

## THE WICKED WORLD.

(Translated from *Théophile Gautier*.)

The world is malevolent, dear,  
For it says with a cynical sneer  
That your bosom conceals, *ma petite*,  
A watch, where a heart ought to beat!

Still, your breast, when emotion enralls,  
Like a wave ever rises and falls,  
With the ebb and the flow of the tide  
That o'er your young body doth glide.

The world has maliciously said  
That your eyes, full of passion, are dead,  
And revolve in their orbits on springs,  
Like potent mechanical things!

Still, oftentimes a crystalline tear  
On your eye-lashes trembles, my dear,  
Like a pearl-drop of luminous dew  
That clings to some violet blue.

The world is malicious—it swears  
That your brain is as light as a hare's,  
And that sonnets composed for your ear  
Are riddles in Greek to you, dear!

Still, oft on your lips, that enclose  
Like the leaves of an exquisite rose,  
A subtle intelligent smile  
Alights, like a bee, for awhile.

'Tis because you are fond of me, dear,  
That the world in your case is severe;  
Discard me—and then they will say,  
What feeling and wit you display!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HIS VENERABLE TEACHER STILL LIVING—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE POET.

A journalist a day or two ago had the good fortune to have an interview with the venerable Joseph H. Clarke, now 85 years old, who was the early preceptor of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe. In Eugene L. Didier's memoirs of Edgar Allan Poe, the following occurs: "On Mr. and Mrs. Allan's return from their two years' visit to England, Mr. Allan placed Poe in the academy of Prof. Joseph H. Clarke, of Trinity College, Dublin, who kept an English and classical school at Richmond from 1816 to 1825."

He greeted the press representative cordially, but it was plain to see that the aged man, though physically as hearty as many a man thirty years his junior, had grown mentally feeble under the weight of many years. When the old gentleman was seated, the reporter explained that he wanted any reminiscences of Poe that he could give.

"Edgar, Edgar," said the old man, rising, with a far-away look, as memories of old times flitted through his mind, "why, he was a born poet. One day Mr. Allan came to me and said: 'Mr. Clarke, I have heard much about your school, and as Edgar shows a decided aptness for classics, I have determined to place him under your care.' This was about 1820 or '21, and Edgar entered my school. He became one of the most distinguished of my scholars. He and Nat. Howard were in the same class. Nat. was as good, if not better, than Edgar in the classics, but Nat. couldn't write poetry as Edgar could. Edgar was a poet in every sense of the word. One summer, at the end of the session, Nat. and Edgar both wrote me a complimentary letter. Nat.'s was written in Latin, after Horace, but Edgar's was written in poetry. I came to Baltimore that summer, and I showed those letters to Rev. Mr. Damphoux, of St. Mary's College, and what do you think he said? 'Mr. Clarke, these compositions would do honour and credit to the best educated professor in my college.' Oh, yes, Edgar was a poet, and he wasn't more than twelve or fourteen when he wrote that letter to me."

"Did you keep it? have you it now?" the reporter asked eagerly.

"No, no," the old gentleman answered sadly; "I returned it to Edgar. One day after I had come to Baltimore from Richmond, Edgar came to visit me. I told him about the letters, and Edgar rose and said, with such a strange, yearning look in his eyes: 'You couldn't do Nat. Howard and me a greater favour than to return us those letters. I think Nat. would like to have his, and I am sure I would give worlds for mine.' I gave them to him."

"Then you have no memento of Poe?" The old man sadly answered, "No, sir; that's one thing I always regretted, not having kept some of Edgar's notes or poems. But then, you know, I couldn't tell at that time that Edgar would ever be a great man."

"Wasn't Poe a very handsome boy, professor?"

"Well, he had very pretty eyes and hair, and rather an effeminate face, but I don't think he was a beautiful boy. He had a very sweet disposition. He was always cheerful, brimful of mirth, and a very great favorite with his school-mates. I never had occasion to say a harsh word to him while he was at my school, much less to make him do penance."

"Did he study very hard?"

"No; he was not remarkable for his application. He was naturally very smart, and he always knew his lessons. He had a great deal of pride."

"Did you ever see Mary Poe, Edgar's little sister?"

"Yes; she was adopted by Mr. McKenzie when Mr. Allan took Edgar."

"Was she pretty?"

"Well, really, I can't remember very well, but I think she was a very sweet and interesting child."

"You saw Poe after you left Richmond, of course?"

"Yes; when he came to Baltimore and stopped at the tavern, he would never forget to come and see me."

"Do you believe that your pupil was an habitual drunkard?"

