

THE SHORE WITHOUT A PORT.

I know a shore without a port—
"Twere better be the east wind's sport
Than to adventure here!"
Sails drooped and motionless, we stand,
Not more than one poor league from land,
Yet thither may not steer.

Such calm prevail—'twere not more vain,
Shipsmates, upon the waveless plain
To give the sail and oar.
Like flickering metal, cooled in mold,
A solid sea of burnished gold
Divides us from the shore.

Fair is the land and flowerful:
On many an old-wrecked, floating hull,
Wing'd seeds, wind-blown, alight;
They spring again in rank display—
The lotus, kissed with sun and spray,
And unknown flowers of night.

Good sooth! a tidals crew are we
To have no errand on the sea
No trade with any strand.
We nothing do but strive to guess,
With lids half-shut in blindness,
What shapes are on the land.

Some say this region is the home
Of elf, and sprite, and arching gnomes,
A shrewd and jocular clan;
And some have seen a gallant
Of Loves and Graces, borne about
In Cytherea's van.

But some, of holier vision, deem
This is the seat of every dream
The Gods send dreaming youth:
Our crew is like to many;
No two the same delight can see,
Yet each contends for Truth.

EDITH M. TROVENS.

THE LATE PRESIDENT'S BODY LYING IN STATE.

The Rotunda in the Capitol Building, Washington, where the body of the late President was laid in state, is circular in shape, 100 feet in diameter, and has a stone flagged pavement. There are four revolutionary and four historical oil-paintings covering the wall a few feet above the floor. They are about twelve by twenty-eight feet in size, and were covered at the top with black cloth, the ends hanging down about five feet below the frames. At the lower corners rosettes were attached with graceful streamers floating from them. Black bands and festoons cover the inside of the dome at each of the projecting circuits. The four doors are caped and girdled in folds of rape. The east door, through which the *cortege* passed, was more elaborately festooned than any other point.

In the centre of the Rotunda was placed the catafalque, which is about three feet above the floor. It is the same one that held the casket incasing the remains of President Lincoln, and has been stowed away in the crypt of the Capitol for the past sixteen years. It consists of a platform about a foot high, twelve feet long and six feet wide. Upon this is another platform two feet high, three feet wide and nine feet long. The lower platform is covered with perfectly black Brussels carpet. The sides and ends of the upper platform are covered with heavy corded silk. Around the upper edge are silk fringe and tassels three inches long. Over this and midway between the top of the catafalque and the bottom platform are two silver moldings running around the sides and ends. The top, upon which rests the coffin, is covered with black cloth.

At the further end of the catafalque were some beautiful floral decorations. There was a broken column of white roses of the Marshal Neil variety, about three feet high, surmounted by a white dove with wings outspread, as if in the act of alighting. Next came a lovely design representing "The Gates Ajar." The columns were of the same white roses, and the bars of the gate were of variegated white and green. The gate-posts were surmounted by white rose-buds, the points being tipped with fern, which gave it a pretty and fresh effect. Beyond this was a bank of white flowers from which sprang a column, on which was perched a white dove. Upon the bank of white was worked in green the words "Our Martyr President." At each end of the floral display was a wreath of ivy leaves lying on the floor. There was sent from the British Legation a massive wreath, one of the most beautiful ever seen in Washington. It came in obedience to orders telegraphed from the Queen, and the accompanying card bore the following touching and significant inscription:

"Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American Nation."

"September 22nd, 1881."

The interior of the Rotunda was hung in black, though not so heavily as to produce a marked effect. Both the Rotunda and the great dome were brilliantly illuminated.

All through Wednesday night the Capitol grounds were thronged with people anxious to obtain a view of the beloved President's face, and all night long two lines of men and women passed rapidly on either side of the coffin. Beyond the ceaseless tramp of the people who poured through in a continuous stream, there was no sound, the desire for conversation being swallowed up in the awe which the presence of the dead President inspired. Some of the people passed the coffin without lifting their eyes from the floor, unwilling to trust themselves to gaze upon the awful sight. Others, more curious, looked as long as they could, and reluctantly made way for others. There were a great many colored people in the throng, of

both sexes and of all ages and conditions. Common laborers in tattered clothing crowded upon sumptuously dressed ladies and gentlemen, all inspired by a common motive. At one time, on Thursday, it was ascertained by actual count that sixty persons passed the coffin in one minute, or at the rate of 3,600 an hour, or more than 40,000 during the day. It is believed that fully 100,000 passed through the Rotunda to view the remains.

