

"O'EST L'AMANT QUI PARLE."

If I can bring thee with thinking
The thoughts that are linking
Thy life unto mine—
It with fair seeming
You come in my dreaming
With soft eyes that shiver
For me, as I think—
If your own pulse is stirred
By my voice dimly heard,
By my face dimly seen as you sink
In sweet slumber of long-lashed eyes,
Of bare arm so beautiful, hair that lies
In a golden quiet upon the pillow;
And all is at rest
About you, save for the gentle billow
Of girlish breast.
If your foot knows
When mine uprose
To go the length of the snowy street,
Hoping that they may chance to meet
Your own—do I call it chance?
Which, across the crowd of colder faces,
Reveals for a moment a sunny glance,
Something like love, but that love,
Is its dawn, is gray with only traces
Of coming rose and gold.
Was the glance too sunny to mean
You were glad with a gay young trouble,
You were grieved as glad to have seen
Me there, one with the soon-spent bubble
Of dress and destiny, care and glamour
Of chatter and glitter, hate and clamor
Of tongue, not too pure, not pure enough
For you. Ah! if when you play to me
Some divinest melody,
You falter forgetting, because I stand
So near you, that you fear my hand
May touch the shoulder or brush the hair—
Ah! Love! am I not with you everywhere,
As you with me; and can you swear
That a moment's thought or a minute's leap
Of pulse, or the sweet and natural fashion
Of breath, is yours alone? For a virgin passion
Has looked from your eyes to mine,
Has touched, with a touch so fine,
My wearied and wounded life,
And I rise up strong amongst men.
For you that I love with a love so deep
Are waiting to call yourself wife.

Ottawa.

S. FRANCIS HARRISON.

ORIGIN OF THE "PICKWICK PAPERS."

The "Sketches by Boz" having attracted the attention of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the publishers, in the Strand, led to an interview between Mr. Dickens and the late Mr. Hall, the circumstances of which are best related in the author's own words, extracted from the preface to the cheap edition of *Pickwick*, published in 1847:—

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. Geo. Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose something that should be published in shilling numbers. The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was a afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be everybody knows.

In the same preface Mr. Dickens clears up another point:—"Boz," my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly issue of this book, and retained long afterward, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I dubbed Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Bozes, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Here is an interesting record of the popularity of this masterpiece of humor. Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, was, for a time, in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon

another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled Papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed, he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

RITTENHOUSE'S ORRERY.

He conceived the idea of endeavoring to represent by machinery the planetary system. Similar attempts had previously been made, but all had represented the planetary movements by circles, being mere approximations, and none were able to indicate the astronomical phenomena at any particular time. The production of Rowley, a defective machine giving the movement of only two heavenly bodies, was bought by George I. for a thousand guineas. Rittenhouse determined to construct an instrument not simply to gratify the curious, but which would be of practical value to the student and professor of astronomy. After three years of faithful labor, in the course of which, refusing to be guided by the astronomical tables already prepared, he made for himself the calculations of all the movements required in this delicate and elaborate piece of mechanism, he completed, in 1770, his celebrated orrery. Around a brass sun revolved ivory or brass planets in elliptical orbits properly inclined toward each other, and with velocities varying as they approached their aphelia or perihelia. Jupiter and his satellites, Saturn with his rings, the moon with her phases, and the exact time, quantity, and duration of her eclipses, the eclipses of the sun and their appearance at any particular place on the earth, were all accurately displayed in miniature. The relative situations of the members of the solar system at any period of time for five thousand years backward or forward could be shown in a moment. It is not difficult to appreciate the enthusiasm with which this proof of a rare genius was received more than a century ago, but it is entertaining to witness the expression of it.

"A most beautiful machine.....It exhibits almost every motion in the astronomical world," wrote John Adams, who was always a little cautious about praising the work of other people. Samuel Miller, D.D., in his *Retrospect*, said: "But among all the contrivances which have been executed by modern talents, the machine invented by our illustrious countryman, Dr. David Rittenhouse, and modestly called by him an orrery, after the production of Graham, is by far the most curious and valuable, whether we consider its beautiful and ingenious structure, or the extent and accuracy with which it displays the celestial phenomena."

