

SYMPTOMS.

"He is sure possessed, madam."
—Twelfth Night.

If, when you hear a certain lady's name,
You feel your pulses give a sudden start,
Or blush, as if some secret sense of shame
Had stirred, just then, the currents of your heart;
And if that name—to put it rather strong—
In euphony seems very much above
All other names—I think I can't be wrong
To venture the opinion, you're in love!

If, when at last, by some auspicious chance,
You meet the lady at a ball or play,
You shrink abashed before her modest glance,
And quite forget the words you meant to say;
And if, moreover, gazing at her hand,
You wish upon that hand you wore a glove,
It isn't very hard to understand
(See "Romeo and Juliet"), you're in love!

If with two ladies, on a summer's day,
You sit alone, at luncheon or at tea,
And think, if one of them were but away
(A mile or so), how happy you would be;
Yet find your wits in such a giddy whirl,
You scarcely speak to her you're thinking of.
But prattle gaily with the other girl—
There's reason for supposing you're in love!

If, all at once, your amatory pen
(Which ne'er before attempted lyric lines,
Invited Muses—babe of gods and men!)
To fervid song and madrigal inclines,
Wherein you rashly rhyme of "youth" and "truth,"
And call your subject "darling," "duck," or
"dove";
Or sadly beg some cruel lady's ruth—
The symptom is unfailing—you're in love!

If of her sex no other you can find
One half so bright or beautiful as she;
If to her failings you are wholly blind
(The faults, I mean, that other people see);
If in her "pug" you see a "Grecian nose,"
And never doubt the angel bands above
Are silent when she sings—you may suppose,
Beyond the slightest question, you're in love!

—John G. Saxe, in the *Galaxy* for September.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

A TRIP IN THE STREET CARS.

BY CLARE.

Only one day more to spend in Montreal—only one day more of the long-looked-for visit, and then back to the old country life again, with its dull routine—one day exactly like the day before—only more so, the only change going to church twice every Sunday, to see the same faces and the same old bonnets and dresses bought in the year one, and fashioned after Noah's wife's and daughters' and daughters-in-laws' patterns. Dear, dear! I wish I had never come to Montreal.

So mused Minnie Brown, as she sat looking out of the window at the passers-by, tripping cautiously along the slippery pavement. Discontent had certainly a strong hold on her feelings at present, as any one could tell by a glance at her clouded brow and compressed lips. Four months ago, Minnie had left N—, her native village, where she reigned undisputed belle and the darling of a large family, a bright merry-hearted girl, feeling rather dubious of the so-called charms of city life, and certain that when her visit should be over, she should only be too glad to return to village life and home duties. Her aunt, Mrs. Nye, had pressed Minnie when the stipulated month was up, to remain a little longer and a little longer still, till the month had grown into four, and now a letter had arrived with a summons Minnie dared not to disobey. If it had been last week, perhaps she might have written a coaxing letter like the three last epistles she had sent home, petitioning to be allowed to remain "just a little longer;" but somehow Minnie did not feel so bravehearted or daring as usual, these last few days. What was it then that had lent such great attraction to city life, after all her anticipations to the contrary? Minnie would have scouted the idea if it had presented itself tangibly before her mind, but deep down in her heart of hearts, something whispered that if she had never known Willie Gordon—if she had never met him at that drive where they became such friends on the strength of his slight acquaintance with Mrs. Nye, and if it had not been for the pleasant evenings spent playing euchre, and chatting pleasant, clever talk that came so easily and without effort to his lips, Montreal had never held such attraction for her. But two weeks had now passed, and Willie had never come. Evening after evening she had waited to hear his accustomed ring, in vain.

"Your beau does not come any more, Minnie," said her uncle Nye, "how's that?"

"What beau, uncle?" asked Minnie, demurely, correcting the stitches in the last rosette of a fearfully and wonderfully made antimacassar, she was just completing.

"O, of course, you do not know who I mean. I suppose you've mitted him, or he's found a new flame at some other drive he's been to. Well he seemed a nice sort of chap, but there are plenty others left. There's Jim Rice yet you know, Minnie." Jim Rice was a "bucolic swain," dwelling in N—, and despite he cherished a sneaking fondness for Minnie, or perhaps rather on that account, as it entailed a great amount of teasing from her numerous brothers, was regarded by her with especial detestation. This her uncle well knew, and as he was a great adept in the art of tormenting, he often made the objectionable swain the subject of his serio-comic good advice to Minnie. As she sat musing discontentedly at the window, reviewing her life in N—, and the pleasant four months which had passed so quickly in Montreal, where her aunt had a gay and sociable circle of friends who had taken greatly to bright pretty little Minnie, she wondered much how she could ever endure life again in the little village. And Jim

Rice stood out in his stupid uncouth awkwardness and insufferable self-conceit (being as he was the only available rich young farmer in N—), in strong contrast with Willie Gordon, as types of the two lives—her past and her future. Everything looks exaggerated when one is in these dreary, down cast moods, and Minnie certainly did not view everything in rose-colour as she pondered over the present state of affairs that afternoon.

