

MOEQUITOES.

Inhabitant of fen and swamp, Whom the first gleam of lighted lamp Allures at nightfall from their damp And marshy borders, Among whose noxious weeds encamp Your boon marauders,—

If in the twilight, after work, We please in darkened rooms to lurk, Flitting near us in the mirk, You hum your verses, And drive a Curstian, like a Turk, To frequent curses.

Then, when to couches we betake Our bodies sore from bite and ache, Your sly approaches keep awake The drowsy watchers, And, like bad calculators, you make A host of scratches.

Little avails the finest gauze To save us from your mordant jaws; Your searching eyes discover flaws In gown and tucker, Through which your little windpipe draws Our blood, you sucker.

I wonder what fell happening First gave your shape its buzzing wing, And taught your little throat to sing Its sharp falsetto; Or showed you how our flesh to sting With keen stiletto.

It must have been infernal hate That moved the furies to create An insect thus insatiate Of human diet, And bade it nightly irritate Our rest and quiet.

A QUEER CRAZE.

"Wal 'twas curus the way it happened, and I ain't got tired tellin' about it yet. It was sweter'n hot that day, the sort of weather when folks would be glad to take off their flesh and sit down in their bones. There hadn't been a drop of rain for four weeks, and everything looked thirsty. I went about in the afternoon very sorrowful-like, spunkin' the flowers and thinkin' that the time was a-comin' when some one else would be watchin' 'em. Things had been gettin' harder ever since brother Ruben was lost on his last voyage, and I hadn't been able to pay the mortgage interest, and old Squire Jones was gone, and everything in the hands of that wild son; and I'd got notice if the money wasn't paid by the 30th of June everything would be seized. I didn't rightly know how I was goin' to make a livin' either. I was gettin' elderly—nigh sixty—and when folks are as old as that they're like cats, and don't care about new homes. So I sat down very melancholy at the window, and looked out at the little scrap of a garden where I'd worked for years, and began to think of the time when I was a ship of a girl and not so bad-looking, and Polumins Sawyer used to come and see me and bring me a memento, as he called it, from every voyage. Lor', the house was just cluttered up with queer old things that Ruben and he brought, that wouldn't bring a sixpence at a voodoo. Poor Polumins! He was wrecked on a strange coast, and no one knows where his grave is. I reckon he had a present for me with him; but I'll never get that one. Ah, me!"

"I was a settin' very retrospective-like when I see Miss Vanburen a-comin' in the gate. No hot weather could quench that woman's ardor for visitin'. She had her sun-bonnet in her hand, and couldn't stay a minute of course. But I knew her tricks and her manners, and began a-turbin' over in my mind what I could give her. You see, I'd been a swim' lately, and hadn't the usual supply in the house, but I wasn't goin' to demand myself before Hetty Vanburen. She's a mournful lookin' woman at the best of times, with a husband who drinks and that was plates at her head, and six re-licking, raving children. Well, that's neither here nor there. She comes in with her mouth drawn down and her eyes turned up; and I sez: "Whatever's happened to you, Mrs. Van," says I.

"Why, I thought I must come over and console with you," she says, a-turbin' over the word 'console' with a sort of rebush. "He says as how he heard down-town that Lile Jones was a-goin' to sell you out root and branch, and I thought it was only neighborly to come over and see of 'twas true. He don't get things straight more'n half the time, 'cos he 'sees through a glass darkly," as the minister says. "I own I was took a-back at havin' the affair published afore I had time to think it over, as you might say.

"'Tis real neighborly," sez I, kind o' bitter, "to come over and take tea with me once more; for you see yer opportunities in that line will be nipped in the bud if it's all true." "Then it is true?" "Yes!" I sez, kind a desperate; "very soon, I s'pose, the place that knows me so well will know me no more; and the tears come into my eyes. 'I'm a lone, lone woman, and where I'll drift I don't know."

"'Twouldn't bring much at a voodoo," she says, lookin' round very keen like. "No, I s'pose not; rubbish most of it." "But you've got some good linen as I'd like," she says, in a manner I considered unfeelin', "and this ere armchair's comfortable. I'm sort o' need to this armchair, and I wouldn't mind biddin' it in at private sale if you'd wait a bit for the money." "I was sort o' disgusted at her selfishness—never seemin' to feel how used I was to the armchair, or how it hurt me to think of partin' with the things.

"'It's a melancholy world,' the says, the next minute. I think, perhaps, that she'd forgot about the condolin'. 'A pilgrim's progress of a mole, and blessed be them what's got nothin'. I sometimes wish I was out of it all when he gets the tantrums and sends the plates flyin' at my head. I give you my word we ain't got a whole plate in the house, and we wouldn't have a thing to eat off if it wasn't for that cement they call stratenas, as I mends 'em with continual. And abuse—you wouldn't believe it, Miss Haddock; a-tellin' me to go to—devilish place, you know. Says I, you'd better be wishin' me in heaven, says I, coz I'd be more out of your way."

