

naturedly; and he was going to try the verse again, when that unlucky Barnes first gave a sort of crowing imitation of the song, and then burst into a yell of laughter. Clive dashed a glass of wine in his face at the next minute, glass and all; and no one who had watched the young man's behavior was sorry for the insult.

I never saw a kind face express more terror than Colonel Newcome's. He started back as if he had himself received the blow from his son. "Gracious God!" he cried out. "My boy insult a gentleman at my table!"

"I'd like to do it again," says Clive, whose whole body was trembling with anger.

"Are you drunk, sir?" shouted his father.

"The boy served the young fellow right, sir," growled Fred Bayham in his deepest voice. "Come along, young man. Stand up straight, and keep a civil tongue in your head next time, mind you, when you dine with gentlemen. It's easy to see," says Fred, looking round with a knowing air, "that this young man hasn't got the usages of society—he's not been accustomed to it;" and he led the dandy out.

Others had meanwhile explained the state of the case to the Colonel—including Sir Thomas de Boots, who was highly energetic and delighted with Clive's spirit; and some were for having the song to continue; but the Colonel, puffing his cigar, said, "No. My pipe is out. I will never sing again." So this history will record no more of Thomas Newcome's musical performances.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARK LANE.

Clive woke up the next morning to be aware of a racking headache, and by the dim light of his throbbing eyes to behold his father with solemn face at his bedfoot—a reproving conscience to greet his waking.

"You drank too much wine last night, and disgraced yourself, sir," the old soldier said. "You must get up and eat humble pie this morning, my boy."

"Humble what, father?" asked the lad, hardly aware of his words, or the scene before him. "Oh, I've got such a headache!"

"Serve you right, sir. Many a young fellow has had to go on parade in the morning, with a headache earned overnight. Drink this water. Now jump up. Now dash the water well over your head. There you come! Make your toilet quickly and let us be off, and find Cousin Barnes before he has left home."

Clive obeyed the paternal orders; dressed himself quickly, and descending, found his father smoking his morning cigar in the apartment where they had dined the night before, and where the tables still were covered with the relics of yesterday's feast—the emptied bottles, the blank lamps, the scattered ashes and fruits, the wretched heel-taps that have been lying exposed all night to the air. Who does not know the aspect of an expired feast?

"The field of action strewn with the dead, my boy," says Clive's father. "See, here's the glass on the floor yet, and a great stain of claret on the carpet."

"Oh, father!" says Clive, hanging his head down, "I know I shouldn't have done it. But Barnes Newcome would provoke the patience of Job; and I couldn't bear to have my father insulted."

"I am big enough to fight my own battles, my boy," the Colonel said good-naturedly, putting his hand on the lad's damp head. "How your head throbs! If Barnes laughed at my singing, depend upon it, sir, there was something ridiculous in it, and he laughed because he could not help it. If he behaved ill, we should not; and to a man who is eating our salt, too, and is of our blood."

"He is ashamed of our blood, father," cries Clive, still indignant.

"We ought to be ashamed of doing wrong. We must go and ask his pardon. Once when I was a young man in India," the father continued very gravely, "some hot words passed at mess—not such an insult as that of last night; I don't think I could have quite borne that—and people found fault with me for forgiving the youngster who had uttered the offensive expressions over his wine. Some of my acquaintances sneered at my courage, and that is a hard reputation for a young fellow of spirit to bear. But providentially, you see, it was war-time, and very soon after I had the good luck to show that I was not a *poule mouillée*, as the French call it; and the man who insulted me, and whom I forgave, became my fastest friend, and died by my side—it was poor Jack Cutler

--at Argaum. We must go and ask Barnes Newcome's pardon, sir, and forgive other people's trespasses, my boy, if we hope forgiveness of our own." His voice sank down as he spoke, and he bowed his honest head reverently. I have heard his son tell the simple story years afterward, with tears in his eyes.

