from a walk, they saw a horse at the hotel door, and beside it a gentleman preparing to mount; Ivy saw that it was Chris. His little son was near him, and he made some remark to him, which Ivy overheard, in the old familiar and loved tone, and then he sprang on his horse. He looked back and nodded to the child, and then rode slowly off. As he passed Ivy, his eyes rested for a moment on her face. Slowly a look of recognition came, he lifted his hat to her and smiled his old sweet smile, and then he rode on.

"Do you know him?" said Lily, "that handsome man? how funny!"

"Yes, I know him," said Ivy quietly. "And he is the father of the little boy."

Of course they met after that; not only once or twice, but often, again and again. He sought her out, he made friends with Lily, they all three were great friends. They walked together, drove together, and spent many happy hours together. Whether it was that time and trouble had softened him, Ivy knew not, but he seemed now more like the Chris of old than he had seemed when he had come home ten years ago. It was like the old time come back again, and Ivy was almost as happy as she had been then. Her old feelings for him were rekindled: she felt young and light-hearted again. And, almost unawares, there crept back into her heart the sunshine of a bright beautiful hope, that "long ago" had dwelt there; and she knew that now, as then, she loved him, and with the same deep, true love—perhaps stronger—that had lived all these years, and now need never change or die.

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Home again! When summer began in England they were back again at the castle, and again Ivy sat at the window and watched, for *he* had said he would come, and she fancied herself back again in her days of hope, and youth, and happiness, which Lily had said could not be so long ago. And when the days were warm and bright, and the evenings sweet and moonlit, Chris came.

I told you my story was a sad one, but perhaps you have thought that I was mistaken, and that you would find it end happily after all. Well, it is not too late now to turn back, if you would rather imagine Ivy happy at last. Do not even peep on any further. At least do not say I have not warned you.

Chris is walking in the moonlight now, but it is not by Ivy's side, it is not round Ivy he winds his arm, it is not in Ivy's ear he whispers lovingly, it is not Ivy's cheek he kisses tenderly. Yet the moonbeams fall as brightly on *that* pair. Ah, Chris! what are you doing?

"I am so happy!" Lily says, throwing herself into her cousin's arms—her poor, loving, faithful cousin—little knowing how exquisite the pain she causes, whispering of her own new joy: "I *am* so happy! he says he loves me."

THE CIVIC ROBES OF LONDON.

"I see Lord Mayor written on his forehead,
The Cap of Maintenance and City Sword
Borne up in state before him."—MASSINGER.

JOHN WILKES, ALDERMAN, 1769.

Although we may not all have been fortunate enough to be participators in civic hospitality, we have most of us, at some time or other, seen the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Common Council in full splendour. In our utilitarian age, little has been left us of the distinctive costumes in which our forefathers delighted, but the City of London is one of the most favourable spots for seeing that little, and nowhere perhaps are robes of office donned with more pleasure and satisfaction to the wearers. Moreover, as they differ according to the nature and dignity of the occasion, there is a great variety.

In the library of the Guildhall—which is open, by-the-by, to everybody, and is, we fear, too little known—are preserved, not only photographs of many recent Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and officials generally, but rare old prints and sketches of their predecessors.

From 1189 the roll of Lord Mayors is pretty complete. Earlier than that, the office existed under a different name. In William I.'s reign they were called Portgrave or Portgreve, corrupted to Portreve and Provost; in Henry I.'s, Justiciar; but in Henry II.'s, Mayor, from Major Chief; and when in 1354 they were Lords of the Manor of Finsbury, Lord Mayor.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

So wrote the great bard; but in truth names explain a great deal, and the fact that the Lord Mayor and members of the Civic Parliament were in early days, such as the reign of John, addressed as Barons of Parliament, and that then the City's Chief Magistrate was a veritable and acting Privy Councillor, explains much with regard to the robes of office he wears, which on full-dress occasions closely resemble those of peers, the collar being of the class only permitted to be worn by such as were actually about the king's person. Since the reign of Richard III., the Lord Mayor has been the sovereign's chief butler at coronations, receiving a gold cup and cover as guerdon.

The office certainly is an appropriate one, for insensibly we associate his lordship with good fare of all kinds.

