FROM the West End to the City, from the aristocratic quarters that make the laws, set the fashions and squander fortunes, to that little district of one square mile which is recognized as the focus and center of the financial good faith of the world, London is throbbing with patriotism. Pall Mall and Piccadilly are draped with royal red and gold, and Whitechapel even does not fail to display a few poor decorations. The ciphers of King and Queen blaze in electric lights from the façades of buildings which are household names throughout the English-speaking world, and observation balconies obscure the outlines of the great historic piles. The extent of the British Empire is suggested by the faces and uniforms of the troops who are seen in detachments and singly, in every portion of the metropolis; much as the varying races and costumes of the extreme parts of the world must have appeared in Roman thoroughfares on the occasion of a Triumph. Nor are the visitors who have been attracted by the Coronation ceremonies less picturesque and interesting than the soldiers themselves. The white robes of Hindoos are thrown out in bold relief against the smoke-stained columns of the British Museum; subtle Oriental eyes set in turbaned heads look out from private carriages and hansom upon Western civilization; English provincials laden with hand-luggage throng the West Central district, inquiring for lodgings in terms and accents so varied as vividly to recall times before those when Chaucer prepared the parentage of our own language from his East Midland dialect.

It appears strange at first thought to the practical, democratic American that the revival of a mediaeval pageant and ceremony should awaken such wide-spread interest in so advanced and civilized a capital as London. But it must be remembered that the love of splendor is one of the strongest of human instincts, crude in the barbarian, refined, but not less passionate in the highly developed individual. And this fact alone would partially account for the eagerness with which English and foreigners alike throng about the palaces and line the parks, that they may catch glimpses of passing royalty. If examined, the concourses at Hyde Park Corner, along
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Constitution Hill, and before the King's residence are seen to consist largely of the lower middle classes; the artisan element being present in a small minority, while the foreigners are almost wholly Americans and French. The absence of working people from these throngs is explained by the length of time occupied by the passing of royal and military processions, while here, as everywhere in modern times, the upper classes are too self-centered and exclusive to mingle with those who are socially beneath them. But other than this explanation of the composition of the Coronation throngs, there is another one both historic and rational. The alliance between kings and burghers is as old as it is friendly, and, like all lasting bonds, it arose out of mutual dependence. Protection on the part of the sovereign, intelligence, industry, economy and consequent contentment on the part of the burghers: these were the elements which produced and prolonged throughout hundreds of years a stable pact between the sovereign and those born to the condition of merchants and craftsmen. To-day, when such an alliance has no longer reason for existence, some remnant of the old feeling remains. All that relates to royalty fascinates the London tradesman and tradeswoman who still respect the persons of their sovereigns as if they were hedged about with divinity. For these unambitious citizens no breath of independence has penetrated the smoke and fog of their city. They are content with their condition, and judge themselves happy if they can but see from afar the glory of the great ones of the earth. Furthermore, a spice of self-interest flavors their loyal sentiments; for, ignorant of the first principles or notions of economics, they falsely imagine that the luxury of the Court stimulates industry and promotes trade. But they are not alone in their prejudice, since it is shared by their similars in France, who mourn the existence of the Republic which gives no occasion for elaborate ceremonies and functions. Nor are certain Americans free from the illusion that the extravagances of the rich produce the prosperity of the merchant and the artisan; misapprehending as they do the sources of wealth which can exist only in enterprises gifted with reproductive power, and never in expenditure for things that are consumed away.
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But modern thoughts like these have no place in the London of this August day, when the course of time seems for once to be reversed, and all the old monuments take on a deep significance. It is therefore more than ever interesting to visit the memorials of the olden times that have survived fire and ravage, and that commemorate Norman, or mayhap Dane, Saxon, or even Britain. The kings and chiefs reaching back to the mythical Lud himself appear no longer as a race of shadowy phantoms, but as real persons, each having a share in the slow, solid development of the English constitution and people. And the American, at the sight of these memorials, at the thought of these old sovereigns, warriors and statesmen, feels his own heart stir with a sentiment akin to patriotism. He is as a long absent member of a great family, who returns to the celebration of a time-honored festival. So, at this moment, old symbols and customs are strongly attractive, although yesterday they were but as survivals and relics bereft of use and purpose, and to-morrow they will again lose their momentarily revived force. Among the most interesting of such symbols are those that relate to the old City of London, its Guilds and its forceful municipal organization. If one mingles with the throngs pressing eastward through the Strand toward the commercial center of the metropolis, one sees on either hand the old gray buildings brightened with the Coronation emblems, as one also sees the heavy omnibuses and vans which ply between the East and West Ends. But high above these moving masses of people and vehicles stands the civic symbol of London, the City Griffin, as it is called; a quaint mediaeval carven image marking the point east of which neither Plantagenet, Tudor, nor Stuart could advance, without receiving the permission of the Lord Mayor: that guild-member—craftsman or merchant—who was honored by his fellows with the supreme City office. And now, although the days when this custom was in force are but memories recalled only by the student, the effect of the old-time civic strength is yet potent. For from out the sterling qualities which on occasion defied the powerful, or sustained the weak sovereigns, arose that material prosperity which to-day constitutes the same small City the financial citadel of the world: a chapter of municipal history comparable in many points
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with that of industrial Florence and the populous towns of Flanders, and showing with all the clearness of facts the practical wisdom of maintaining public morality, a strong corporate spirit and austerity in private life.

