

not box out of the window at starting— fought like cat and dog for a week, till she saw I would keep the upper hand, and now we go on swimmingly together like the two old swans in the lake yonder. She knows who's master now—don't you Con?" appealing to his wife.

"Yes, Charles," she replied, laughing, "I rather think I do," with a significant smile at her sister in law.

"Well," replied Malcolm, "this boxing up of two individuals in a travelling carriage, for I know not how long, is all very well once in a man's life, and one degree better than solitary confinement in a prison—but, by Jove, Beauchamp, *tele a-tele* breakfasts, with ditto dinners, don't suit my humor at all," so now I intend looting loose to-night—try every wine cellar, and finish off with a bottle of port per head. It's no use, my dears, sending to announce coffee, so go to your rooms when you please. We intend to have a jolly evening, and stagger up stairs about one o'clock in the morning."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Charles," dear," replied Blanche; "at least I am sure William will not."

"But he will, my love, and I'll back him up to assert his rights and supremacy, in defiance of petticoat government. Oh! isn't it funny! my Lord Beauchamp carried up stairs roaring drunk, and my Lady Beauchamp in hysterics."

"My dear Charles, how silly you still are!"

"Yes, my love—and always hope to be; so now pass the bottle, and I'll give a toast bumpers round—" May we never feel less happy than now!"

## CHAPTER LI.

Whilst Beauchamp and Malcolm were walking over stubbles and turnips in search of partridges, Blanche and Constance were walking through the village, renewing their acquaintances with their poor neighbors; and many a silent blessing was invoked by the aged and infirm, the fatherless and widow, on the heads of those two sisters of charity, as they entered their humble cottages.

Blanche and Beauchamp had resolved on devoting a large portion of their income to ameliorate the condition of the dependents on their extensive properties; and in place of the wretched hovels and small tenements, the general habitants of the poor, new cottages were to be erected, on a plan drawn by themselves, which allowed of two good-sized front rooms on the ground floor, with bake-house, back-kitchen, &c., and a quarter of an acre of land to each cottage. New school-rooms, where wanted, were also provided—clothing clubs established in every village and hamlet on their estates, with a large subscription by themselves, and, in addition to Lord Beauchamp's name standing at the head of each club or benefit society, weekly provision was made by himself and Blanche for all widows, orphans, and those past laboring for their own support; so that of each it might be said in the words of Job, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."

The management of the whole property in the north, around and belonging to the Castle, was entrusted by the Earl to his son, who would admit of no intervention between the tenants and himself, in the shape of a lawyer agent; in place of whom the best practical farmer in each district was appointed by him as an arbitrator in any trivial cases of dispute, and deputed to send him statements of any improvements required, in buildings or drainages on the farms: but when staying at

down upon the confession of Blanche's happiness in her union with Beauchamp.

"Then I have not over-rated him, my own dearest child?"

"Oh, no, dear aunt—he is so kind, so affectionate, so anxious about me, that I love him possible, more every day."

"Than heaven for this blessing, my darling girl," exclaimed her aunt, pressing Blanche to her heart.

"Indeed, I do," she replied, "every hour in the day."

"And Constance, my love," turning to her, "I read in your happy smiles that Charles also makes you a good husband."

"Yes, dear aunt, he is everything I could desire."

The family-party at the dinner-table that evening was the most joyous that can be imagined, all being in the highest spirits from their happy re-union; but Malcolm's mirth, as usual, was most boisterous. The next day, Bob Conyers and Selina rode over to congratulate their friends on returning to Bampton; and the latter, remarking on Blanche's improved looks and vivacity of spirits, said, "Why, my dear girl, I was beginning to think matrimony a very lugubrious affair, and have put off that little ceremony with Bob as long as possible: but really, my dear, whether from change of air or change of name, Lady Beauchamp beats Blanche Douglas hollow, with those sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks, which I never saw so brilliant before."

"Oh, Selina, I know what flattery from you means—but as long as William is satisfied with my looks, I do not regard the opinions of others."

"Indeed, my dearest Blanche, I am perfectly serious and sincere; for I never saw a girl so improved as you are since your marriage."

"Then, my dear Selina," said Bob, "the sooner you follow her example the better—so let us name this day fortnight, and I and sure all our friends here, old and young, will come over to see the last of the old bachelor, Bob Conyers."

All joyfully accepting this invitation, Selina added, "You must ask mamma this question, Bob—the first, I answered for myself."

This point having been referred, accordingly to Lady Markham, she raised no objection; being, like some other mammas, of opinion that the marriage of their eldest daughter opens the path of the other junior sisters to the hymenal altar. Sir Lionel gave a grand breakfast on the occasion, which was attended by nearly all the neighboring families, including a large party from Bampton, now augmented by the arrival of Lady Malcolm and Mrs. Fortescue. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt were invited also; and, although with a bad grace, they deemed it a good opportunity for renewing that intimacy with their neighbors which the revelations made at the late trial had somewhat decomposed.