Piccadilly was hardly yet awake, the next morning, and the sparkling dews and the poor homeless vagabonds still had possession of the grass of Hyde Park, as the pair walked up to Sir Brian Newcome's house, where the shutters were just opening to let in the day. The housemaid, who was scrubbing the steps of the house, and washing its trim feet in a manner which became such a polite mansion's morning toilet, knew Master Clive, and smiled at him from under her blousy curl-papers, admitting the two gentlemen into Sir Brian's dining room, where they proposed to wait until Mr. Barnes should appear. There they sat for an hour looking at Lawrence's picture of Lady Ann, leaning over a harp, attired in white muslin; at Harlowe's portrait of Mrs. Newcome, with her two sons simpering at her knees, painted at a time when the Newcome brothers were not the baldheaded, red-whiskered British merchants with whom the reader has made acquaintance, but chubby children with hair flowing down their backs, and quaint little swallow-tailed jackets and nankeen trousers. A splendid portrait of the late Earl of Kew in his peer's robes hangs opposite his daughter and her harp. We are writing of George IV.'s reign; I dare say there hung in the room a fine framed print of that great sovereign. The chandelier is in a canvas bag; the vast sideboard, whereon are erected open frames for the support of Sir Brian Newcome's grand silver trays, which on dinner days gleam on that festive board, now groans under the weight of Sir Brian's blue books. An immense receptacle for wine, shaped like a Roman sarcophagus, lurks under the sideboard. Two people sitting at that large dining table must talk very loud so as to make themselves heard across those great slabs of mahogany covered with damask. The butler and servants who attend at the table take a long time walking round it. I picture to myself two persons of ordinary size sitting in that great room at that great table, far apart, in neat evening costume, sipping a little sherry, silent, genteel, and glum; and think the great and wealthy are not always to be envied, and that there may be more comfort and happiness in a snug parlor, where you

are served by a brisk little maid, than in a great dark, dreary dining hall, where a funereal major-domo and a couple of stealthy footmen minister to you your mutton-chops. They come and lay the cloth presently, wide as the main sheet of some tall admiral. A pile of newspapers and letters for the master of the house, the Newcome Sentinel, old county paper, moderate conservative, in which our worthy townsman and member is praised, his benefactions are recorded, and his speeches given at full length; the Newcome Independent, in which our precious member is weekly described as a ninny, and informed almost every Thursday morning that he is a bloated aristocrat, as he munches his dry toast. Heaps of letters, county papers, Times and Morning Herald for Sir Brian Newcome; little heaps of letters (dinner and *soirée* cards most of these), and Morning Post for Mr. Barnes. Punctually as eight o'clock strikes, that young gentleman comes to breakfast; his father will lie yet for another hour; the Baronet's prodigious labors in the House of Commons keeping him frequently out of bed till sunrise.

As his cousin entered the room, Clive turned very red, and perhaps a faint blush might appear on Barnes' pallid countenance. He came in, a handkerchief in one hand, a pamphlet in the other, and both hands being thus engaged, he could offer neither to his kinsman.

"You are come to breakfast, I hope," he said—calling it "bweakfast," and pronouncing the words with a most languid drawl—"or perhaps, you want to see my father? He is never out of his room till half-past nine. Harper, did Sir Brian come in last night before or after me?" Harper, the butler, thinks Sir Brian came in after Mr. Barnes.

When that functionary had quitted the room, Barnes turned round to his uncle in a candid, smiling way, and said, "The fact is, sir, I don't know when I came home myself very distinctly, and can't, of course, tell about my father. Generally, you know, there are two candles left in the hall, you know; and if there are two, you know, I know of course that my father is still at the House. But last night after that capital song you sang, hang me if I know what happened to me. I beg your pardon, sir, I'm shocked at having been so overtaken. Such a confounded thing doesn't happen to me once in ten years. I do trust I didn't do anything rude to anybody, for I thought some of your friends the pleasantest fellows I ever met in my life; and as for the claret, 'gad, as if I hadn't

had enough after dinner, I brought a quantity of it away with me on my shirt-front and waistcoat!"

