1904.

The Clerk of the House of Commons is appointed for life by letters patent. He is therefore independent of the House, as he cannot be compulsorily retired. Of course, if he proved recalcitrant the House could bring him to terms by withholding his salary. This is £2,000 a year, plus a residence in the Palace of Westminster.



Reginald F. D. Paley
Member of the House of Commons.

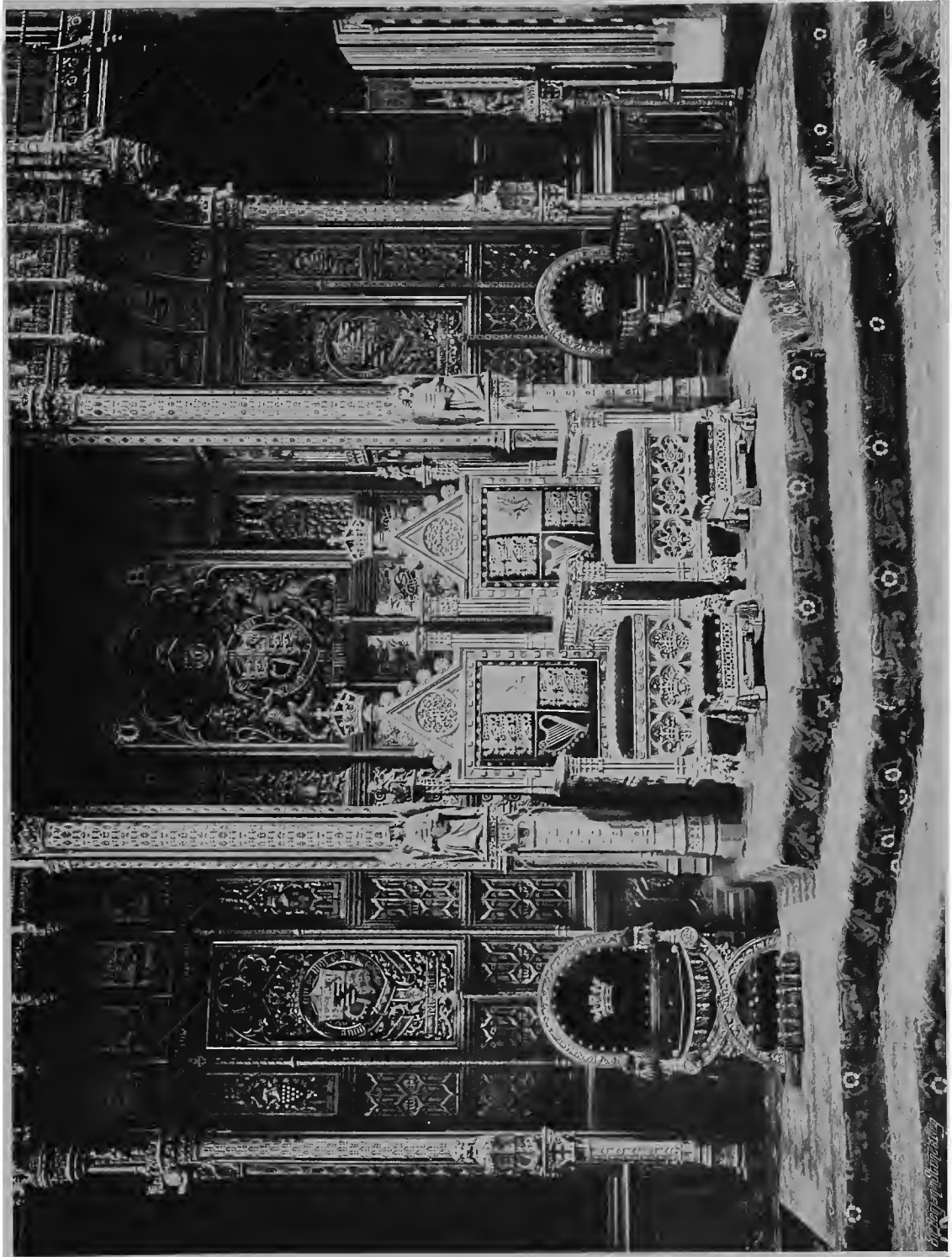
. 1897

THE THRONE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

FORMERLY there was but one Chair of State on the Throne in the House of Lords. It was designed by Augustus Welby Pugin, the eminent architect, who was employed, under Sir Charles Barry, in the erection and decoration of the new Houses of Parliament. It has been in the House of Lords since the Chamber was first used in 1847, and Queen Victoria sat in it whenever she opened Parliament in person. On these occasions the lower chair on the left hand was used by the Prince Consort, and that on the right by the Prince of Wales.

But an interesting innovation marked the first opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. on February 14th, 1901. By command of his Majesty the Throne was provided with a second State Chair for Queen Alexandra. Perhaps for the first time in English history, a Queen Consort accompanied the King in equal state for the opening of Parliament.

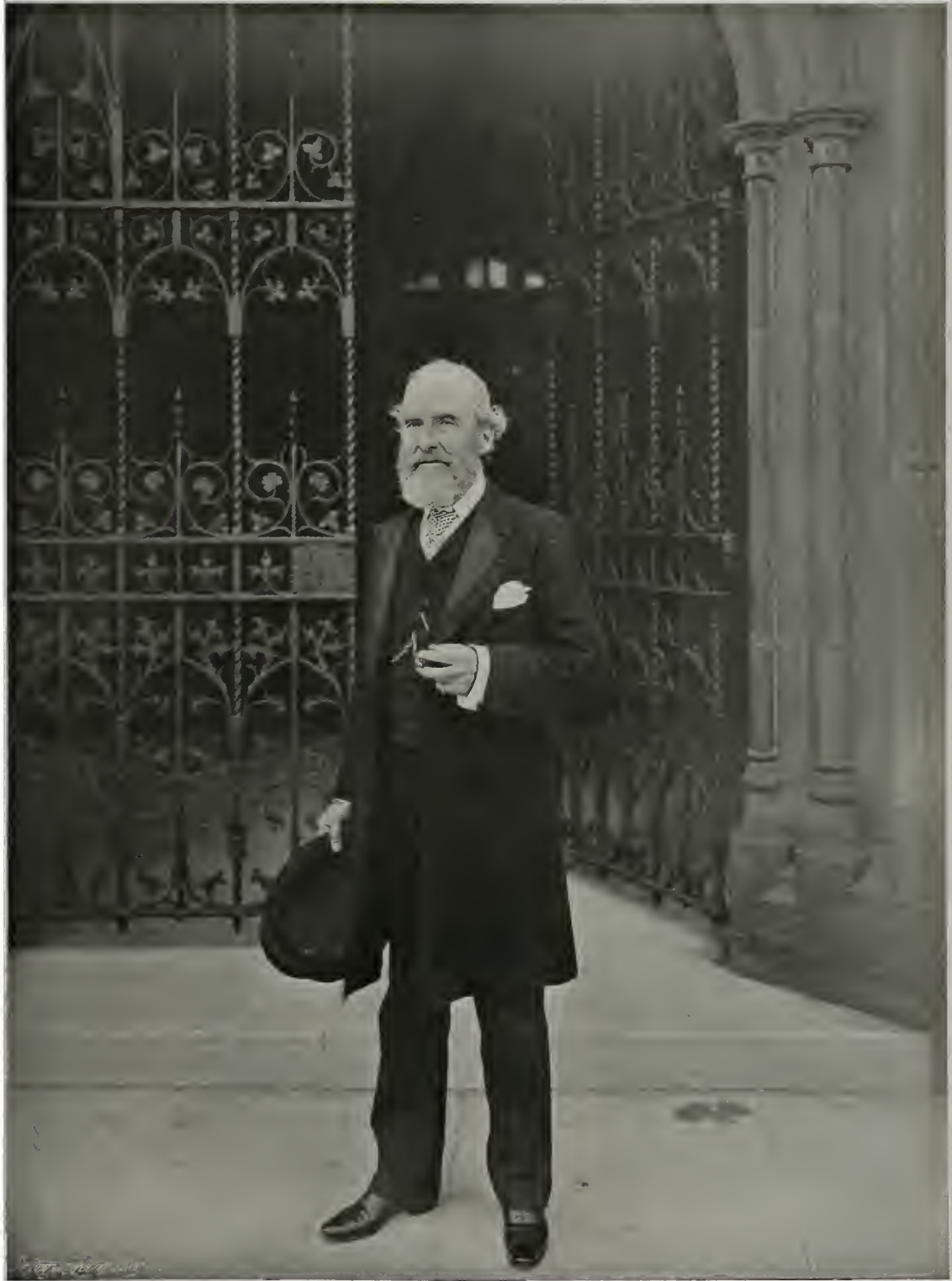
The new State Chair—that on the left of the Throne—is almost an exact replica of the old in design and ornamentation, the only distinctive difference being that it is an inch and a half lower. Both chairs, with their fine carvings, gilt with English gold-leaf, and the rich embroideries of the Royal Arms on their crimson velvet backs, greatly augment the imposing grandeur of the Throne.



SIR HENRY KIMBER, BART.

THE name of Sir Henry Kimber is intimately associated with the question of the reform of Parliamentary representation. His investigations of the subject brought to light some curious results of the natural growth and decay, driftings and shiftings, of population. He found, for instance, that over 40,000 electors in one place had only one voice in Parliament, just the same as 1,500 voters in another place; that one-half of the electors of the whole Kingdom were represented by 206 Members in the House of Commons, while the other half were represented by 464 Members; that a majority of the House, or 370 Members, were returned by only a little more than one-third of the electors, namely, 2,750,780, as against a minority, or 300 Members, returned by 4,307,922 voters. By the exposure of these anomalies, and the declaration that the only cure for them was a redistribution of seats, Sir Henry Kimber precipitated one of the keenest political controversies of the opening years of the twentieth century.

The celebrity which Sir Henry Kimber thus attained shows that a sure way to success in Parliament lies through specialisation. The Member who confines himself to a single subject, masters it thoroughly, and insists upon advocating it, in season and out of season—in a word, the man of one idea—usually attains to eminence.



Henry Kimber

STATUE OF CHATHAM.

CHATHAM is better remembered as a commoner than as a peer. He was a member of the House of Commons for more than thirty years; he was for scarcely twelve years a member of the House of Lords.

He is known as "The Great Commoner," under whose direction of foreign affairs in the middle of the eighteenth century British arms were everywhere victorious. As a peer he was broken in health, mentally and physically, and had practically retired from public life.

The fine statue of the great statesman in his robes as an earl, by Patrick MacDowell, in St. Stephen's Hall, recalls his tragic parting from the House of Lords. On April 7th, 1778, he was carried from his sick bed to his place in Parliament, and, haggard and emaciated, wrapped in flannels, opposed the policy of making peace with the revolted Colonies of America, backed as they were by his old antagonist, France. "Within his large wig," says a contemporary writer, "little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye." He spoke, leaning heavily on his crutch, in broken sentences, with slow and feeble utterance.

Then he fell back on the bench in a convulsive fit, and was carried out of the Chamber to die. The startled and sorrowing House instantly adjourned.



The Right Hon.
SIR A. ACLAND HOOD, BART.