Having left their cards at Bampton since their ward's return, the meeting between aunt and aunt was less cat-like than heretofore; and that between aunt and niece, apparently, rather affectionate. Mr. Harcourt, perhaps more sinned against than sinning in the Marston Castle plot, and devoid of the acrimonious feeling still entertained by his wife against Lord Beauchamp, shook him most cordially by the hand, congratulating him on Blanche's improved looks and more cheerful manner. In fact, the change in Lady Beauchamp struck every one of her old acquaintances as most extraordinary. But was there not a cause? She had exchanged the harassing anxieties of the past twelve months for peace and security of mind, and, when leaning on her husband's arm, looked the personification of happiness and contentment; and the soft confiding smile directed to Beauchamp's face said, in plain language, "with him I have found a haven and a rest." Lord Mervyn had, long

opening day, and a greater assemblage of farmers than ever before attended the lawn meet. Sir Francis whispered to Beauchamp, "So, my boy, you have changed your opinion about the heiress since this time twelve-month?"

"No, Sir Francis, of her I have ever entertained one and the same opinion; but I have followed your advice in disregarding that of the world."

"Right, my boy, quite right; the world and his wife have nothing to do with you and your wife."

After breakfast, the ladies Beauchamp and Malcolm were vaulted into their saddles by their respective lords, to see the hounds thrown into covert, attended by a large party of gentlemen—the Earl taking charge of his daughter-in-law when Beauchamp began drawing for a fox. The horse provided for Blanche was such as a child could ride, of the most gentle and docile disposition, although quite thoroughbred, and a perfect hunter; yet withal, Beauchamp, disliking to see ladies riding over fences, and in dread of any accident occurring to his beloved wife, had exacted a promise from her to return home with the groom as soon as the hounds should leave Park Wood. Selina Conyers, in no wise sobered by marriage, ridiculed Beauchamp for his timidity about Blanche, to as much purpose as heretofore; and Blanche, wishing Selina a good day's sport and a safe return to Bampton, turned her horse's head homewards.

The Park Wood foxes, being proverbially stout, and long travellers, almost invariably afforded capital runs, and although so early in the season, the one selected on this day had resolved to maintain the reputation of his family, although at the cost of his life, being pulled down in the open alter an hour and fifty minutes. With blind ditches and close weather, every horse had quite or more than sufficient work to keep anywhere near the pack with their first fox, without requiring a second; and their riders, being in this case disposed to let well alone, did not express dissent to the order—"home."

The dinner party at Bampton in the evening was on a large scale, about thirty sitting down to table; the Countess (late Mrs. Gordon), performing her part in the entertainment with her usual affability, supported by her two pets, Blanche and Constance, who won golden opinions from all their guests by their unaffected manners and cheerful good humor.

After the ladies had retired, Bob Conyers gave the toast usual on such occasions—"Fox-hunting and the Master of the Hounds"—which was received with general applause.

"Gentlemen," said Conyers, rising, after silence had succeeded, "there is one toast more I must be allowed to propose on this most auspicious day, which I am quite sure will be received with enthusiasm—"The Countess of Annandale, and the Ladies Beauchamp and Malcolm."

"Hurrah!" shouted Gwynne, springing to his legs, "a double bumper to them—they are the right sort, Bob, like the Park Wood foxes, and endeavor to combine the pleasures of 'The Field and the Fireside.'"

"And now," continued Conyers, when the cheers had subsided, "our labors of love having been brought to a happy termination, I will wind up, on behalf of the newly made Benedicts, in the words of Cotton:—

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below."

THE END.

Cedar Dale (South Oshawa) claims the championship for heavy weights. It has a little girl, thirteen years of age, weighing 195 pounds.

Toronto, June 1878.

