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Lord Mayor's Show Costly Pageant.

By Charles Stansfeld Jones.



**Here is a Lord Mayor of London of nearly a century ago.
He is Sir Chapman Marshall and held office from 1839-40.**

Charles Stansfeld Jones of Deep Cove, B.C., portrait painter and author, is a great-grandson of Sir Chapman Marshall, Lord Mayor of London 1839-40. Another great-grandfather was worshipful master of the Drapers Company in 1883

The forthcoming visit of the Right Honorable Sir Percy Vincent, Lord Mayor of London, to Vancouver on the occasion of its Golden Jubilee, can not fail to arouse public interest, not alone in that important event, but in the historical associations attendant upon the ancient office of Lord Mayor and that great public spectacle which takes place in London on the ninth of November in every year—the Lord Mayor's Show.

At the time of the Norman Conquest, 1066, the chief officer of London was called "port-grave," afterwards softened into "port-reeve," from Saxon words signifying chief governor of a harbor. He was afterwards called provost; but in Henry II.'s

reign the Norman title of "maire" (soon after mayor) was brought into use. At first the mayor was chosen for life, but afterwards for periods of irregular duration; now he is chosen annually, but is eligible for re-election. He must be an alderman, and have been a sheriff. His duties commence on November 9.

First Mayor Held Office 24 Years

The first mayor of London, Henry Fitz-Ailwin, held office twenty-four years, and was appointed in 1189 or 1191.

It was Sir John Norman, Lord Mayor, who went by water to be sworn at Westminster in 1453, and who is said to have instituted the Lord Mayor's Show. This show, magnificent as it is to this day, has, even so, probably lost some of its ancient splendor; for it is of record that in 1685 some of the more costly pageants of the show were laid aside. And in fact, even the last century, certain alterations and curtailments in the programme seem to have been made.

Because it happens that the writer's maternal great-grandfather, Sir Chapman Marshall, held the office of Lord Mayor of London in 1839, it is possible from the family records to supply interesting details of the show as it took place in that year, together with a portrait of Sir Chapman, done by the writer from the original in England.

Foremost in the procession, or properly ahead of it, come police constables to clear the way. The Boys of the Royal Marine Society, with banners, and the City Marshal's Man.

Six police constables follow, and then the Marshal of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, bearing the shield of the Arms of England.

A word should be said about this and other city companies which play so large a part in every event of this kind. The Livery Companies of London derive from early associations termed guilds, and were either ecclesiastical or secular. Ecclesiastical guilds were for devotion and alms deeds: both in ancient times were distinguished by various religious observances.

The show of 1839 goes on: The Band of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards, in full regimentals, playing meanwhile. As the procession passes we notice The Barge Master, in his state dress, supported by watermen in the livery of the company. Watermen and attendants line the sides of the streets as the members of the Goldsmiths' Company continue to march by.

Beadle of the Noble Innholders

But why these watermen? Why the barge-master? This is because a century ago the procession, after having proceeded to London Bridge, still followed the ancient custom of making its way thence to Westminster by water. Imagine the great velvet-draped barges bearing this noble company down the gleaming waterway of the Thames—the ceremony of embarking and of disembarkation. What a master-stroke of art this was in varying the monotony of the long procession.

Who is it now approaching? The Beadle of the Worshipful Company of Innholders—the company itself—and finally its Master in his chariot. (Regretfully, perhaps, we left this sight slip from our imagination: where are our ancient inn-holders? Now we must carry the vintage home ourselves, or be content with but a pale reflection of a drink, divorced from even a snack of cheese).

Bands, beadles, ancient heralds, knights on chargers, armed cap-a-pie in suits of polished steel and brass; trumpeters on horseback—on and on—and then the Sheriffs, each in his state chariot.

The office of sheriff is another ancient institution worthy of a moment's mention. For one must pass through this office, and that of alderman before possibility of becoming a Lord Mayor.

London had its sheriff (or shire-reeves) prior to the reign of William I. The nomination of sheriffs, according to the present mode, took place in 1461. And it takes a public-spirited man to hold that office, for, it is said, such is the attendant trouble and expense that many have preferred to pay a heavy fine in order to avoid its acceptance.

Lord Mayor's Banquets Tasty and Generous

Now the late Lord Mayor arrives; and is followed by the City Marshal's Man.

Last (for the Lady Mayoress, in her state carriage drawn by six horses, will only join the procession on its return from Westminster), come the Lord Mayor's servants in state liveries; the band of the Life Guards, mounted' the Upper City Marshal on horseback, gentlemen of the Lord Mayor's household, and The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor in his state carriage drawn by six horses, attended by the Chaplain, Sword Bearer, Common Crier, and the Water Bailiff; and the guard of honor on horseback.

At the Obelisk, Bridge street, the procession, on its return, will be joined by the carriages of the Royal Family, Her Majesty's ministers, the nobility, foreign ministers, judges, members of Parliament and other persons of distinction invited to the banquet at the Guildhall.

The writer regrets that he can not entertain his readers at the Guildhall banquet—where the food, they say, is not alone tasty, but was, at least in 1839, extremely plentiful.

But though we may not all attend such banquets, we can at least drink a toast to our distinguished guest, Sir Percy Vincent—that he may enjoy his first visit to the fair city of Vancouver.