THINK of the responsibilities of the Chief Whip of the Government! He does not, it is true, initiate legislation. That is the duty of the Ministers. But once a Government Bill has been laid before the House, the chance of its reaching the Statute Book turns upon the success of the Chief Whip and his assistants in securing the attendance at all hours in the House of a sufficient number of the supporters of the Government to steer the measure safely past the rocks and sandbanks which abound in the division lobbies.

Not alone the fate of Government Bills, but practically the very existence of the Government itself, is in the hands of the Chief Whip. The object of the Opposition, of course, is to precipitate a General Election by defeating the Government; and, however remote that chance may seem, considering merely the numerical strength and weakness of the contending parties on paper, any day may bring it forth; for in no place does the unexpected so often happen as in the House of Commons. To keep the Government in office, the Chief Whip must therefore ever be alert and vigilant. It is required of him always to be in his place.

Sir Alexander Acland Hood, as Chief Whip of the Balfour Administration, was the one occupant of the Treasury Bench during its term of office who was never seen in the late hours of the night in evening clothes. At any period of the sitting he might have been observed flitting restlessly about the House and lobbies, counting his followers, or consulting with the Minister in charge of business.



*Alma de Beauchamp Hood
West Somerset*

THE ROYAL STATE CARRIAGE.

THERE is something suggestive of old romance, as well as appropriate to the ancient glories of Royalty, in the State Carriage in which King Edward and Queen Alexandra rode to the Palace of Westminster for their first opening of Parliament on February 14th, 1901. Towering high in its huge wheels, elaborately carved and gilt, its cream-coloured ponies ridden by yellow-coated postillions and led by scarlet footmen, and escorted by gallant Guardsmen, it rumbled past, swaying ponderously from side to side on its leather springs, while through its glass windows the crowd caught glimpses of the King in his martial uniform, and the Queen with diamonds flashing in her hair. It was like an old coloured picture from ancient history.

Impossible to think of is the idea of a King and Queen going in their robes to a State function in a vehicle so modern, and incongruous for such a purpose, as a closed brougham or an open landau. Therefore it is that this State glass coach, flashing in gold and colours, possesses the harmony of all things ancient. The sight of it imparts, too, something of the joys of fantasy, the thrills of romance. It takes one's thoughts back along the mighty line of English Sovereigns to William the Conqueror, who no doubt came in such a coach as this to hold his Court in his Palace at Westminster, before even the notion of a conclave of representatives of the people was thought of.



The Right Hon. LEONARD COURTNEY.

MR. COURTNEY is one of those personalities who dominate you by an overmastering combination of mental power and physical energy. But there is a soft and gracious side to him, despite his shaggy eyebrows and intense expression.

One day he was lounging on the Terrace near where Sir Benjamin Stone was at work with his camera, when a little girl, a stranger to him, came and asked him to take her likeness. Learning from the conversation of her friends, who were sitting on a bench near by, that portraits were being taken, she ran to Mr. Courtney with her request to be included in the operation. He told her that she had come to the wrong person, but he would bring her to the gentleman, and, going up to Sir Benjamin Stone, he said, "Here is a young lady who wants you to take her portrait," and Sir Benjamin answered, "I will at once, if you will stand with her." Thus Miss Sheehy came to be "taken" on the Terrace with a Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons.

As Chairman of Committees during the first Unionist Administration, from 1886 to 1892, Mr. Courtney had a singularly difficult post to fill. He had to preside over the detailed discussion in Committee of some highly contentious measures. But many as were his rulings on complicated points, his impartiality was never called into question.



Leonard Country

THE SULTAN OF PERAK.

COLOURED potentates and princes who come to London never fail to visit the Houses of Parliament. Sometimes they are to be seen in all the barbaric splendour of native costume, sometimes in the full fashionable rig of Piccadilly, and occasionally with a droll, fantastic blending of the East and the West in their attire.

The Sultan of Perak, who came accompanied by an Indian prince, Raja Chulan, is the ruler of a native State in the Malay Peninsula, under the protection of the British Government. Not long ago it was a savage land, in the depths of whose primeval forests the native tribes pillaged and slaughtered each other. Now life and property are absolutely safe there, and the Sultan sits securely on his Throne.

Short and frail in stature, of light brown complexion, with the flat features and high cheek bones of the Mongolian races, his mild and contemplative expression suggests the religious ascetic rather than the warrior ruler of a primitive and warlike people.

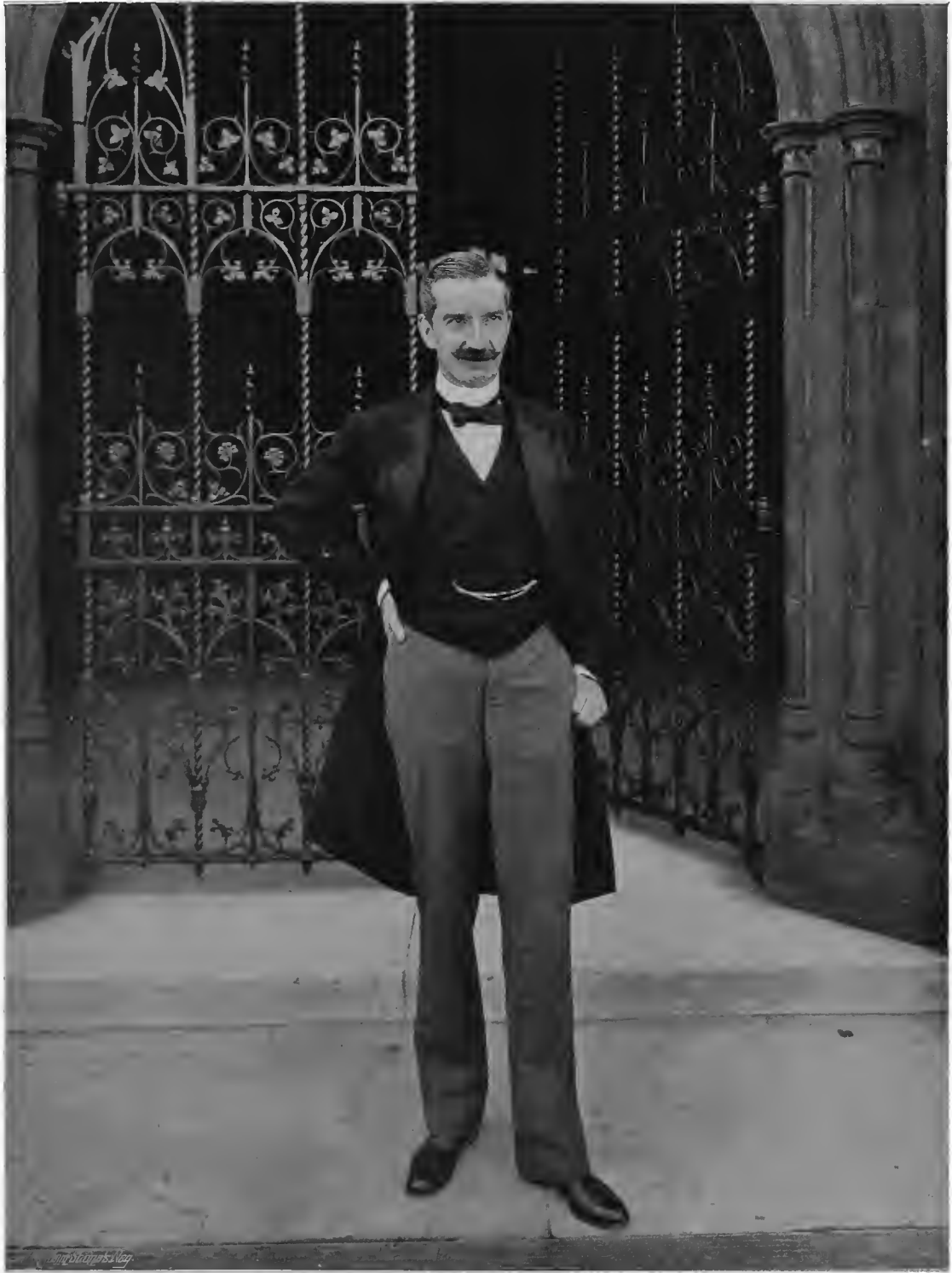


**The Right Hon.
J. S. SANDARS.**

IN one of Hogarth's ironic pictures we see an inmate of a debtor's prison occupying himself with plans for the payment of the National Debt. The halls and corridors and lobbies of Whitehall and Westminster are haunted by hapless people, the wrecks of life, eager to transfer to their own shoulders some of the heaviest responsibilities of our statesmen.

The man they are most anxious to interview is the Prime Minister. It is to him personally that they desire to confide the wonderful schemes and speculations of their distraught minds for making straight all the crooked twists in the social system.

Happy, then, is the Prime Minister who has the protection of so capable a private secretary as Mr. J. S. Sandars. Such were his tact, geniality, and good sense while acting in that capacity for Mr. Arthur Balfour, that the crazy old lady who says the Crown has robbed her of £30,000,000, and the lunatic engineer with a plan for uniting Ireland with England by a bridge thrown across the Channel *viâ* the Isle of Man, and thus settling the Irish problem, went away, after every fruitless attempt to see the First Lord of the Treasury, as pleased almost as if the dearest projects of their hearts were about to be accomplished. On the resignation of Mr. Balfour in December, 1905, Mr. Sandars was made a member of the Privy Council.



J. S. Linnard

“THE JUDGMENT OF DANIEL.”

PARLIAMENT, with a view to encourage the arts of sculpture, painting, and carving in this country, decided that they should be largely employed in the decoration of the new Palace of Westminster. In regard to painting, a Select Committee of the House of Commons reported, after several years of inquiry and experiment, that the fresco style was the most eligible, and the best adapted, for the intramural decoration of national buildings.

That was in 1841. At the time fresco painting—done on the damp walls with water colours, which become incorporated with the plaster as it hardens—was but little cultivated in this country, as hitherto it had not much encouragement from public patronage.

“The Judgment of Daniel” is one of the series of frescoes in the Peers’ Robing Room, illustrating human justice and its development in law and judgment, which was executed by Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A. The treatment of the different subjects is noted for its combination of dignity and simplicity. Time has dealt cruelly with some of the mural paintings of the Palace. The coloured symbolic figures in a group of cartoons illustrating the genius of Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton, in the Upper Waiting Hall of the Committee Rooms, have entirely faded away. But the frescoes by Herbert still retain all their original freshness and harmony of colour.



SIR HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G.

FEW men have had a life of such varied experiences as Sir Charles Edward Howard Vincent. After five years in the Army he joined the Bar, practised for some years on the South-Eastern Circuit, then became a journalist and war correspondent, and ultimately Director of Criminal Investigations in the Metropolitan Police.

Able, well-read, accomplished in languages, widely travelled, his energy and thoroughness are remarkable. Seeing in the middle of the 'seventies the growing demand for a less military and more effective civil administration of the police, he made a practical study of the police systems of Paris, Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna. Just as he had concluded his investigations a Committee was appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the detective department of Scotland Yard. He embodied his experiences in a report, and sent it, unrequested, to the Committee.

Shortly afterwards he received a letter asking him to call at the Home Office. The Home Secretary was Lord Cross, with whom he had had no acquaintance. But he left the Home Office, the day of his call, head of the detective department of Scotland Yard, entrusted with the duty of working out solutions of the mysteries of crime and criminals. At the time—May, 1878—he was 28 years old.

