

## LINES TO THE YOUNG.

(Translated from Béranger.)

When stretched along the shore at ease,  
Ye bless the soft blue sky,  
Pity poor sailors, whom the seas  
And tempests sorely try.

Have they to love and thanks no right  
Who, dired of wind and wave,  
Point out, before they sink in night,  
The harbours that can save!

(From the French.)

"What dost thou in the shadowy wood?  
Oh! say, sweet plaintive Dove!"  
"I mean in broken-hearted mood,  
For I have lost my Love."

"Hast thou no fear, the hunter's snare  
May kill thee like thy mate?"  
"I care not—for, though Man should spare,  
Grief, still, must end my fate!"

GEO. MURRAY.

## THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE.

The annals of publishing and the traditions of publishers in this country will always mention the little Corner Book-store in Boston as you turn out of Washington street into School street, and those who recall it in other days will always remember the curtained desk at which poet and philosopher and historian and divine, and the doubting, timid young author, were sure to see the bright face and to hear the hearty welcome of James T. Fields. What a crowded, busy shop it was, with the shelves full of books, and piles of books upon the counters and tables, and loiterers tasting them with their eyes, and turning the glossy new pages—loiterers at whom you look curiously, suspecting them to be makers of books as well as readers. You knew that you might be seeing there in the flesh and in common clothes the famous men and women whose genius and skill made the old world a new world for every one upon whom their spell lay. Suddenly, from behind the green curtain, came a ripple of laughter, then a burst, a chorus; gay voices of two or three or more, but always of one—the one who sat at the desk and whose place was behind the curtain, the literary partner of the house, the friend of the celebrated circle which has made the Boston of the middle of this century as justly renowned as the Edinburgh of the close of the last century, the Edinburgh that saw Burns, but did not know him. That curtained corner in the Corner Book-store is remembered by those who knew it in its great days, as Beaumont recalled the revels at the immortal tavern:

"What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid? heard words that have  
been  
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!"

What merry peals! What fun and chaff and story! Not only the poet brought his poem there still glowing from his heart, but the lecturer came from the train with his freshest touches of local rumor. It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub.

And it was the work of one man. Fields was the *genius loci*. Fields with his gentle spirit, his generous and ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine taste, his delightful humor, his business tact and skill, drew, as a magnet draws its own, every kind of man, the shy and the elusive as well as the gay men of the world and the self-possessed favorites of the people. It was his pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors, to place there if he could the English poets and "belles-lettres" writers, and then to call them all personal friends. Next year it will be 40 years since the house at the Corner Book-store issued the two pretty volumes of Tennyson's poems which introduced Tennyson to America. Barry Cornwall followed in the same dress. They caught all the singing-birds at that corner, and hung them up in the pretty cages so that everybody might hear the song. Transcendentalism and *The Dial* were active also at the same time. The idyl of Brook Farm was proceeding in the West Roxbury uplands and meadows on the shores on the placid Charles. The abolitionists were kindling the national conscience at Charlestown Street Chapel and Marlborough Chapel. Theodore Parker was appalling the staid pulpits and docile pews. There was a universal moral and intellectual fermentation, but at the Corner Book-store the distinctive voice was that of "pure literature; and hospitable toward all, and with an open heart of admiration for the fervent reformers, Fields had also the most humorous appreciation of "the apostles of the newness," but minded with zeal what he felt to be especially his own business.

It was a very remarkable group of men—indeed, it was the first group of really great American authors—each familiarly frequented the corner as the guests of Fields. There had been Bryant and Irving and Cooper and Halleck and Paulding and Willis in New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle. It was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature. Of most of these authors the house at the corner came to be the publishers, and to the end they maintained the warmest relations with Fields, who was not their publisher only, but their appreciative and sympathetic friend. His kindred taste made him a faithful student of

English literature, and almost as a boy he read poems of his own upon public occasions, and published a volume or two, which were his credentials to membership in the guild. Later, his lectures upon English authors, many of whom he personally knew, were very entertaining and suggestive, like the charming conversation of one who has seen with observing and sympathetic eyes those of whom all men gladly hear.

