

# THE Master of the Hounds

CHAPTER L.

(CONCLUDED.)

'Because, my love, he thinks we ought to spend a certain portion of the year at the castle, and he is too wedded to Bampton ever to leave it.'

'Indeed,' she said, 'this is a very delightful place, but I confess my feelings, like his, are influenced by earlier and dearer associations; Bampton and Beauchamp are both hollowed names to me.'

'Ah! you naughty child, since you have become Lady Beauchamp; but now, Blanche, seriously, we must proceed on our journey to visit your Scotch dominions, where I intend committing havoc amongst the grouse, and send a supply to our friends in England, that is, supposing you will allow me to be absent a few hours occasionally from your presence?'

'Well, I suppose, for such a purpose, I may dispense with your attendance sometimes; so now to answer aunty's letter, and I am then at your commands to set out en route for my fatherland.'

By the 1st of September, Malcolm and Constance had engaged to spend a week with Beauchamp and his bride at Annandale Castle (before returning to Bampton), which they reached the 31st of August, in time for the first day of partridge shooting; and as usual, Malcolm began joking Blanche after dinner.

'Well, my love, how many quarrels have you had with Beauchamp since this day month?'

'None at all, Charles, nor likely to have any, I hope.'

'Pon honor, Blanch—eh?'

'Quite true, Charles.'

'Oh! I see—Beauchamp gave in at once, poor fellow! anything for a quiet life—always was that sort of a man—couldn't stand that little temper of yours, my dear—so knocked under without striking a blow—hoop-headed husband, and all that sort of thing.'

'And pray, Charles, how did you fare with Constance?'

'All one way, my love—turned the bonnet-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 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-tels* breakfasts, with ditto dinners, don't suit my humor at all, so now I intend letting 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,' 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! how 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.

the Castle applications were to be made to Lord Beauchamp, personally, on all matters of this kind, by the tenants themselves; thus the friendly relations, which ought ever to exist between the owner and cultivators of the soil, were established to the mutual benefit of both.

However high in rank any landlord may be, whether duke, marquis, or earl, he may rest assured that it is most unquestionably his interest, if not his duty, to hold the supreme authority over his property in his own hand, and not subject his tenants to be domineered over, and his lands deteriorated, by the pretended supervision of a lawyer agent, totally ignorant of all agricultural business, and who is paid a handsome percentage for merely collecting the rents, writing a few letters, or occasionally copying out some lease or agreement, framed by men of greater experience than himself. No man can be safely employed as land agent, who is not thoroughly and practically acquainted with the management and cultivation of land.

After spending a fortnight at Annandale Castle, the two thoroughly happy couples set on their return at Bampton, where they were received with open arms and warm embraces by the Earl and his Countess. After these greetings had passed, Malcolm's habitual love of fun broke forth.

'Well, I fear I shall now become like the donkey who had two mammas.'

'In what respect, Charles?' asked Blanche.

'Why, he became a very great donkey indeed, my love.'

'Oh, that you have ever been, Charles, since I have had the honor of your acquaintance.'

'I tell you what it is, aunt, or mamma—whichever you choose to be called—that spoilt pet of yours has become so exceedingly grumpy since her promotion as Lady Beauchamp, that she rules the whole roast—will have her own way in everything; and as for her husband, poor fellow—oh! me—as Mrs. Winter says—she treats him like a dog; in short, it is a most fortunate thing for him to get her back to Bampton, where I hope you will now keep her in proper order once more.'

'Very well, Charles,' replied his aunt, 'then I will take her to her room, and begin my first lecture.'

It were almost superfluous to relate the joy of the Countess on hearing from her own lips 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, 'Whiv, my dear girl, I was beginning to think matrimony a very lugubrious affair, and have put of 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

before the trial, left Marston Castle for Paris where he was to be joined by his son-in-law, Vernon, and his young wife, to pass the winter. The shock inflicted on Vernon's frame (never very strong) caused great misgivings in his physician's mind as to his entire re-establishment in health ever again; and a warmer climate being recommended, he was to pass the intermediate time in Italy, before joining his father-in-law at Paris.

The marriage ceremony between the captain and Miss Honoria was, by the particular desire of Mrs. Winterbottom, solemnized at St. George's Chapel, followed by a long account of the loveliness of the bride and her bridesmaids, &c., the next day in the Morning Post; and a *dejeuner* provided on a large scale from Gutter's for their London friends and connections, at their own house in Bryanston Square, which had undergone new decorations for the brewer and his wife, who both, after a fair trial, found a country life not at all to their taste, and the reverse of what they expected—the lady complained of being shut up in the winter months, like an owl in a barn, without a neighbor dropping in once a month. In short, Mr. Winterbottom had committed an egregious mistake by purchasing landed property in a locality surrounded by old, stiff-necked families, who would not visit his vulgar wife; and she felt most acutely the change (having no resources in herself) from the gossip and prattle of London to the dull monotony of a country life. At last she told her husband—to use her own expression—'she wouldn't put up, no longer, with the hoity-toity airs of these proud dames.' The country house, therefore, was handed over to the young couple, with the reservation of spending a month there in the summer, and a week or two at Christmas.