The armorial bearings of the City are seen again and again within the confines of the famous district: a brilliant red cross and the broadsword of Saint Paul marked upon a white field, with the inscription, "Domine, Dirige Nos," appearing beneath. The pennant leads one irresistibly to the Guildhall, which has lately welcomed the Viscount Kitchener to a banquet within its walls; thus honoring the new hero in life and person, as it does the memory of Wellington and Nelson in richly carven monuments.

The London Guildhall is one of a very few similar structures which claim special honors from all who are interested in social and political subjects. It is to be ranked with the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence and Faneuil Hall, the cradle of our American liberty. Furthermore, it has a fascinating civic history which is all its own, since it represents the most important corporation in the world: a body which from its very birth understood the necessity of freedom and kept the tradition unbroken from father to son and so onward through numberless generations. The vivifying principle of the City was eloquently described in a public address by Sir Walter Besant, when he said: "The necessity of freedom became the religion of the citizens; they proclaimed it and fought for it; they won it, and lost it; they recovered part of it, and lost it again. At last, they won it altogether, and, in winning it, they gained a great deal more than they had contemplated or hoped for. They won for their descendants, they won for every town where the English tongue is spoken, the rights of free men in free cities, the rights of the individual and the rights of property."

These words of praise and reverence pronounced by the well-known writer of romance are not too emphatic, as we may find by comparing them with the utterances of historians and statesmen, especially with those of Mr. Gladstone, when he said: "On every great occasion, in every great crisis of the history of the country, when there has, unfortunately, been a conflict among its constitu-
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tional powers, it has been commonly found that the side taken by the City of London has likewise been the side adopted by the House of Commons."
The force, independence and equity to which allusion is made in our quotations, breathe through every page of English history. We see the citizens of London strong enough to make terms with the Conqueror, who granted them a Charter by which their liberties and power of self-government were guaranteed. We see them a century and a half later lending their aid to the Barons in wresting the Great Charter of English liberties from King John; and again, in a new capacity, merry-making, dining together in the Guildhall, and "going in carols throughout the City, the greater part of the night," in order to celebrate the birth of an English prince, much as the modern Londoners, only last evening, went singing through the same historic precincts in honor of Edward the Seventh's coronation. In the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Whittington, in presence of Henry V, threw into the fireplace bonds given by the king, to whom, when the latter had exclaimed: "Happy is the King to have such a subject!" he gallantly replied: "Rather, happy is the subject to have such a king!" Later, under the Tudors, the Citizens from the Guildhall issued decrees to establish the hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, which are yet to-day great centers of human activity. And while they were thus providing for the sick poor, the aged, the infirm and the mentally afflicted, they relaxed nothing of business enterprise. The Guildhall was alive and astir with the merchant adventurers, who were determined, as Charles Kingsley has said, to "pick the lock of the New World." At the same time Sir Thomas Gresham, a worthy member of the Corporation, founded the "Burse" or Exchange, and other great schemes were conceived and matured within the precincts of the City, until the evil times of the Stuart kings fell upon England. In the Cromwellian armies the citizen-soldiers "stood their ground like stakes"; but later, when the Protectorate degenerated, the Corporation accepted Charles Second, who was proclaimed king in the Guildhall, by the then ruling Lord Mayor. During the Plague, after the Great