In the House of Commons, which he entered in 1885 on his retirement from Scotland Yard, he devoted himself principally to the advocacy of preferential trading relations between all parts of the British Empire.



Or Howard Vincent K.
Central Sheffield.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

“THE GILDED CHAMBER!” Gladstone’s descriptive phrase, springs to the mind as one stands at the Bar and surveys the House of Lords. But, though the Chamber is glowing in gold and colours, the effect is not garish, for the hues of the superb decorations are subdued and harmoniously blended with an artistic effect that is a delight and refreshment to the eye.

The solemn stillness and the soft light of a sacred edifice prevail. The figures of the Kings and Queens of England in the lofty stained glass windows look like saints in their antique garments. On pedestals, between the windows, are large bronze statues of knights, telling of times when the battle of principles was fought, not with the subtle mind and ready tongue of men in frock coats and silk hats, but with sword and battle-axe by soldiers in armour on prancing steeds. These are the bold and—many of them—wicked Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John. In the subdued light of the House of Lords they seem like patriarchs and apostles.

At the top of the Chamber is the imposing canopied Throne. It is superbly carved; it glistens with gold; it sparkles with precious stones. It suggests an altar, flanked as it is, on each side, by magnificent candelabra of wrought brass.

The religious spell is broken only when the Lord Chancellor in his big wig and black silk gown takes his seat on the Woolsack—a lounge inside the railing which fronts the Throne. Then it is that the illusion that one is in the gorgeous chapel of a great cathedral passes away.



MR. SPENCER CHARRINGTON.

IN his eighty-sixth year Mr. Spencer Charrington showed an example of pluck and endurance and devotion to duty as a party man that will long be talked about in the lobbies of Parliament.

The House of Commons opened its sitting at 2 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, July 19th, 1904, and continued to sit until 3.40 p.m. on Wednesday, July 20th, or for almost $25\frac{1}{2}$ hours. It was the longest sitting for close on a quarter of a century. The business was the committee stage of the Finance Bill, founded upon the Budget of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, which was stoutly opposed by the Liberals.

Throughout that long sitting, all through the dreary night, Mr. Charrington stuck to his post. There were twenty-one divisions, and in 19 of them the old man voted. He was cheered by his Conservative colleagues as he walked up the floor from the division lobbies, almost bent double with age; and each time turning up the gangway, climbed to the topmost bench under the gallery, where he reclined until another division was challenged, and he had again to walk the weary round of the lobbies.

A few days subsequently the octogenarian member for Mile End division of Tower Hamlets was presented by the Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, with a silver cup, subscribed for by his colleagues, as a memento of his signal display of loyalty to party. He died in the following December.



Spencer Charrington, Mile End Division
Aged 82 - 95

Tower Hamlets

INNER VIEW OF "BIG BEN'S" DIAL.

THERE is probably no feature of mighty London so familiar in the Metropolis, or so widely known—by name at least—in the provinces, as the famous clock of the Houses of Parliament. No visitor to London would think of returning home without having seen "Big Ben," and heard him chiming the quarters or booming out the hour.

It is the largest clock in the world. Each of the four dials—for, of course, there is one for each point of the compass—is twenty-three feet in diameter. From below, the minutes on the dial look as if they stood close together; they are fourteen inches apart. The numerals are two feet long. The minute hand is fourteen feet, and the hour hand six feet, in length. The mighty pendulum hangs through two apartments of the tower. At night the dials are illuminated by seventy-two gas-jets. The time is regulated by electric communication with Greenwich Observatory.

The clock has a large bell to toll the hour, and four smaller ones to chime the quarters. The large bell is called "Big Ben" after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was First Commissioner of Works when the Clock Tower was erected. It weighs sixteen tons. Twenty men could stand under it. For a clapper it has a piece of iron two feet long, twelve inches in diameter, and weighing 12 cwt.

No wonder there are few things more impressive than "Big Ben" booming out the hour of twelve midnight, in his slow, measured, and solemn tones, when the roar of the Metropolis is hushed in slumber.



SIR EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, BART.

THERE are many men in the House of Commons who rarely, if ever, take part in debate, but who discharge duties of the greatest public usefulness by serving on the Select Committees to which private bills—bills in which companies or local authorities seek for powers to carry out schemes involving interference with rights of property—are referred. Among these Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence will always be remembered.

There is a popular belief that Members of Select Committees are paid five guineas a day. They do not get a penny. But they enjoy one quaint and curious privilege. If a Member wants to retain a certain seat in the Chamber for the sitting he must attend the opening prayers. From this rule Members serving on Select Committees are exempted. They may secure their seats before the House actually assembles.

The chief reward for this unattractive work—for the Committees sit early and long, dealing with evidence on dull facts and figures and dry technical details—is the sense of public duty fulfilled.



Edwin Durning Lawrence

STATUE OF PITT.

THE marble effigies of twelve distinguished statesmen in St. Stephen's Hall form a splendid group of statuary. The subjects are Selden, Hampden, Lord Falkland, Lord Clarendon, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Grattan. It is interesting to note that the selection of the statesmen who have thus been honoured for their patriotism and public virtue was made by Henry Hallam and Lord Macaulay. Both historians were members of the Fine Arts Commission appointed, with the Prince Consort as president, to superintend the decoration of the new Palace of Westminster.

The statue of William Pitt, as well as that of his father, the Earl of Chatham, is the work of Patrick MacDowell, R.A., a Belfast man who, curious to relate, began life as an apprentice to a coachmaker. The chisel of the sculptor has, indeed, evoked from the block of marble the appearance and bearing of Pitt so familiar to us from the descriptions of contemporaries. We see the pride of the great statesman in the lofty look of his rather rigid face, his self-esteem in his nose which, as Romney said, was upturned to all the world, and we also see in his attitude the intrepid and commanding spirit which always animated him.

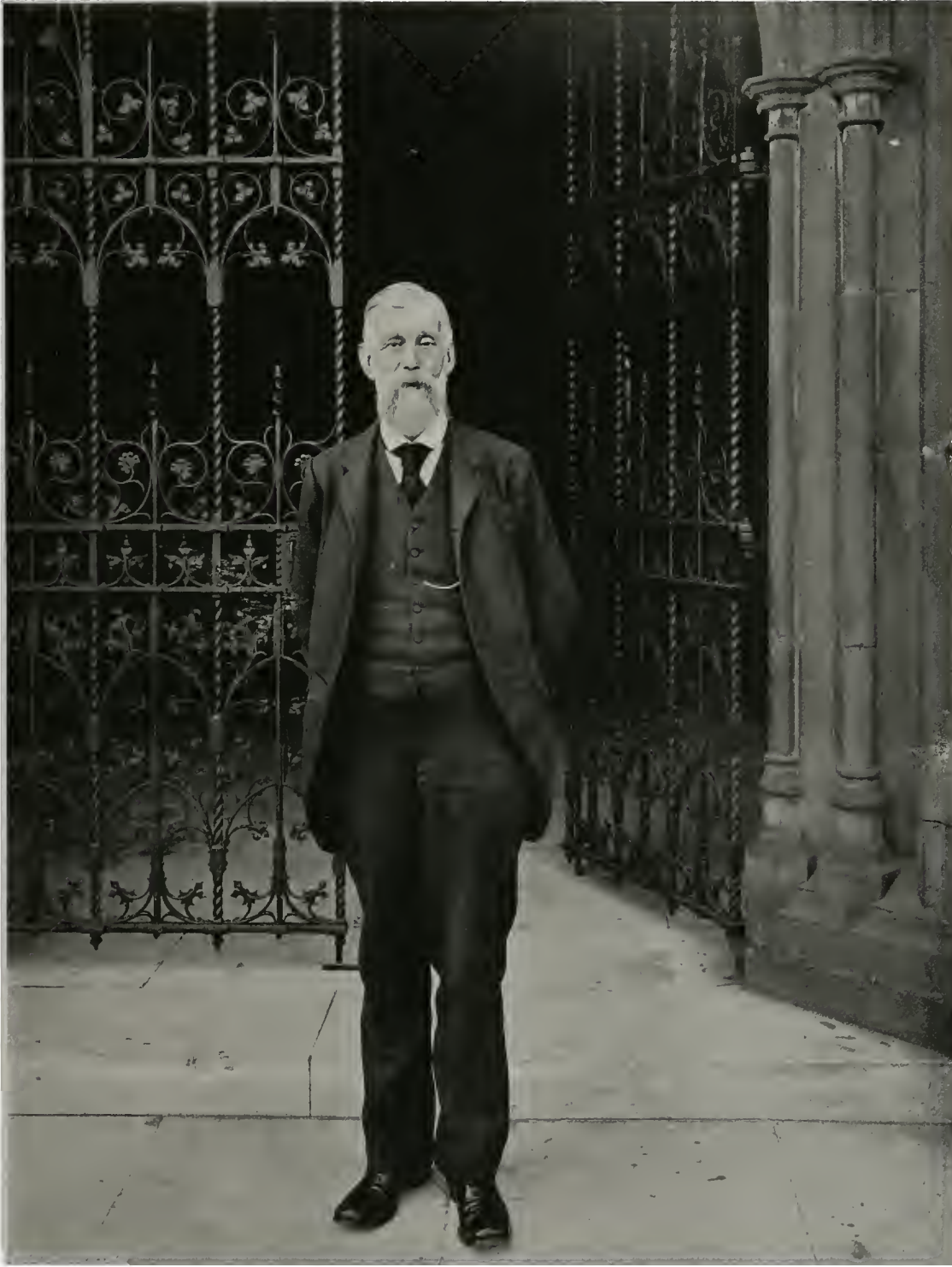


SIR MICHAEL FOSTER, K.C.B.

THE House of Commons is truly an assembly of trained minds with the most diverse experiences. There is hardly a subject, however obscure or out-of-the-way, on which an authority may not be found among its 670 members. One night in the Session of 1903 the House was engaged discussing Vivisection. A tall, rugged, loosely framed figure, dressed in a tweed suit, arose, and, in a maiden speech, delivered an impressive defence of experiments upon living animals in the interest of medical science. It was Sir Michael Foster, then M.P. for London University, eminent in the sister sciences of physiology and embryology.

In support of his contention that these experiments, in the hands of skilful physiologists, entail no suffering, he told a thrilling story of a friend who had a nerve in his arm divided in order that he might study the return of sensation, and who endured in consequence but little pain and the briefest loss of movement.

It is this first-hand familiarity with things—whether it be a curious phase of actual life, or the abstrusest of the sciences—which gives so great a value and distinction to discussions in the House. Members bring to the common stock the most varied knowledge, obtained from practice or theory, from enjoyment or suffering.



M. Foster.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN COMMITTEE.

THE House of Commons in Committee of Supply—that is, when it is voting the millions needed for the Navy, Army, and the various Civil departments of the State—is usually dull, but practical and businesslike.

In what a bewildered state of mind the stranger, unacquainted with Parliamentary procedure, must be who is present in the public gallery for the first time on a night that the House is in Committee of Supply! He cranes his neck as far over the high barrier in front of him as those sharp-eyed attendants in evening dress, with gilt chains on their breasts, will permit him, and sees—what? Well, not much more than empty benches.