"Well, I suppose I must make the best of it," she muttered at last rousing from her reverie. "What a lot of people are going down town. It's almost time I got ready. All my packing is done for to-morrow, and I've only to go and bid Mary good-bye, and get the pattern mamma wrote for."

This last was addressed to Mrs. Nye, who was taking "forty winks" on an arm-chair near the fire—a pretty dame, who answered by a dreamy "yes, my dear, certainly," to her niece's speech although its import had certainly not penetrated her drowsy mind.

"It's a shame to wake auntie more, now she's so comfortable," thought Minnie. "She'd only insist on dressing and coming with me if she woke up. So I'll dress myself quickly and start. I'll not be more than an hour, and I told her this morning I was going to Mary's, so she'll not be anxious."

Minnie ran lightly up stairs to her room, and arrayed herself in her pretty new costume—the only balm to the regret she felt at returning to N—, being her anticipation of the envy and admiration her increased stylishness and improved looks would excite among her companions there, some of whom were "hateful girls" who had been rude to her on different occasions. And she had improved wonderfully. She could not help thinking, as she twined her cloud becomingly around her throat, before the mirror, that she was far too attractive a girl, even to marry the horrid Jim Rice. But then Willie did not care for her—that was evident—was her next thought, and as it came to her mind, all her flippancy and vanity disappeared, and a lump rose in her throat that had come there several times lately, poor little girl, when she thought of him; and if he did not, she would just as soon marry Jim Rice as any one else—rather than be an "old maid." But she choked the tears back resolutely, not wishing to present herself in the streets of Montreal in a lachrymose condition, and hurried off, the clear frosty air bringing back the colour to her cheeks, and the buoyancy to her spirits. Mrs. Nye's house was in St. Antoine Street West—the house Minnie was going to was in a street near the Champ-de-Mars, off Craig St., so her walk was a direct one. Her aunt had seldom allowed Minnie to venture for any distance by herself, having a most exaggerated idea of the perils of pedestrianism for young girls uninitiated in the "vice and wickedness," as she termed it, of a large city. So Minnie was delighted at getting off alone and felt a pleasing sense of being very adventurous and tasting forbidden pleasures as she walked briskly along. She knew the number of her friend's house, and arrived there without any trouble, but declined at first her invitation to remain to tea with her.

"Auntie will get frightened about me."

"Oh, no, she won't," said her friend, with that easy confidence in her knowledge of other people's feelings, so often seen. "She knew you were coming here."

Minnie could not deny that, and finally consented to remain provided she were allowed to depart immediately after tea. So she took off her "things," half doubtful as to the expediency of staying out without the consent of her rather punctilious aunt, but managed to spend a very pleasant afternoon, chatting and listening to all sorts of interesting scandal in which her friend abounded, being almost a "professional" monopolizer of that time-killing resource. After tea they sat down to have a few minutes' more chat and for Minnie to learn a "new stitch" which her friend made a great favour of teaching her as it was known she affirmed only to herself and one other person in Montreal. Minnie grew interested in constantly stating the difficulties and intricacies of the stitch, and was terrified when she was reminded of the flight of time by the clock striking eight.

"Goodness me, Mary, what will auntie think? I must go immediately. I had no idea it was so late."

"You'd better wait, Minnie, there's no one to see you home now. Harry will be home in half an hour—wait till he comes in."

But Minnie protested she'd rather go at once. She could take the cars, and did not feel a bit afraid; they would put her down just at their door.

"Very well, of course, if you must, you must, only I wish you would wait for Harry. Are you sure you're warm enough? I'll lend you a shawl."

"O, no, thanks," said Minnie, all eagerness to depart knowing well how her aunt would fret and worry at her delayed appearance. So cutting short her friend's messages to the aborigines at N—, by a hurried parting embrace, she started off in the snow which was now thickly falling. She turned the corner into Craig St., and looked anxiously eastward for the cars, but in vain; no sign of them was to be seen. She hurried on towards home, every now and then casting a glance backwards, to try if she could see them coming. At last, she heard the welcome sound of the bells and looking back saw the green light looming shadily along through the snow. In a few minutes she was seated in the crowded car, feeling a pleasant sense of security in having shifted responsibility off her shoulders on to the

conductor's, when she handed him her five cents telling him to put her down at the corner of L— Street. The cars rattled on stopping every now and then to let some one on or off. Poor Minnie at first was very uncomfortably seated, being wedged in between a fat old gentleman and a woman with a tremendous basket on her knee, which at every jolt made far too close an acquaintance with Minnie's ribs for her comfort. But the people dropped one by one, she of the basket crowning all by tramping heavily on Minnie's most cherished corn in her departure. Now she had the car to herself, and couldn't help comparing herself to the miner of Mark Twain as it rattled along, she alone in her glory its only occupant. It seemed almost as if she had "chartered" it. Somehow the road seemed much longer than usual this evening, and Minnie ventured to ask the conductor if he had not passed L— Street.

