

## SUPPOSE.

BY T. H. ROBERTSON.

**He.** Suppose.  
Fadette, that I, instead of keeping tryst  
With you to-night, had staid away to doze,  
Or call upon Miss Brant, or play at whist—  
Suppose?

**She.** Suppose  
You had? Think you I should have cared?  
Indeed,  
Aint you a bit conceit—don't take my rose—  
A gift to me. From whom? Well—Joseph  
Mead,  
Suppose?

**He.** Suppose  
It is? Then I'm to understand, Fadette—  
If I must read your words as plainest prose—  
My presence matters not to you—and—yet,  
Suppose—

**She.** Suppose  
You are to understand me so? You're free;  
Do, if you wish! And—oh! the river's froze;  
What skating we shall have! To-morrow we,  
That's Jose—

**He.** And Jose  
Be hanged! It seems to me, Miss Lowe, that you  
Are acting rather lightly; rumor goes  
That he—but since I seem to bore, adieu!

**She.** Suppose—

**He.** Suppose  
We say good-night.

**She.** Good-night, sir, and good-bye!

**He.** What does this mean, Fadette? Are you—

**She.** We'll close  
This scene at once. My words are plain, sir, I  
Suppose?

**He.** Compose  
Yourself Fadette.

**She.** My name sir, is Miss Lowe?

**He.** Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your nose,  
And—

**She.** Here's your ring, sir!

**He.** I receive it, though  
Suppose—

**She.** Suppose  
You do, sir?—you—

**He.** Enough, Miss Lowe. Farewell!  
'Tis best. I've been deceived in you, God knows!  
Coquette! a heartless flirt! a haughty belle  
Who chose—

**She.** Suppose—  
Oh!—oh! let's part as friends! I hate you—  
there!

**He.** Fadette! why, sweet, in tears! This surely shows  
You'll pardon me, a brute!

**She.** And—Frank—we'll ne'er  
Suppose.  
—“Bric-à-Brac,” Scribner for September.

## DEATH ON THE STAGE.

Now that the simulation of death on the stage is a matter of every-day conversation, it may not be out of place to glance at a few of the many cases where death, or at least its sudden approach, has occurred on the stage, often from excess of feeling, or the excitement in the realization of character.

Peg Woffington, acting *Rosalind* (May 7, 1757), became paralyzed on uttering the words in the epilogue: “I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me.”

More famous was the case of John Palmer, the actor. He had a wife and eight children, to whom he was much attached; but within a short period of time Mrs. Palmer and a favorite son both died, and the shock greatly affected the unfortunate widower's nervous system. On August 1, 1788, he was playing the principal role in Benjamin Thompson's translation of Kotzebue's play, “The Stranger,” at Liverpool, and in the fourth act he had answered, “I love her still,” to the query of *Baron Steinfort* (Whitfield) respecting his wife; and then, to the question as to his children, he gave the reply, “I left them at a small town hard by;” but the words, falteringly uttered, had scarcely passed his lips when he fell dead at Whitfield's feet. We read in Doran's “*Their Majesty's Servants*” that to support the theory of some pious persons the story was invented that Palmer was stricken after uttering the quotation, “There is another and a better world!” Palmer, the original *Joseph Surface*, was a great actor in his day. A tablet, inscribed with his last reputed words, has been erected to his memory in the churchyard of Walton, near Liverpool.

Another remarkable case of the same kind is that of Molière. He was acting the sick man in “*The Malade Imaginaire*,” and on the fourth night of the run he appeared weak and ill. When he came to the place where he was supposed to fall dead on the stage, he acted the part so naturally that even the audience became alarmed. He was at once carried to his house in the Rue Richelieu, and before his friends could be summoned he expired in the arms of two strange priests who were lodging on the floor above and who were hastily called in.

A striking case in point was that of Moody, the actor. He was performing *Claudius* in “*Measure for Measure*.” When *Isabella* commanded him to prepare for execution, and he began to answer: “Ah! but to die, and go we know not where!” he fainted, and shortly afterwards died before he could be carried from the stage.

Samuel Foote was seized with paralysis, in 1777, while acting in his comedy, “*The Devil Upon Two Sticks*.” He rallied, spent the summer at Brighton, and was ordered by his physicians to France. But at Dover he was seized with a shivering fit while at breakfast, and breathed his last in the course of the afternoon, October 21, 1777.

