

CORONATION ODE.

BY BLISS CARMAN,

There are joy-bells over England, there are flags on London town; There is bunting on the Channel, where the fleets go up and down; There are bonfires alight In the pageant of the night; There are bands that blare for splendor, and guns that speak for might; For another King in England is coming to the crown.

As it was in Saxon Britain, and through the Norman's sway, And with the mighty Tudors, so it must be to-day. For the English Kings must hold From Alfred, great of old, From Sea-king and Crusader and Elizabeth the Bold, And every free-born Commoner whose strength is England's stay.

They will take him up to Westminster, and set him in his place; And Church and Lords and Commons will stand before his face, And hear him make reply, In the name of God Most High, To be their Faith's Defender, as it was in days gone by, With the thousand years behind him and the glory of his race.

They will give him orb and sceptre, the chalice, spurs and sword; And vest him with the purple to kneel before his Lord; Then he will rise from prayer, In the ancient Minster there, And hear the world's four corners proclaim the truth they bear, And cry, "God Save King Edward," and pledge the liegeman's word.

They will keep the old tradition that fills the world with fame; They will hold by use and custom, and repeat the sounding name; And men a million strong Will give him shout and song, Where the trappings and the banners and the blazons more along, When the bells make din by day and by night the rockets flame.

There'll be men of little learning, and men of proven worth, Of every caste and every creed, come up from all the earth, To watch him brave and fine, To speak of right divine—Plantagenet and Lancaster and Stuart in his line— And bless the blameless memory of her who gave him birth.

But who will stand before him, with simple words and few And a knowledge of the morrow, and tell him straight and true, Not only by God's grace He comes unto his place, The sovereignty of office, the revered pride of race, But by their will who choose him as their fathers used to do?

By the touch of love that kindles the blood beneath the tan; By the loyalty they bear him because he is a man Who has learned the modest way To serve and to obey, Who never flinched from duty, nor faltered in fair play; For the world is held together by the link of code and clan.

Stand up, Sir, in your honor! They come from near and far, Rajah and Chief and Councillor and Prince and Hesseidar, From Canada and Ind And the lands behind the wind, Whose purpose none may question nor their decree rescind, To name you King of England for the gentleman you are.

Premier and Peer and Senator, they come from far and near, In kilted worn war-harness, in fez and jewelled gear, In their proud fealty, The new-world chivalry From Melbourne and Toronto and the islands of the sea, To render trust and tribute of all men held most dear.

What people are these passing to the sound of pipe and drum; In the garments of all nations, and singing as they come? By the color on the cheek, By the accent when they speak, They are foreign-born and alien, and their homes are far to seek; But they all come up to England, when England calls them home.

And these who speak the English tongue not in the English way, With the careless men and temper soft, assured, whose sons are they? By the larger, looser stride, By the ampler ease and pride, By the quicker catch at laughter and the outlook keener-eyed, They were bred beneath the tent-cloth of a wider, whiter day.

From the rough red tides of Fundy where the ships go far inland, To Kamloops, where the hills are set as at a council grand; From the waving Northern light At the edge of polar night, Where underneath the burnished stars the bitter trail is bright, To the inland seas that sparkle where goodly orchards stand;

The King and the King To Be—Edward VII. and His Grandson Prince Edward.



Prince Edward, Son of the Prince of Wales.

By prairie, swale and barren, by jungle and lagoon, Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy breakers croon, By canyon, ford and pass, By desert and morass, In snows like stinging lashes, on seas like burning glass, By every land and water beneath the great lone moon;

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world; Our mothers tolled for England where the settler's smoke upreared; By packet, steam and rail, By portage, trek and trail, They bore a thing called honor in hearts that did not quail, Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their scarlet sign unfurled.

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold; Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold; For they said, "Ye shall be clean, Nor ever false nor mean, For God and for your country and the honor of your Queen, Till you meet the death that waits you with your pledged faith unsold."

"We have fought the long, great battle of the liberty of man, And only asked a goodly death uncraven in the van; We have journeyed travel-worn Through envy and through scorn, But the faith that was within us we have stubbornly upborne, For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-hewn plan."

"We have tolled by land and river, we have labored on the sea; If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made us free. We suffered or we strove, We delved and fought and strove, But born to the ideals of order, law and love, To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye be!"

O East they go and West they go, and never can they bide, For the longing that is in them, and the whipler at their side! They may 'tablish hearth and home, But the sons will forth and roam, As their fathers did before them, across the hollow foam, Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of the tide.

They have visions of a country that sorrow never knew; With willing hearts that yearn They have rumors of a region where the heart has naught to rue;

And never will they rest Till they reach the fabled West, That is chartered, dim but certain, in the Volume of the Breast, And forever they are dreamers who make the dream come true.

In the North they are far forward, in the South they have begun, The English of three continents who take their rule from none, But follow on the gleam Of an ancient, splendid dream, That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its theme— With freedom for its morning star, and knowledge for its sun.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows bright, Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon might, The Republic, fair, alone; The Commonwealth, new-grown; The proud, reserved Dominion with a story of her own; And One that shall emerge at length from travail, war and blight.

O doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence and tears, The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years, Must pass and leave a mind More sane, a soul more kind, And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind, When over lust and carnage the great white peace appears.

