

beautiful cousin. I have heard of the fine marriage that one makes her. Paul, my son, has been at the English Ambassade last night and has made his congratulations to M. de Farintosh. Paul says him handsome, young, not too spiritual, rich, and haughty, like all noble Montagnards.

But it is not of M. de Farintosh I write, whose marriage, without doubt, has been announced to you. I have a little project, very foolish, perhaps. You know Mr. the Duke of Ivry has left me guardian of his little daughter Antoinette, whose *affreuse* mother no one sees more. Antoinette is pretty and good, and soft, and with an affectionate heart. I love her already as my infant. I wish to bring her up, and that Clive should marry her. They say you are returned very rich. What follies are these I write! In the long evenings of winter, the children escaped it is a long time from the maternal nest, a silent old man my only company, I live but of the past; and play with its souvenirs as the detained caress little birds, little flowers, in their prisons. I was born for the happiness; my God! I have learned it in knowing you. In losing you I have lost it. It is not against the will of Heaven I oppose myself. It is man who makes himself so much of this evil and misery, this slavery, these tears, these crimes, perhaps.

This marriage of the young Scotch marquis and the fair Ethel (I love her in spite of all, and shall see her soon and congratulate her, for, do you see, I might have stopped this fine marriage, and did my best and more than my duty for our poor Clive?) shall make itself in London next spring, I hear. You shall assist scarcely at the ceremony; he, poor boy, shall not care to be there! Bring him to Paris to make the court to my little Antoinette; bring him to Paris to his good friend,

COMTESSE DE FLORAC.

I read marvels of his works in an English journal, which one sends me.

Clive was not by when this letter reached his father. Clive was in his painting room, and lest he should meet his son, and in order to devise the best means of breaking the news to the lad, Thomas Newcome retreated out of doors; and from the Oriental he crossed Oxford Street, and from Oxford Street he stalked over the roomy pavements of Gloucester Place, and there he bethought him how he had neglected Mrs. Hobson Newcome of late, and the interesting family of Bryanstone Square. So he went to leave his card at Maria's door. Her daughters, as we have said, are quite grown girls. If they have been lectured, and learning, and backboarded, and practicing, and using the globes, and laying in a store of 'ologies, ever since, what a deal they must know! Colonel Newcome was admitted to see his nieces, and Consummate Virtue, their parent. Maria was charmed to see her brother-

in-law; she greeted him with reproachful tenderness. "Why, why," her fine eyes seemed to say, "have you so long neglected us? Do you think because I am wise, and gifted, and good, and you are, it must be confessed, a poor creature with no education, I am not also affable? Come, let the prodigal be welcomed by his virtuous relatives; come and lunch with us, Colonel!" He sat down accordingly to the family tiffin.

When the meal was over, the mother, who had matter of importance to impart to him, besought him to go to the drawing room, and there poured out such a eulogy upon her children's qualities as fond mothers know how to utter. They knew this and they knew that. They were instructed by the most eminent professors. "That wretched Frenchwoman, whom you may remember here, Mlle. Lenoir," Maria remarked parenthetically, "turned out oh, frightfully! She taught the girls the worst accent, it appears. Her father was not a colonel; he was—oh! never mind! It is a mercy I got rid of that fiendish woman, and before my precious ones knew what she was!" And then followed details of the perfections of the two girls, with occasional side shots at Lady Ann's family, just as in the old time. "Why don't you bring your boy, whom I have always loved as a son, and who avoids me? Why does not Clive know his cousins? They are very different from other of his kinswomen, who think but of the heartless world."

"I fear, Maria, there is too much truth in what you say," sighs the Colonel, drumming on a book on the drawing-room table, and looking down sees it is a great, large, square, gilt peerage, open at Farintosh, Marquis of—Fergus Angus Malcolm Mungo Roy, Marquis of Farintosh, Earl of Glenlivat, in the peerage of Scotland; also Earl of Rossmont, in that of the United Kingdom. Son of Angus Fergus Malcolm, Earl of Glenlivat, and grandson and heir of Malcolm Mungo Angus, first Marquis of Farintosh, and twenty-fifth Earl, etc.