"Third street from here, miss," said he after stretching his neck out of the side of the platform to make sure of their whereabouts.

Reassured, Minnie leant back in her corner and tried to realise that this was her last evening in Montreal. By this time to-morrow, she would be scores of miles away plunging along towards N—, in the crazy old stage in which the second part of her journey was to be performed. Of course, she would be delighted to see all the home-faces again, but she dreaded so much when once the excitement and newness of being with them again had worn away, the reverie of settling back into the humdrum, stagnant old life, which had seemed pleasant enough, and had contented her well enough before; but something had come to her she felt, though she would not have put it into so many words, that had unfitted her for it ever again. N—, could never be the same to her again. And once more she repeated the wish she had uttered in the window seat that afternoon: "I wish I had never come to Montreal."

(To be continued in our next.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

The discussion of the historical aspects of the German Death-Mask, to which SCRIBNER has already devoted an elaborate illustrated article (July 1874), is supplemented in the September number of this magazine by a fertile and enthusiastic paper from the artist's stand-point, entitled "A Study of Shakespeare's Portraits," by William Page. We shall return to this article next week. The very enumerations of all the able papers in this number would fill all our space. We may, however, instance an illustrated article on Chicago, with over thirty engravings; an early poem by Poe, given in fac simile; an account of how the Declaration of Independence was saved in 1812, and two capital chapters of Dr. Holland's "Story of Seven Oaks." Mr. Stedman has another study on the Minor Victorian Poets. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland sums up the Beecher trial, discusses "The Jury-System" in general, and has "A Word for Our Wanderers." "The Old Cabinet" takes "A Text from a Tragedy." "Home and Society" continues to increase in practical value, and in "Bric-à-Brac" there are some clever silhouettes, and a funny poem by Clara G. Dolliver called "Gyp Tie."

The merit of Mr. Benjamin's article on French Art, in the September *Atlantic* is that it is discriminating and thoroughly judicial. It is too much the fashion to belittle French art on the one hand, or exalt it unduly on the other. France has a school. It is distinct, it is characteristic, and it is great precisely because, as the writer says, it is national. There is a second chapter of Frances Anne Kemble's reminiscences which are deeply interesting, spite of their vagueness and tendency to prolixity. Mr. Scudder has done well to laud Noah Webster. After Washington, and Jefferson, he is the greatest benefactor of the American people. We fear Bourdillon is dashing off too many of his little pieces. Love's Reward would scarcely be read if his name was not attached to it. We are promised in an early number the new story of Mr. Howell. We trust the delay will not be great.

In the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for September, Col. Powell continues his remarkable account of the Physical Features of the Colorado Valley with illustrations. An elementary paper on Fresh Water Mollusks, also illustrated, is highly entertaining and instructive. The article on "Scientific Culture," by Prof. Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., is one which we shall endeavor to summarize in our next number. There is a deeply interesting account of the trial of Dr. Robert Knox, the celebrated Edinburgh anatomist, in connection with the body snatching charges against Burke and Hare which agitated all Britain some fifty years ago. The MONTHLY contains no less than eleven papers and its Editor's Table, Miscellany and Notes are of themselves worth the price of the number, teeming as they are with all kinds of useful information.

A keener and more appreciative bit of criticism than that of Henry James, Jr., on Tennyson's Queen Mary, in the September *GALAXY*, we have not read in a long time. Mr. James is a finished writer. So is Junius Henri Browne whose brilliant account of Mme. Rattazzi is the gem of number. Albert Rhodes has another of his lively French papers, this time treating of the Parisian Stage. He proves one thing—that vulgarity and buffoonery, such as are relished so much in England and America, would never be tolerated on French boards. There is a London sketch which is also very readable in which we are made to visit Hampton Court, Richmond and Kew

Gardens, St. Pauls, Apsley House and Covent Garden. Altogether, the *GALAXY* is particularly brilliant this month.

ESQUISSES PORTIQUES is the title of a goodly volume, by M. De Narbonne-Lara, published in this city by E. Senécal. The poems which they contain profess to be the effusions of youth, and the author demands that consideration for them which DeMussetasked, in similar circumstances:

Ce livre est toute ma jeunesse;
Je l'ai fait sans presque y songer.
Il y paraît, je le confesse,
Et j'aurais pu le corriger.