SERGEANT MASON.

Sergeant Mason, of Battery B, Second Artillery, is still confined in a cell at the barracks in Washington, and bears his imprisonment philosophically. He has occupied his spare time in writing an address entitled, "To all good people of the United States who hate assassins." In this he says:

"I am one who stands ready, at all times, to do right, yet in this case of mine I have done a big wrong to the good law of the land by shooting at that would-be assassin Guiteau, who has caused so much sorrow and suffering to President Garfield and to the good people of the world. All assassins, or they who attempt the life of a Chief Magistrate of any country, let it be Empire, Kingdom or Republic, let them die as soon as possible. Put them in a ditch ten feet deep, and all who wish to throw mud at them do it, and then cover the place with brimstone, so that no grass can grow. I want no one to applaud me for my unsoldier-like conduct, yet I am one of the many who would like to take the life of an assassin rather than guard him. Let others say what they may, if the United States Army of 25,000 men was at that jail, 20,000 would kill Guiteau and the other 5,000 would desert before they would have anything to do with him."

For the sake of our good opinion of the United States Army, we trust that Sergeant Mason's confidence in their conduct under the circumstances is slightly misplaced. A soldier who when on sentry duty would shoot at a helpless captive behind his prison bars, is hardly of the stuff of which a great army should be composed.

AMUSEMENTS.

Minnie Palmer has been the attraction at the Royal during the past week, and has not drawn half the houses she deserved. She was fascinating as ever, and in "My Sweethearts" seems to have a part well suited to her special attractions. She was well supported by R. E. Graham, whose singing was one of the most enjoyable features of the play.

I am not a Scotchman, consequently I went to Mr. Kennedy's "Two Hours at Home," with some misgivings as to whether I should survive an evening devoted entirely to the Music of Caledonia. But in this I was most agreeably disappointed, and in confessing that I enjoyed myself thoroughly, I will endeavour to make the *amateur* *humble* as far as my anticipations were concerned, by advising all my readers to do as I did on the occasion of Mr. Kennedy's next visit. Two of the party, Miss Helen and Mr. Robert Kennedy are gifted with unusually fine voices *per se*. The former's rendering of "Callin' Herra" I have never heard surpassed (by the way the setting seemed somewhat altered from my recollections of it), and the latter, besides "March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale" and the Macgregors' Gathering, sang the aria from the *Judas* "How Vain is Man" in really fine style. Mr. Kennedy himself was imitatively funny, and brought the house down with "The Laird o' Cockpen," and the description of an old wife's recollections of her courtship. Moreover, with much consideration for the feelings of Gentiles like myself, he explained away the hard words and smoothed out the difficulties of each song in the programme before it was sung, besides giving a few interesting particulars about the composer, date, etc. Altogether, as I have said, it was a most enjoyable evening, and had I not put off my visit until the last day, I should certainly have gone again—and perhaps again.

MUSICAL.

FEAR.

There is a familiar story of a raw recruit marching by the side of a veteran into the field of battle, when the young man said to the experienced warrior, "You tremble, and I think that you must be afraid;" to which he replied, "I am afraid, because I know what lies before us; and if you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run away." This illustrates the fact that there are two kinds of courage, one of which is a sort of physical instinct that we share in common with many classes of brutes, and birds, and reptiles, and insects, while the other pertains to our moral and intellectual being.

Some persons are constitutionally brave, and hardly seem to know what fear is: nothing appalls them, their nerves are made of iron, no matter what the emergency may be, their heart beats steadily as a clock, and they can look any form of danger in the face as calmly as an astronomer surveys the stars. It is a quality which always demands a certain degree of respect, and is invaluable in many departments of life. The fireman who stands firm on the giddy roof, while the rafters are cracking all about him; the seaman who swings out on the yard-arm when the midnight hurricane is raging; the hunter who beards the lion in his den,

and grapples with the hungry tiger; the man who walks calmly over the deadly magazine to extinguish the burning fuse; the engineer clinging to his post while he rushes upon almost certain death—all such men are entitled to our respect and admiration, and are very sure to receive the tribute which is their due. There is no virtue more highly praised than courage; in fact, the word *virtue*, as we derive from the Latins, is expressive of nothing else.