Among the City archives is a splendid volume containing portraits of those who took part in the coronation of George IV. The then Lord Mayor is portrayed in the costume he only dons in the presence of royalty, as when members of the reigning family honour the City with visits of ceremony—a long red velvet robe, trailing to the ground, lined with white, bordered with gold lace, and having four distinct bands across it, of ermine, headed by gold lace. This is always worn over court dress, with point-lace frills and ruffles ; a three-cornered black hat, with large black ostrich-feathers—terribly hearse-like and funereal—replacing the velvet hood of past days. This quaint but most unbecoming head-gear the Lord Mayor keeps on when he heads the procession round the Guildhall to the banquet on the 9th of November, preceded by trumpeters and followed by his suite, ere he takes his place at the table with the most honoured of the guests.

SWORD-BEARER IN MODERN COSTUME.

He has two chains of office : the gold one with which he is invested upon his election—the very few who have been re-elected have two such chains —and a collar of pure gold, sixty-four inches round, with links in the form of a double S, a York and Lancaster rose, and a knot joined by the Tudor emblem, viz., a portcullis, to which hangs by a ring of diamonds the jewelled badge bearing the City arms and motto, "Domine Dirige Nos." This is the veritable badge of office, which, on occasions even when no robes are worn, is suspended round the neck from a blue ribbon. On all the robes of a Lord Mayor the device of the Cap of Maintenance should be worked in black velvet on the left shoulder. It replaced the Roman Cap of Liberty, and was in John's time of brownish fur, surrounded by the City motto.

When a new Lord Mayor is nominated, and on the 2nd of November goes to the Lord Chancellor to lay the choice of the citizens before him for the sovereign's approval, he is apparelled in a violet silk trimmed robe, and formerly he had a train-bearer. On November 9th, when starting in the procession, his robe is scarlet; this, on his return to the Guildhall, he changes for the entertainment robe of satin damask trimmed with gold lace. On ordinary occasions when transacting the business of his office, he wears either a scarlet or violet silk gown trimmed with sable and barred with black velvet, so that altogether his lordship has as much choice of costume as any fine lady.

Looking back at the old portraits, the changes which time has wrought in the make of these several garments are slight. The robes are much after the order of the every-day dress of Edward IV.'s time; the useless lappets and other addenda were then indispensable adjuncts. Loose and flowing, the gown touches the ground, the arms appearing through an opening, above which for state robes are several rows of tasseled gold lace, and pendant sleeves from the elbow. Robert Tichborne, "Maiore, 1657," wears the same in the print wherein he appears mounted on a horse with silk trappings ; a low-crowned hat, plaited collar, and tight sleeves denoting the period. Sir Richard Saltenstall, Mayor in 1597, wears the low Elizabethan hat and full ruff, but the sleeves of the gown are full on the shoulders and come down to the wrist. Isaac Pennington, the factious Lord Mayor, 1643, has three perpendicular stripes above the sleeve aperture. Thomas Harley, who held office in 1768, is portrayed holding a muff; the famous John Wilkes, 1775, wears a plain furred robe; and Sir Rowland Hill, the first Protestant Lord Mayor, 1549, wears an under-jacket trimmed with fur and tight sleeves.

SWORD-BEARER, 1789.

The actual gown of office is much the same always, the rest of the dress only following the reigning fashion, but in the earlier periods a hood formed a part of it.

A SHERIFF IN MODERN DRESS.

When the Mayor and citizens met Richard II. at Blackheath to conduct him to St. Paul's in state, they wore the king's colours, parti-coloured gowns of white and red; when Henry VI. returned from being crowned in France, the Lord Mayor greeted him in crimson velvet, a gold girdle about his waist, a gold baldrick above, while his three henchmen were in suits of red spangled with silver, the Aldermen in scarlet with purple hoods.

The income of the City's Chief Magistrate is £10,000, with the Mansion House, a very worthy palace. Some twenty gentlemen compose his household. There were many more, among them the Fool, who at the inauguration dinner had to leap, clothes and all, into a large custard-bowl, then an indispensable dish, to

"Make my Lady Mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders,"

as Ben Jonson tells us.

The Sword-bearer who used to be the senior of the four esquires, all of whom dined with him at his table, has no sinecure, though out of the four civic Swords of State he is only required to carry one.