Edmund Kean, too, may be said to have died in armor. He appeared for the last time as *Othello*, and, in the passage beginning “O, now, forever, farewell, the tranquil mind! Farewell,

content!” his articulation gradually died away, and he whispered to his son, “Speak to them, Charles, I am dying.”

A more recent instance may be mentioned in the case of Harley, whose last words mark his identity with the old Shakespearian drolls. Though not actually dying on the stage, he was conveyed from the theatre in a state of insensibility, after playing *Launcelot Gobbo*, when he quoted *Bottom's* words, “I have an exposition of sleep come over me,” and from that moment remained speechless to the end.

Poor Clara Webster was fatally burned on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre during the ballet; while old play-goers may remember that Mrs. Glover was speechless on the occasion of her farewell benefit on the 12th of July, 1850, and died on the 15th.

Gottschalk, the great pianist, was performing his favorite composition, “*La Morte*,” when he suddenly fell down dead.

Miss Maria Linley expired at Bath in September, 1874, while singing, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

Cummings fell dead upon the stage June 20, 1817, while performing the part of *Dumont* (Shore) in Rowe's tragedy, “*Jane Shore*,” just as he had uttered the benedictory words at the close of the piece:

“Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,  
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul  
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee,  
May such befall me at my latest hour.”

Mr. James Bland, well known for his clever assumption of the monarchs in Mr. Planche's extravaganzas, expired at the stage door of the Strand Theatre immediately after entering for the purpose of discharging his professional duties; whilst Mr. Barrett, a recent talented actor of old men's parts, died in a cab that was conveying him home, he having played in a farce, and being afterwards dressed for *Polonius*.

Poor James Rogers may almost be said to have died on the stage in 1863. He continued to exert his mirth-creating powers to the very last, and when his powers were absolutely exhausted. On the evening before his death he had struggled through the part of *Effie Deane*, in a travesty at the St. James Theatre, and on his return he was so completely exhausted that he was unable to make any further effort, and rested in an arm-chair throughout the night without taking his clothes off. The next morning, fancying he had recovered a little, he took his violin and played over a song he was going to introduce into the burlesque; but as the day advanced he became so weak and breathed with such difficulty that he felt compelled to send a message to the theatre stating that he should be unable to play. Clapping his wife's hand, and turning to a friend, he said with a feeble effort to cheer them with a smile, and in his peculiarly characteristic manner, “The little raffle is over,” and soon after expired. The last words suggested to Mr. E. L. Blanchard the following lines:

“These were the last words flowing  
Forth from the actor's breath,  
The jester who told life's story  
In the ear of the listener—Death.

“The Raffle of Life soon over,  
And though others a chance renew,  
The blanks still go to the many,  
The prizes fall to the few.

“Raffle the dice! Who's the highest?  
Come, take your turn for a throw;  
Perchance you may turn up the highest,  
Perchance you may get but the low.

“We throw, but ill-fortune may baffle  
The hand, the hope and the eye;  
With a chance for us all in the Raffle,  
The only thing sure is the die.”

Similar cases are not at all uncommon. Hughes died on hearing of the success of his play, “*The Siege of Damascus*,” and more than one Roman tragedian is reported to have died on the stage.

## A NEW STEAMSHIP LINE.

Among the subscribers to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS are many who have emigrated from the South or South Western Counties of England and Southern Counties of Wales, the larger number of whom are unaware that a line of comfortable steamships are now running from Bristol to New York, and that it is likely they will run a line between Bristol and Montreal as soon as the new docks at the mouth of the River Avon are opened.

During a recent trip to England I visited Bristol and, finding that a steamer of the above line would sail for New York within a few days, I determined to seize the opportunity to travel by her, and so be enabled to give your readers the benefit of my experience. The steamship was the S.S. “*Somerset*” commanded and partly owned by Captain Western who has been at sea since his boyhood, and has had considerable experience in the sailing of steamships as well as sailing vessels. She is a new boat of 2,000 tons burthen and can run at a fair average speed of 12½ to 13½ knots an hour. She is comfortably fitted up for passengers, her saloon, intermediate, and steerage cabins being arranged according to the newest principles conducive to the health and well-being of their occupants. Both officers and crew appeared well-satisfied and happy, and it was remarked by more than one passenger how quietly they worked and on the total absence of profane language.