"You have heard the news regarding Ethel?" remarks Mrs. Hobson.

"I have just heard," says the poor Colonel.

"I have a letter from Ann this morning," Maria continues. "They are of course delighted with the match. Lord Farintosh is wealthy, handsome; has been a little wild, I hear; is not such a husband as I would choose for my darlings, but poor Brian's family have been educated to love the world; and Ethel no doubt is flattered by the prospects before her.

I have heard that someone else was a little *épris* in that quarter. How does Clive bear the news, my dear Colonel?"

"He has long expected it," says the Colonel, rising; "and I left him very cheerful at breakfast this morning."

"Send him to see us, the naughty boy!" cries Maria. "We don't change; we remember old times—to us he will ever be welcome!"

And with this confirmation of Mme. de Florac's news, Thomas Newcome walked sadly homeward.

And now Thomas Newcome had to break the news to his son, who received the shot in such a way as caused his friends and confidants to admire his high spirit. He said he had long been expecting some such announcement; it was many months since Ethel had prepared him for it. Under her peculiar circumstances he did not see how she could act otherwise than she had done. And he narrated to the Colonel the substance of the conversation which the two young people had had together several months before, in Mme. de Florac's garden.

Clive's father did not tell his son of his own bootless negotiation with Barnes Newcome. There was no need to recall that now; but the Colonel's wrath against his nephew exploded in conversation with me, who was the confidant of father and son in this business. Ever since that luckless day when Barnes thought proper to—to give a wrong address for Lady Kew, Thomas Newcome's anger had been growing. He smothered it yet for a while, sent a letter to Lady Ann Newcome, briefly congratulating her on the choice which he had heard Miss Newcome had made; and in acknowledgment of Mme. de Florac's more sentimental epistle he wrote a reply which has not been preserved, but in which he bade her rebuke Miss Newcome for not having answered him when he wrote to her, and not having acquainted her old uncle with her projected union.

To this message Ethel wrote back a brief, hurried reply; it said:

I saw Mme. de Florac last night at her daughter's reception, and she gave me my dear uncle's messages. Yes, the news is true which you have heard from Mme. de Florac and in Bryanstone Square. I did not like to write it to you, because I know one whom I regard as a brother (and a great, great deal better), and to whom I know it will give pain. He knows that I have done my duty, and why I have acted as I have done. God bless him and his dear father.

What is this about a letter which I never answered? Grand-mamma knows nothing about a letter. Mamma has inclosed to me that which you wrote to her, but there has been no letter from T. N. to his sincere and affectionate
E. N.
Rue de Rivoli, Friday.

This was too much, and the cup of Thomas Newcome's wrath overflowed. Barnes had lied about Ethel's visit to London; Barnes had lied in saying that he delivered the message with which his uncle charged him; Barnes had lied about the letter which he had received and never sent. With these accusations firmly proven in his mind against his nephew, the Colonel went down to confront that sinner.

Wherever he should find Barnes, Thomas Newcome was determined to tell him his mind. Should they meet on the steps of a church, on the flags of 'Change, or in the newspaper room at Bays' at evening paper time, when men most do congregate, Thomas, the Colonel, was determined upon exposing and chastising his father's grandson. With Ethel's letter in his pocket, he took his way into the City, penetrated into the unsuspecting back parlor of Hobson's bank, and was disappointed at first at only finding his half-brother Hobson there, engaged over his newspaper. The Colonel signified his wish to see Sir Barnes Newcome.

"Sir Barnes has not come in yet. You've heard about the marriage?" says Hobson. "Great news for the Barneses, aint it? The head of the house is as proud as a peacock about it—said he was going out to Samuels, the diamond merchant's; going to make his sister some uncommon fine present. Jolly to be uncle to a marquis, aint it, Colonel? I'll have nothing under a duke for my girls. I say, I know whose nose is out of joint. But young fellows get over these things, and Clive won't die this time, I dare say."