He is surprised to see that the Speaker's Chair is empty. The Mace, too, is invisible, for that emblem lies on the table only when the whole House is sitting and the Speaker is in the chair. A gentleman in ordinary morning attire sits in the place of the Chief Clerk, beside the Clerks-Assistant. This is usually the Chairman of Committees, but it may be one of the temporary Chairmen appointed from the private members of the House for his relief—as, in this case, Mr. Jesse Collings.

Yes, deserted and unpicturesque is the House on nights when the money of the taxpayers to grease the wheels of that mammoth machine, the British Empire, and provide it with steam, is being voted by the “faithful Commons.”



The Right Hon. JOHN BURNS.

NOT only an interesting political personality, but one of the undoubted forces of the House of Commons is Mr. John Burns, who, as President of the Local Government Board in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government formed in December, 1905, has the distinction of being the first Labour representative to attain Cabinet rank. He holds the broadest democratic and radical views. He has been pre-eminent in the stir and stress of public life, figuring in some of the stormiest scenes of political agitation. But State affairs or measures do not greatly move him. He is interested more in the human problem—in the betterment of the suffering human race—and in civil and municipal matters.

As a debater, Mr. Burns is something of an elementary force. He knows nothing of the tricks of the rhetorician; but his heart is in his cause, and what he says has all the strength, if none of the graces, of appealing oratory. He can move the assembly also by bursts of genuine eloquence—the eloquence that springs from deep and fervid convictions—which get added force from his powerful voice and passionate gestures.

Many racy stories might be told of Mr. Burns. His reply to an offer of a bribe is very characteristic. Speaking in a debate on the payment of members, he evoked both hearty applause and laughter by mentioning that he got a letter offering him fifty pounds if he succeeded in obtaining for the writer a collectorship of taxes, to which he sent the reply—"Sir, you are a scoundrel. I wish you were within reach of my boot."



Your truly John Burns

THE ROYAL GALLERY.

THE Royal Gallery is, with the exception of Westminster Hall, the largest apartment in the Palace of Westminster. This spacious and splendid room seems teeming with fighting men, and resounding with the clash of arms and the shouting of the Captains. The illusion is conveyed by the intensely dramatic frescoes by Daniel Maclise, R.A., of "The Death of Nelson" and "The Meeting of Wellington and Blicher after Waterloo," which, facing each other—forty-five feet long each and twelve feet high—occupy the walls of the great hall.

Here it was that John Francis Stanley, Earl Russell, was on July 18th, 1901, indicted for bigamy before his fellow peers. The Royal Gallery was transformed to serve for the occasion the purposes of a court. At the trial of a peer by his fellows the Sovereign is supposed to be present. A throne was accordingly erected at the top of the hall. But Lord Chancellor Halsbury, as Lord High Steward, presided at the trial, sitting at the table in front of the throne, and assisted by the Judges of the High Court, who occupied the Woolsack beneath. The chairs on each side were filled with peers, who comprised the jury to decide the fate of Earl Russell. The defendant was accommodated with a chair and desk in the centre of the Court.

It was a picturesque and memorable scene. The defendant pleaded "Guilty—under the advice of Counsel"—and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. Then those present were directed to "depart in the peace of God"; and the Lord High Steward broke his wand of office, with a desperate effort, across his knee.



MR. JOHN REDMOND.

THE leader of the Irish Nationalist Party ranks high among the great debaters of the House of Commons.

Orators now are few. The style of Parliamentary speaking, as everyone knows, has undergone a considerable change. Not, perhaps, so much because of an alteration in the public taste, as because the classic or traditional style (of which Gladstone was the last supreme master) is a secret that was long ago lost. But Mr. John Redmond possesses the gift of genuine oratory, and with it a perfect elocution and a clear, mellow voice.

Few can surpass him in the contribution of a well-reasoned and finely phrased speech to a great debate, a speech that makes a serious impression on the House.

It may be said, indeed, that Ireland has never sent to Westminster a more astute and skilful political leader than Mr. John Redmond.



Richard Waterford

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

WESTMINSTER HALL is rich in memories of great historical events. But on the 26th of May, 1898, it witnessed a unique ceremony, the like of which had not occurred before in the eight hundred years of its storied existence. It was the lying-in-state of the remains of William Ewart Gladstone, before the funeral in Westminster Abbey, and the spectacle of people of all classes, gentle and simple, of all political opinions, Conservatives and Liberals, united in a common sorrow, crowding to pay unanimous homage to that great servant of the Nation.

The lying-in-state was plain and simple in the extreme, and yet had a dignity and solemnity that made it most impressive. The building was undraped. No trappings of woe hung from its grey and rugged walls. In the centre of the hall stood a lofty catafalque. At the four corners were lighted candles in massive silver candlesticks. Behind it stood a beautiful brass cross embossed with precious stones. A white silk pall, with gold and blue embroideries, hung at the foot of the bier, displaying the inscription, "*Requiescat in pace.*"

The bier was surmounted by a plain polished oak casket with brass mountings. How curiously little the coffin of the illustrious statesman seemed in the dim and spacious hall!



By Benjamin Sargent, NYG

Chevalier
GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

THE man whose name will be for ever associated with that stupendous discovery or invention — wireless telegraphy.

It had already been proved before Chevalier Marconi was born in 1875, that an electric wave, or shock, generated by a special apparatus, would travel swiftly through space, and affect a sensitive instrument, tuned to receive its vibrations, several miles away. This discovery gave to the youthful Marconi the idea of the abolition of the telegraph wire, as but a clumsy device for instant communication between distant lands. It exercised a powerful fascination over his imagination, and spurred the inventive faculty and the delight in electrical experiments which he had displayed even in his earliest schoolboy days.

After years of painstaking and exhaustive investigations on his father's estate in Italy, he invented two instruments of weird and almost uncanny powers—a “transmitter” which sends a message on a magnetic wave from one continent to another, across thousands of miles of sea, undisturbed even by the swift and overpowering rush and roar of the tempest; and a “receiver,” which registers the communication almost the moment after it has been despatched! Thus did Chevalier Marconi rise to a position of the highest repute among scientific discoverers.



Guglielmo Marconi

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Prince's Chamber serves as an ante-room to the House of Lords. Here it is that the King is received by the great officers of State on coming to open Parliament, and thence conducted by them to his Throne in the House of Lords. It is a splendid apartment. Softened light falls through windows painted with the rose, thistle, and shamrock on panelled walls with bronze bas-reliefs of historic events, and on paintings of Kings and Queens, all eloquent of the growth and development of the British Constitution.

But the most conspicuous object is a fine group of statuary under a carved archway in the centre of the room. Queen Victoria, robed and crowned, is seated on a throne, with Justice on her right, and Clemency on her left, the two qualities by which true sovereignty is best girt round and guarded, or upon which it most securely rests. On the pedestal there are bas-reliefs of Science, Commerce, and Industry. The group is from the chisel of John Gibson, R.A.—the leading British sculptor of his time — who gave five years to it, and considered it his masterpiece.

It is, indeed, fitting that the finest statue in these legislative buildings of men law-givers should be to a Queen who was not only a great Constitutional Sovereign, but who wielded also the stainless sceptre of womanhood.



The Right Hon.
ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

THE son and heir of Viscount Midleton, educated at Eton, and an M.A. of Oxford University, Mr. Brodrick is a type of the young men of birth and leisure in this country who, in an age of lassitude, are possessed by a desire for strenuous and exacting work, and, attracted to politics, display in the service of the State a practical talent for the very difficult business of administration.

He has filled with credit some of the highest political offices under Unionist Governments. There could be no more conscientious Minister. To the lazy dandies of his own rank in life, lounging gracefully on the back benches of both sides of the House, his earnestness of conviction and capacity for arduous work in his years of office must have contributed to the end for which they seem, mainly, to have entered Parliament—that is, to obtain new sensations.



St. John Brodrick
Secretary of State for War 1902

SIR EDWARD REED, K.C.B., and MR. E. T. REED.

FATHER and son—the one a distinguished marine engineer and naval architect, the other a renowned political caricaturist.

Sir Edward Reed, for long a familiar figure in the House of Commons, was Chief Constructor of the Navy for seven years, in a critical period of transition. He presided over the transformation of the Fleet from wooden sailing-vessels into ironclads propelled by steam. He also designed and supervised the construction in England of warships for foreign Powers. It is an interesting fact that Japan's first battleship, the *Foo Soo*, was designed by Sir Edward Reed. From that vessel one of the most powerful fleets in the world in ships and in men has developed in a quarter of a century.

In what a different walk in life has Mr. E. T. Reed won success! His deliciously absurd "Prehistoric Peeps" in the pages of *Punch* made the whole English-speaking world laugh. As a caricaturist he is delightfully happy in giving a humorous turn to the individual little tricks of attitude and expression of the chief personalities in the House of Commons. So genially is it all done that Members invitingly pose for him in the Lobby—with an amusing pretence of unconsciousness that he is sketching them—and they do it also in the Chamber, as he sits above in the Reporters' Gallery. Indeed, it is difficult to say which is the better test of Parliamentary success—a seat on the Treasury Bench, or to be caricatured by Mr. Reed in *Punch*.



S. J. Reed

E. T. Reed

SIR WILLIAM ARROL.

STARTING in life as an apprentice to a blacksmith, Sir William Arrol rose to be senior in the firm of Arrol & Company, engineers and contractors, who built the great bridges that cross the river Tay and the Firth of Forth, and supplied the steel work for the Tower Bridge, London.

During the Session of 1905 he was the central figure in a unique assembly of the Unionist Members, in one of the largest Committee Rooms of the House of Commons. In the division on an Opposition amendment to the Address, when the Ministerial majority was reduced to forty-two, one of those who voted for the Government was Sir William Arrol. The division came off at midnight, and he had been married that morning at Ayr.

This hurried political journey on his wedding day so impressed his colleagues in the House of Commons that 350 of them subscribed for a handsome silver vase in commemoration of the event. The Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, in making the presentation, said that no doubt most of them tried to imitate their hon. friend's devotion to the Party, but it was given to few to afford such a striking example of that virtue.





William Arrol

THE CLOISTERS OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE private entrance to the House of Commons for Members is from New Palace Yard. Passing through Westminster Hall, or the adjoining Star Chamber Court, they reach St. Stephen's Cloisters, a portion of the small section of the mediæval Palace which survived the fire of 1834. It now serves the purposes of a cloak room. Each of the 670 members has a peg with his name attached—the names being arranged alphabetically—for his overcoat. He carries his hat with him always, by the etiquette of the House. A staircase leads from the Cloisters to the Lobby, which gives immediate access to the Legislative Chamber.

Sir Charles Barry showed remarkable skill and judgment in the incorporation of the Cloisters in the New Palace, thus preserving a splendid example of ancient taste and achievement in architecture. The fan-tracery of the stone roof, especially, is very beautiful. Constructed during the Tudor time in the florid Gothic style, these Cloisters give some impression of the architectural splendour of the old Palace of Westminster.



SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN, K.C.B.

FOR thirty-one years Archibald John Scott Milman was a conspicuous figure at the table of the House of Commons. His appearance conveyed at a glance the suggestion of force of character. The figure was stooped as if with the weight of Parliamentary lore. The face was rugged, and severe in aspect, telling of an earnest and serious man, with independent judgment and decided views.