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Fire, and throughout the War of American Independence, the spirit reigning in the Guildhall was faithful to the noble traditions of the place, and from thence issued the warning to His Majesty that the tyrannical measures adopted by the Government toward the colonies were “big with all consequences which could alarm a free and commercial people.” In the early decades of the nineteenth century, the citizens deliberated in their Council Chambers upon the enlargement of the franchise and the emancipation of the Catholics and Jews from the political disabilities under which they had so long suffered. And thus down to our own day, we find the home of the Corporation standing as a citadel of political freedom, civic honor and commercial honesty. It is a place of inspiration, and such every one acquainted with its history must feel it to be, as he stands in the Great Hall of the old edifice, surrounded by examples of the building art of the Middle Ages, and by votive gifts acknowledging the City’s charity and liberal policy. Especially beautiful are the windows at either end of the hall, occupying the entire width and filled with stained glass of rich and decorative effect, so skillfully toned that the admitted light is softened rather than obscured. One of these (the eastern) was presented to the Corporation by the operatives of Lancashire in gratitude for aid received during the Cotton Famine of 1862-65; while a subject in a window in one of the side walls, representing episodes in the history of the Jews in England, was presented by a Hebrew Lord Mayor, “gratefully to acknowledge the impulse given to the cause of religious liberty by the Corporation of London. Also to commemorate the removal by Parliament of all obstacles to persons professing the Jewish religion holding public office.” Within the week just ended, another historic scene has been added to the many and great ones which have been enacted in and about the home of the Corporation. For on the evening of Coronation Day, the millions of London’s inhabitants seemed by a common impulse to be drawn Cityward. Through the Strand, and past the Bar, the holiday throngs surged; completely filling the great ellipse of Ludgate Circus, and choking the tortuous streets, lanes, courts and passages leading to the triangle of famous structures made by
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the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion, or Lord Mayor's House. Within this area appeared the most elaborate and beautiful illuminations, even surpassing the Palace District and Clubland. They are said to have been arranged by Italian artists, and their first intention was to outline the buildings which they decorated. Those of the Bank of England were the finest of all: reaching in festoons of ruby and white globes across the entire façade of the one low story, and harmonizing with the classic architecture of the building. Upon the flat roof of the façade were simulated tall incense braziers composed of small globes fitted together and producing the effect of solid masses of diamonds. Other forms familiar to students of Greek art were shown at the ends of the façade in the same jewel-like groupings of lights, and over the entrance stood the royal crown of England, supported upon its cushion and accompanied by the initial letters of Edwardus Rex. Similar, although less beautiful, illuminations appeared upon the Exchange and the Mansion House, while, late in the evening, from the portico of the latter building, the voice of the Lord Mayor was heard eulogizing Edward the Seventh according to the ancient custom of his predecessors in office, upon the occasion of the coronation of a sovereign. Illuminations, brilliant, artistic and symbolic, brightened the dark and narrow streets which radiate from this center and recall famous citizens of the olden time, or noted points of the Saxon or the Roman City.

Through this district, from sunset until midnight, the people passed in unbroken, regular lines, keeping their places with remarkable precision; filling not only the sidewalks, but also the roadways, which had been closed to all carriages. provincials, tradesmen and servants, Jews from the Ghetto, men, women and children, who appeared to have stepped into the streets from the pages of Dickens and Punch, composed these throngs which could be counted only by millions. They were, almost to an individual, courteous and careful of one another's rights; they laughed, shouted, and sang Music Hall ballads, but little indecorous language was heard and there were few accidents and robberies. Altogether these good-humored "mafeking" crowds drawn from English towns and Lon-
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don suburbs, kitchens and slums, offered a unique scene thrown against an historic background and intensely interesting as a study of human types. And for one who followed their progress and mingled with them, they did not lose their attractions, since they changed like kaleidoscopic combinations. But in spite of their changefulness, they fixed themselves like photographic pictures upon the mind and became an integral part of the Coronation of King Edward.