"I beg your pardon, Barnes," Clive said, blushing deeply, "and I'm very sorry indeed for what passed; I threw it."

The Colonel, who had been listening with a queer expression of wonder and doubt on his face, here interrupted Mr. Barnes. "It was Clive that—that spilled the wine over you last night," Thomas Newcome said; "the young rascal had drunk a good deal too much wine, and had neither the use of his head nor his hands, and this morning I have given him a lecture, and he has come to ask your pardon for his clumsiness; and if you have forgotten your share in the night's transaction, I hope you have forgotten his, and will accept his hand and his apology."

"Apology! There's no apology," cries Barnes, holding out a couple of fingers of his hand, but looking toward the Colonel, "I don't know what happened any more than the dead. Did we have a row? Were there any glasses broken? The best way in such cases is to sweep 'em up. We can't mend them."

The Colonel said gravely, "That he was thankful to find that the disturbance of the night before had had no worse result." He pulled the tail of Clive's coat, when that unlucky young blunderer was about to trouble his cousin with indiscreet questions or explanations, and checked his talk. "The other night you saw an old man in drink, my boy," he said, "and to what shame and degradation the old wretch had brought himself. Wine has given you a warning, too, which I hope you will remember all your life; no one has seen me the worse for drink these forty years, and I hope both you young gentlemen will take counsel by an old soldier, who fully practices what he preaches, and beseeches you to beware of the bottle."

After quitting their kinsman, the kind Colonel farther improved the occasion with his son; and told him out of his own experience many stories of quarrels, and duels, and wine; how the wine had occasioned the brawls; and the foolish speech over night the bloody meeting at morning; how he had known widows and orphans made by hot words uttered in idle orgies; how the truest honor was the manly confession of wrong; and the best courage the courage to avoid temptation. The humble-minded speaker, whose advice contained the best of all wisdom, that which comes from a gentle and reverent spirit, and a pure and generous heart, never for once

thought of the effect which he might be producing, but uttered his simple say according to the truth within him. Indeed, he spoke out his mind pretty resolutely on all subjects which moved or interested him; and Clive, his son, and his honest chum, Mr. Binnie, who had a great deal more reading and much keener intelligence than the Colonel, were amused often at his naïve opinion about men, or books, or morals. Mr. Clive had a very fine natural sense of humor, which played perpetually round his father's simple philosophy, with kind and smiling comments. Between this pair of friends the superiority of wit lay, almost from the very first, on the younger man's side; but, on the other hand, Clive felt a tender admiration for his father's goodness, a loving delight in contemplating his elder's character, which he has never lost, and which in the trials of their future life inexpressibly cheered and consoled both of them. *Beati illi!* Oh, man of the world, whose wearied eyes may glance over this page, may those who come after you so regard you! Oh, generous boy, who read in it, may you have such a friend to trust and cherish in youth, and in future days fondly and proudly to remember!

Some four or five weeks after the quasi reconciliation between Clive and his kinsman, the chief part of Sir Brian Newcome's family were assembled at the breakfast table together, where the meal was taken in common, and at the early hour of eight (unless the senator was kept too late in the House of Commons overnight); and Lady Ann and her nursery were now returned to London again, little Alfred being perfectly set up by a month of Brighton air. It was a Thursday morning, on which day of the week it has been said the Newcome Independent and the Newcome Sentinel both made their appearance upon the baronet's table. The household from above and from below; the maids and footmen from the basement; the nurses, children, and governesses from the attics; all poured into the room at the sound of a certain bell.

