



### Places.

By SARA TEASDALE.

Places I love come back to me like music,  
Hush me and heal me when I am very  
tired;  
I see the oak woods at Saxton's flaming  
In a flare of crimson by the frost newly  
fired,  
And I am thirsty for the spring in the  
valley  
As for a kiss ungiven and long desired.

I know a white world of snowy hills at  
Boonton,  
A blue and white dazzling light on  
everything one sees,  
The larches and hemlocks and maples  
sparkle,  
Their ice-sheathed branches tinkle in  
the sharp thin breeze,  
And iridescent crystals fall and crackle  
on the snow-crust  
With the winter sun drawing cold blue  
shadows from the trees.

Violet now, in veil on veil of evening,  
The hills across from Cromwell grow  
dreamy and far;  
A wood-thrush is singing soft as a viol  
In the heart of the hollow where the  
dark pools are;  
The primrose has opened her pale yellow  
flowers  
And heaven is lighting star after star.

Places I love come back to me like  
music—  
Mid-ocean, midnight, waves buzz  
drowsily;  
In the ship's deep churning the eerie  
phosphorescence  
Seems like souls of people who were  
drowned at sea;  
And I hear a man's voice, speaking,  
hushed, insistent,  
At midnight, in mid-ocean, hour on  
hour to me.

Scribner's Magazine.

### Among the Books.

#### A Historical Incident.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada has resurrected many stories of the Royal family, hence the following description of the coronation of his Royal great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, may bear repeating at this time. It is taken from Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography*.

I was at her Coronation; and great is the wonder with which I have looked back to the enterprise ever since. I had not the slightest desire to go, but it was the only coronation likely to happen in my lifetime, and it was a clear duty to witness it. I was quite aware that it was an occasion (I believe the only one) on which a lady could be alone in public, without impropriety or inconvenience; and I knew of several daughters of peeresses who were going singly to different parts of the Abbey, their tickets being for different places in the building. Tickets were offered me for the two brothers who were then in London; but they were for the nave; and I had the luck of one for the transept-gallery. The streets had hedges of police from our little street to the gates of the Abbey; and none were allowed to pass but the bearers of tickets; so nothing could be safer. I was aware of all this, and had breakfasted, and was at the hall-door in time, when one of my brothers who would not believe it, would not let me go for another half-hour, while he breakfasted. As I anticipated, the police turned him back, and I missed the front row where I might have seen everything. Ten minutes sooner I might have succeeded in witnessing what would never happen again in my time. It was a bitter disappointment; but I bent all my strength to see what I could from the back row.

Hearing was out of the question, except the loudest of the music.

"The maids called me at half-past two that June morning,—mistaking the clock. I slept no more, and rose at half-past three. As I began to dress, the twenty-one guns were fired, which must have awakened all the sleepers in London. When the maid came to dress me, she said numbers of ladies were already hurrying to the Abbey. I saw the grey old Abbey from my window as I dressed, and thought what would have gone forward within it before the sun set upon it. My mother had laid out her pearl ornaments for me. The feeling was strange of dressing in crape, blonde and pearls at four in the morning. Owing to the delay I have referred to, the Poet's corner entrance was half full when I took my place there. On reaching the gallery, I found that a back seat was so far better than a middle one that I should have a pillar to lean against, and a nice corner for my shawl and bag of sandwiches. The sight of the rapid filling of the Abbey was enough to go for. The stone architecture contrasted finely with the gay colours of the multitude. From my high seat I commanded the whole north transept, the area with the throne, and many portions of the galleries, and the balconies which are called the vaultings. Except a mere sprinkling of oddities, everybody was in full dress. In the whole assemblage I counted six bonnets. The scarlet of the military officers mixed in well; and the groups of clergy were dignified; but to an unaccustomed eye the prevalence of court-dresses had a curious effect. I was perpetually taking whole groups of gentlemen for quakers till I recollected myself. The Earl Marshal's assistants, called Gold Sticks, looked well from above, lightly flitting about in white breeches, silk stockings, blue laced frocks, and white sashes. The throne, an armchair with a round back, covered, as was its footstool, with

cloth of gold, stood on an elevation of four steps, in the centre of the area. The first peeress took her seat in the north transept opposite at a quarter before seven; and three of the bishops came next. From that time the peers and their ladies arrived faster and faster. Each peeress was conducted by two Gold Sticks, one of whom handed her to her seat, and the other bore and arranged her train on her lap, and saw that her coronet, footstool and book were comfortably placed. I never saw anywhere so remarkable a contrast between youth and age as in those noble ladies. None of the decent differences of dress which, according to middle-class custom, pertain to contrasting periods of life seem to be admissible on these grand court occasions. Old dames, with their dyed or false hair drawn to the top of the head, to allow the putting on of the coronet, had their necks and arms bare and glittering with diamonds; and those necks and arms were so brown and wrinkled as to make one sick; or dusted over with white powder which was worse than what it disguised. I saw something of this from my seat in the transept gallery, but much more when the ceremonial was over, and the peeresses were passing to their carriages, or waiting for them. The younger were as lovely as the aged were haggard. One beautiful creature, with a transcendent complexion and form, and coils upon coils of light hair, was terribly embarrassed about her coronet. She had apparently forgotten that her hair must be disposed with a view to it; and the large braids at the back would in no way permit the coronet to keep on. She and her neighbour tugged vehemently at her braids; and at last the thing was done after a manner, but so as to spoil the wonderful effect of the self-coroneting of all the peeresses. About nine the first gleams of the sun slanted into the Abbey, and presently travelled down the peeresses. I had never before seen the full

effect of diamonds. As the light travelled, each peeress shone like a rainbow. The brightness, vastness, and dreamy magnificence of the scene produced a strange effect of exhaustion and sleepiness. About nine o'clock, I felt this so disagreeably that I determined to withdraw my senses from the scene in order to reserve my strength for the ceremonial to come. I had carried a book; and I read and ate a sandwich, leaning against my friendly pillar, till I felt refreshed.

"The guns told when the Queen had set forth; and there was renewed animation. The Gold Sticks flitted about; there was tuning in the orchestra; and the foreign ambassadors and their suites arrived in quick succession. Prince Esterhazy, crossing a bar of sunshine, was the most prodigious rainbow of all. He was covered with diamonds and pearls; and as he dangled his hat, it cast a dancing radiance all round.—At half-past eleven the guns told that the Queen had arrived; but as there was much to be done in the robing-room there was a long pause before she appeared. A burst from the orchestra marked her appearance at the doors, and the anthem 'I was glad' rang through the Abbey. Everybody rose; and the holders of the first and second rows of our gallery stood up so high that I saw nothing of the entrance, nor of the Recognition, except the Archbishop of Canterbury reading at one of the angles of the platform. The 'God Save the Queen' of the organ swelled gloriously forth after the Recognition. The services which followed were seen by a very small portion of those present. The acclamation when the crown was put on her head was very animating; and in the midst of it, in an instant of time, the peeresses were all coroneted,—all but the fair creature already described. In order to see the enthroning I stood on the rail behind our seats, holding on by another rail. I was in nobody's way and I could not resist the temptation,



Chrysanthemums, Sir John Eaton's Conservatories, Toronto.