From popular demonstrations such as those just described, it is a relief to retire into the suburbs of London, W., where one finds a long succession of green squares planted with trees and flowers, and rows of detached houses or villas fronting the street, each preceded by a gay parterre, and a grille, through which one looks to envy the occupants. The squares and streets bear names suggestive of natural scenery, and by the Rivercourt Road one descends toward the Thames into Hammersmith, a district dear to all lovers of English art and letters through its association with famous men and women who have inhabited it, or who are now living within its precincts. The road bordering the river is raised high above the level of the water, it is paved with large flat stones, and lined on either side by very old houses. Within a short distance of each other, the signs of two small inns frequented by watermen attract attention by names such as one meets in old English romances: "The Ship," with its one-story bow window projecting far into the street; "The Doves," connected with the Cambridge-Oxford regattas, from the fact that throughout the training season the time-score is there kept, and at that point, in the actual race, the position of the contending crews determines the result. The appearance of the neighborhood is degenerate and belies its real character. Swarms of foreign children play upon the pavements and dance Picturesquely in groups to the music of passing barrel-organs; parrots chatter from the cages hung in the casements; processions of leaden-eyed men and women pass in and out of the pot-houses; and altogether there are many marks discernible of a city slum. But for the initiate these are but superficial signs. A garden wall near "The Doves" masks the approaches of a house which is the object
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of pilgrimage for art lovers from both sides of the sea. A primitive bell-pull reached from over the wall, and pointed out to the visitor by some good-humored lounging of the neighborhood, gains admission to the “Doves Bindery” of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the most noted English maker of beautiful books of the present generation. The house is a small, two-story building, evidently a century old and is the supposed home of “Mr. Pocket,” in Charles Dickens’s “Great Expectations.” It is adjacent to a much lower, smaller and older house, marked by a singular domed window at its top and bearing the name of “The Seasons,” in which Thomson is believed to have written his poem of “Winter.” The rear of the Doves Bindery gives upon a garden ending in a terrace, upon which, in summer, afternoon tea is served to the craftsmen and students employed. A small upper back room of the house serves as a studio for Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who, for some years past, has resigned manual work to his craftsmen; occupying himself altogether with designing book-covers, selecting papers and types, and reading proof. The studio is one of extreme simplicity. It is scrupulously clean, has a bare floor, and is furnished only with a desk and chairs; a few tools being in sight upon shelves, together with a small portrait sketch of the wife of the great craftsman, and another drawing of Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy, whose head resembles that of Michelangelo closely enough to be mistaken for it. The room also contains a chest in which are kept a few of the “books beautiful,” bound and decorated wholly by Mr. Sanderson. They belong to the craftsman’s wife and children, and, as inscriptions on the fly-leaves show, they are memorials of domestic events. Among them are copies of Ruskin’s “Crown of Wild Olive” and “Unto this Last,” and Shelley’s “Revolt of Islam.” The bindings are in crushed levant, or straight grained morocco, decorated with elaborate tooling; the ornament being in no sense symbolic, but chosen rather for its own beauty and its adaptability to the size and shape of the volume. One cover of rich brown tint, has a symmetrical border of a variant of the lotus design; another in deep red, carries an all-over pattern introducing the Tudor rose; a third is decorated in minute garlands and stippled (pointillé),
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after the manner of the French binders of the Louis XIV and XV periods. All of these are masterpieces of craftsmanship, exquisite in design, and wrought in superb materials. Another room contains a copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer, enriched with the autograph of William Morris, and bound in pigskin richly traced in gold; also, fine examples of the work of the craftsmen of the Doves Bindery, who are taught according to the Morris principle to take their highest pleasure in labor. The working force of the Bindery consists of two men and two women, who fill the orders of bibliophiles in all parts of the world; America receiving more than its share of their rare, artistic productions.