During a scene in the House, his restless movements and the austerity of his countenance showed how keenly he felt and resented the slight to the dignity and authority of Parliament. On one occasion during the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill of 1893 the Irish Members came into conflict with the Chair. The Clerk-Assistant was observed whispering eagerly to the Chairman by his side. There were fierce shouts of "Leave the Chairman alone, Milman." It was thought in the Nationalist quarter that he was urging the Chairman to resort to extreme measures. The position was painful, as, of course, the Clerk-Assistant was without the right to reply to the taunt, or to explain his action, and the twitching of his sensitive mouth showed that he had not complete mastery of his feelings.

Mr. Milman succeeded Sir Reginald Palgrave as Clerk of the House in 1900. For two Sessions only he filled this most responsible post. His resignation on the ground of ill-health was announced at the opening day of the Session of 1902; and he was made a K.C.B. A few weeks later he was dead.



Archibald H. Milman
Clerk Assistant, House of Commons

FURNITURE CLEANERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE most expensive house in the country is the House of Commons. A very large sum goes to meet just the same sort of expenditure as is necessary in a private house, but, of course, on a much larger scale. Carpet-beating, for instance, costs about £700 a year. Window-cleaning absorbs another £200.

The House, after every sitting, is in a slovenly litter. The benches and the floor are strewn with torn-up letters and papers. But when the proceedings are over, when in response to the door-keeper's quaint cry, "Who goes home?" Members rush to the cloak-room, and thence disappear into the darkness of New Palace Yard, the sweepers and cleaners take possession of the Chamber, and after a few hours of rubbing and scrubbing, everything is spick and span again for the morrow's sitting.



St. George's Hospital, London, 1911

MR. JAMES H. YOXALL.

WHEN Mr. Yoxall was a Board School master in Sheffield he was noted for his original methods of teaching and of management. Strongly convinced that the body should be developed equally with the mind, that the physical training of children should keep pace with the intellectual, the Sharrow Lane Board School was, accordingly, first in sport and first in scholarship.

Cambridge University gave him its hon. M.A. degree in recognition of his services to public education. That great organisation, the National Union of Teachers, rewarded his devoted advocacy of their interests by making him General Secretary.

Mr. Yoxall is also a successful writer of fiction. In "Alan Tanger's Wife" he has turned to good account experiences obtained through his favourite pastime, tramping in France. "Romany Stone," another of his novels, deals with gipsy and Methodist life on the Peak of Derbyshire.



*James Henry Gxall
(N. Hingham road)*

PRESENTING PETITIONS TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE House of Commons receives petitions only through its Members. The time allotted for the presentation of petitions is just after the Speaker has taken the Chair. The Member rises in his place, and, saying that he has a petition to present, reads a brief summary of the prayer or request of the petitioners. "Will the hon. Member bring it up?" says the Speaker, and the Member forthwith drops the roll of paper into the yawning mouth of a big black bag hanging at the back of the Speaker's chair. This is the procedure in the case of petitions of public interest. With regard to most of the petitions the Members to whom they are sent privately bundle them into the bag without anyone in the House being a bit the wiser.

But there is a different and more picturesque method of presentation in the case of petitions from the Corporation of the City of London. By right of an ancient privilege these petitions are presented at the Bar of the House by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, in their robes of office. The Sheriffs are conducted to the Bar by the Serjeant-at-Arms, bearing the Mace on his shoulder. The Speaker says, "What have you got there?" and the City Remembrancer, standing in his wig and gown between the Sheriffs, answers by reciting the substance of the petition.*

* The Sheriffs shown in the picture are Alderman Sir John Knill, Bart. (on the left), and Sir Alfred Jas. Reynolds (on the right). In the centre is the City Remembrancer, Mr. Adrian D. W. Pollock.





SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, BART.

THE great London firm of upholsterers, Maple & Co., made the name of Sir John Blundell Maple familiar throughout the land. One of the most successful business men, thoroughly devoted to business, he remained in business until his death in November, 1903. Even as a Member of Parliament he conducted all the details of his big establishment. He was a well-known figure at Westminster, bustling about with bundles of papers under his arm, his pockets bulging with similar documents, interviewing people in the Lobby, visiting the business-room of the Members to dictate letters to his secretaries; and, invariably spruce and sprightly, he seemed to do it all with the greatest ease.

“I went on to my father’s factory straight from school,” he once said, “and studied detail from an envelope to a ledger; grounded myself in the prices and sources of woods of every description, from the battens of Sweden to the satin-woods of South America, and a hundred other varieties that are used in cabinet-making.”

As a politician, being bluff and good-hearted, he was on terms of friendship with men of all parties. He was never in office. His practical knowledge of affairs, his business ability, his enormous capacity for work, would have enabled him to manage successfully some Department like the Board of Trade or the Post Office, in touch with the vast ramifications of commerce. But he seemed to lack the gift of lucid statement and exposition, which is regarded as more essential to a Minister in the House of Commons, where measures have to be explained and defended, than even business capacity.



J. Blundell & Napier
Dulwich

THREE TYPES OF MEMBERS.

MR. WHARTON, the centre of the group, who represented the Ripon Division of Yorkshire continuously for twenty years, is a country squire of the highest type. In and out of the House his views, noted for common sense, carry great weight; and he discharges duties of immense public usefulness. In Durham he is Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and Chairman of the County Council. For his services to county government, as well as to national, he was called to the Privy Council, that eminent body of prelates, nobles, and commoners nominated by the Sovereign as his advisers in State affairs. Each Privy Councillor enjoys the title of Right Honourable.

The Hon. Seymour Ormsby-Gore, who sits to Mr. Wharton's right, and who represented the Gainsborough Division of Lincolnshire for some years, has specially devoted himself to financial questions. The son of the second Lord Harlech, he is a senior partner of the firm of Gore & Co., stockbrokers.

In Lord Edmund Talbot, sitting to Mr. Wharton's left, we have the soldier Member of Parliament. He is a scion of the notably historic family of the Howards, and the brother of the Duke of Norfolk, premier Duke of England. He took the name of Talbot, in lieu of Howard, by Royal licence, under the will of the 17th Earl of Shrewsbury. A soldier whose services in the South African War won him the D.S.O., Lord Edmund Talbot is conspicuous in the group of retired Army men in the House of Commons whose influence is felt in the discussion of military affairs.



The Right Hon.
SIR HENRY H. FOWLER.

“HIGH-MINDEDNESS” best expresses Sir Henry Fowler’s quality as a Parliamentarian. Though a very busy man—he is an eminent solicitor—he has given a rare devotion and enthusiasm to politics as an engine of human progress. An admirable speaker, deep earnestness and seriousness mark all his utterances on public questions.

As President of the Local Government Board in the last Gladstone Administration, he carried through Parliament in 1893 the great Act which established Parish Councils. It was a huge Bill, containing 70 clauses, to which over 800 amendments were put down. He had to find reasons for accepting or rejecting each of these 800 amendments, according as they were moved.

How did the Minister carry in his head all the arguments as to why he was opposed to this amendment and in favour of that? The method adopted by Sir Henry Fowler illustrates how a big Bill is steered through the uncertain and perilous stage of Committee.

At each sitting he produced from his despatch-box the amendments to be considered, each pasted at the top of a separate slip of paper, and below it, typewritten, the reasons for accepting it or rejecting it. These brief speeches were thought out by Sir Henry Fowler in the morning before the House met, dictated to his secretaries, and typed in this convenient form.

The Bill was three months in Committee. But no matter how fatigued the Minister might be after hours of close application to work in an enervating Chamber, his replies were always fresh and vigorous.



The Daguerreotype

Henry H. Fowler Woburnampton

SIR J. DICKSON-POYNDR, BART., and MAJOR SEELY.

COMRADES - IN - ARMS during the South African War, through which they passed, covering themselves with glory, Sir John Dickson - Poynder and Major Seely were comrades also in political vicissitudes in the House of Commons. Unionists both, they crossed the floor—which, in its way, requires as much moral courage, grim tenacity, and stern sense of duty as were needed in fording the Tugela river, or mounting Spion Kop—on the adoption of Fiscal Reform by the Unionist Government.

The Balfour Administration, like every Government, had among its followers on the back benches many young men, ardent and able, who were disposed to be independent critics of its policy. Of this group Sir John Dickson-Poynder (seen in the motor-car) and Major Seely (standing by the motor's side) were prominent members.

But it is one thing for a Member of Parliament to express his disagreement with measures introduced by the Government of which he has been elected a supporter, and quite a different thing for him to separate himself entirely from his own political party, and join the party of its opponents.

The floor of the House of Commons is but a few yards wide; yet what a revolution in one's political opinions, what a wrench in the associations of a life, is meant by passing from one side of the Chamber to the other!



VISCOUNT GOSCHEN.

ONE of the keenest intellects ever devoted to the services of the State was enlisted when George Joachim Goschen, of the firm of Frühling and Goschen, financiers, was first returned to the House of Commons, in 1863, as Member for the City of London.

He filled many high offices in Liberal and Unionist Administrations. He was first Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Gladstone in the early 'Seventies, and Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Salisbury in the late 'Eighties. He brought to the control of these departments, not business experience only, but a thoroughly logical and scientific mind. One of those permanent officials who, whatever Governments come and go, play a leading, if retiring, part in the management of the nation's affairs, said that most of the Ministers with whom he had anything to do were inclined to be lazy. He made two or three exceptions. Among them was Mr. Goschen.

But Mr. Goschen was not only a successful Administrator; he was also a most gallant fighting politician. When aroused by opposition there was a fiery touch in his oratory that was unique. It always set the House of Commons aflame with party passion, stirring foes and friends to a white heat of fury or ecstasy.



George Goschen July 1897
President of the Admiralty.

THE SPEAKER'S DINING-ROOM.

THE Speaker's House is that conspicuous wing of the Palace of Westminster, with carved stonework and Gothic windows, extending from the Clock Tower to the river, close to Westminster Bridge. It is furnished by the State, and the fortunate Speaker enjoys it free of rent, rates, taxes, coal, and light.

The Speaker gives several official entertainments during the Parliamentary Session. There are separate dinners to the Ministers, to the leaders of the Opposition, and to private Members. According to long-established custom, a Member who accepts the invitation to dine with Mr. Speaker is required to appear either in uniform or Court dress. This rule, which has always been rigidly enforced, cut off such eminent Parliamentarians as Joseph Hume, Richard Cobden, and John Bright—all of whom objected to wear Court dress—from the pleasure of the hospitality of Mr. Speaker. The host himself is attired in a dark velvet Court suit, knee breeches, and silk stockings, with dainty lace ruffles and wristbands, and a sword by his side.

In the mirror-panelled dining-room the long table is magnificently spread with old plate; the walls are hung with portraits of famous Speakers. Only one toast is proposed—that of "The King." The dinners are intended, principally, to bring Members together for the interchange of views. But with so many Speakers, severe of aspect, looking down upon the diners, how could these functions be otherwise than sedate and solemn?



SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

At the Bar, Sir Frank Lockwood was a most persuasive advocate. A versatile man, he was also a clever, humorsome caricaturist, and, as an amateur actor, the drollest of comedians. But as a Parliamentarian, his reputation rests less upon the display of political ability than upon the memory of an unusually sunny disposition. His was the distinction of being in his time the most popular man in the House of Commons. He was pleasant to look at, tall and broad-shouldered, with a fresh, handsome face, carrying always an air of geniality and good nature, and suggesting more the squire given to following the hounds, than the lawyer who spent, perforce, much of his time poring over briefs.