I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at that chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. The urns are hissing, the plate is shining; the father of the house standing up reads from a gilt book for three or four minutes in a measured cadence. The members of the family are around the table in an attitude of decent reverence, the younger children whisper responses at their mother's knees; the governess worships a little apart; the maids and the large

footmen are in a cluster before their chairs, the upper servants performing their devotion on the other side of the sideboard; the nurse whisks about the unconscious last-born and tosses it up and down during the ceremony. I do not sneer at that—at the act at which all these people are assembled—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day, and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala day, those tall gentlemen at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their very manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses will be alike monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you meet some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion and a great establishment), you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century and know nothing about them. If they were ill you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary and of course order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind, you are not worse than your neighbors. Nay, perhaps if you did go into the kitchen, or to take the tea in the servants' hall, you would do little good, and only bore the folks assembled there. But so it is. With those fellow Christians who have just been saying Amen to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of Charity. They come, you don't know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care, or vice versa. They answer the bell for prayers as they answer the bell for coals; for exactly three minutes in the day you, all kneel together on one carpet—and, the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called family worship is ended.

Exeunt servants, save those two who warm the newspaper, administer the muffins, and serve out the tea. Sir Brian reads his letters, and champs his dry toast. Ethel whispers to her

mother, she thinks Eliza is looking very ill. Lady Ann asks, which is Eliza! Is it the woman that was ill before they left town? If she is ill, Mrs. Trotter had better send her away. Mrs. Trotter is only a great deal too good-natured. She is always keeping people who are ill. Then her ladyship begins to read the Morning Post and glances over the names of the persons who were present at Baroness Bosco's ball, and Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns' *soirée dansante* in Belgrave Square.

"Everybody was there," says Barnes, looking over from his paper.

"But who is Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns?" asks Mamma. "Who ever heard of a Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns! What do people mean by going to such a person?"

"Lady Popinjoy asked the people," Barnes says gravely. "The thing was really doosed well done. The woman looked frightened; but she's pretty, and I am told the daughter will have a great lot of money."

"Is she pretty, and did you dance with her?" asks Ethel.

"Me dance!" says Mr. Barnes. We are speaking of a time before Casinos were, and when the British youth were by no means so active in dancing practice as at this present period. Barnes resumed the reading of his county paper, but presently laid it down, with an exclamation so brisk and loud that his mother gave a little outcry, and even his father looked up from his letters to ask the meaning of an oath so unexpected and ungentle.

"My uncle, the Colonel of Sepoys, and his amiable son have been paying a visit to Newcome—that's the news which I have the pleasure to announce to you," says Mr. Barnes.

"You are always sneering about our uncle," breaks in Ethel, with impetuous voice, "and saying unkind things about Clive. Our uncle is a dear, good, kind man, and I love him. He came to Brighton to see us, and went out every day for hours and hours with Alfred, and Clive too drew pictures for him. And he is good, and kind, and generous, and honest as his father. And Barnes is always speaking ill of him behind his back."

"And his aunt lets very nice lodgings, and is altogether a most desirable acquaintance," says Mr. Barnes. "What a shame it is that we have not cultivated that branch of the family."

"My dear fellow," cries Sir Brian, "I have no doubt Miss Honeyman is a most respectable person. Nothing is so ungenerous as to rebuke a gentleman or a lady on account of

their poverty, and I coincide with Ethel in thinking that you speak of your uncle and his son in terms which, to say the least, are disrespectful."

"Miss Honeyman is a dear little old woman," breaks in Ethel. "Was not she kind to Alfred, Mamma, and did not she make him nice jelly? And a Doctor of Divinity—you know Clive's grandfather was a Doctor of Divinity, Mamma, there's a picture of him in a wig—is just as good as a banker, you know he is."

"Did you bring some of Miss Honeyman's lodging-house cards with you, Ethel?" says her brother; "and had we not better hang up one or two in Lombard Street; hers and our other relations, Mrs. Mason?"

"My darling love, who is Mrs. Mason?" asks Lady Ann.