At the present holiday season, nothing of actual work can be seen in the Bindery, but the Doves Press is engaged upon the great Bible which will require three years to print, and of which Mr. Sanderson shows with much pride the already finished sheets. These are of the finest hand-made paper, printed in a clear, legible type, modified from that of the Jenson Pliny. They are solid pages, with no verse spaces; the divisions being marked with paragraph signs. To be appreciated, this superb work must be seen, and until it be finished, the Doves Press will undertake to print only occasional and comparatively unimportant books. The last named workshop is situated very near the residence of Mr. Sanderson, which is a few minutes’ walk distant from the Bindery, and adjacent to the house of Mrs. William Morris, upon the river road known as the Upper Mall. The house is one of a long row, some of which were built under the reign of Queen Anne. The unpretentious door of Number 9, which is furnished with a heavy, sonorous knocker, gives entrance to a delightful home, simple, refined, artistic. The walls of the rooms and of the staircase are hung with photographs of the works of the early Italian masters and of those of the English Pre-Raphaelite group. Exquisitely bound books representing modern art criticism, poetry and prose stand in antique cabinets. In the library a large writing table in intarsiatu re is covered with designs and proof-sheets; while the open French windows admit the perfume of the late summer flowers and the moist, invigorating air of the river which flows at the base of the garden walls.
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But the most agreeable and kindly influence in all this place of beauty and quiet proceeds from the presence of its master and mistress. Mr. Sanderson is unlike his portrait which is current in America; having a much more winning and intense personality than is indicated by the picture. He is below the medium stature, fair rather than dark, and with blue eyes that turn to steel or melt into soft gray, according to the emotion of the moment. He is a man of simple speech, like all those who have mastered a profession or an art, and again like all others of his kind, in that he shows a lover’s enthusiasm for his work. He is at his best when he speaks of the duties and pleasures of a craftsman, and of the principles of socialism as he understands it. At such times, he grows eloquent in rapid speech; pacing the floor with quick step, rapt face and nervous gesture. Then, one feels the force of a man of the deepest convictions, and his power over the remaining disciples of William Morris is easily imagined. His would be a voice and a presence to lead men to acts of enthusiasm, like those inspired by his friend, the other great craftsman, when he went singing the Marseillaise, through Trafalgar Square, beneath the banner of Socialism. Mr. Sanderson is well mated by his wife, with her early training in political and social principles of democracy and equity, which has made her a worthy daughter of her father, Richard Cobden of Corn Law fame, whose name is honored with those of Bright and Gladstone throughout the length and breadth of England. She is deeply interested in all the enterprises of the Doves Press and Bindery; and especially in two small works to be issued in the late October of 1902: the one being a lecture upon William Morris, by his son-in-law, J. W. Mackail; the other, the "Ecce Mundus" of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson himself. These are to be models of fine, inexpensive books: printed in the clear Venetian type already described, bound in mill-board, and having vellum backs. The enthusiasm shown in this home for the active, useful, not to say strenuous life, is an inspiration, and the joy of the true craftsman in his labor, as described by William Morris, is felt to be unexaggerated. It is with regret that one leaves a home and a workshop like these, animated as they are by all that is best in human nature. But such
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a focus of high ideals of work and character projects its light far out into the world and its influence can never be lost. Between Mr. Sanderson's residence and the Doves Bindery, and also on the return way to London, stands Kelmscott House, familiar in illustration to the readers of Mackail's "Life of William Morris." By its shape, roof, windows and fan-light above the entrance, which is set in the middle of the front, it might be mistaken for a type of our Colonial houses of the best period. Preceded by a garden filled with trees and flowers, it is a place attractive in itself; while its associations further enhance its value for the visitor, who reads at the right of the great door, carven on a tablet.