In the Lobby he was always the beaming centre of a merry group enjoying his sallies of wit. He enlivened debate also. There was always a ripple of gaiety and fun through his speeches. But with all his jaunty air he felt deeply. In dealing with cases of wrongdoing, especially, the thrill of earnestness and indignation in his fine voice stirred the House all the more deeply because of his qualities of good humour, good nature, and good sense.



Frank Lockwood
(D. L. Fine (Mid. -))

THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Lords are pleasantly housed, and certainly the most agreeable adjunct of their Chamber is the Library. The walls of the suite of rooms are lined completely with bookshelves in dark oak; the volumes are beautifully bound; there are inviting writing-tables supplied with stationery; the old-fashioned chairs are a delight to sit in. Above the shelves is a frieze, with panels displaying the armorial bearings of the Chief Justices of England.

Peers pass in and out with noiseless tread, for the thick carpets deaden all sound. The atmosphere is pervaded by the pleasantest and most appropriate odour for a library, the aroma of Russia-leather. The recessed windows of the rooms, overlooking the river, with glimpses of the Surrey hills, far away beyond Lambeth Palace, make the cosiest retiring places for quiet reading and study.

The Library is mainly historical and constitutional, legal and political. Just the sort of library, in fact, that is best adapted for providing noble lords on opposite sides of the House with material for refuting each other's arguments.

THE LIBRARIAN OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE is one of our most experienced and accomplished literary critics. In his delightful "Gossip in a Library"—a collection of scholarly essays about books, made up of a little criticism, a little anecdote, and a little bibliography—he says, "In my sleep, 'where dreams are multitude,' I sometimes fancy that one day I shall have a library in a garden. The phrase seems to contain the whole felicity of man—'a library in a garden.' It sounds like having a Castle in Spain, or a sheep-walk in Arcady; and I suppose that merely to wish for it is to be what indignant journalists call 'a faddling hedonist.'"

In 1904 Mr. Gosse, who had been in the service of the Board of Trade, was appointed Librarian of the House of Lords. Writing of his own collection of books, he says, "There is something awful to me, of nights and when I am alone, in thinking of all the souls imprisoned in the ancient books around me. Not one, I suppose, but was ushered into the world with pride and glee, with a flushed cheek and heightened pulse; not one has enjoyed a career that in all points justified those ample hopes and flattering promises."

Some day, perhaps, Mr. Gosse will give us an essay on "The Library over the Thames"; and the thoughts suggested by its numerous ranks of "Hansard," with their thousands of speeches of forgotten Parliamentarians, and the futility of print that is proclaimed by its shelves upon shelves of Blue Books, which nobody reads.



Edmund Gossel

Edmund Gossel
situated in the house of...

STATUE OF CROMWELL.

IN the original decoration of the Palace of Westminster memorials were provided in statuary, fresco, painted window, or stone-carving of all the Rulers of England from Alfred to Victoria, with one exception. The one Ruler uncommemorated was Oliver Cromwell.

During Mr. Gladstone's last Administration it was proposed that the memory of the Protector should be honoured within the precincts of the Palace by a statue erected at the public expense. It was inevitable that such a motion, made with the Mace on the Table—though not exactly “the bauble” to which Cromwell showed so little respect when he turned the Long Parliament out of doors—would be passionately resisted. The Royalists and the Nationalists united in vehement opposition to it. Not a penny of the people's money should be spent on a memorial to the executioner of Charles I., said the one Party; nor, said the other, to the author of the massacres of Drogheda and Wexford. The motion accordingly was withdrawn.

But strange, indeed, was the ending of the episode. The memory of Cromwell at Westminster is now perpetuated by a noble bust in the outer lobby, and by a heroic statue in the garden of Westminster Hall. No public money was spent upon them. Both memorials were the gifts of private donors. That being so, no objection to their acceptance was raised in Parliament.

The statue was presented by Lord Rosebery. A stern figure, on a lofty pedestal, it makes a very striking object on the sunk grass-plot by the side of Westminster Hall.



THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SIR COURTENAY PEREGRINE ILBERT was a Parliamentary draughtsman, having been for thirty years engaged in the preparation of legislative measures, both in England and in India, before he was appointed Clerk of the House of Commons, in 1902.

For four years he was a legal member of the Council of the Viceroy of India. In that capacity he was responsible for several important Bills revising the relations between landlord and tenant in many parts of India. On his return from India in 1886 he was appointed to the Parliamentary Counsel's Office—the Department to which Ministers send their suggestions of proposed legislation in rough outline, in order to have them embodied in Bills—and he draughted some of the most important enactments between 1886 and 1902.

The daily routine of the Clerk of the House of Commons, during the Parliamentary Session, is interesting. Between ten and eleven in the morning he is in his room signing the Orders of the House, made during the previous sitting, for service on Government Departments, summonses for the attendance of witnesses before Committees, and Bills which are to be transmitted to the House of Lords. Then he has to pass for the printer the proofs of the Votes and Proceedings, and the "Orders of the Day," or the agenda of the work set down for the ensuing sitting.

Further on in the day the Clerk attends to matters brought before him by Ministers, officials, and Members, and for an hour before the House meets he has to prepare himself for the work at the Table, and consult with the Speaker about the business of the Sitting.



C. Albert
Clerk of the House of Commons

THE ROYAL SEAT IN THE KING'S ROBING-ROOM.

THE King's Robing-room is a magnificent apartment of the House of Lords, in which the King dresses for the ceremony of the opening of Parliament. On the walls a splendid series of frescoes by William Dyce, R.A., illustrate the beneficence of chivalry. The subjects, taken from the legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, are: Hospitality—"the admission of Sir Tristram to the fellowship of the Round Table"; Mercy—"Sir Gawaine swearing to be merciful, and to protect all ladies"; Religion—"the vision of Sir Galahad and his company"; Generosity—"King Arthur unhorsed is spared by his adversary"; Courtesy—"Sir Tristram harping to La Bella Isidore."

But the object which at once fixes the attention on entering the room is the Royal Chair. It stands on a daïs, beneath a canopy of carved oak. Behind the chair, and forming the back of the canopy, is a beautiful piece of tapestry with the Royal Arms artistically embroidered in the centre, surrounded by repetitions of Queen Victoria's monogram, "V.R." The back of the chair is similarly embroidered in velvet.



SIR WILLIAM ANSON, BART.

THE faces on the Treasury Bench, whatever Party may be in power, tell of energy, masterfulness, tenacity, the qualities in the Member of Parliament that surely lead to office. In the Balfour Administration Sir William Anson, Parliamentary Secretary of the Education Department, thin and almost fragile of frame, with clear-cut face, and something of the reserve and aloofness of the scholar, seemed out of place in the row of robust, strenuous and pushful Ministers. Before he entered Parliament, as Member for Oxford University, he was one of the most distinguished Dons at that historic seat of learning.

He wrote a classic work on Parliament, "The Law and Custom of the Constitution," which, perhaps, explains how it was that he strayed from the quiet and secluded groves of the University into the glare and turbulence of the House of Commons. As Minister in charge of the great Education Bill of 1902, which aroused the bitterest antagonism, his affable interposition in the heated debates always had the effect of allaying passion and acrimony. It was difficult to resist the soothing influence of his low, serene and even voice, his almost depreciatory manner, and his logical and dispassionate arguments, so closely to the point, so innocent of the faintest trace of party feeling.



*William R. Anson
Oxford University.*

THE KATIКИRO OF UGANDA AND HIS SECRETARY.

APOLO KAGWA, Katikiro of Uganda, and his Secretary, Ham Mukasa, were among King Edward's guests at the Coronation. Uganda, where elephants are still numerous and the banana grows in wild profusion, is under the administration of a British Commissioner. But it has its native King, and the Katikiro is his Chief Minister, being, at once, a sort of Premier and Chief Justice, the maker of laws and the righter of wrongs.

These ebony-skinned visitors from Central Africa won the esteem and regard of all who were brought into relations with them by their intelligence and alertness, the keen interest they displayed in the wonders of civilisation, their agreeable ways, and, above all, the contagious glint of good humour in their eyes, and the genial expansiveness of their smiles. The Katikiro was the taller of the two, being a couple of inches over six feet, and well built in proportion. He became a Christian at an early age, and to him, mainly, is due the progress of Uganda from a barbarous and unruly to an orderly and industrious community.

He was asked what were his impressions of England. "First," he replied, "that you have no mosquitoes; second, that your roads are all good, and that you have many horses and carriages; thirdly, that your houses are large and well built; fourthly, that you live together in great crowds; and lastly, that you have a splendid police force, which prevents fighting in the streets, and keeps order even when many are gathered together."



MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD

MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD—"F. C. G."—has won world-wide fame by his political cartoons in the *Westminster Gazette*.

He has a wonderful instinct for the idea which best sums up the comedy of the political situation of the hour, and a genius for giving it vivid and mellow expression in drawing. During almost every week for many years he has produced some political cartoons. The originality, humour, and force of his work are, in the circumstances, very remarkable. It is interesting to note, too, the varied sources from which he obtains his ideas. Folk lore, natural history, mythology, fable, ancient history, are turned to excellent account in hitting off the passing little shams and insincerities of public life.

Mr. Gould is a keen politician, with strong Liberal convictions, but his caricatures are absolutely free from personal ill-feeling. The liberties he takes with the faces and figures of his subjects are always too good-humoured to give offence. Indeed, many a politician owes some of his fame and popularity to his success in inspiring Mr. Gould's sense of fun. People get to love the man at whom they are moved indulgently to laugh.

Yet the effectiveness of the cartoons in ridiculing a political situation or a political opponent is in no way impaired by their geniality. At every Parliamentary election reproductions of them on a large scale, and printed in colours, are widely distributed in the constituency. They turn every dead wall into an excuse for a hearty, honest laugh, and, at the same time, into a profession of political faith.



Harrather Gould
764.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM THE BAR.

THE first sight of the House of Commons is, from the architectural point of view, usually attended with a feeling of disappointment. It is hardly credible that in this simple Chamber of modest dimensions, of severely businesslike appearance, the destinies of a great Empire are controlled; that here have been fought so many exciting and momentous battles between the political Parties; that these wainscotted walls have really echoed to the potent voices of the renowned Parliamentarians of the Victorian Era—Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Cobden, Disraeli, Bright, Parnell, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Gladstone.

A Chamber of greater spaciousness and more magnificence was designed for the Commons by the architect, Charles Barry; but the Royal Commission, to whom the plans were submitted, decided for a plainer and much smaller apartment, in which debate could be carried on without any undue strain upon the voice or ear. It was in 1852 that the House of Commons first met in the Chamber. It seats 360 Members, little more than half the House, and about 100 more can find standing room at the Bar and in the passages or gangways of the benches.

But if the general aspect of the Chamber be severe, it will be seen, on a closer examination, that artistic taste and labour have been lavished upon its plain decorations. The wood-carving, with which its walls are covered, is most delicate. The predominant colour of the whole is rich oak, softened by the painted windows, and the decorated panels of the glass ceiling.