"Another member of the family, Ma'am. She was cousin—"

"She was no such thing, sir," roars Sir Brian.

"She was relative and housemaid of my grandfather during his first marriage. She acted, I believe, as dry nurse to the distinguished Colonel of Sepoys, my uncle. She has retired into private life in her native town of Newcome, and occupies her latter days by the management of a mangle. The Colonel and Young Pothouse have gone down to spend a few days with their elderly relative. It's all here in the paper, by Jove." Mr. Barnes clenched his fist, and stamped upon the newspaper with much energy.

"And so they should go down and see her, and so the Colonel should love his nurse, and not forget his relations if they are old and poor," cries Ethel, with a flush on her face, and tears starting into her eyes.

"Hear what the Newcome papers say about it," shrieks out Mr. Barnes, his voice quivering, his little eyes flashing out scorn. "It's in both the papers, I dare say. It will be in the Times to-morrow. By — it's delightful. Our paper only mentions the gratifying circumstances; here is the paragraph. 'Lieutenant Colonel Newcome, C. B., a distinguished Indian officer, and elder brother of our respected townsman and representative Sir Brian Newcome, Bart., has been staying for the last week at the King's Arms, in our city. He has been visited by the principal inhabitants and leading gentlemen of Newcome, and has come among us, as we understand, in order to pass a few days with an elderly relative, who has been living for many years past in great retirement in this place.'"

"Well, I see no great harm in that paragraph," says Sir Brian. "I wish that my brother had gone to the Roebuck, and not to the King's Arms, as the Roebuck is our house; but he could not be expected to know much about the Newcome Inns, as he is a new-comer himself. And I think it was very right of the people to call on him."

"Now hear what the Independent says, and see if you like that, sir," cries Barnes, grinning fiercely; and he began to read as follows:

Mr. Independent: I was born and bred a Screwcomite, and am naturally proud of everybody and everything which bears the revered name of Screwcome. I am a Briton and a man, though I have not the honor of a vote for my native borough; if I had, you may be sure I would give it to our admired and talented representative, Don Pomposo Lickspittle Grindpauper Poor House Agincourt Screwcome, whose ancestors fought with Julius Caesar against William the Conqueror, and whose father certainly wielded a cloth yard shaft in London not fifty years ago.

Don Pomposo, as you know, seldom favors the town of Screwcome with a visit. Our gentry are not of ancient birth enough to be welcome to a Lady Screwcome. Our manufacturers make their money by trade. Oh, fie! how can it be supposed that such vulgarians should be received among the aristocratic society of Screwcome House? "Two balls in the season, and ten dozen of gooseberry, are enough for them."

"It's that scoundrel Parrot," burst out Sir Brian; "because I wouldn't have any more wine of him—no, it's Vidler, the apothecary. By Heavens! Lady Ann, I told you it would be so. Why didn't you ask the Miss Vidlers to your ball?"

"They were on the list," cries Lady Ann, "three of them. I did everything I could; I consulted Mr. Vidler for poor Alfred, and he actually stopped and saw the dear child take the physic. Why were they not asked to the ball?" cries her ladyship, bewildered; "I declare to gracious goodness I don't know."

"Barnes scratched their names," cries Ethel, "out of the list, Mamma. You know you did, Barnes; you said you had gallipots enough."

"I don't think it is like Vidler's writing," said Mr. Barnes, perhaps willing to turn the conversation. "I think it must be that villain Duff, the baker, who made the song about us at the last election; but hear the rest of the paragraph," and he continued to read:

The Screwcomites are at this moment favored with a visit from a gentleman of the Screwcome family, who, having passed all his life abroad, is somewhat different from his relatives, whom we all so love and honor! This distinguished gentleman, this gallant soldier, has come among us, not merely to see our manufactures—in which Screwcome can vie with any city in the North—but an old servant and relation of his family, whom he is not above recognizing; who nursed him in his early days; who has been living in her native place for many years, supported by the generous bounty of Colonel N. That gallant officer, accompanied by his son, a fine youth, has taken repeated drives round your beautiful environs in one of friend Taplow's (of the King's Arms) open drags, and accompanied by Mrs. M., now an aged lady, who speaks, with tears in her eyes, of the goodness and gratitude of her gallant soldier!