The young widow, after another month's deliberation, accepted Fred Beauchamp, with the Grange, who being of a domestic turn and good temper, rather surpassed her expectations from his apparently thoughtless demeanor, which really proceeded from good humor and cheerfulness of disposition.

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The 1st of November has again arrived; again is the breakfast-table at Bampton House thronged with guests in hunting costume. Sir Francis Burnett, Gwynne, with every member of the hunt, are there, in compliment to the Earl and his son, on their 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 without, 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 after 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 ex-

## Poetry.

(Written for the Sporting Times.)

FORGET NOT OLD FRIENDS.

MUSIC BY H. ELLIOTT.

Some men who are poor but warm-hearted to-day,

To-morrow the glitter of wealth and gold,  
Which Dame Fortune has chanced to throw in  
their way,

Will cause their hearts to turn chilly and cold;  
They'll permit their old friends whose prospects  
in life,

If not quite so bright are as honest as theirs,  
To struggle alone in this world of strife,  
And carry alone their burden of cares.

CHORUS

Forget not old friends though they be poor,  
True friendship can never be purchased or  
sold,

Though money for you many friends will procure,

Those friends are but the friends of your gold.

Forget not old friends though they be poor,  
Despise not a man who is poverty's slave,

For money and wealth will not procure  
That rest that is promised beyond the cold  
grave;

If a life of poverty is a man's only sin,  
He'll find at last a heaven sublime,

To poverty condemned when his life doth begin,  
He works his penance while committing the  
crime.

CHORUS—Forget not old friends, &amp;c.

Forget not old friends though they be poor,  
If in their dealings they are honest and square,

Help them to keep the gaunt wolf from the door,  
Do not let them give up in despair;  
And when with this life of care you have done,  
Those whom you've helped up life's rugged  
hill,

Will pray that you receive the reward you have  
won,  
And bless the hand that lies placid and still.

CHORUS—Forget not old friends, &amp;c.

ALF. DEAN.

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 Fraire in "Introduction," and Julia Dalton and Ernestine respectively in the two other pieces mentioned. The pub-

After a tour of neighboring cities, on April 18, 1872, he began a farewell engagement in Wallack's Theatre, N. Y., acting in "London Assurance," which enjoyed quite a run. For his farewell benefit and last appearance in America, in this theatre on June 1, the bill was "The Captain of the Watch" and "Not Such a Fool as He Looks." The pressure upon our space, and the late hour at which we received the intelligence of his demise, prevents us from referring in detail to his English career—how he with Mme. Vestris had acted in the French language in Paris, France, and in the Italian in Italy, or a complete detail of his Australian tour. It may be mentioned that during the Prince of Wales' visit to India, Mr. Mathews visited that country and gave a series of performances. Mr. Mathews had a slight figure, was easy and graceful, full of mercurial spirits, and possessed the rare faculty of uttering words very rapidly with great distinctness of enunciation. The latter accomplishment made the success of the little piece entitled "Patter vs. Clatter." He was the author of a great number of pieces, having commenced his career as an author and adaptor some years before his debut on the stage, many of his pieces being produced at Mme. Vestris' Olympic Theatre. During the latter portion of his career he played about forty parts, in all of which he was more than respectable, and in about one-fourth of them he achieved conspicuous success. Among the latter may be named Young Wilding in "The Liar," Dazzle in "London Assurance," Lavater in "Not a Bad Judge," Chorus in "The Golden Fleece," Sir Affable Hawk in "The Game of Speculation," Sir Charles Goldstream in "Used Up," Plumper in "Cool as a Cucumber," Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary in "The Critic," in addition to those we have mentioned above. He was one of the oldest actors on the stage, and performed until within a few days of his death.

## PORTRAIT OF A COLT.

"Uncle Dudley," of the Lake City Leader, a rough cuss himself, is quite at home in some of his rough sketches. The following sketch of the juvenile members of the horse persuasion, affords a fair sample:

"Spring colts are now being harvested. A new colt—particularly a 'blooded' colt—is anything but a picturesque spectacle, and is as awkward a looking contrivance as a wheelbarrow 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 dams 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 fourteen 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 peeing 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 brack 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