THE BOOTBLACK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE House of Commons has been called, as everyone knows, "the best club in London." The term was long regarded as happy and appropriate. But the view of Members seems to have changed since the House has more and more become a collection of men differing in social rank and pursuits, in political and religious opinions.

Yet there is no doubt whatever that for at least one of the purposes of a club—ministering to the personal needs and comforts of its Members—the House of Commons is far better equipped at our time of day than ever it had been in its socially selectest period, before the great Reform Act of 1832.

Formerly, Members were only able to get a steak or a chop or pork pie at "Bellamy's." Now they have an elaborate kitchen and a suite of dining-rooms. In the cellars of the House there is, for one thing, "the Valantia vat," which holds 1,000 gallons of Scotch whisky. There are also bath-rooms. A hairdresser is kept on the premises. In the cloisters the services of George Warner, bootblack, are always available. What more can Members require?



MR. J. F. X. O'BRIEN.

IN the House of Commons are to be found men of every kind of experience—in the way even of stirring and romantic adventure—as well as men of every type of character. Mr. James Francis Xavier O'Brien was a conspicuous and interesting figure at Westminster for the twenty years he was a Nationalist Member of Parliament. Yet he rarely took part even in the Irish debates. He used to be pointed out to visitors as a man who had been not only condemned to death, but sentenced, according to the mediæval formula in cases of high treason, to be “hanged, drawn and quartered.”

It was hard to realise that this gentle-looking and fragile little man, with the long, venerable beard, and the black skull-cap hiding his baldness, had really been engaged in desperate enterprises, and, condemned to die, had cheated the gallows. Yet so it was, for in the days of his hot youth he was convicted of high treason, by bearing arms against the Crown in the Fenian Insurrection of 1867.

Mr. O'Brien was in command of the Fenians of Cork. They captured a country police station—or “barracks,” as the quarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary are called—which was occupied by a head constable and six men.

The insurrection was quickly suppressed. Mr. O'Brien was soon arrested. It came out in evidence at his trial that during the attack on the police barracks he had shown great humanity and courage in rescuing from the burning building, before the police surrendered, the wife and children of the head constable. The sentence of death was, on the representation of the judge who had pronounced it, immediately commuted.



James Hogan's Neg

*James F. O'Brien.
Cork City*

THE GRAND COMMITTEE ROOM.

IMMEDIATELY off Westminster Hall, the scene of many a State trial and political impeachment, is the Grand Committee Room. Here it was that on the 16th February, 1897, the Select Committee of the House of Commons opened the historic inquiry into the origin and circumstances of the famous Jameson Raid on the Transvaal, in December, 1895, and also into the administration of the British South Africa Company.

It was really a great State trial. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, lately the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, was practically being impeached. The mind inevitably recalled a similar trial, just a century back, in Westminster Hall, when Warren Hastings was impeached of "high crimes and misdemeanours," as Governor-General of India. That scene will live for ever, as painted in glowing colours by the splendidly descriptive pen of Macaulay. "Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting," says the historian. At the South African Inquiry there was no display of pageantry. The only gleam of colour in the room was a big, painted map of Africa.

The fifteen members of the Committee sat round a horse-shoe table. In the chair was Mr. W. L. Jackson (now Lord Allerton), with Mr. Chamberlain on his right and Sir William Harcourt on his left. At the long table at the base of the horse-shoe were the counsel for the defence, engrossed in papers and documents.

In the centre of the horse-shoe table sat Mr. Cecil Rhodes during examination. He fortified himself each day for the ordeal with a large tumbler of stout and a plate of sandwiches, which he munched and sipped while giving evidence.



VISCOUNT ALTHORP.

“I AM not an agricultural labourer.” It seems a simple thing to say; yet in saying it Lord Althorp—then the Hon. Charles Robert Spencer—contributed to the gaiety of Parliamentary gossip for all time.

The humour of the remark lay in its obviousness and incongruity. One night there was a debate on the unhappy condition of the class that lives closest to the soil. Mr. Spencer was fresh to the House of Commons—he was returned for North Northamptonshire in 1880—and had not long crossed the threshold of manhood. He was one of the youngest and best-looking men in the assembly, and certainly the best dressed. Rising to take part in the discussion, he declared, with a glint of fun in his eye, that he was not an agricultural labourer. The House looked at the young heir to the historic Spencer earldom, arrayed in all the splendour of the smartest of evening clothes, and roared with laughter at the humour of the situation. There were cheers, too, later on, for Mr. Spencer made an earnest and appealing speech on behalf of the peasant delvers of the soil.

Mr. Spencer at once got a place in the affections and esteem of the House. Ever after he was paid the compliment of being familiarly referred to as “Bobby”; and what the Commons lost the Upper Chamber gained when he became Lord Chamberlain and received a peerage on the formation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s Administration in December, 1905.



C. Robert Spencer

1902

LORD CURZON.

THE accidental advantages of birth and station, no doubt, help advancement in the House of Commons. But Lord Curzon, when, as Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon, he made his appearance at St. Stephen's in 1886, also possessed qualities which, in the long run, are far more helpful to the young politician than aristocratic connections—oratorical abilities of a high order, consciousness of power, faith in one's self, and the force of compelling others to share in that confidence.

The youthful scion of an old family obtains easily an Under-Secretaryship. But he rarely gets beyond that minor post if he has little else to rely upon but the claims of long descent.

Mr. Curzon discharged the duties of Under-Secretary for India, and subsequently, of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with enthusiasm and industry. To fit himself the more for the greater career to which his ambition aspired, he travelled much in the Far East, penetrating to remote and perilous spots, for the purpose of studying the problems clamouring to statesmanship for settlement in India, Persia, Korea, China, and Japan. Equipped with knowledge and insight into Eastern conditions, he was made an Irish peer—which raises no barrier to subsequent election to the House of Commons for a British constituency—and appointed to the Viceroyalty of India. Thus, before he was forty, he was the ruler of nearly 300,000,000 human beings.

In the discharge of the tremendous duties and responsibilities of that august office for seven years he displayed enormous capacity for work, courage in carrying out large reforms, and, withal, a gaiety which no disappointment could eclipse.



George S. Curzon 1898
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs

M.P.'S PROCEEDING TO THE JUBILEE SERVICE.

On the 20th June, 1897, there were services in all the churches and chapels of the land in thanksgiving for the sixty years of Queen Victoria's rule. The two Houses of Parliament joined, of course, in the popular rejoicings. The Lords worshipped in Westminster Abbey. In St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, which has been for centuries intimately associated with the lower Chamber, the Commons had their service.

The procession of the representatives of the people to the Church was very striking. As they emerged from Westminster Hall into New Palace Yard, the Serjeant-at-Arms (Mr. H. D. Erskine), bearing the Mace shoulder high, was at their head, and he was immediately followed by Mr. Speaker Gully (now Viscount Selby), in his State robe of brocaded silk, with lavish embroideries of gold lace. The Clerks came next in wigs and gowns. Then came the general body of the Members, headed by the Leader of the House, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, and the Leader of the Opposition, Sir William Harcourt.

The representatives of the people had, indeed, solid reasons for regarding Queen Victoria's reign with thankfulness and gratitude. In it there was a most remarkable development of government by democracy. Parliament attained to its position of unchallenged ascendancy in the State. At the same time, the stability and popularity of the Monarchy were enormously increased. The Crown was lifted absolutely above Party conflicts and political intrigues.



THE CLERK OF THE PARLIAMENTS.

SIR HENRY JOHN LOWNDES GRAHAM, K.C.B., fills the very ancient and most important office of Clerk of the Parliaments. Even the title of the office tells of its antiquity. It shows that it must have been created in that far-off time when Parliament consisted of but one assembly, in which the Lords spiritual and temporal and the Knights of the Shires sat together.

The Clerk of the Parliaments is head of the establishment of the Lords, and appoints and controls its clerical staff. He is also Registrar of the House as the supreme Court of Appeal. When the House of Lords is in session he sits at the table, in wig and gown, and discharges some of the duties which fall to the Speaker in the House of Commons. He it is, and not the presiding Lord Chancellor, who calls on the Peers to bring on their Bills and Notices of Motion as set out in the Orders of the Day.

He also gives the Royal Assent to Bills which have passed both Houses. At this interesting ceremony in the House of Lords the Sovereign is represented by five Lords Commissioners. But it is the Clerk of the Parliaments who utters the quaint old Norman phrases which transform Bills into Acts—in the case of general Public Bills, “Le Roy le veult,” and in the case of Money Bills, “Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur b n volence, et ainsi le veult.”

The Clerk of the Parliaments also endorses the only authentic copies of the Acts (one for the Rolls Office, the other for the Victoria Tower), and is the custodian of all the Records of the House of Lords.



Henry H. Graham.
Clerk of the Parliament.

The Right Hon. SIR JOHN GORST.

SIR JOHN ELDON GORST has won fame for many things in the course of a long and distinguished career—a career in which thrilling personal experiences have not been absent. At twenty-four, while studying for the Bar, the spirit of unrest took possession of him. He started for New Zealand in a sailing vessel. The Governor of the Colony at the time was Sir George Grey, who appointed him Civil Commissioner to the native district of Waikato. It was a dangerous post, and the adventures which befel him in the few years that he filled it are told in his little known but deeply interesting book, “The Maori King.”

Entering Parliament in 1866, he became a notable figure in the House, and eventually filled with distinction many important offices, including that of Minister of Education between 1895 and 1902.

Sir John Gorst has devoted his brilliant and trained faculties more to the solution of social problems than to political questions. He is, indeed, one of the most resourceful and persuasive advocates of social service—of the absolute necessity of providing, above all, for the comfort and happiness of the people. Especially fond of children, his zeal as a reformer is warmest in the interest and welfare of the little ones. Sir John will, perhaps, best be remembered on account of his crusade for the provision of meals to underfed school children who are rendered incapable by hunger of profiting by the education which the State has made compulsory and free. It is appropriate, therefore, that he should be presented hand in hand with two little girls, whose charm and joyousness suggest the end for which he labours—that among the children of the earth there should never be sorrow more.



John & Cora

MR. WILLIAM RANDAL CREMER.

As Mr. Cremer sits in the House of Commons among the Liberals he is made conspicuous by the piece of red ribbon which he wears in the left lapel of his coat. It is the badge of the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The President of the French Republic bestowed this distinction on Mr. Cremer for having initiated and for being the chief organiser of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference, first held in Paris in 1888, and in London in 1890, for the promotion of international peace and progress.

The son of a herald painter, Mr. Cremer was apprenticed to the craft of carpentry and joinery. From his earliest years he has been associated with movements on behalf of the working classes. He was the founder of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners. But it is as an advocate of peace, of the settlement of disputes between nations by arbitration, that he is best known. He is the Secretary of the International Arbitration League, and the editor of the *Arbitrator*, its official organ. Through his exertions every Parliament in Europe has a representative group of Members pledged to uphold the peace movement.

In 1903 Mr. Cremer gave a signal proof of devotion to the great cause with which his name has been so long and so honourably associated. That year he was awarded the famous Nobel Gold Medal and Peace Prize for his efforts to establish peaceful relations between the nations of Europe, and he gave the bulk of the prize, £7,000, as an endowment to the International Arbitration League.



Hoggenston

W. Marshall Bremer

REPRESENTATIVES OF COMMERCE.