"Every one's got their cross," I sez, sighin'. "I've got more'n my share," she sez, drawin' down the corners of her mouth. "Sarataun Haddock, you was a wise woman never to tie yourself to any male critter. Why it seems more like heaven to git over here to a little peace and quietness; and wotever I'm goin' to do when you're gone—!"

"I ain't gone yet," sez I, sort o' snappish—cos I couldn't bear her takin' it for granted that there wasn't a chance for me. We're such curus critters, you see! I kept a clingin' to the hope that God was goin' to work some miracle for me. Now He did, and this is how it came about. I excused myself to go and put on the tea-kettle, and then I found I hadn't a blessed thing for tea. I had milk in the house, but nary an egg, and what kin a body do without eggs. I only had a couple of hens, and they was a-setting and steadily purposed to bring up a family. So, thinks I, I'll just throw on a sun-bonnet and step over to Neighbor Parker's and git some, and Miss Van will never surmise the state of my larder. Lor, I wouldn't a-had the neighbors know that I hadn't a bit of chipped beef in the house for a fortune.

"So I picks up a plate—a queer looking thing, a monstrosity I calls it—that Ruben had hung home once. It had a snake-like life curled up in the middle of it, and for fear it wouldn't be natural enough it was riz on the stuff, looked as if you could knock it off most, and I often wished I could, for I couldn't stomach the thought of eatin' off it while that varmint was coiled up there; an' as if that wasn't enough, there was snails all around it, and on the border two lizards and beetles and various bugs—coloured like life, looking as if they'd just lighted there, and, more curious still, if there wasn't two fish laid out with their scales a-shinin'. I never set much store by the thing, but grandma had a great liking for crockery, and she had a pitcher that watched it, so on her account I had never given it away. 'One good of the voodoo,' I sez, with a sigh, 'will be clearin' out all this rubbish as I suppose will go for a song."

"Well, I hurried over the track and caught Miss Parker skounin' her milk, and she was very accommodating about the eggs. When I got to the road again there was a great train steppin' the way. It was so long, thinks I, I'll never take the time to go round, but just step up the steps and down on t'other side. I was up without givin' it a second thought, when, Lor! if the pesky thing didn't give a start like it was shakin' itself and the most diabolical snort ye ever heard, and was off like the wind! And I was so skeered I tilted that there plate till the eggs rolled off and lay all smashed about my feet. I could have cried. I hadn't any money to pay for the ride, and I stood starrin' about me in a daff way, wonderin' what Miss Van was a thinkin', when the conductor came along.

"You can't stand on the platform, my good woman," sez he—"not allowed!" "I'm lost! I'm on the wrong train—I mean, I don't want to be on no train at all!" sez I, quite mixed up. "Put me out at the next station, if you please!"

"He looked at me sharp, and then said: "Well, we won't charge you nothin' for sittin' down," and he sort of pushed me into the car. I stood, after I got in, for a minute scarcely seeing where I was, when a middle-aged gentleman got up and offered me his seat. He was so polite I was quite surprised at the way he kept a starrin' at me; and then he says somethin' to his daughter, a young woman in sage green, sittin' next to me—somethin' that sounded like 'real palacy,' and I supposed they was a-talkin' French.

"The daughter had a good-lookin' young woman if she hadn't had her hair like a Skye terrier, and a large sunflower in her bonnet, and she talked to me very friendly like. And at last I made bold to say: "Wotever is your yah a starrin' at. Do I look like a madwoman?" "He's a-lookin' at that plate," says she. "Would you like to sell it?"

"Lor, I might as well," sez I, sighin'; and my heart was so full I up and tells them strangers somethin' of my troubles. "I have a fancy for that plate," sez the gentleman, with a real feelin' nanner, "and perhaps you've got other things like it at home. We may find a way to help you; who knows?" "Lor! thinks I, here's another man who likes rubbish as well as Ruben did. So, of course I invites 'em cordial. It would be nice to have a little money of I did have to turn out on the cold world. And, bless us, before we stopped at Langley, if he hadn't given me his card and a hundred dollars for the plate with all them reptiles a-coilin' and squirmin' over it. I couldn't believe my eyes, and took the up-train and got back home in a perfectly dazed manner. Miss Vanburen had gone home in a huff,