While Hobson Newcome made these satiric and facetious remarks, his half-brother paced up and down the glass parlor, scowling over the panes into the bank where the busy young clerks sat before their ledgers. At last he gave an "Ah!" as of satisfaction. Indeed, he had seen Sir Barnes Newcome enter into the bank.

The Baronet stopped and spoke with a clerk, and presently entered, followed by that young gentleman into his private parlor. Barnes tried to grin when he saw his uncle, and held out his hand to greet the Colonel, but the Colonel put both his behind his back—that which carried his faithful bamboo cane shook nervously. Barnes was aware

that the Colonel had the news. "I was going to—to write to you this morning, with—with some intelligence that I am—very—very sorry to give."

"This young gentleman is one of your clerks?" asked Thomas Newcome blandly.

"Yes; Mr. Boltby, who has your private account. This is Colonel Newcome, Mr. Boltby," says Sir Barnes, in some wonder.

"Mr. Boltby, brother Hobson, you heard what Sir Barnes Newcome said just now respecting certain intelligence which he grieved to give me?"

At this the three other gentlemen respectively wore looks of amazement.

"Allow me to say in your presence that I don't believe one single word Sir Barnes Newcome says, when he tells me that he is very sorry for some intelligence he has to communicate. He lies, Mr. Boltby; he is very glad. I made up my mind that in whatsoever company I met him, and on the very first day I found him—hold your tongue, sir; you shall speak afterward, and tell more lies when I have done—I made up my mind, I say, that on the very first occasion I would tell Sir Barnes Newcome that he was a liar and a cheat. He takes charge of letters and keeps them back. Did you break the seal, sir? There was nothing to steal in my letter to Miss Newcome. He tells me people are out of town, whom he goes to see in the next street after leaving my table, and whom I see myself half an hour after he lies to me about their absence."

"D—n you, go out, and don't stand staring there, you booby!" screams out Sir Barnes to the clerk. "Stop, Boltby. Colonel Newcome, unless you leave this room I shall—"

"You shall call a policeman. Send for the gentleman, and I will tell the Lord Mayor what I think of Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet. Mr. Boltby, shall we have the constable in?"

"Sir, you are an old man and my father's brother, or you know very well I would—"

"You would what, sir? Upon my word, Barnes Newcome" (here the Colonel's two hands and the bamboo cane came from the rear and formed in front), "but that you are my father's grandson, after a menace like that, I would take you out and cane you in the presence of your clerks. I repeat, sir, that I consider you guilty of treachery, falsehood, and

knavery. And if I ever see you at Bays' club, I will make the same statement to your acquaintance at the west end of the town. A man of your baseness ought to be known, sir; and it shall be my business to make men of honor aware of your character. Mr. Boltby, will you have the kindness to make out my account? Sir Barnes Newcome, for fear of consequences that I should deplore, I recommend you to keep a wide berth of me, sir."

And the Colonel twirled his mustache, and waved his cane in an ominous manner, and Barnes started back spontaneously out of its dangerous circle.

What Mr. Boltby's sentiments may have been regarding this extraordinary scene in which his principal cut so sorry a figure—whether he narrated the conversation to other gentlemen connected with the establishment of Hobson Brothers, or prudently kept it to himself, I cannot say, having no means of pursuing Mr. B.'s subsequent career. He speedily quitted his desk at Hobson Brothers'; and let us presume that Barnes thought Mr. B. had told all the other clerks of the avuncular quarrel. That conviction will make us imagine Barnes still more comfortable. Hobson Newcome no doubt was rejoiced at Barnes' discomfiture; he had been insolent and domineering beyond measure of late to his vulgar, good-natured uncle, whereas, after the above interview with the Colonel, he became very humble and quiet in his demeanor, and for a long, long time never said a rude word. Nay, I fear Hobson must have carried an account of the transaction to Mrs. Hobson and the circle in Bryanstone Square; for Sam Newcome, now entered at Cambridge, called the Baronet "Barnes" quite familiarly, asked after Clara and Ethel, and requested a small loan of Barnes.