William Morris, poet, craftsman, socialis, lived here, 1878-1896.

an inscription which, brief and comprehensive, states or rather suggests the accomplishments in literature, art, industry and political science, of the genius whom it celebrates. But no tablet is necessary to prolong the memory of William Morris. The stranger in London seeking the monument of this noble man has but to look about him. The British Museum displays the Kelmscott Chaucer and its companions at the end of a sequence of beautiful books, including exquisite Torahs and Talmuds, perfect manuscripts of Alexandrian scribes, and the patiently elaborated work of the devout monks of the Middle Ages. In an humbler way, his memory is kept in every clear-typed, well-bound book issued in the British Isles and in America; for the impetus given by him has reached out and extended into every region where the English language is read and spoken; just as his revelations in household art—in the choice of color and the use of textiles—has raised the popular taste of two hemispheres. And as one recalls his manifold achievements in literature, in the arts and crafts, in all that pertains to progress and culture, his indomitable will-power, his subtle patience and his faculty for experiment, one can but compare him with those almost universally gifted Italians, Leonardo and Michelangelo, who produced their great results with astonishing rapidity and energy and with what their compatriots and descendants term "furia." In reflecting upon such personalities as these, one learns to appreciate the value of lives austere and self-sacrificing, which are directed
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toward some one unswerving and high purpose. And further, such examples prove that the great are confined to no one period or people, but rather adapted each to the needs of his place and his century; the opportunity making the man and the man bending his energy and genius to the task which lies nearest him. The suburb of Hammersmith, so rich in memories and so filled with activities of the nobler sort, is only a unit of this cosmopolitan city, whose streets teem with representatives of all races and nations; every man speaking his own tongue in the full confidence of being understood. In the middle nineteenth century, the English capital hospitably offered an asylum to political exiles from the continent, and ways once acquired or places once chosen are not easily abandoned. In the years gone by, Italians, Austrians and Hungarians bearing well-known names, sought in Victorian London protection for their lives, and freedom in which to work out schemes for the liberation of their fatherlands. Here, Mazzini, Rossetti, Kosuth and others of their kind lived and labored, with the result that certain of them reflected glory upon the city of their adoption; this fact being very notable in the case of the Rossetti family. At the present time, Prince Pierre Kropotkin, a Russian of the greatest intellectual and social distinction, long exiled from his native country, resides in a London suburb, from which he sends out economic writings among the most scientific and advanced of our times. He has fraternized with Louise Michel, he has traveled on foot with his knapsack through the agricultural districts of England, he has observed, compared, computed; bringing together the results of his remarkable labors in his quite recent book, "Fields, Factories and Workshops," wherein he makes an eloquent plea for the union of the workshop with the school, and enumerates with great emphasis the benefits to be derived from the manual training of the higher and educated classes. The residence of Prince Kropotkin is in the town or district of Bromley-Kent, eight miles to the southeast of central London, and filled, like Hammersmith, with pleasant unpretentious homes. Judging from all appearances, the locality is one of comparatively recent settlement; since the streets are broad and paved with asphalt, while the houses, although of medium or
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small size, bear every mark of modern comfort. Among the most modest of these houses, built in gray stone and standing somewhat apart from the more important and busy roads, is the residence of the Prince: a contrast in all respects to the scenes of luxury in which his childhood was passed, according to the descriptions contained in his autobiography, which was published a few years since in an American magazine. The "Villa Viola," as it is named, is a narrow, two-story dwelling, fronted by a miniature garden, walled, as is the English custom, and planted with wide borders of pansies, which no doubt represent the horticultural work of its tenant; since labor in the open air to the end of producing and furthering living growth, is, in the opinion of the Prince, one of the chief duties of every man, whether he be ignorant or learned, whether of high or of low estate. The noted writer and political agitator appears anxious to conceal his importance and personality from his neighbors. He is not easily located, and the few inhabitants of Bromley who have heard of his existence, believe him to be an Indian or other Oriental noble, who, for some mysterious reason of state, has laid aside his rank to conceal himself in a teeming European capital. Furthermore, he is now inaccessible to those who would wish to offer him the homage due to a man of the highest intelligence, deepest convictions and most fervent enthusiasm, who has abandoned class distinctions and prejudices to think and suffer for the people. At this season, termed in England "the Holidays," Monsieur Kropotkin is accustomed to travel that he may continue the industrial and agricultural studies which have proven of such great statistical value. But he is a man whose work never ceases and whose mental activity never flags. He has the gift, received at birth by all Russians, of a highly assimilative mind. His reasoning powers have been trained by severe mathematical courses. He is the master of many languages, and possesses a knowledge of music and art, both technical and critical. Like Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, he stands apart as a brilliant and worthy model in an age too much abandoned to luxury, too little given to serious thought and diligent labor. Like the noted English craftsman, he is a noble example of renunciation and self-abnegation. Each has struggled with him-
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self and with the world at large for the sake of an abstract principle. And each, without hope of reward, has gained a widely acknowledged victory. The Englishman renounced the honors of the bar to assume the blouse and the beret of a workman. The Russian broke the bonds of caste, lost his liberty and risked his life to maintain the cause of what he judged to be truth and equity. And to both success has come from an unpromised, unforeseen source. The Englishman is easily the leader of his craft in his own country, and his name will be placed in the historic sequence of those master workmen whose beautiful books form a distinctive treasure of the great British Museum; while the Russian has gained an audience as wide as the thinking, enlightened world for the voice of conscience which spoke within him, and which he first believed to be addressed to his ear alone. From personalities such as these inspiration radiates to those who are less instinct with all that makes men divine, and when it is acknowledged, as it must be, that lives of such power and activity are possible only in the great centers of population, the conception of the City clothes itself with a dignity and purity wholly at variance with the prejudice of certain narrow-minded moralists who accept vice and degradation as the proper symbols of a world-capital.