As some people are naturally brave, so there are others who inherit a cowardly temperament, for which they are not responsible, although they may be for the degree in which they allow themselves to be overcome by it. There may be a general weakness of fibre in the man's constitution, which can be remedied only by a severe process of physical and moral discipline, and there may be also an excess of imagination, which leads him to magnify danger, and fancy that it exists where it does not. The spirit may be strong, while the flesh is weak.

Strong men have been heard to declare that it required more courage for them to stand up and say ten words to a great audience of people than it did to storm a citadel. Even to enter a room in face of a fashionable assembly may demand a greater effort than it would to face a shower of bullets. A woman will shriek at the sight of a spider, or a mouse, who would not hesitate to throw herself in front of a locomotive to rescue a child from death. Like the veteran soldier who trembled as he marched to the field, but would sooner die than turn his back upon the foe, so there is many a man, having the most intense physical dread of suffering, who would endure martyrdom rather than be untrue to his convictions. On the other hand, miscreants whose hands are red with blood, and who have no moral convictions whatever, will sometimes mount the scaffold with a smile upon their lips, and joke with the executioner while he is adjusting the rope about their necks.

If cowardice is a physical infirmity it must be treated much after the same manner that we deal with our bodily weaknesses. A wholesome regimen and rigorous discipline may enable one to triumph, in a good degree, over almost any inherited disease. A man who is sound and healthy in other respects will not be half so likely to yield to the suggestions of a cowardly temper as one who is weak and sickly. Whenever his fears are aroused by any real or imaginary danger, he will call into play the whole strength of his will to beat down his miserable apprehensions. The greatest coward may become brave when he is stirred by some unconquerable impulse, and the man who wills with all his heart may triumph over any infirmity.

If, again, cowardice has its seat in the moral nature, the only remedy is to clarify and elevate the conscience, which always makes cowards of those who are conscious of doing what they ought not to do.

"Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!"

It is a terrible thing when a man dares not say what is in his heart lest he should be convicted out of his own mouth. In this case the bondage of cowardice puts on its ugliest and meanest form. There is no shirking of personal responsibility here; no escaping from it under the plea of hereditary taint.

Cowardice may, however, be seated not so much in the physical and moral nature as in the intellectual, when it takes the form of a superstition coming before imaginary or unreal things. It is the result of a false training, and the cure is to be found in the exercise of a free and well-balanced reason. The spectres will banish if we only have the courage to touch them. No one can estimate the suffering which has come upon the world from the tyranny of superstitious fear. It is the most baseless form of fear, and often proves to be the most incurable.

ENCORES.

I frequently read, in various papers, the statement that Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent English tenor, never accepts an encore. Sometimes it is announced as an astounding fact that Mr. Reeves *has* actually departed from his invariable rule on some special occasions. Now, before I came to America, a few years ago, I was continually hearing Sims Reeves at different concerts, and think I can certainly aver that, on every occasion when I had this pleasure, our accomplished tenor complied with the public request for an encore. At one concert I remember his accepting, most good naturedly, a *double* encore—singing twice—the popular "Come into the Garden Maud," and at the second recall, "My Pretty Jane."

I do not mean to give an opinion about the good or bad custom of concert encores. There is much to be said on both sides. At all events it will be long before the general public give them up. Opera encores are, however, surely in the very worst taste. The whole thread of the opera is utterly broken through this wretched practice. What can be more absurd than to behold the tenor lover stretch himself out and die the death, then jump up, bow and smile, and repeat his dying aria and final struggles! Then, again, to watch two lovers rush from each other's presence for *coco*, only to unite again in half a minute from behind a side scene (of course they haven't gone far; they know what is coming well enough), sing again their duet of eternal separation, and again rush out! The same custom in plays. It is really laughable to know that Julius Caesar's dead body is lying comfortably behind the curtain waiting for it to draw up again, that Mark Antony may repeat his

celebrated speech! Julius Cæsar is quite right. Why should he trouble himself to get up the instant the curtain is down, only to lie flat down again immediately?