Of course the story did not get wind at Bays'; of course Tom Eaves did not know all about it, and say that Sir Barnes had been beaten black and blue. Having been treated very ill by the committee in a complaint which he made about the club cookery, Sir Barnes Newcome never came to Bays', and at the end of the year took off his name from the lists of the club.

Sir Barnes, though a little taken aback in the morning, and not ready with an impromptu reply to the Colonel and his cane, could not allow the occurrence to pass without a protest; and indicted a letter which Thomas Newcome kept

along with some others previously quoted by the compiler of the present memoirs. It is as follows:

Belgrave St., February 15, 18—.

Colonel Newcome, C. B. (private):

Sir: The incredible insolence and violence of your behavior to-day (inspired by whatever causes or mistakes of your own) cannot be passed without some comment on my part. I laid before a friend of your own profession a statement of the words which you applied to me in the presence of my partner and one of my clerks this morning; and my adviser is of opinion that, considering the relationship unhappily subsisting between us, I can take no notice of insults for which you knew when you uttered them I could not call you to account.

"There is some truth in that," said the Colonel. "He couldn't fight, you know; but then he was such a liar I could not help speaking my mind."

I gathered from the brutal language which you thought fit to employ toward a disarmed man the ground of one of your monstrous accusations against me—that I deceived you in stating that my relative, Lady Kew, was in the country, when in fact she was at her house in London.

To this absurd charge I at once plead guilty. The venerable lady in question was passing through London, where she desired to be free from intrusion. At her ladyship's wish I stated that she was out of town; and would, under the same circumstances, unhesitatingly make the same statement. Your slight acquaintance with the person in question did not warrant that you should force yourself on her privacy, as you would doubtless know were you more familiar with the customs of the society in which she moves.

I declare upon my honor as a gentleman that I gave her the message which I promised to deliver from you, and also that I transmitted a letter with which you intrusted me; and repel with scorn and indignation the charges which you were pleased to bring against me, as I treat with contempt the language and the threats which you thought fit to employ.

Our books show the amount of £x. xs. xd. to your credit, which you will be good enough to withdraw at your earliest convenience; as, of course, all intercourse must cease henceforth between you and

Yours, etc.,

B. NEWCOME NEWCOME.

"I think, sir, he doesn't make out a bad case," Mr. Penderennis remarked to the Colonel, who showed him this majestic letter.

"It would be a good case if I believed a single word of it,

Arthur," replied my friend, placidly twirling the old gray mustache. "If you were to say so and so, and say that I had brought false charges against you, I should cry *mea culpa*, and apologize with all my heart. But as I have a perfect conviction that every word this fellow says is a lie, what is the use of arguing any more about the matter? I would not believe him if he brought twenty other liars as witnesses, and if he lied till he was black in the face. Give me the walnuts. I wonder who Sir Barnes' military friend was."

Barnes' military friend was our gallant acquaintance General Sir George Tufto, K. C. B., who a short while afterward talked over the quarrel with the Colonel, and manfully told him that (in Sir George's opinion) he was wrong. "The little beggar behaved very well, I thought, in the first business. You bullied him so, and in the front of his regiment, too, that it was almost past bearing; and when he deplored—with tears in his eyes, almost, the little humbug!—that his relationship prevented him calling you out, ecod, I believed him! It was in the second affair that poor little Barney showed he was a cocktail."

"What second affair?" asked Thomas Newcome.

"Don't you know? He! he! this is famous!" cries Sir George. "Why, sir, two days after your business, he comes to me with another letter and a face as long as my mare's, by Jove. And that letter, Newcome, was from your young 'un. Stop, here it is!" and from his padded bosom General Sir George Tufto drew a pocketbook, and from the pocketbook a copy of a letter, inscribed, "Clive Newcome, Esq., to Sir B. N. Newcome." "There's no mistake about your fellow, Colonel. No, — him!" and the man of war fired a volley of oaths as a salute to Clive.