The “*Somerset*” left Cumberland basin at 5:30 on the morning of the 6th July, and steamed slowly down the River Avon, passing under the Clifton Suspension Bridge which appeared

like the work of fairy hands, so light did it seem in its great distance above our heads; on we went leaving Nightingale Valley and the Leigh Woods with their thousand tints of green on our left, and the Giant's Cave, Clifton Observatory, Clifton Downs and the Sea Walls, all frowning high up on the Rocks on our right; then we past a number of private residences grouped around the tall tower called Cook's Folly, about which there is a most interesting legend too lengthy to be here given; then through a breadth of Valley in which the Sea Mills and woods of Blaize Castle are situate, and so on to the mouth of the River where on the right side and on the left are the rival Docks, the one on the Avon-mouth side all but completed, while that on the Portishead side are not half finished; and then out into the Bristol Channel passing between two large Rocky Islands, one towering high on the right, the other lying low on the left, and named respectively the Steep and Flat Holmes; afterwards passing Clevedon, Weston super Mare, Lynton, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe and other watering places on the English Coast, while on the distant right could be seen the Welsh Hills blue and misty in the morning light; then we passed Lundy Island with its rugged and dangerous rocks and then the channel gradually widening, we passed out on to the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and next morning were out of sight of land. My poor pen gives but a faint idea of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery through which we passed during the first twenty-four hours of our journey; it must be seen to be appreciated and cannot fail to make this line one of the most popular between the old and new worlds, and that at no very distant date.

Our list of passengers was small, twenty nine intermediate and steerage and eight cabin, four ladies and four gentlemen. Two of the ladies belonged to Newark, New Jersey, where they were returning under the care of their aunt, a Hampshire lady, and all three were sick nearly the whole passage. The fourth lady was an old and experienced traveller who did not miss a meal and whose genial manners contributed largely to enliven our journey. Of the gentlemen two were Bristol Merchants, Messrs. W. Clarke, Provision Merchant, and J. D. Weston, Wholesale Iron Merchant, and Lead Smelter. The former travelled on business and pleasure, the latter on pleasure only. The third gentleman was a Mr. Cavendish, Inspector of the Madras Government Bank, home on sick leave and also travelling on pleasure. The fourth was your correspondent returning from his trip with the Canadian Lacrosse Teams to the home of his adoption. There you have the *personal* of the saloon; the intermediate and steerage passengers consisted of “young men and maidens, old men and children” of various ranks and businesses, some returning to America, and some bound there for the first time full of hope of a happy future in this new World. I had almost forgotten to mention that Captain Western was accompanied by his little daughter, six years of age, a bright pretty little girl, who of course was the pet and plaything of all on board.

The incidents of the voyage were few, the weather was cold and foggy nearly the whole time, and we were considerably retarded by headwinds, yet we managed to complete our run of three thousand one hundred miles, in a few hours over the twelve days. We sighted and signalled an unusual number of ships and steamers, and within two days sail of New York passed through large schools of whales and porpoises whose antics afforded us considerable amusement. Only one accident happened and that was caused by a heavy iron ash bucket becoming unhitched, and falling on the head of one of the firemen, fracturing his skull so seriously that some apprehension was felt lest he would not live to reach New York. He however rallied somewhat during the last day, and on arriving was taken to the Hospital. The two Sundays we passed at sea were properly observed by services held each day, morning and evening, when most interesting and instructive discourses were delivered by Mr. Clarke, who it will be remembered delivered a lecture in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Montreal, last summer. This gentleman also came to New York as delegate from the Associated Chambers of Commerce of England, but arrived too late to take part in the meeting of the American Chambers that took place in that city lately. He is one of the largest buyers of Canadian butter and cheese in England and has just sailed for home after buying upwards of £60,000 sterling worth of those articles. He confirms what I wrote you from London, that Canadian cheese is far superior to that made in the United States, and fetches from two to five cents a pound more; also that it is being universally sold as American cheese. Therefore our cousins across the line obtain the credit of our superior work while Canada proportionally suffers, as many of the country people in the Old Country who emigrate will naturally prefer a place, whose products as they suppose they see in every grocer's window, to one they see and hear but little about. I referred to this in a previous letter, and am somewhat surprised that its importance has not occupied the attention of some of the Canadian daily papers whose business it is to lay these matters before their readers.