The Pearl Sword was given by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the Exchange, and has a crimson velvet sheath set with pearls. The Black Sword is supposed to be used on the anniversary of the death of Charles I. and of the Great Fire, and on all fast-days, when his lordship ought to go to St. Paul's, though there are too many claims on his time now to make that possible. Then there is the Sunday Sword, and the Common Sword for sessions. The Sword-bearer is one of the most prominent figures in civic processions, for he wears a curious fur cap, in form not unlike a Persian caftan, and a black satin damask robe bordered with velvet, with pendant tassels about the sides and sleeves, and displays lace ruffles, and a chain of office.

The Mace-bearer, who is likewise Sergeant-at-Arms, wears also a black sleeveless robe, and displays a wig. The mace he carries is the emblem of the jurisdiction exercised by the Lord Mayor, and was tendered to the sovereign with the keys when Temple Bar existed and the reigning monarch passed beneath it. All maces originated in clubs, weapons of warfare, and thence became emblems of dignity. This one is silver-gilt, some five feet three inches in length, surmounted by the royal crown and imperial arms. It bears the fleur-de-lis, the rose and thistle, and the names of those in office when it has been repaired—Sir Edward Bellamy, John Elderton, and others—and displays bands of crystal, and some three rubies, three sapphires, and six large pearls.

The City Chamberlain wears a black silk gown, trimmed with sable ; the Town Clerk, a brocaded black robe, bordered with velvet and richly tasseled, and a white wig ; the City Solicitor, a black gown and wig ; the Remembrancer, a black robe and wig, with the legal and clerical muslin bands ; the Comptroller, a black gown ; the Recorder, who discharges the duty of judge, regal red robes (on state occasions only) and wig, the former trimmed with fur ; the City Chamberlain, a fur-bordered robe ; the Secondary, a black robe with a lace tie ; and last, but by no means least, the City Marshal, who veritably marshals the civic processions, and has many onerous duties. He appears in a red uniform coat, with gold epaulettes and much gold lace, white breeches, high boots, and cocked hat, a sword at the side, a wand in the hand.

The Sheriffs were originally appointed to assist the Aldermen and Bishops in their duties ; they wear court dress, with the chain of their office, and when they take their seat in the Court of Aldermen, adopt similar robes. Their installation, formerly fixed for eight in the morning, is conducted with much pomp, and among other items it was ordained they should receive a saddle-block, "that they might climb into saddles as beseems their dignity," for they were expected to be good horsemen.

The Aldermen, who constitute the Upper House of the Civic Parliament, were not only styled Barons, but were buried with baronial honours, and very stringent were the rules laid down for their apparel. On certain great occasions they wore suits lined with silk, but had to pay £100 if they gave away any part of their robe during office. They were likewise subject to a penalty if they wore their cloaks without fur. When one of the body died, the Master Sword-bearer received either a black gown or "XXXIIJs. and IVd." At the swearing of the Sheriffs, Aldermen wore violet robes and cloaks, barred, and they were then expected to attend with their horses. This was in 1735, on which occasion they wore scarlet gowns and cloaks when the new Lord Mayor took his oath at Westminster. On Good Friday, when they met at St. Paul's Cross to hear the sermon, they had "their pewk gowns without their chains and tippets ;" the ladies with them to wear black, and on minor occasions the Aldermen themselves wore black ; those who had passed the chair having their cloaks furred with grey amis, and lined with changeable taffaty, the others with green taffaty, bordered with calabre furs. Now there is only a choice of violet silk and sable or red robes, lined with white, bordered with fur ; the sleeves short at the elbow, and cut square ; having bands of velvet as headings to the fur ; and large black hats, with ostrich-feathers ; this latter is the guise in which they are most often seen. They have not escaped the bitterness of sarcasm. Butler wrote of the Alderman of his day—"His fur gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, and like the feathers of an owl, when he pulls it off he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a rabbit, he'd his skin pulled off."

The Common Council is, on a small scale, the City House of Commons, and they carry on their deliberations in their chamber in the Guildhall, having the power to make acts and ordinances for the good government of the City. The members wear Mazarin gowns trimmed with badger-fur ; up to 1766 they wore black, as we gather from the rhyme of a political ditty—

"Oh! London is the town of towns—
Oh! how improved a city,
Since changed her Common Council gowns
From black to blue so pretty!"

Those who visit the civic entertainments can see for themselves the splendour of the present ; bygone glories are intimately associated with our national history, and even the all-important state coachman, who, with the other servants of the Lord Mayor, wears golden liveries of a richness such as few retainers of nobles can boast, plays his part in the pomp and dignity which surrounds the City King and the City Government.