"That I can't tell. I think he was fond of wine, and I know that I always opened a bottle for him when he came to see me, but then it was the custom of the age, you know, to drink wine at that time. Then, when Edgar became editor of *Graham's Magazine*, he sent it to me regularly gratis."

"Was he affectionate to you, professor?"

"Yes, indeed; I think the boy and man loved me dearly, and I am sure I loved him."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"When he was laid away to rest, in 1849. I went to his funeral. A large number of persons were present, and I remember the minister who officiated dwelt long on the great man's virtues. Yes," he concluded, "Edgar, as a boy, was a dear, open-hearted, cheerful and good boy, and as a man he was a loving and affectionate friend to me."

## BEACONSFIELD

AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET—A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

During dinner Beaconsfield sat for the most part silent. During his speech he had recourse at intervals to the glass of claret, or it may have been port, which was in front of him, which was full when he began and empty when he finished. His voice was strong enough to reach through the hall, with the help of a singularly elaborate and patient articulation of each syllable that he uttered. But it was hollow; it seemed to be fetched by a succession of calculated efforts from somewhere in his throat, and was husbanded as if he had only a limited supply, which might run out if not used with economy. He has very much the trick of mouthing his words which Mr. Irving has in his least happy moments. It is as if the muscles of the tongue were weak, and did not invariably respond to the will of the speaker; as if at times it required two distinct exertions, or even more to bring that useful member in contact with the palate. If you had heard him for the first time, you would not have said this man is a great orator. But you could not listen to a sentence without perceiving he had a consummate knowledge of the art of speaking in public, and consummate cleverness in making the most of his knowledge. When he came to refer to the murder of the English Envoy at Cabul, his tones grew so solemn, his attitude so impressive, there was in his manner such excellent mimicry of pathos, that one who did not know what philosophy he can bring to the endurance of woes not his own, would surely have believed that he was beholding the symbols of a genuine sorrow. But what is genuine in the man is his intellect and courage; together with his contempt for men whose intellect is kept in subjection to settled convictions, and whose courage is not sufficient to overcome conscience, or to disregard such facts as happen to be inconsistent with an effective statement.

Later in the evening Lord Beaconsfield paid Sir Stafford Northcote the compliment of supposing that his speech on finance was occupying the attention of the audience. He leaned back in his chair, his mask slipped off for a moment, the light from the great chandelier above streamed full on his face, and you saw what he was like when not posing for the gallery. The cheek grew hollow, the tint of his skin wax-like, the lips relaxed, the cavernous jaws fell slightly apart, the carefully trained curls on the left of the brow slid out of place, the fire sank low in his eyes, the whole face aged painfully in a minute. If ever a human countenance looked weary and bored and scornful, Lord Beaconsfield's was that countenance at that moment. Perhaps he felt that his speech had fallen flat in spite of the cheers; perhaps he did not care whether it had or not, but was simply tired or sleepy.

## THE GLEANER.

A DISCOVERY of coal is reported on the shore of Lake Winnipeg.

GOLD has been discovered on the Black Brook, Cumberland, N.S.

IN the London parks the ornamental waters are covered with ice of considerable thickness.

THE iron trade in England continues to improve, and higher prices are looked for.

OTTAWA merchants generally say that business has not been as lively for the past ten years.

IT is stated that the Queen has signified her intention to erect a memorial to the Prince Imperial on the spot where he fell.

COMMANDER CREYNE has succeeded in forming influential committees in Ireland to assist in starting the new Arctic Expedition.

THE great agricultural staples of the United States last year exceed those of the previous year by nearly five hundred millions of dollars.

ALL the Toronto-dealers report an unusually good Christmas season, the money spent having exceeded anything experienced for several years.

THE large glass globes on the lamps at Parliament Hill, Ottawa, are all cracked and broken by the frost.

OVER 3,500 homestead entries were made during the year ending on the 31st October last in Manitoba, being considerably over double the number entered during the previous year.

THERE is a rumour that the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories will be abolished at the approaching session of Parliament.

A COMPANY has been formed in Amherst, N.S., called the Cumberland Meat and Produce Company, for the purpose of exporting meat dead and alive, and other agricultural products, to Great Britain.

THE potato crop taken from the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, the past season, was the largest ever raised in that section. On Canard St. Cornwallis, a district about five miles long, 33,750 bushels were raised.

A NEW national anthem, "Columbia," written by P. S. Gilmore, was produced at the Academy of Music, New York, on Christmas Day. The general impression was that the production was commonplace.

THE newsboys and bootblacks of Boston now rejoice in an elegant reading-room, which was dedicated on Christmas day. It has baths, books, newspapers, a Chickering piano, dominoes, bagatelle boards; and entertainments of a pleasing and instructive character will occasionally be given.