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of Peace To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims cease— Not as invaders come With gun-wheel and with drum, But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home Through the scented summer twilight, when the spirit has release.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger creed— The love that knows no border, the bond that knows no breed, For the little word of right Must grow with truth and might, Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants take flight, And yet the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern side, Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust and pride, Very tenderly we turn With willing hearts that yearn S'ill to love you and defend you—let the sons of men discern

Wherein your right and title, might and majesty reside, O Sir, no empty rumor comes up the earth to-day, From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a world away; For they know the law will hold And be equal as of old, With conscience never questioned and justice never sold, And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the word and sing, And the Abbey of our fathers with acclamations ring, Know well that, true and free, By the changeless heart's decree, On all the winds of heaven and the currents of the sea From the verges of the Empire will come, "God Save the King!"

There is no coronation ceremony for the Kings of Spain, The Kings of Italy are not crowned, nor has the Emperor William, either as King of Prussia or German Emperor, been crowned.

The Emperors of Austria are crowned Kings of Bohemia and Hungary with great pomp. So sacred is the Hungarian crown that its mere possession has been regarded as conferring authority on a usurper.

The blessing of the ring by the Archbishop is first prescribed in the "Liber Regalis." It was there twice blessed. At the coronation of Charles I. one blessing was considered sufficient, though James I. insisted upon two. James II. dispensed with the blessing altogether, and since 1685 the custom has not been revived.

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Buckingham Palace is the King's city residence, although for the present he continues to stay at Marlborough House, another Crown property which, as Prince of Wales, he occupied from the time of his marriage in 1863. Since he came to the throne the King has witnessed considerable alterations and improvements on the interior of the palace, and as soon as these are completed he will take up his residence there.

It is situated in the West End of London, off The Mall. St. James's Park faces it on the east, the Green Park on the north, and Hyde Park (with the Serpentine) and Kensington Gardens are near, on the northwest. The House of Parliament and Westminster Abbey are less than a mile distant. In front of the palace is surrounded by high railings, and behind are the private grounds, called the Palace Gardens. These grounds extend to about 43 acres, and in the centre there is a beautiful lake five acres in extent. Towards the southeast corner of the gardens are the Royal Mews, entering from Buckingham Palace road, with stabling for over 100 horses.

The present palace occupies the site of Buckingham House, which was built in 1703 by John Stedfield, created Duke of Buckinghamshire by Queen Anne, with whom he was a favorite, and who, in the reign of George I., was degraded for his partnership to the Stuart cause. George III. purchased the house in 1761. From 1825 to 1836 the house was reconstructed—practically rebuilt—in the classic style, according to plans prepared by John Nash, a leading architect in his day, who had much to do with the street improvements in London, and who was employed by George IV. to make the new palace. In 1846 further improvements were made, and a new wing with facade 400 feet in length, facing St. James's Park, was built. Again, in 1856 a large ballroom was added, measuring 111 feet by 60.

The picture gallery, 180 feet by 20, forms a corridor in the centre of the palace, and contains a specially good collection of works by the great Dutch masters, and many fine portraits. There is also a sculpture gallery, containing busts of royal personages, statesmen and others. Behind this is the library, with a very large collection of books, the most of which were gathered together by the late Queen.

Ascending from the first floor is the grand staircase, of marble, the ceiling being ornamented with frescoes by Townsend. The green drawingroom, where receptions are held, is in the middle of the east front, and opens on the upper portico. It is 50 feet long and 32 feet broad. The throne room, where the meetings of the Privy Council are held and addresses received, is 64 feet in length, running round the ceiling of this room is an ornamental marble frieze, representing the Wars of the Roses. This work was designed by Thomas Stothard, and executed by Edward H. Bailey, who were leading artists in London in the time of George IV.

Favored persons may gain admission to the picture gallery by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, or to the stables by an order from the Master of the Horse, but these can only be obtained by very special influence. This late Queen did not live much in London after the Prince Consort's death; but the King intends to keep up a regal court.

KING'S CORONATION RING.

The King's coronation ring has been reset. The size of His Majesty's ring finger has no doubt been accurately taken. In the case of the late Queen a neglect of this precaution led to painful results. The ring had to be forced on and a refrigeratory process was needed to get it off again. From the time of Richard II. to 1831 the coronation ring was a table ruby set in gold. In later times a ruby was engraved with a St. George's Cross. The cross does not appear on the coronation ring of Queen Mary II. It is to be seen on that of William IV. and of Queen Victoria. The ecclesiastical custom was followed in the case of the late Majesty, and a sapphire was made the foundation stone of her coronation ring, with the St. George's Cross set in rubies thereon.

To receive the ring, the King will draw off the linen glove, which he has worn since the anointing, and it has, I take it, been decided which glove he will draw off, and on which hand the ring will be put. That seems, however, to have been rather a moot point. The last King Edward, according to one account, received the ring on his wedding finger—that is, the fourth finger of his right hand. Another account has it that he received it on his left hand. In the "Liber Regalis" and the "Forma et Modus" neither the hand nor the finger is mentioned. For the wedding ring of England the wedding finger of the sovereign perhaps appeared to be sufficiently indicated.

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TWICE ANY

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London, June 24

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On Saturday 8

His Majesty, under

Official announcement

At this morning's

"I have to make a

"During the course of

The King also express

Nothing has been yet

The first intimation

Outside of Buckingham