And the Colonel, on horseback, riding by the other cavalry officer's side, read as follows:

George Street, Hanover Square, February 16.

Sir: Colonel Newcome this morning showed me a letter, bearing your signature, in which you state: 1. That Colonel Newcome has uttered calumnious and insolent charges against you. 2. That Colonel Newcome so spoke, knowing that you could take no notice of his charges of falsehood and treachery, on account of the relationship subsisting between you.

Your statements would evidently imply that Colonel Newcome has been guilty of ungentlemanlike conduct and of cowardice toward you.

As there can be no reason why we should not meet in any man-

ner that you desire, I here beg leave to state, on my own part, that I fully coincide with Colonel Newcome in his opinion that you have been guilty of falsehood and treachery, and that the charge of cowardice which you dare to make against a gentleman of his tried honor and courage, is another willful and cowardly falsehood on your part.

And I hope you will refer the bearer of this note, my friend, Mr. George Warrington, of the Upper Temple, to the military gentleman whom you consulted in respect to the just charges of Colonel Newcome. Waiting a prompt reply,

Believe me, sir,

Your obedient servant,

CLIVE NEWCOME.

Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart, M. P., etc.

"What a blunderhead I am!" cries the Colonel, with delight on his countenance, spite of his professed repentance. "It never once entered my head that the youngster would take any part in the affair. I showed him his cousin's letter casually just to amuse him, I think, for he has been deuced low lately, about—about a young man's scrape that he has got into. And he must have gone off and dispatched his challenge straightway. I recollect he appeared uncommonly brisk at breakfast the next morning. And so, you say, General, the Baronet did not like the *poulet*?"

"By no means; never saw a fellow show such a confounded white feather. At first I congratulated him, thinking your boy's offer must please him, as it would have pleased any fellow in our time to have a shot. Dammy! but I was mistaken in my man. He entered into some confounded long-winded story about a marriage you wanted to make with that infernal pretty sister of his, who is going to marry young Farintosh, and how you were in a rage because the scheme fell to the ground, and how a family duel might occasion unpleasantries to Miss Newcome; though I showed him how this could be most easily avoided, and that the lady's name need never appear in the transaction. 'Confound it, Sir Barnes,' says I, 'I recollect this boy, when he was a youngster, throwing a glass of wine in your face! We'll put it upon that, and say it was an old feud between you.' He turned quite pale, and he said your fellow had apologized for the glass of wine."

"Yes," said the Colonel sadly, "my boy apologized for the glass of wine. It is curious how we have disliked that Barnes ever since we set eyes on him."

"Well, Newcome," Sir George resumed, as his mettled char-

ger suddenly jumped and curveted, displaying the padded warrior's cavalry seat to perfection. "Quiet, old lady!—easy, my dear! Well, sir, when I found the little beggar turning tail in this way, I said to him: 'Dash me, sir, if you don't want me, why the dash do you send for me, dash me?' Yesterday you talked as if you would bite the Colonel's head off, and to-day, when his son offers you every accommodation, by dash, sir, you're afraid to meet him. It's my belief you had better send for a policeman. A 22 is your man, Sir Barnes Newcome.' And with that I turned on my heel and left him. And the fellow went off to Newcome that very night."

"A poor devil can't command courage, General," said the Colonel quite peaceably, "any more than he can make himself six feet high."

"Then why the dash did the beggar send for me?" called out General Sir George Tufto, in a loud and resolute voice.

And presently the two officers parted company.

When the Colonel reached home, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Pendennis happened to be on a visit to Clive, and all three were in the young fellow's painting room. We knew our lad was unhappy, and did our little best to amuse and console him. The Colonel came in. It was in the dark February days; we had lighted gas in the studio. Clive had made a sketch from some favorite verses of mine and George's; those charming lines of Scott's:

He turned his charger as he spake,
Beside the river shore;
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!