"There is not the like in Europe," said Dr. Gordon, the English historian; and Dr. Morse, the geographer, added, anticipating what has actually occurred: "Every combination of machinery may be expected from a country a native son of which, reaching this inestimable object in its highest point, has epitomized the motions of the spheres that roll throughout the universe."

His friend Thomas Jefferson wrote: "A machine far surpassing in ingenuity of contrivance, accuracy, and utility anything of the kind ever before constructed....He has not indeed made a world, but has by imitation approached nearer its maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day."

Barlow, the author of that ponderous poem the "Columbiad," put in rhyme:

"See the sage Rittenhouse with ardent eye
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky!
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise
With mimic orbs the labors of the skies."

Two universities vied with each other for its possession, and after Dr. Witherspoon, of Princeton College, had secured it for £300, Dr. Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote, with slight touch of spleen: "This province is willing to honor him as her own, and believe me many of his friends regretted that he should think so little of his noble invention as to consent to let it go to a village." Smith was mollified, however, by an engagement immediately undertaken to construct a duplicate; and he delivered a series of lectures on the subject to raise the money required. Wondering crowds went to see it, and after the Legislature of Pennsylvania had viewed it in a body, they passed a resolution giving Rittenhouse £300 as a testimony of their high sense of his mathematical genius and mechanical abilities, and entered into an agreement with him to have a still larger one made, for which they were to pay £400. It even found its way into the field of diplomacy, for when Silas Deane was in France endeavoring to arrange a treaty of alliance between that country and our own against Great Britain, he suggested to the secret committee of Congress that the orrery be presented to Marie Antoinette as a *douceur*. It was somewhat injured by the British troops while in Princeton during the war.—SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

HE GOT THE DOLLAR.

He lectured on "Tobacco and its Pernicious effects." He told of the discovery of tobacco—how Sir Walter Raleigh had water thrown on him by his servant, who imagined his master was on fire when he saw the smoke coming from his mouth. All this and more he told in graphic terms. He then went on:—

"Tobacco in its ordinary state—the plug—is a powerful poison. It will do what few other poisons will do.

"Now ladies and gentlemen, let me show you an experiment. I will call from this audience a boy. We will take one who looks as though he never smoked. 'John, come here,' he called to a small boy who looked the very picture of innocent health as though the foul weed had never touched his lips.

"John, did you never smoke?"

"No, sir," replied John, with smile that was childlike and bland."

"Now, John, you say you have never smoked. I'll give you a dollar if you will eke this piece of tobacco as large as a pea, put it in your mouth and chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat; spit every drop in the spittoon, but keep chewing—don't stop but chew steadily."

"Yes'r."

"Now, gentlemen, before he is done with that piece of tobacco as large as a pea, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing one drop, he will lie there in a cold, death-like perspiration. You will put your fingers on his wrist, and find no pulse, and so he will seem for two or three hours."

Innocent-looking John took a seat in a chair, and having a spittoon placed near him, put the piece of tobacco in his mouth and began to chew.

The audience by this time was very much interested. They craned their necks forward to get a glimpse of the boy lying there "in a cold death-like perspiration," but they didn't. Not much.

He sat there with a calm and solemn smile, and chewed and spit, and chewed. The lecturer at length said—

"Ah, that was a mistake! I gave him a piece that was too mild; it should have been stronger," and he handed the boy another pill.

The boy took it contentedly. In fact he seemed to enjoy it as much as though it had been strawberries and cream, or green apples. His jaws worked like a stonebreaker.

The lecturer was dumbfounded.

"John," said he, "are you sure you never smoked?"

"Yes'r. I never smoked; but I kin chew more terbacker than you can shake a stick at."

The lecturer concluded that it was best to give his prodigal illustration the dollar he promised, and let him slide.

A CHINESE ROMANCE OF TRUE LOVE.