One day last week they drove to Screwcome House. Will it be believed that, though the house is only four miles distant from our city—though Don Pomposo's family have inhabited it these twelve years for four or five months every year—Mrs. M. saw her cousin's house for the first time; has never set her eyes upon those grandees, except in public places, since the day when they honored the county, by purchasing the estate which they own?

I have, as I repeat, no vote for the borough; but if I had, oh, wouldn't I show my respectful gratitude at the next election, and plump for Pomposo! I shall keep my eye upon him; and am, Mr. Independent,

Your Constant Reader,

PEEPING TOM.

"The spirit of radicalism abroad in this country," said Sir Brian Newcome, crushing his eggshell desperately, "is dreadful, really dreadful. We are on the edge of a positive volcano." Down went the eggspoon into its crater. "The worst sentiments are everywhere publicly advocated; the licentiousness of the press has reached a pinnacle which menaces us with ruin; there is no law which these shameless newspapers respect; no rank which is safe from their attacks; no ancient landmark which the lava flood of democracy does not threaten to overwhelm and destroy."

"When I was at Spielberg," Barnes Newcome remarked kindly, "I saw three long-bearded, putty-faced blaguards pacin' up and down a little courtyard, and Count Keppenheimer told me they were three damned editors of Milanese newspapers, who had had seven years of imprisonment already; and last year, when Keppenheimer came to shoot at Newcome, I showed him that old thief, old Batters, the proprietor of the Independent; and Potts, his infernal ally, driving in a

dogcart; and I said to him, 'Keppenheimer, I wish we had a place where we could lock up some of our infernal radicals of the press, or that you could take off those villains to Spielberg'; and as we were passin' that infernal Potts burst out laughin' in my face and cut one of my pointers over the head with his whip. We must do something with that Independent, sir."

"We must," says the father solemnly, "we must put it down, Barnes, we must put it down."

"I think," says Barnes, "we had best give the railway advertisements to Batters."

"But that makes the man of the Sentinel so angry," says the elder persecutor of the press.

"Then let us give Tom Potts some shootin' at any rate; the ruffian is always poachin' about our covers as it is. Speers should be written to, sir, to keep a lookout upon Batters and that villain his accomplice, and to be civil to them, and that sort of thing; and, damn it, to be down upon them whenever he sees the opportunity."

During the above conspiracy for bribing or crushing the independence of a great organ of British opinion, Miss Ethel Newcome held her tongue; but when her papa closed the conversation, by announcing solemnly that he would communicate with Speers, Ethel turning to her mother said, "Mamma, is it true that grandpapa has a relation living at Newcome who is old and poor?"

"My darling child, how on earth should I know?" says Lady Ann. "I dare say Mr. Newcome had plenty of poor relations."

"I am sure some on your side, Ann, have been good enough to visit me at the bank," says Sir Brian, who thought his wife's ejaculation was a reflection upon his family, whereas it was the statement of a simple fact in natural history. "This person was no relation of my father's at all. She was remotely connected with his first wife, I believe. She acted as servant to him, and has been most handsomely pensioned by the Colonel."

"Who went to her, like a kind, dear, good, brave uncle as he is," cried Ethel; "the very day I go to Newcome I'll go to see her." She caught a look of negation in her father's eye. "I will go—that is, if papa will give me leave," says Miss Ethel.

"By Gad, sir," says Barnes, "I think it is the very best thing she could do; and the best way of doing it, Ethel can go with one of the boys, and take Mrs. Whatdoyoucallem a gown,

or a tract, or that sort of thing, and stop that infernal Independent's mouth."