Notwithstanding this apology, the work is rather ambitious, both in its choice of subjects and in their mode of treatment. The table of contents comprises a poem in four cantos, entitled *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, together with the sixth canto of a long poem on *L'Aigle*, which the author purposes publishing separately. The number of short pieces is large and several of them are of unquestionable excellence. We may instance "La Croix," "Endymion," and "La Prière de L'Orgue." Singularly enough, the author has tried his hand at English verse, and with this measure of success that his language is fluent, his rhythm good, and with not a few touches that reveal a mastery of our tongue.

ST. NICHOLAS.—This excellent children's periodical surpasses itself in each number. The "Squirrel's Stratagem" is a cleverly told story showing how the bushy-tailed denizen of the forest was the means of restoring a lost child to its mother, at the same time bringing back peace of mind to a brown-bird frightened by so small a specimen of humanity for the safety of its nestlings. It is in fact, a pretty fairy-tale and is well matched by "Dressed in White" which in the same charming way introduces a number of birds of white plumage who come to a party given by a white robin. Children, whilst being amused, are taught the names of a number of the white feathered tribe. "Some Queer Dishes" is equally instructive. Young folks will be "surprised to hear" what "queer dishes" are eaten. "A London Child's Holiday" will be read by many an old country child with delight, so vividly does it bring home recollections of Father Thames. "As we go along," points a very good moral to young travellers and shows them how kindness meets with its own reward. "Fairy Umbrellas" is a gem and so are "Echoes;" in the one, a pretty idea is poetically expressed and in the other, the most ingenious, we listen to the best echoes we have ever heard.

VARIETIES.

It is stated that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh intends purchasing a splendid country house, with a vast garden, on one of the beautiful islands in the environs of St. Petersburg.

MGR. DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, has received a letter from the Pope complimenting him on the passage of the University bill by the French Assembly. It is positively stated that the Bishop will be made a Cardinal next month.

IN the Bois de Boulogne the young son of a Brazilian nobleman rides every day with a monkey for a companion on another pony, the footman walks behind in powder and bagwig, like a beadle of forty years' standing, sixty paces from the cavaliers.

THE present rage in Paris for floral decorations as a part of female embellishments is such, that to look at some of the ladies as they move along, one would imagine that they had poked their head and waist through a bed of garden flowers, and were bearing off the spoils over half their persons.

A FRENCH *savant* proposes a railway between Algeria and Senegal, by way of Timbuctoo. He maintains that valuable merchandise from America, destined for Southern and Eastern Europe, would adopt that route, and thus restore to the Mediterranean the importance necessary to the influence of the Latin races.

A FRENCH nobleman residing near Bonn-on-the-Rhine, having obtained the signatures of some English gentlemen, who were residents in that town, forwarded a request to the Prussian authorities to be allowed to open a subscription-list for the benefit of the sufferers in France by the inundations at Toulouse and the neighbourhood, but permission was refused.

THE Order of Knights of Malta, the headquarters of which are at Rome, has charged one of its members to hand to Madame La Maréchale de MacMahon a sum of 1,000 f. for the inundated. That body, which supports the entire charge of numerous charitable institutions, accompanied the contribution by the expression of its regret that it is unable to contribute a larger amount, the charges on its resources being unusually heavy.

It will be remembered that a somewhat remarkable clerical divorce case not long ago occupied the attention of the Divorce Court in England. The clergyman who was one of the respondents in the case is now driving a cab in London. It is said that among the London cabsmen are to be found many who have fallen from high walks of life. At this moment a former banking luminary, an ex-M.P., and a late fellow of Cambridge are to be seen at one of the city stands.

THE American widow of Jérôme Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon I., is likely to visit Europe this year. The old lady, who is now ninety years of age, is hale and hearty, of free and strong opinions, neither believing in men nor esteeming women. Madame Patterson-Bonaparte wears the costume of her youth, and expresses her intention of completing her century of existence. For the past forty years she has kept a journal, which, however, is not to be published till after her death.

THE day following the Boston festivities the following incident occurred in a South-end saloon:—"A friend had invited one of the South Carolina soldiers into the saloon to put another turf on the buried hatchet. While standing at the bar a stranger came in. The Carolinian suddenly dropped his glass and closely eyed the stranger. His gaze was so steady and peculiar that the friend began to be alarmed, and to fear that the hatchet was about to be dug up again. The Carolinian asked the stranger if he knew him. There was no recognition, whereupon the Carolinian asked him if he was not in the late war. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And you were once stationed at such a place?' 'Yes.' 'And took part in such a skirmish?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I thought so,' replied the Carolinian, and raising his hat showed a large scar on his forehead, saying, 'There's your sabre mark, my boy; come up and take a drink.'