The singular attraction of Fields for widely different natures was shown by the affection entertained for him by two men so different as Hawthorne and Dickens. In his later years, Hawthorne's home in Boston was generally Field's house, and Dickens would hardly have made his second and most triumphant and profitable visit to this country except for Fields, who was his "next friend" throughout the tour. Dickens speaks of him most kindly in one of the "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, after his return to England. It was certainly remarkable that Dickens, who, twenty-five years before, had gone home from his first visit indignant because he would not pay him copyright upon his works, which we universally read and enjoyed—and his complaint was most just—should have gone home from his second visit with more money made in a shorter time than any foreign author ever collected from us before. Field's service to him was immense, and Dickens was sincerely grateful.

Alas! such talk is but a reminiscence of "yesterdays with authors." Fields himself was sixty-four years old when he died; but there was such essential and indefeasible youth in his feelings and temperament that even a fatal and painful malady could not quench it. On the very day, or the day before, he died he went over to see Aldrich—for he was the friend of the younger as of the older authors—and it is a deep satisfaction to know that the end was as painless as it was sudden, sitting in his chair at evening, in the midst of friends, and listening to the voice that was the sweetest of all music to his heart. Long before he had left the old corner and the curtained nook, and had gone to more stately publishing quarters. From these also he had withdrawn some years ago, leaving business altogether, and devoting himself thenceforward to lecturing. But the hospitable heart made his beautiful home what that curtained nook had been. Younger men were taking the places of those that loitered in the old book-store, but they found in the home the old corner welcome, and they will understand why their elder brethren recall with such fond and regretful affection the curtained nook at the old corner, and the kind heart and generous hand that made it so memorable.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's*.

## HER TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

There were a party of four couple coming over on the Sarcelito boat, last Sunday, and the prettiest girl of the gushers looked up at Mount Tamalpais and said:

"Oh, that horrid, horrid mountain. I had the most frightful adventure up there last summer you ever heard of. It's a wonder my hair didn't turn white."

"What on earth was it?" cried the rest.

"Well, you see, I was up there with a private picnic party, and I wandered off by myself about a mile, picking flowers. After a while I sat down to rest in a lonely canon, and before long I heard a queer rustling sound in some bushes right behind me. I knew at once, somehow, that it was a grizzly."

"Great Scott! And you all alone?" shuddered her escort.

"Not a soul within a mile of me. I was just paralyzed with terror. I didn't dare to stir, but in a minute I heard the beast coming toward me through the thicket."

"Oh, if I'd only been there," said a pimply-faced young man, breathing very hard.

"I knew it was no use to try and run, and I had read somewhere that bears never touch dead people. So I just shut my eyes and held my breath."

"Gracious!"

"Pretty soon the great brute walked up close and began sniffing me all over. Oh, it was just terrible!"

"Should have thought you would have fainted."

"I didn't dare to," said the heroine.

"Just then I suppose the party rushed up and rescued you?" said the appalled audience.

"No, they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away."

"What! The grizzly?"

"Oh, it wasn't a grizzly. It was a nasty old cow. But just suppose it had been a grizzly."

But the audience refused to "suppose," and the party looked like a Quaker funeral until the boat struck the wharf.—*Virginia Chronicle*.