GUSTAVE DORE is at present engaged in illustrating Shakespeare. He is so completely absorbed in the study of the great poet that he can think and talk of nothing else but Shakespeare, and is putting forth his whole artistic power in the endeavour to interpret him in a worthy manner.

FRERE-ORBAN.—Frère Orban, the Belgian prime-minister, while a poor law student, fell in love with the daughter of a rich aristocratic family named Orban. The girl returned his love, but her parents refused to encourage it. As the day for his examination drew near she said to him: "If you succeed, come in the evening to the box at the opera, in which I shall be with my parents and some of their friends."

"But will they admit me?" asked the poor student.

"I will take care of that," replied the girl. Frère passed the examination with great credit, and presented himself at the box. His sweetheart rose as he entered, and kissed him in the presence of the whole company. After that there was nothing for the parents to do but to announce an engagement between them. When the marriage took place he added, by their request, their aristocratic name to his more plebeian one.

BROWN PAPER AGAINST THE COLD.—The "old woman's" remedy for a "cold on the chest," a sore throat, or a bruise, which consisted in an application of brown paper steeped in beer or vinegar, owed its efficacy to the heat-retaining properties of the paper. A wet pad of this material, so far as the surface next the skin was concerned, acted almost as well as a layer of wet-linen rag protected with a thick covering of flannel. In short, stout paper of the commonest sort is an effective non-conductor, and may be most advantageously employed as covering for beds to eke out scanty clothing. If this were generally known among the poor, strong sheets of thick paper would be stitched to the back of ragged quilts, with the result of rendering many a poor family comfortable because better protected from the bitter weather of these winter nights. A piece of thick paper inserted between the lining and the cloth of a waistcoat, or in the back of a thin coat, will render it warm as well as light. The suggestion is a small one, but it is simple to carry into effect, and will be found effective.

SKATING FOR LIFE.—That skating has been in certain circumstances something more than a mere elegant accomplishment is well illustrated by two anecdotes, told by the author of some entertaining "Reminiscences of Quebec," of two settlers in the far West, who saved their lives by the aid of their skates. In one case the backwoodsman had been captured by Indians, who intended soon after to torture him to death. Among his baggage there happened to be a pair of skates, and the Indians' curiosity was so excited that their captive was told to explain their use. He led his captors to the edge of a wide lake, where the smooth ice stretched away as far as the eye could see, and put on the skates. Exciting the laughter of the Indians by tumbling about in a clumsy manner, he gradually increased his distance from the shore till he at length contrived to get a hundred yards from them without arousing their suspicion, when he skated away as fast as he could, and finally escaped. The other settler is said to have been skating alone one moonlight night, and, while contemplating the reflection of the firmament in the clear ice, and the vast dark mass of forest surrounding the lake and stretching away in the background, he suddenly discovered, to his horror, that the adjacent bank was lined with a pack of wolves. He at once "made tracks" for home, followed by these animals; but the skater kept ahead, and one by one the pack tailed off; two or three of the foremost, however, kept up the chase, but when they attempted to close with the skater, by adroitly turning aside, he allowed them to pass him. And after a few unsuccessful and vicious attempts on the part of the wolves, he succeeded in reaching his log-hut in safety.

## HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

THURSDAY, January 1.—Parnell and Dillon, the Irish Home Rule leaders, arrived in New York and received an ovation.—The *Aurora*, new Papal organ, made its appearance in Rome.—Governor-General held general reception at Ottawa.—Grand display of the new electric light by Edison at Meolo Park, N.J.

FRIDAY, January 2.—The body of a man named Mulligan was found burned to a crisp in his shanty, near Sherbrooke. The coroner's jury came to the conclusion that he had been murdered, and William Gray, from the United States, has been arrested for the crime. Some money and clothing which belonged to Mulligan were found in his possession.—Serious disturbances occurred recently at Rio de Janeiro, on account of the levying of new taxes.—Greece declines mediation in her troubles with Turkey, and thinks she can fight her quarrel out best alone.—General Wolsey says the alarming reports of the hostile feeling among the Boers of the Transvaal are much exaggerated.

SATURDAY, January 3.—*Galignani's Messenger* states that Richard Wagner, the composer, is very ill.—Gordon Pasha had an interview with the Khedive, and his reports on relations between Egypt and Abyssinia were considered satisfactory.