and I got down and counted out that money, and looked at it as if it was fairy gold. I most 'spected it would be nothin' but leaves in the mornin'; but there it was, just the same, and then I remembered the visit they had promised, and I hunted about for the truck that had always been in my way, and so troublesome to keep clean. It was all about and lots in the garret. I sot it all out on the kitchen-table, and couldn't help laughin' when I looked at it. There was the queerest-looking monsters, dragons and such, rearin' up on their tails with gapin' mouths, enough to frighten a child into a fit. There was a pair of square little pots, lookin' like they was shakin' their fat sides laughin'. They was dull gray, and had Adam and Eve on 'em a shakin' an apple-tree. I never had 'em about, cos I thought 'em improper. Then there was one plate of a greenish-yellow glaze, with sober black-and-brown figures on it. Wal, nothin' very takin' about it, you would say; but that ere gentleman—Mr. Bruhold the card called him—took it up in his hands with a worshipin' look.

"'It's a Honry-Doo!' sez he, most in a whisper, with a look on his face like a fellow who's been to the anxious seat and got religion—sort of a rapt look as if the world might wag on; he was happy whatever came.

"'Never knowed if it's called a honry-do or a honry-doo,'" sez I. "Ruben brought it home once, and seems as if it might be more useful than the kind with critters sprawlin' over it."

"Well, if he didn't up and offer me three hundred dollars for that plate. Sez he, 'I won't take advantage of you, for you don't know the valley of the things, an' you've told me yer in a fix. But what you've got on that table's worth more than your house and lot, and I'm ready to pay the money down!"

"I looked at the young gal to see how she took her pa's speech, but she seemed as pleased as Punch, and was a-exclaimin' over this and screamin' fairly over that, till I began to think I was dreamin' and I'd soon see them go up in smoke as smelt of brimstone like a fairy story I'd heard on. It wasn't for me to refuse this offer under the circumstances, you see. But my heart misgave me as it wasn't doing right. Would you believe it, he'd paid me fifteen hundred dollars for the stuff I would have sold to a ragman only for the sake of Ruben and my old lover! Why, I was sot up. I only owed Lile Jones five hundred, and there was a cool thou sand to put in the bank!"

"The young lady was so fri-ndly when I was hustlin' around gettin' an empty box and straw for the packin' that I made bold to ask her a question. Her pa was a-fixin' the things in a box careful as if they'd bin live babies.

"'He isn't just all right here, is he?' sez I, touchin' my forehead. 'I see you indulg- him, as I s'pose he has got plenty of money to pay for it, but it's a sort o' craze, isn't it?"

"Well, if she didn't laugh in a very on-feelin' manner. 'Yes, it is a sort of a craze,' she sez, 'it's called the Keeramic craze.'"

VARIETIES.

AN INTERESTED COURTESY.—We reported some time since that the Queen intended sendin' an interesting present to the President of the United States. In 1852, the *Resolute*, which formed part of the expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin, was abandoned in high latitudes. She was recovered by a whaler in 1854. The United States Government purchased her, fitted her anew, and sent her as a present to Queen Victoria as a token of goodwill and friendship. The *Resolute*, so abandoned and so restored, has been broken up, but of her timbers a writing table has now been made at the Queen's command by a Bond street tradesman, and this writing table, with an inscription recording the facts, is to be presented by the Queen to Mr. Hayes, "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving-kindness, which dictated the offer of the *Resolute*." The writing table is pretty and substantial. It will form part of the furniture of the White House.

THE DOMINICANS.—The French Government has been outwitted by the Dominicans of Arca-chon, where this religious Order is held in high esteem by the population. The Dominicans of Arca-chon have devoted themselves to the nautical education of young men of good family who wish to enter the navy, and as none can be admitted into the French navy without having served for a certain time on board a merchant ship, the Rev. Fathers are possessed of vessels of their own, whereon the pupils may be initiated into the mysteries of nautical science with far more ease and propriety than if allowed to mix with the rough sailors of the merchant navy, and hear the rude and sometimes blasphemous language of the men of all nations, of whom the crews are usually composed. The Dominican Fathers have two ships, the one the *Sainte Elme*, on which serve many young men of the highest families in France, amongst others the young Marquis de Nettancourt and the young Count de Cayla, grandson of the "tendre Octavie" of Beranger, and friend of Louis Dix-huit. The *Sainte Elme* is to be sold immediately in accordance with the terms of the law, by which the religious communities are enjoined to leave their schools at once. But the young pupils in this case will be transferred immediately to the *Immaculata*, the other vessel belonging to the Dominicans. This vessel was given them by Pope Pius IX., and has always