## SEVERE ON THE IDIOTS.

Once upon a time our settled minister exchanged pulpits with good old Parson Surely, of Bedwick. Mr. Surely was an earnest, zealous worker in the Master's vineyard, and though not orate in his oratory, he was instructive, and, to the lovers of pure religion, he was interesting and entertaining. On the occasion to which I refer he had got on well with his sermon, and was treating of a subject which was of deep interest to himself, when he was interrupted and much perplexed by the whispering and giggling

going on in the singing seats, which were in the opposite end of the auditorium, and directly facing him. He bore it for a time; but, at length, the outrage against true church propriety became so palpable and harrowing that he was forced to stop his preaching. He cast a glance over his audience, removed his spectacles, and then, with a quiet, kindly smile upon his benignant face, he spoke substantially as follows:

"My friends, not long since I was preaching in a strange place and to a strange congregation, when I was interrupted and annoyed by a young man sitting very near the pulpit, who whispered to himself, and laughed, and moved about in the pew in a manner which I thought altogether unbecoming and indecent. I bore it while I could, and when I could bear it no longer, I spoke to him directly and emphatically, pointing him out, and chiding him for his conduct."

"I thought, when I was speaking thus, that many of my hearers disapproved my course; and I marvelled much why they should do so; but when the services were ended, and I came down from the pulpit, all was explained. One of the deacons came to me and told me he was sorry that I had spoken to that young man as I did. He was a poor idiot, whom the Christian friends had clothed and got out to meeting; and though the poor unfortunate knew no better than to misbehave, as I had seen, yet he seemed to gain real good from the exercises of the sanctuary."

"And from that time," continued the old parson, with a twinkling look toward the choir, "I have refrained from speaking publicly to those who may interrupt me by whispering and giggling while I am preaching, for fear I may be aiming the shaft of reproach at some poor idiot who knows no better."

And then, as calmly and serenely as passes the evening zephyr, Parson Surely went on with his sermon, to be disturbed no more.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The conversion of Evan's into the "Falstaff Club," embracing the construction of a private theatre in a part of the premises, is not likely to be carried out. The proprietor of Evan's has just placed the property in the market, which is announced as for sale or to be let.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA is, it seems, quite as high in the market as any other painter just now. Millais's works realize only from £1,500 to £3,000. Miss Thompson's, as we have already seen, about £750. Alma-Tadema has just disposed of "Sappho" to an American purchaser and secured £3,000 in hard cash as the result.

NEVER within the memory of living concert-goers were so many pianists of the first rank assembled together as are now to be met with in London. They are from all parts of Europe—Anton Rubenstein, from Russia; Joseph Wieniawski, from Poland; Dr. Hans von Bulow, from Dresden and Leipzig; Sophie Menter, from Vienna; Heyman, from Holland.

MR. MUDFORD, the editor of the *Standard*, was one of the guests at Lord Salisbury's dinner party lately, and he was subsequently at Lady Salisbury's reception. This looks like a reconciliation with the Tories of the "stern and unbending" school. If Lord Salisbury, as leader, is going to secure the voice of the *Standard* on his side, much recent speculation may be set at naught.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has a genuine tank-table as a dinner table, the whole middle of which is occupied by a lake containing several rocky islands, and a quantity of gold and silver fish. Around the lake are broad banks of dark-green lycopodium. From the islands spring ferns and palms and innumerable fountains and jets of water. There is just enough table-surface left for the plates and wine-glasses of the guests, the remainder being given up to miniature landscape gardening of the most tasteful kind.

RUBENSTEIN has greatly aged since his last visit to London. He has lost also some of his uncouthness, which was indeed some of his charm. In America he has been taught to dress less like a genius, and more like a man and a brother. A capital description of him is given by a great friend of his, who is also famous for his *bon mots*. "Rubenstein," he said, "always looked like Beethoven, and he looks like him still; but he has lost that look of a Japanese Beethoven which he used to have." Those who saw him five years ago will admit the happiness of this description.

It was known that George Eliot's husband had full materials in his possession for compiling a life of the novelist. Mr. Cross has been anxious to make so interesting a work as perfect as possible, and with that object has been down to the central shires of England to collect all the necessary information. It was one of the admitted charms of George Eliot's work as a novelist that she did not generalize. Her sketches are not from the abstract. There is good ground for saying that all poor Maggie Tulliver's relatives—the aunts and the cousins from whom she suffered so much—are highly finished portraits of well-known local characters. The bits of scenery with which her books abound are also so vivid that they must be taken from

nature. Mr. Cross will be able to throw light on all this, and to fix permanently what in a few more years would irretrievably have been lost.