Still, it is true that the abstract City is many-sided, and that London as the largest existing focus of commerce, as the asylum of continental exiles, as offering a fertile field for the evil work of the parias of all races and nations, presents in certain quarters and at certain hours aspects most discouraging to the lover of humanity. Surely the times demand urgently more Toynbees and Besants, more University Settlements, and more Shaftesburys and Haussmanns who shall annihilate the slums and create in their place broad avenues and healthful tenements in which vice can not burrow to conceal its hatefulness.

It is perhaps safe to assert that the dangerous classes of London are more revolting in their appearance than the corresponding element in the other great cities of the world. Every criminal type known to the anthropologist is here found in its full strength; a besotted expression is common to the faces of the men, women and children
who populate the districts of Whitechapel, Spitalfields and the Seven Dials; diseases of the eye and the skin which tell the tale of generations of immorality and hap-hazard parentage are plainly shown in almost every individual of this swarming population, whose only homes appear to be pot-houses and dance-halls. Alleys and courts, even whole streets, are shown by the guides, where the display of a shilling at night may endanger the person of its owner, and where the livelong day brawls and blows are the rule and not the exception. Contrasting with this appalling display of the consequences of hereditary vice, the Ghetto included within the East End offers a saddening picture of the results of religious persecution.

This is the wretched district which Zangwill has described and made visible to his readers with a power equal to that shown by Charles Dickens when he wrote of Lincoln's Inn Fields and its surrounding territory. "A common grayness" has settled over everything in these tortuous lanes and alleys, which swarm with hunted refugees from the Russian Empire. They are, for the most part, crafty as to expression and servile in bearing. This is especially true of the men; although occasionally one sees among them a fine head, which recalls those superb portraits of Jewish Rabbis painted by Rembrandt, wherein the anguish of centuries seems concentrated in a single noble face. The women have a less alert expression, as if the persecutions to which their race has so long been subject had dulled their intelligence and numbed their faculties. Another noticeable fact is that the types occurring here are many and differ widely from one another. They are blonde and dark, with flat, or with strongly curved noses; they may be florid in complexion, or yet again of an ashy paleness, which is always accompanied by dull yellow hair, and again suggests the Hebrew faces of the Dutch master of portraiture. The men are unkempt and unshorn to the point of filthiness; the women are slatternly to a corresponding degree. The district reeks with the sickening odor peculiar to the Ghetto or Judenstrasse, whether it be situated in London or Rome, Frankfort or New York. Still other characteristics are to be observed, which make the quarter separate and
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foreign, in short, one which might be situated in any Jewish quarter of the temperate zone. The square Hebrew characters meet the eye from posters on the walls of shops and houses, just as one may see them in the Ghetto of any Gentile city. The Talmud-Torah schools marked with the name of a Montefiore or a Rothschild, teach the same Law in the same traditional way as do the Rabbis in the towns of the Far West. The jargon or Yiddish, familiar in sound, at least, to all who know aught of Jewish life, and which is in itself a memory of bitter persecution, is the language of the throngs pouring from the synagogues, or is understood in the angry cries of a turbulent mob collected about a ramshackle tenement. And in noting these facts, the visitor is impressed with the deep truth of the statement made with calmness, even with pride, by the Jews themselves, that they are without a country, that they are constituted into no nation, and that they have no church; in short, that as they were the most ancienly cultured people, so they have first of all passed through the phases of society and religion prescribed to civilization, and are come to a point where God and man stand face to face, with no occasion or need of intermediate agencies.