been held sacred. It is a noble vessel, and was presented to the Order on condition that the State cabin should be converted into a chapel, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. In this chapel the Almoner has been accustomed to say Mass every Sunday morning. The Dominicans have taken refuge on board the *Immaculata*, where they continue their instruction and receive pupils in spite of the decree, founding their resistance on the plea of the vessel being a private chapel. The plea has been submitted to the consideration of the Government. Meanwhile Father Baudrand, who has been himself an old sea lion, has signified to weigh anchor with all on board, should the Commissaire de Police set his foot on the deck, and to make sail at once for Vittoria, where the Order has already established a great portion of the brethren, driven from their different convents throughout France.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, August 9.—According to the latest reports the Eastern question, so far as its Montenegrin aspect is concerned, has been already settled. Admiral Sir Hercules Robinson, now Governor of New Zealand, has been appointed to succeed Sir Bartle Frere as Governor of the Cape Colony. The election at Liverpool was won by the Conservative candidate, Lord Claud John Hamilton, by a majority of 191, over the popular Liberal, Plimsoll. This gives a gain of one seat to the Conservatives, the late member, Lord Ramsay, now the Earl of Dalhousie, being a Liberal.—Mr. Foster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, said last night that whilst the Government had sent troops to Ireland, it was to give confidence, and not because there was the slightest danger of a rising. The Government have received information that there has been a large importation of arms into Ireland from America.

TUESDAY, August 10.—The Emperors of Austria and Germany met yesterday and proceeded together to Icoit.—The final result of the French Constitutional elections show a net gain of 20 for the Republicans.—Ayoub Khan is reported to have been wounded while endeavoring to prevent a quarrel amongst some of his followers.—The Loughrea police and the populace have had a disagreement about the posting of Land League notices, in which the police came off second best.

WEDNESDAY, August 11.—The fast train running between Edinburgh and London ran over an embankment near Berwick on Tuesday night. Four persons were killed and a number seriously wounded, hardly a single passenger escaping injury.—Attached to the presentation of the jury in the Seawanhaka disaster investigation, were indictments against a number of persons connected with the running and inspection of the vessel, charging them with manslaughter.—General Roberts' force for the relief of Candahar numbers about 10,000, exclusive of some 8,000 camp followers. He is confident of success. The numerous parts of Afghanistan and the district around Jellalabad are reported to be fairly quiet.

THURSDAY, August 12.—The Serbian Commissioners have been recalled from Vienna.—Volunteers from all parts of Greece are sending their names.—A Wall street broker offers \$11,000 to be completed for in a fasting match.—Further intimations are feared in Silesia as a result of continued heavy rains.—A quantity of rifles were stolen from the Norwegian ship *Juno*, in Cork harbour, yesterday, by supposed Fenians.

FRIDAY, August 13.—The Albanians and Montenegrins have had an engagement at Podgorizza.—The Turcomans have burned two Russian provision depots in the Attek Valley.—A plot is on foot to rescue the murderers of the Boyds at New Ross, who are confined in Kilkenny jail.—The Powers are deliberating over England's proposal to stir up the Porte with a second collective note.—Several arrests have been made in connection with the robbery of arms from the *Juno* in Cork harbour, and most of the rifles have been recovered.—It is said that Prince Charles of Romania has obtained the support of Germany and Austria in the event of his having occasion to refuse the right of way through his domains for Russian troops.

SATURDAY, August 14.—Ayoub Khan's Heratee troops are said to have deserted his standard.—The Porte has demanded an extension of time to execute the cession of territory to Montenegro.—A number of English officers, captured at the Heland River, are said to be kept prisoners by Ayoub Khan.—Ayoub Khan's irregulars, who occupy the villages adjacent to Candahar, are placing guns in position for the bombardment of that city.—General Stewart's march towards Candahar has been so far unopposed. His forces are said to number 30,000, including camp followers, with 20,000 camels.—German officers are volunteering for the Turkish army. Germany and Austria have urged the Porte to occupy the Balkans.—Serious riots occurred in Glasgow yesterday, occasioned by Home Rule meetings, during which a number of policemen were seriously injured. Serious riots are also reported to have taken place at Portadown, in Ulster, between Orangemen and Catholics.

A MARRIED man committed suicide in his room at a popular summer resort the other day. The provocation is not known, but it is supposed that his wife was unexpectedly summoned home and left her husband behind to pack her trunk. There are some things a man can do as well as a woman, but packing a woman's trunk is not one of them.

JOHN LOVELL, of Montreal, will publish, on the 18th inst., his advanced Geography for the use of Schools and Colleges, edited by a gentleman residing in Ontario. In its 148 pages will be found a large quantity of useful information relating to the Countries of the World, embellished with 45 Coloured Maps and 210 illustrations. It will be on sale at the Bookstores. Price \$1.50.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvellous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.