It is a well known point of Court etiquette that honours proceeding from the Sovereign should not in effect be conferred till she has given her sanction. Mr. Galstone is too prone to disregard this rule. He did it in the case of the Beaconsfield funeral, and there is some reason to think he has done it in the case of making out a list of names for peers and giving it publicity before Her Majesty has been consulted. Her Majesty very naturally objects. What the end of it will be is not clear, but at present it looks as if those mentioned for the honour will lose it, and the creation of the others be indefinitely postponed.

WHAT a curious thing is popularity. Since the Derby, Archer, the jockey, has been more talked about than any man in the country. All kinds of people seem anxious to know what he says, what he does, and how he lives. Eterprising correspondents have found out what he did on Derby Day before the race, and what he has been doing since. He is the petted of all classes. Titled men are proud of repeating what Archer said to them, if he said anything at all. Archer has the income of the Lord Chancellor, and his life is a round of pleasure, for he certainly loves the sport. We open our eyes with admiration and wonder when we hear of an artist getting £1,000 for a picture that has cost him, perhaps, a couple of years of work and thought; but Archer gets his £1,000 for a three minutes' ride.

OF poor Belford the actor, who recently died, many anecdotes are being narrated. He was a man who lived in the full sense of the word and also seemed always to be wide awake, that is never in bed. An instance in proof is worth reading perhaps. On leaving his house one evening for the theatre—he was then playing at the Strand—he told his servant to call him punctually at ten o'clock the following morning, as he had to attend rehearsal. She neglected to do so, and he never awoke till one o'clock. He rang the bell in a rage. "Didn't I ask you to call me at ten o'clock?" he inquired. "Yes, sir, but when I came down at half-past seven this morning I saw you eating your breakfast, so I thought there was no need to knock at your door." "Women like you should never think; it was my supper!" was all he said. Poor fellow, his whole life was an uphill game, for although till he was struck down by paralysis he was in receipt of a good salary, he supported a widowed sister, and brought up her numerous family.

AT "Ye fancie fayre" the other day one of the first things the Princess of Wales purchased was a magnificent bouquet, for which she gave a couple of sovereigns or so. Having inspected the various stalls, she was on the point of departing, when one of the ladies who had been most indefatigable in disposing of her wares, and who was evidently a personal friend of her Royal Highness, stopped her: "What are you going already?" "Yes," said the Princess. "Oh, then, do give me your bouquet, and wait a moment and see what I will do with it." Her Royal Highness complied with the request at once: whereupon the pretty vendor—for she was a very beautiful woman—promptly announced to the crowd of male admirers standing around her stall that flowers from the Princess's bouquet were on sale at ten shillings a-piece—"only a limited number to be disposed of." In less than two minutes thirty gallants had each one in his button-hole, and thirty golden half-sovereigns had been added to the funds of the charity.

A young girl and her lover were accustomed to meet for a quiet  *tête-à-tête*  on an unfrequented half-mile race-course. When questioned as to the reason for choosing this particular locality, she blushing replied, "Oh, sometimes we are interrupted; and then John walks off in one direction and I in the other, and meet on the opposite side."

THOUGH the sick covet health, they frequently and fruitlessly seek to obtain it by irrational means. Misled by false misrepresentations and absurd pretensions, they neglect those genuine restoratives which true science has placed at their disposal. No proprietary remedy has met with greater approbation from the medical faculty, and none has given more satisfactory proofs of efficiency than Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The conjunction of these latter salts with Cod Liver Oil of warranted purity gives the preparation a great advantage over the ordinary cough mixtures, since the phosphorus, lime and soda are potent auxiliaries to the oil, invigorating the system, remedying poverty of the blood induced by waste of tissue, and increasing bodily substance. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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