The district filled to overflowing with these strange foreign exiles can not be otherwise than most depressing, more particularly as the names of the roads and streets in which they swarm, have a sinister sound; recalling as they do stories of poverty and crime related by Dickens and, as well, recent horrors of actual occurrence. For the foreign visitor Whitechapel and Spitalfields and Mile End Road have a meaning as well-defined as for the native of London East.

To linger long in this region would be a menace to cheerfulness, health and even security. The excursion is one that is best made in a carriage that does not make unnecessary stops, and by persons who can conceal their interest in the life about them; since the poorest and most wretched retain some vestige of that modesty and dignity which resents intrusion into personal affairs.

A course of a half hour by hackney coach in a westerly direction brings one into a locality of pleasant memories and great historic interest. It is the quarter made famous by Johnson and Boswell, Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Churches and coffee-houses,
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Fleet Street and its adjacent courts and lanes offer authentic testimony to the former presence within their precincts of these old-time worthies. Among so many points of interest, it is indeed difficult to choose, but certainly the one most strongly appealing to the every-day normal man or woman is the inn or tavern of “Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, near ye Flete Prison, an eating-house for goodly fare.” It stands removed from the modern thoroughfare and is reached through a sombre and narrow passage, crowded by day with men of affairs, solicitors’ clerks and messengers. Its entrance gives into a square passage with an old spiral staircase, and the passage leads, on one hand, into a room made bright by the presence of pretty bar-maid; on the other, into the principal room of the tavern. Here, for once, the “restoration” fiend seems to have withheld his sacrilegious hand from objects hallowed by age and association. The room is plain and worn, but scrupulously clean, and with something of that look which distinguishes the audience-rooms of old European schools. It is wainscoted in oak, brownish-black with age, ridged and seamed deeply. The windows are of leaded glass and admit a gray and scanty light. A fireplace, a clock, a rude buffet, benches secured to the wall, the simple tables and chairs of the early eighteenth century are the sole furnishings. But the spirit of good humor irradiates the place, like the sunshine concentrated in the wine of some famous vintage. The old tavern is still honored by a goodly patronage. But, alas, many of those who come to partake of the lark-pastries and succulent chops served from its kitchen, need instruction concerning the title to remembrance and glory of the old habitués of “Ye Cheese;” as it is proven by hearing a citizen of New York or Chicago, opulent in appearance and with his pocket well lined with guineas of King Edward the Seventh, exclaim, as he sits beneath a shining brass wall tablet: “Who was this old Dr. Johnson?” For him neither the neighboring portrait—a copy of the great Sir Joshua in the National Gallery—nor the labors of Johnson the lexicographer have any significance or value; but, after partaking of the noon-day meal at “Ye Cheese,” he will concur in one statement made by the eccentric Doctor, if so be that these words chance to meet his eye:
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"No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern." From the old inn of "Ye Cheese," the visitor passes on quickly to other scenes of London life; able from the variety offered by the most populous city of the world to choose the historic, the splendid, the commercial, the flippant, or the vicious. But however he may choose, he can not, through all his wanderings, lose some sense of that spirit which was responsible for placing in the City's coat of arms the sword of Saint Paul, and beneath it the legend "Domine, Dirige Nos."