With regard to the establishment of a direct line between Montreal and Bristol I am assured that it is now under consideration and that next summer will see the boats of the Great Western Steamship Company in the Montreal Harbour.

C. W. M.

## PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

We present our readers to-day with a bird's eye view of the splendid grounds and buildings contemplated and in process of erection, by the Council of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec, on their magnificent property, facing Mount Royal Avenue, in the environs of this city. The view show that at the north end will be placed a convenient fodder house, flanked on either side by 100 pig pens and having in the entrance corners rings for the exercise and exhibition of cattle. Nearer the St. Catherine road is placed the poultry house, a building 100 feet long by 32 feet in width, and rising to a height of 32 feet. It is in the Oriental style, and is very handsome, both internally and externally. It contains 250 pens, and has cost about \$5,000. Two hundred and thirty-two stalls are being put up for horses, along the side of the grounds, also 125 stalls for bulls, and a large number of sheds for cattle. The root and grain houses, somewhat similar in external build to that for poultry, is on a level with the poultry house, and immediately in front of it will be situate the offices of the Council, which will be in a handsome square two-story building, of ornamental pattern, with a handsome dome, having at either corner rooms for the judges, reporters, committee, &c., while in the centre will be the large board room. Close by will be pens for 200 sheep; a root house 100 by 40. Next will come the great ring, an oval in shape, 300 by 200 feet, and having in the centre an ornamental pagoda-like judge's stand, of two storeys, to whose top, from the ground is a distance of 75 feet. There is a large well on the ground while the Council are endeavouring to secure from the Corporation connection with the spring on the Mountain Park. The front entrance to the grounds is on the Mount Royal Avenue. It is very handsomely turreted, and has five separate entrances, with twelve ticket offices, and accommodation for police and other officials on each side of the main entrance, the two offices of the secretary and of the police being placed in very handsome towers. The plans of these buildings are from the designs of Messrs. Roy & Resther, and it is only fairness to say that in suitability for the purposes intended, and general elegance, they reflect the greatest credit upon these gentlemen.

THERE are few preparations now a days but require a great amount of puffing to keep them alive. We see enough of this every day in our newspapers and on the street fences and corners. The one great exception to this rule and which will stand on its own merits is certainly Devins & Bolton's QUININE WINE. This valuable preparation being honoured by the approval and sanction of twenty-four of our city Physicians to whom it has been submitted, now recommend Devins and Bolton's Quinine Wine when they consider their patients require this tonic. What more can be said in its favour?

## DOMESTIC.

A PUDDING THAT IS AS GOOD AT THE END OF A WEEK OR TEN DAYS AS WHEN FIRST MADE.—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of butter, beat back to a cream the yolks of seven eggs, a little salt, nutmeg, ginger and sugar—well mixed together, and baked like a cake. Bake it in a pie-dish, and when turned out to send to table, cover the top with grated white sugar. It is better cold than hot, and ought not to be cut till the second day.

HOTCH POTCH (A SCOTCH DISH).—Put on two quarts of water, and when it boils, put in three pounds of the back ribs of mutton or lamb, paring off the fat if there be too much. Put in with the meat two or three carrots cut into squares, and two grated, also three or four sweet young turnips in squares, a cauliflower and a lettuce cut down, a few young onions shred, a little parsley, and about a pint of sweet young peas. Boil this for one hour and a half, then take out the meat and cut it in chops, laying it aside. Add one more pint of young peas, seasoning with pepper and salt; and when these peas are done, put in the chops. In a few minutes afterwards, serve up the whole in a tureen.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Oatmeal porridge is especially suitable for children. It nourishes their bones and other tissues, and supplies them in a greater degree than most foods with the much-needed element of phosphorus. If they grow weary of it, they can be tempted back with the bit of golden syrup, jam, or marmalade, to be eaten with the porridge. The Irish and Scotch make their porridge with water, and add cold water, but the most agreeable and nutritive way is to make it entirely with milk, to use coarse oatmeal, and to see that it is not too thick. The Queen gives this recipe:—Bring a quart of milk to boiling point in an enamel-lined saucepan, and drop in by degrees eight ounces of coarse oatmeal: stir till it thickens, and then boil for half an hour. The mixture should not be too thick, and more milk can be added according to taste.

## HYGIENIC.

THE Royal Humane Society has issued the following excellent instructions for the guidance of bathers:—“Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration; and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water. Leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.”