Sometimes, however, constancy and true love win the day. The widow Wang resided in the vicinity of the great cities of China, her family consisting of a young son and daughter, the only relics of her dear departed old man. In the next village there lived a gentleman and his wife of the name of Liu, who also had a daughter and son. The families were on terms of much friendly intimacy, and a marriage between the young people seemed only natural, so an engagement was arranged, by a professional middle man, between the son of Mr. Liu and the daughter of the buxom widow. During the period of betrothal, however, and while preparations for the ceremony were going on, it so fell out that the bridegroom elect was taken ill. The widow thereupon suggested that the match should be broken off, as it would be folly for a young girl to bind herself to a confirmed invalid who might die at any moment, and leave his wife disconsolate for life. The Liu family, however, thought differently, and urged the widow to allow her daughter to come and visit the sick youth, in order, if possible, to arouse him from the state of apathy into which he had fallen. Mrs. Wang was scandalized, and refused; but as the Lius appeared to make such a point of it, she was quite at a loss how to act. Now it so happened that in the service of this discreet matron was a servant girl, who proposed to her mistress that they should have recourse to stratagem; the young people had never seen each other,—why not dress up the son to represent the daughter! No sooner said than done. Mrs. Wang wrote to say that her daughter would come and see her betrothed, though she would not be able to stay long; and meantime the artful servant dressed young Wang, a lad of sixteen, in girl's clothes, and initiated him into the mysteries of feminine deportment with much ability. The only real difficulty lay in his large feet. The two then set out together, the false bride and her maid. They arrived at the bridegroom's house, and were received without suspicion; then paid a visit of sympathy to the sick youth's bedroom. But the Liu family would not near of the two guests leaving under at least three days, and Miss Liu took such a fancy to the supposed Miss Wang that they found it simply impossible to get away at all. The servant argued and chattered most energetically, for detention was imminent; what was the use of their staying! she said; the young man was far too sick to be married. "Oh, as far as that goes," said Miss Liu, "the marriage had better take place at once; I will represent my brother at the ceremony, and they can be married by proxy!" So this enterprising damsel dressed herself in boy's clothes, and the girl bridegroom was married in due form to the boy bride, much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. The secret was not discovered by the parents until some months afterwards, when of course there was nothing for it but to confirm the marriage. The invalid having recovered in the meantime, the

originally intended wedding took place between him and the bashful lady to whom he had really been betrothed, and the two curiously matched couples lived happily together ever afterwards.

A FISH "SELL."

One day an animated conversation took place among a party of Americans, who were staying at the Great Western Hotel, Birmingham, over a fish dinner; and several of them related marvellous stories about finding pearls and other valuables in the interior of fish. One gentleman, who had quietly listened, and said very little, at length remarked:

"I've heard all of your stories—now I'll tell you one: When I was a young man I was employed in a large importing house in New York, and, as usual with most persons of my age then, I fell in love with a certain young lady, and in due course of time was engaged. About two months before our marriage was to take place I was suddenly sent to Birmingham on very important business, occasioned by the death of one of the firm in England. I took a hasty and affectionate leave of my intended, with a promise to hear from each other often. I was detained somewhat longer than I expected; but just before I sailed for home I purchased a handsome and very valuable diamond ring, intending it for the wedding ring; and when coming up New York Bay, expecting shortly to be with her who was soon to be mine, I was glancing over the morning papers, which had been brought aboard by the pilot, when what should I see but an account of her marriage with another, which so enraged me that, in my passion, I threw the ring overboard. A few days after I was dining at an hotel in New York. Fish was served up, and in eating it I bit on something hard. And what do you suppose it was?"

"The diamond ring!" exclaimed several.

"No," said our friend, preserving the same gravity. "It was a fish bone."

CANADA AND THE QUEEN.

I remember a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I describe the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spellbound. I uttered the sentence: "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the crowd uprose, and, pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word, "Stop!" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! This loyal audience will now sing 'God save the Queen!'" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine fervor, I meanwhile patiently waiting the finale of the interlude. When it had finished, I proceeded with my narrative, and, as a contrast to the sorrow at Sandringham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving day for the Prince's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman rose and uttered the usual formula. Again the tall, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat the portion of the lecture referring to our gracious sovereign." And repeat it I did.—ARCHIBALD FORBES, in the *Century*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TENNYSON has just completed a new play.

SALVINI will return to America for a dramatic tour next October.

MDME. RISTORI will not appear on the stage this season at all.

MDME. ARABELLA GODDARD's appearance in London at Ma. Sims Reeves' last concert has created a great sensation.

THE Royal College of Music is to start with 100 free scholarships, half of them to provide maintenance as well as tuition.

PROF. MACFARREN has entered a protest against the recognition of the Tonio-sol-fa by the Council of Education for use in elementary schools.

WHILE English singers are crowding New York, American actors and actresses are taking the opposite course. The Florence, Booth, and Fanny Davenport are all booked for London.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.