## DEATH OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

This distinguished actor, who was taken seriously ill at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, England, while on a tour with Miss Sarah Thorne's company, died there, at 8.40 o'clock in the afternoon of June 24. Charles James Mathews first saw the light in Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 26, 1808, while his parents were on a professional tour. His mother (his father being twice married, his first wife, Miss Strong, dying in 1802) was Miss Jackson, an actress of merit and half-sister to the celebrated Miss Kelly. Deceased was named Charles after his father and James after his grandfather, a London bookseller. He received a good education, and his youth was passed in an atmosphere of refinement, as his father had accumulated wealth by his professional career, and lived for many years in princely style in Bloomsbury square, London. He chose the profession of an architect, and was articled to a person of eminence in that line in London. In 1822 he made a Continental tour with a lady catching the peculiarities of manner and the different dialects he encountered in the several countries visited. This penchant led him later in life to embrace the profession of his father and on Dec. 7, 1835, he made his debut on the dramatic stage at the Olympic Theatre London, acting George Rattleton in his own farce of "The Humpbacked Lover." Madame Vestris was at the time manageress of this theatre, and when, nearly three years later, Mr. Mathews paid his first visit to America, she accompanied him, having first been united in marriage to him. They opened in the Park Theatre, New York, Sept. 17, 1838, Mr. Mathews acting Charles Swiftly in "One Hour, or the Carnival Ball," and Peter Spyk in "A Loan of a Lover," and the wife playing Frairo in "Introduction," and Julia Dalton and Ernestine respectively in the two other pieces mentioned. The public were disappointed, and they failed to create the furor anticipated. Mr. Mathews is said to have made more of a success than his wife, although far less was expected of him. On October 22, they began a second engagement in the Park Theatre, having in the meantime played in Philadelphia with slight success, and on Nov. 13, they took a farewell benefit, Mrs. Mathews then making her last appearance in America, and immediately afterwards they sailed for England. Some nineteen years subsequently Mr. Mathews revisited this country, beginning an engagement in the Broadway Theatre Sept. 14, 1857, acting Mopus, in "Married for Money." His engagement closed Oct. 4. On Nov. 16 he reappeared as Lavater, and, although the critics praised his performances, he did not please the public, and on Dec. 5 the theatre closed. He then made a tour of the principal cities. On Feb. 16, 1863, he married Lizzie Weston, who had been divorced from (Dolly) Davenport a short time previously. In the Fall of that year they returned to England, and on Oct. 11, 1863, they began an engagement in the Haymarket Theatre, London. On his next visit to this country he came by the way of Australia, arriving in San Francisco, Cal., March 22, 1871, and on the 17th he began an engagement at the California Theatre, acting in "Married for Money" and "Patter vs. Clatter." This engagement closed 25, and, after a journey overland, Mr. Mathews made his reappearance in N. Y. April 10, at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, then in Twenty-fourth street, acting in the same pieces which had constituted the opening bill in San Francisco. On May 29, Mrs. Mathews made her reappearance here, acting for her husband's benefit, and during the rest of the week, the character of Medea in the burlesque of "The Golden Fleec." This engagement closed June 8. On Oct. 16 he began an engagement in Wallack's Theatre, acting in "A Curious Case," which terminated Nov. 10.

A new colt—particularly a "blooded" colt—is anything but a picturesque spectacle, and is as awkward a looking contrivance as a war-barrow with one handle broken off. It has legs that stand around in rows with about the same regularity as the rafters in a busted umbrella, and they have joints in them that look like the battered end of a pile-driver. Colts don't know much until they have learned something; they give their dam a power of trouble, and when they go out in company the mother endures so much vexation that she sweats like a thunder cloud. When a colt gets around where there are other horses, it is dead sure to follow off the wrong animal, and, with an innocence that is perfectly exasperating, will follow after a strange horse with a persistency sufficient to make its own white mother turn gray; when it gets a little foolish by the presence of other company, it don't know its own mother from a two-year-old steer. We have seen a colt run around a half-acre lot four-en times, hunting its mother, when there wasn't another thing in the lot but its mother. If they have their own way, they only take one meal a day, but that lasts all the time—probably they do this to keep from piecing between meals. A new colt's tail looks like a cat's tail, when the cat is taking a survey of a dog, and its head seems so heavy that we always feel nervous for fear it will tip up and break its neck; their body is about as gracefully proportioned as a corn cob, and about the same shape, and they look out of their eyes just as though they were looking at nothing. We don't like colts much when they're green, and when they get ripe they're more dangerous than a long spell of sickness, so we don't like colts in any shape—because they have no shape, anyway.

## TALL JUMPING.

Captain J. D. Rhodes, of Buffalo, a cousin of Sam Patch, who left his sweet life at the base of the Genesee falls, proposes to jump from the Brooklyn bridge, as soon as he can attach to it a platform that will be firm to the foot. He says the nearer a man follows a perpendicular line in diving the better. The Sun says:

The head must be shielded; for, striking the water at a distance of eighty feet is like diving against a pile of lumber. The diver says that he holds his clasped hands over his head, presenting his knuckles to the water. Another thing to guard against is doubling up the legs as the body strikes the water. It is difficult to do this; first, because it is instinctive as a protection to the body, and, secondly, because the efforts of the diver to maintain a proper angle of descent throw the legs into a position making an angle with the body. Lastly, the direction of the current of water must be noticed. The diver should enter the water with his back to the current, so that, as it runs against him in his rapid descent, it doubles him up in the natural way of curling up in a ball. If the current doubles him up in the other way, the captain says, it would break his back.

When the roadway is stretched across the great bridge, Captain Rhodes anticipated making the jump. He is a cousin of the noted Sam Patch, who lost his life jumping from Genesee falls. He is of medium height, and thick-set. He went to Portage, N.J., last evening, where, on July 4, he is to jump from the top of a bluff seventy-eight feet high into water twenty-two feet deep. His wife and sister are to jump forty feet at the same time. Last fall he jumped at Portage and struck a rock under water. He was laid up four months in consequence. Immediately after the jump at Portage, Capt Rhodes is to go to London and jump from London bridge into the Thames. He challenges any one to jump there with him. He proposes to make twenty-five jumps on the coast of England, Scotland and Ireland.

The personal writer of the Detroit Free Press studies scripture to base uses. "In ancient days the pitcher went out to the well, but was broken at last; nowadays the pitcher goes to the baseball grounds, but gets his nose broken just as of yore."