MONDAY, January 5.—Famine prevails in some districts of Bosnia. Eight thousand people are reported on the verge of starvation.—The new Mormon tabernacle, at Salt Lake City, which has been three years in course of erection, has been opened. The Apostle President Taylor attacked the enemies of polygamy, severely censuring the nation for opposition to the institution of Mormonism. He wanted to see whether Heaven or Uncle Sam was going to prevail. The audience embraced 5,000 people, and all hands went up; mothers lifted aloft the hands of their children, exhibiting a defiant attitude.

TUESDAY, January 6.—Legal holiday.—The Czar has summoned Prince Doudonoff-Korsakoff to St. Petersburg to discuss the threatening condition of affairs in Bulgaria. It is considered that a modification of the Bulgarian Constitution is necessary.—A large meeting of unemployed men in London to-day adopted resolutions asking the authorities to provide them with temporary work; also asking contributions of relief during the present great distress. The resolution in favour of emigration was rejected.—A flying column of 1,000 men has been formed for service in the Khyber Pass.—Her Majesty has telegraphed to Sir Frederick Roberts requesting him to make known to the troops engaged in the action before Cabul her admiration of their gallantry, and her sympathy for the officers and men wounded in action.

WEDNESDAY, January 7.—Opening of the Ontario Legislature. Election of Colonel Charles Clarke, of North Wellington, as Speaker.—A pamphlet has been issued from Berlin in relation to the defence movement of Russia on the German frontier, accepting Russia's implied challenge and promising a harder task than her late contest with Turkey.—Prussia has declined to grant Russia's request to extradite military deserters.—The Bulgarian militia have seized and closed a Greek church at Philippopolis.—The condition of the Czarina is so precarious that the Duchess of Edinburgh has been sent for.—The French Cabinet, it is stated, have decided to expel Prince Napoleon from the country.

THURSDAY, January 8.—Dinner by the Junior Conservative Club of Montreal, to the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Prime Minister of Quebec.—Daoud Shah, Commander-in-Chief of the ex-Amer, has been sent to India as a prisoner.—Prince Labanoff, the new Russian Minister to England, leaves St. Petersburg for London on the 15th instant.—The Queen of Spain is suffering from epileptic fits, brought on by the shock occasioned by the recent attempt on the King's life.—Russia's military movements in Asia excite general comment. The relations between England and Persia are said to be the most cordial.—The memorial to the French Prince Imperial is to take the shape of a chapel, to be erected between the Arc de Triomphe and Hotel des Invalides.—No steps have been taken as yet by the German Government in answer to Russia's request to extradite a number of military deserters who crossed the frontier into Germany.

FRIDAY, January 9.—H. M. S. Bacchante, with Princes Albert Victor and George on board, arrived in the West Indies on Christmas day.—Montenegro demands 2,000,000 francs indemnity from Turkey for delay in evacuating Gusinje.—Serious reports come from Berlin of the illness of Bismarck, and the fear of his demise within a few days.—Edison promises a monster exhibition of the electric light very shortly which is to convince the greatest sceptics.—Fenians in several important towns in England, taking advantage of the present trouble in Ireland, are reviving the almost forgotten agitation.

SATURDAY, January 10.—British troops in the Kuram Valley are anticipating a general attack from the tribes.—Mohammed Jan has occupied Ghuzal with a strong force and a number of cannon, from which position, it is said, General Roberts will not attempt to dislodge him till the spring.—Disturbances have been renewed at Cork, and serious rioting has taken place at Connamara, on account of the opposition to process serving.—Ocean steamers arriving on this side from Europe report most tempestuous weather on the Atlantic. Captain Richardson, of the Allan steamer *Austrian*, says it was the worst trip he ever made. The *City of New York* was considerably injured by the heavy seas which broke over her during the voyage. Several European steamers are long overdue at New York.

## ARTISTIC.

THE Queen has purchased the oil painting which received the gold medal in the Female School of Art.

A MEMORIAL to the late Prince Louis Napoleon, in the form of a cross, is to be placed on Chislehurst Common.

THE number of exhibitors admitted to next year's Belgian National Exhibition amounts to 7,000. There will be a railway train worked by electricity.

MR. BELT has completed in marble the bust of the late Prince Imperial, which he has executed for Her Majesty the Queen.

CAROLUS DURAN will send to next year's Salon, beside his usual portrait subject, a fine ideal painting of "Christ at the Sepulchre," which he has just finished.

ROSA BONHEUR, has just bought a magnificent lion from the zoological garden at Marseilles, at the price of 5,000 francs, and she is painting its portrait in a picture intended for next year's Salon.

THE jury in the competition for the erection of a statue of Rabelais, at Chinon, have awarded the first prize to M. Emile Hébert for his design, and honorable mention has been accorded to M. Aubé, M. René Damalga, and M. Gustave Michel.