Thomas Newcome held up a finger at Warrington, and he came up to the picture and looked at it; and George and I trolled out:

"Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

From the picture the brave old Colonel turned to the painter, regarding his son with a look of beautiful, inexpressible affection. And he laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and smiled, and stroked Clive's yellow mustache.

"And—and did Barnes send no answer to that letter you wrote him?" he said slowly.

Clive broke out into a laugh that was almost a sob. He took both his father's hands. "My dear, dear old father!" says he, "what a—what an—old trump you are!"

My eyes were so dim I could hardly see the two men as they embraced.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAS A TRAGICAL ENDING.

Clive presently answered the question which his father put to him in the last chapter by producing from the ledge of his easel a crumpled paper, full of Cavendish now, but on which was written Sir Barnes Newcome's reply to his cousin's polite invitation.

Sir Barnes Newcome wrote that he thought a reference to a friend was quite unnecessary, in the most disagreeable and painful dispute in which Mr. Clive desired to interfere as a principal; that the reasons which prevented Sir Barnes from taking notice of Colonel Newcome's shameful and ungentlemanlike conduct applied equally, as Mr. Clive Newcome very well knew, to himself; that if further insult was offered, or outrage attempted, Sir Barnes should resort to the police for protection; that he was about to quit London, and certainly should not delay his departure on account of Mr. Clive Newcome's monstrous proceedings; and that he desired to take leave of an odious subject, as of an individual whom he had striven to treat with kindness, but from whom, from youth upward, Sir Barnes Newcome had received nothing but insolence, enmity, and ill will.

"He is an ill man to offend," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "I don't think he has ever forgiven that claret, Clive."

"Pooh! the feud dates from long before that," said Clive. "Barnes wanted to lick me when I was a boy, and I declined; in fact, I think he had rather the worst of it; but then I operated freely on his shins, and that wasn't fair in war, you know."

"Heaven forgive me," cries the Colonel. "I have always felt the fellow was my enemy; and my mind is relieved, now war is declared. It has been a kind of hypocrisy with me to

shake his hand and eat his dinner. When I trusted him it was against my better instinct; and I have been struggling against it these ten years, thinking it was a wicked prejudice and ought to be overcome."

"Why should we overcome such instincts?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why shouldn't we hate what is hateful in people, and scorn what is mean? From what friend Pen has described to me, and from some other accounts which have come to my ears, your respectable nephew is about as loathsome a little villain as crawls on the earth. Good seems to be out of his sphere, and away from his contemplation. He ill-treats every one he comes near; or, if gentle to them, it is that they may serve some base purpose. Since my attention has been drawn to the creature, I have been contemplating his ways with wonder and curiosity. How much superior nature's rogues are, Pen, to the villains you novelists put into your books! This man goes about his life business with a natural propensity to darkness and evil—as a bug crawls, and stings, and sticks. I don't suppose the fellow feels any more remorse than a cat that runs away with a mutton chop. I recognize the Evil Spirit, sir, and do honor to Ahrimanes, in taking off my hat to this young man. He seduced a poor girl in his father's country town—is it not natural? deserted her and her children—don't you recognize the beast? married for rank—could you expect otherwise from him? invites my Lord Highgate to his house, in consideration of his balance at the bank. Sir, unless somebody's heel shall crunch him on the way, there is no height to which this aspiring vermin mayn't crawl. I look to see Sir Barnes Newcome prosper more and more. I make no doubt he will die an immense capitalist, and an exalted peer of this realm. He will have a marble monument, and a pathetic funeral sermon. There is a divine in your family, Clive, that shall preach it. I will weep respectful tears over the grave of Baron Newcome, Viscount Newcome, Earl Newcome; and the children whom he has deserted, and who, in the course of time, will be sent by a grateful nation to New South Wales, will proudly say to their brother convicts, 'Yes, the Earl was our honored father!'"

"I fear he is no better than he should be, Mr. Warrington," says the Colonel, shaking his head. "I never heard the story about the deserted children."

"How should you, oh, guileless man?" cries Warrington. "I am not in the ways of scandal hearing myself, much; but