"If we had gone sooner," said Miss Ethel simply, "there would not have been all this abuse of us in the paper." To which statement her worldly father and brother perforce agreeing, we may congratulate old Mrs. Mason on the new and polite acquaintance she is about to make.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD LADIES.

The above letter and conversation will show what our active Colonel's movements and history had been since the last chapter in which they were recorded. He and Clive took the Liverpool Mail, and traveled from Liverpool to Newcome with a post chaise and a pair of horses, which landed them at the King's Arms. The Colonel delighted in post chaising—the rapid transit through the country amused him, and cheered his spirits. Besides, had he not Dr. Johnson's word for it, that a swift journey in a post chaise is one of the greatest enjoyments in life, and a sojourn in a comfortable inn one of its chief pleasures? In traveling he was as happy and noisy as a boy. He talked to the waiters, and made friends with the landlord; got all the information which he could gather, regarding the towns into which he came; and drove about from one sight or curiosity to another with indefatigable good-humor and interest. It was good for Clive to see men and cities; to visit mills, manufactories, country seats, cathedrals. He asked a hundred questions regarding all things round about him; and anyone caring to know who Thomas Newcome was, and what was his rank and business, found no difficulty in having his questions answered by the simple and kindly traveler.

Mine host of the King's Arms, Mr. Taplow aforesaid, knew in five minutes who his guest was and the errand on which he came. Was not Colonel Newcome's name painted on all his trunks and boxes? Was not his servant ready to answer all questions regarding the Colonel and his son? Newcome pretty generally introduced Clive to my landlord, when the latter brought his guest his bottle of wine. With old-fashioned

cordiality, the Colonel would bid the landlord drink a glass of his own liquor, and seldom failed to say to him, "This is my son, sir. We are traveling together to see the country. Every English gentleman should see his own country first, before he goes abroad, as we intend to do afterward—to make the Grand Tour. And I will thank you to tell me what there is remarkable in your town, and what we ought to see—antiquities, manufactures, and seats in the neighborhood. We wish to see everything, sir—everything." Elaborate diaries of these home tours are still extant, in Clive's boyish manuscript and the Colonel's dashing handwriting—quaint records of places visited, and alarming accounts of inn bills paid.

So Mr. Taplow knew in five minutes that his guest was a brother of Sir Brian, their member; and saw the note dispatched by an 'ostler to "Mrs. Sarah Mason, Jubilee Row," announcing that the Colonel had arrived, and would be with her after his dinner. Mr. Taplow did not see fit to tell his guest that the house Sir Brian used—the Blue House—was the Roebuck, not the King's Arms. Might not the gentleman be of different politics? Mr. Taplow's wine knew none.

Some of the jolliest fellows in all Newcome use the Boscawen Room at the King's Arms as their club, and pass numberless merry evenings and crack countless jokes there.

Duff, the baker; old Mr. Vidler, when he can get away from his medical labors (and his hand shakes, it must be owned, very much now, and his nose is very red); Parrot, the auctioneer; and that amusing dog, Tom Potts, the talented reporter of the Independent—were pretty constant attendants at the King's Arms; and Colonel Newcome's dinner was not over before some of these gentlemen knew what dishes he had had; how he had called for a bottle of sherry and a bottle of claret, like a gentleman; how he had paid the postboys, and traveled with a servant, like a top-sawyer; that he was come to shake hands with an old nurse and relative of his family. Everyone of those jolly Britons thought well of the Colonel for his affectionateness and liberality, and contrasted it with the behavior of the Tory Baronet—their representative.

His arrival made a sensation in the place. The Blue Club at the Roebuck discussed it, as well as the uncompromising Liberals at the King's Arms. Mr. Speers, Sir Brian's agent, did not know how to act, and advised Sir Brian by the next night's mail. The Rev. Dr. Bulkers, the rector, left his card.

Meanwhile, it was not gain or business, but only love and