THE politicians, or Parliamentarians, purely and simply, by no means constitute the bulk of the Membership of the House of Commons. By these are meant the men who are more or less conspicuous in the public eye—Ministers, ex-Ministers, and also private Members of independent means and leisure, possessing political abilities, or that engrossing interest in public questions, or that delight in public service, or that love of public distinction, which induces them to give a good deal of time to Parliamentary work.

A far larger class are the commercial men—merchants, bankers, financiers, shipowners, railway directors—who do not take a very active or prominent share in the work of the House. They are regular in their attendance. They vote in most divisions. They are always in their places when their presence may be required. But not often do their names appear in the newspaper reports. Yet they render very efficient services to the State. They give invaluable aid in the guiding and controlling of legislation affecting the development of industry. They supply that knowledge, derived from practical experience in business affairs, which is indispensable in the Government and Administration of a great commercial nation.

In the group here reproduced are representatives of that great class in and out of the House of Commons through whose capacity and enterprise British commerce has been spread to all the ends of the earth.*

* The group consists of, from left to right at the back, Sir Walter Plummer (M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1900-1906) and Sir Charles Cayzer, Bart. (M.P. for Barrow-in-Furness, 1892-1906). Front row, Sir Christopher Furness, M.P., Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal, and Sir John Johnson.



DR. ROBERT WALLACE.

ON the floor of the House of Commons a tragedy was enacted the 5th of June, 1899. Dr. Robert Wallace, the Member for East Edinburgh, had begun a speech in opposition to the grant of public money to Lord Kitchener, proposed by the Government, in recognition of his services in the Egyptian campaign. The hon. gentleman was one of the humorists of the House, having a rare faculty of dry, caustic Scottish sarcasm; and it was in that vein that he was treating the proposal.

A note in Hansard's "Debates" thus describes the sequel: "'The aristocratic official,' said Mr. Wallace, 'gets everything, while the poor man who risks his life and does the work gets nothing.' At this point," continues the official record, "the hon. Member was apparently seized with faintness. His voice failed, he could not read his notes or find his eyeglasses, nor could he drink or even hold in his hands the glass of water that was passed to him from the Front Opposition Bench. He sat down abruptly, and after a painful pause, Mr. Arnold-Forster continued the debate."

Before the debate was resumed Dr. Wallace, who had fallen to his seat insensible, was carried out of the Chamber and removed to Westminster Hospital. He died there at two o'clock in the morning of the 6th of June, within three hours of his rising to address the House of Commons.



Robert Wallace
M. P. Edinburgh, E.

INDIAN REPRESENTATIVES AT KING EDWARD'S CORONATION.

WHAT an air of adventure and romance the Colonial and Indian representatives at the Coronation of King Edward VII. imparted to the thoroughfares of London during the summer of 1902! As one caught sight of them, even in the roaring Strand, it seemed to need but a turning down the next by-street to find oneself lost in pathless forests and jungles where there were crocodiles and lions and tigers.

Of them all, the Indian contingent was undoubtedly the chief attraction. In their Oriental splendour of attire—their silken, flowing robes, and many-folded turbans of the most varied and exquisite hues, their lavish display of glittering jewels on hands and breasts and in their ears—the home-staying Cockney had fascinating, if inscrutable, glimpses of mighty and fantastic India.

The Indian military representatives—photographed on the Terrace, with Lord Valentia, one of the Unionist Whips, in their midst—were of an unexpectedly fine physique. There was nothing of the Eastern softness and frailty about them. Stalwart and wiry and soldierly men were they, and remarkably good-looking also.



MR. ERNEST GEORGE PRETYMAN.

THE adventurous spirit in England finds an outlet either in the Army or in politics. Mr. Pretyman, the son of a Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, has in both given vent to his courage and enterprise. He was a Captain in the Royal Artillery when he was left an inheritance by a relative, and quitting the Army he soon after entered the House of Commons.

He was not long in the House before he became conspicuous among the younger Members of the Conservative Party below the gangway, as much by his attractive exterior and winning address, as by his clear, cogent, and sincere style of speaking. Soon he was invested with the responsibilities of office. In the Balfour Administration he was, first, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and then Parliamentary Secretary to that Department.

It needs a man of practical common-sense, and an indefatigable worker, to deal promptly and sagaciously with the multiplicity of affairs that come up for settlement in the great department of the Admiralty, and, by general acknowledgment, Mr. Pretyman's soundness and sobriety of judgment were never at fault.



Ernest J. Petyman

BLACK ROD'S KNOCK.

THE moment the usher's loud cry of "Black Rod" is heard from the lobby by the Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, he springs from his chair, and hastening to the open door shuts it with an inhospitable clang in the very face of Black Rod, and securely bolts it. Presently three faint knocks are heard. The Serjeant-at-Arms peers out through the grated peep-hole which, with a wooden slot, is fixed in the stout oaken door. He finds, with mild surprise, that the knocks were given by the ebony stick of the Lords' messenger. The petitionary appeal of that soft and humble "rat-tat-tat" it would be impossible to resist; and accordingly, at a nod from the Speaker, the door is flung open and in walks Black Rod to deliver his blameless message.

What, then, is the meaning of this slamming of the door of the House of Commons in Black Rod's inoffensive face? Why must he wait submissively and humbly knock three times for admission to the Chamber before it is granted? It is a time-honoured and significant demonstration of the right of the representatives of the people to conduct their deliberations in secret, should they deem it necessary, and to shut their doors especially against the messengers of sovereigns or peers.

These three solemn knocks of Black Rod on the door of the House of Commons in truth recall many momentous Parliamentary incidents in the long and bitter struggle for constitutional liberty. We may hear them only in fancy, but they thrill us like a trumpet call, and set the impulses of our ancestors stirring within us still.

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SIR RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

THE popular idea of the House of Commons is too often merely that of a body of men of conflicting political opinions. Such a conception of the House falls very far short of its due. It is something greater than that. Anyone who examines the composition of the Membership of the House, as set out in the Parliamentary reference books, will see how representative it is, not only of the political opinions of the Nation, but of the Nation's intellect, learning, science, its practical experience, its business capacity and enterprise. Thus there is at the disposal of the House a vast and varied mass of knowledge and observation to draw upon in the discussion of the concerns of the Empire.

High among the representatives of scholarship in the House was Sir Richard Jebb, one of the representatives of Cambridge University, and its Regius Professor of Greek up to the time of his death in December, 1905. In the consideration of questions of education, especially, his trained intellect and erudite attainments were most valuable. The House always welcomed his soothing and persuasive contributions to its debates.



R. C. Jebb
University of Cambridge

THE EARL OF HALSBURY AND ADMIRAL LEYGUE.

It would be natural to expect strikingly contrasted types, of personality and of temperament, between an English Lord Chancellor and a French Admiral. How dissimilar are the qualities and characteristics of the two Nations! How far apart, in circumstances and in thought, are the professions of the Law and the Sea! Yet when the Earl of Halsbury and Rear-Admiral Leygue met at the historic entertainment of the officers of the French Navy by the Houses of Parliament in Westminster Hall on the 12th of August, 1905, it was not so much points of difference as points of comparison that were furnished; it was not a distinction but a harmony in individuality that was apparent.

Hardinge Stanley Giffard, Earl of Halsbury, and three times Lord High Chancellor of England, was eighty years of age on that memorable occasion when the friendship of the two great neighbouring peoples was sealed in Westminster Hall. Nevertheless, he was in the fullest vigour, mental and physical. There is an axiom of the English Bar that a practitioner in the criminal courts never reaches the Woolsack. An exception to the rule is Lord Halsbury. While at the Bar he practised chiefly at the assizes, and was a Crown Prosecutor.

But such are the virility of character and the powerful and versatile intellect of Lord Halsbury, that he was certain to succeed in any walk of life, no matter what difficulties might be in the way. Indeed, on that 12th of August, 1905, he looked as if he could step from the Bench of the Court of Chancery on to the quarter-deck of the Admiral's flagship, to take command of the Channel Fleet.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, Duke of Argyll, bearer of the ancient Celtic title, "Mac Cailean Mhor,"—from Sir Colin Campbell who was knighted in 1286—chief of a great Highland clan, is an author and poet, as well as a politician. He is better known as the Marquess of Lorne. As such he married in 1871 Princess Louise, the sixth child and fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, being at the time the Liberal Member for Argyllshire. For five years—between 1878 and 1883—he filled the exalted post of Governor-General of Canada.

He sat as a Liberal-Unionist in the House of Commons from 1895 until he succeeded to the dukedom on the death of his father in 1900. But though he was constant in his attendance during those five years he never spoke in the House. Yet he is an excellent speaker, with much of the fancy and imagination of the Gael. He is also a thinking, earnest man, desirous of grappling with important questions, such as Imperial Federation, in which he is especially interested. But he felt the constraint of his position as son-in-law to Queen Victoria too deeply to go down into the political arena.



Lotus. July 20. 1896

STATUE OF RICHARD I.

THE memorial to King Richard the First, better known as "Cœur de Lion," in Old Palace Yard, is a striking example of equestrian statuary. It is the work of Marochetti, an Italian who lived in Paris, and, having to fly for his part in the French Revolution of 1848, settled in London.

There was little of the ruler of his people in King Richard. He was more the chivalrous knight-errant, wandering in quest of adventures to show his prowess at arms and his high-souled generosity and self-sacrifice. His darling ambition was to relieve the Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land from the oppressions of the Turk. In 1192 he led his gallant troops to the very walls of Jerusalem, only to be forced to turn homewards again, so wasted were his followers by fighting and disease. Nevertheless, he was strong enough to be able to conclude a treaty with Saladin that for three years, three months, three days, and three hours pilgrims should have free access to the Holy Sepulchre.

As he is depicted by the chisel of Marochetti, we see high purpose in his ardent face, and command and resolution which nothing can baulk.



SIR EDGAR VINCENT, K.C.M.G.

SIR EDGAR VINCENT, who represented Exeter from 1899 to 1906, is an eminent financier who first started on an entirely different career. Like his elder brother, Sir Howard Vincent, who began life as a soldier and became Director of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, he too, before finding his definitive and instinctive destiny in the application of the science of public revenue and expenditure, spent five years in the Coldstream Guards.

For six years he was Financial Adviser to the Government of Egypt. It was mainly owing to the reforms which he introduced that Egyptian finance was restored to prosperity. He subsequently rendered a like service to Turkey. As Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, he lifted Turkey out of its financial difficulties, and directed it on the path of economic progress.



Edgar Vincent

WESTMINSTER FROM THE CLOCK TOWER.

OVER the dials of Big Ben there is a wide, open gallery which affords a thrilling prospect of the Metropolis. The bustling crowds, the hurrying traffic in the streets below, seem strangely remote and unfamiliar, and their streaming roar falls on the ear drowsily as if heard in a dream. In the far distance, the northern heights loom through the haze, dim and mystical.

But the chief interest of the prospect is found in the Government Departments in Whitehall. Conspicuous in the scene is the block of buildings in which the Foreign Office, the Education Board, and the Home Office are housed. Beyond them the Admiralty comes into view. The Duke of York's Column stands out boldly and apart. The greenery of St. James's Park refreshingly breaks the grey of the clustering house-tops. Then the eye falls upon Buckingham Palace, the home of the Sovereign.

Here, indeed, is the heart of things, the centre of the political and administrative system of the far-spreading British Empire.