I did not intend to say so much about encores, but the paragraph relating to Mr. Sims Reeves reminded me of them.—[Frances J. Moore.]

VARIETIES.

"LOTTA rents and lives in the cottage formerly owned and occupied by the late Robert Dale Owen at Lake George." Lotta's parents were personal friends of Robert Owen, the father of R. D. Owen.

The French ladies do not appear to adopt that frizzled style of *coiffure* which has been irreverently named *a la Zulu*, or *a la bird's-nest*. They cut small straight pieces of hair down their foreheads, and then curl the ends after the manner of a pug's tail. It looks cleaner, at all events.

The inhabitants of Cleves, the ancient capital of Westphalia, which claims to be the birthplace of Lohengrin, the semi-mythical hero of the white swan, have resolved to perpetuate his memory in a handsome monument, the first stone of which has been laid with due solemnity.

The quaint answers given at competitive examinations are not the least amusing stories of this rather dull age. Here is one as good as any of its kind. A Hindu or Half-caste was asked who was Julius Cæsar. "The first Roman Catholic Bishop of India," he replied, "who introduced Christianity in England."

ONE of the old settlers at the Isles of Shoals, seeing the name "Psyche" on the hull of a yacht, the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the darnedest way to spell fish!" And yet there is authority for spelling that would admit of writing fish thus: *Psyche*.

A MINISTER on Sunday was prayin' vera earnestly that the storm sud cease, an' that the Lord wud sen' fine weather that the crops might be gotten in. Just at that moment a terrific dash o' rain battered awa' at the windows. It disconcerted the pious minister, an' he finished rather abruptly by sayin'—"O, Lord, that's perfectly reber-kilous."

THE *Comptes Rendus*, of the Académie of Sciences, has published the engineer's report of the preliminary investigations into the geological structure of the Isthmus of Panama. The result is satisfactory, and M. de Lesseps calculates that the work can be done under the original estimates. We always read, in the goody-goody books, that difficulties were sure to vanish, or at least to lessen, under the regard of a cheerful countenance and a stout will.

"Mrs. H. C. Robinson, a resident of Monroe, Conn., one day last week attempted to head off a pair of bulls which had escaped from the field. One turned upon her and forced her against the fence, goring her in a horrible manner. She climbed over the fence, fell insensible, and soon died." We like to see women courageous; but this was temerity. For our part, we never dispute the "right of way," even with a Texas Steer. We take it for granted that he does not understand "constitutional rights," and is by no means a chevalier.—[*ibid.*]

THE *Message d'Europe* has published two chapters from the third volume of the forthcoming monograph of Count Kisseloff, Russian Ambassador at Paris from 1856-1862. Count Kisseloff's journals abound with strange and piquant reminiscences of Parisian life. Among other anecdotes, there is one descriptive of an imperial pleasure party in the Forest of Fontainebleau, where, among other romps, Marshals Félissier and Mignard danced a *cavata*, while the Emperor, seated on horseback, hummed the song as best he could with a cigarette between his lips. The party was given in honour of the Grand Duke Constantine.

THE text was from Job, and read—"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. When looking over the advance sheets the proof-reader saw that a blunder of the most formidable kind had been committed, for Job was made to say, "Yea, all that a man hath he will give for his wife." He was a wise proof-reader and one who had had a rather turbulent domestic experience, and he naturally shook his head when he read the words. He did not feel at liberty to make the necessary correction, but sent the sheets to the minister with a "query" against the passage, and the marginal note—"This depends on circumstances."

THE story they tell of Coleridge, aptly illustrates a general weakness. He was busy with his writing at a late hour in the night, when the cry of fire startled him. Opening the window he hallooed to a passer-by to learn where the fire was, and was told that it was a shoemaker's shop, and that the shoemaker's family were burned up. Unexpressed shocked by the news and full of sympathy for the unfortunate man, he put on his coat and ran with all speed to the scene of the horror. When he got there, and saw the shoemaker's family, unharmed, sitting on their goods in the street, and learned the story was false, he impulsively said, "D—n the fire!" and went back home.