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THE HISTORY

OF

PENDENNIS

HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES, HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Abridged

with introduction and Notes

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO. LTD.
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS
LONDON NEW YORK AND TORONTO
1931

PRINTED AT THE
BASEL MISSION PRESS, MANGALORE

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THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS

INTRODUCTION

Thackeray and Arthur Pendennis.

While *Vanity Fair* is the cleverest of Thackeray's novels, *Pendennis* is the most cheerful. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Arthur Pendennis, in his educational and public career, is really William Makepeace Thackeray. While he was still working at this novel Thackeray half acknowledged this fact and added, "He (Pen) is a very good-natured and generous young fellow, and 1 begin to like him considerably". Still, one must not make the mistake of taking Arthur to be an entire self-portraiture of the author. The novel is an autobiography only in certain circumstances and experiences; the character of Pen is largely transformed and mostly based upon the life and character of any young gentleman of fashion of that time.

To understand this relation of the author to the hero it is necessary to have a short sketch of Thackeray's life. William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta on July 18th, 1811. If a long heredity has anything to do with culture and brains, Thackeray had this advantage. Historical notices of his family date back to 1 336; his earliest ancestor was a John de Thackwra who is known to have held thirty acres of land from the abbot of Hartwich. A century later the name was spelt Thackra; subsequently one hears of an Edward Thacquarye, whose descendants lived for 200 years as yeomen in a little West Riding village. Brains, or rather the use of them, began in the family with Dr. Thomas Thackeray, Headmaster of Harrow from 1 746 to 1 760. The youngest and sixteenth child of this Dr. Thackeray was William Makepeace, the grandfather of our author, who in 1 766, at the age of 1 6, arrived in Calcutta as a writer in the East India Company's service and was later appointed Collector of Sylhet. Two of his sources of income there were the destruction of tigers and capture of wild elephants and, in the Company's records, this Thackeray's name survives as that of a mighty hunter of elephants. In 1775 William Makepeace the First married Amelia Richmond

Webb, who brought an added strain of aristocracy and good breeding into the family. The following year he retired from the Bengal Civil Service to settle in England. This William and Amelia, his wife, had twelve children, all of whom were clever. Of their seven sons, four received appointments in the Madras and Bengal Civil Services, a fifth in the Bengal Army, a sixth came out to Calcutta as a barrister. Of the four daughters, two married Bengal Civilians, and the third was the wife of an Attorney-General in Ceylon.

Richmond Thackeray, the lather of our novelist, was the second son of elephant-hunter Thackeray. Like his father, he came out to Calcutta as a writer. He was educated at Eton, was clever at languages, studied for a time at the college of Fort William and took a first class in Arabic and Persian. He was appointed Assistant Collector of Midnapore and later, Collector of Alipore. In 1810 he married at Calcutta Anne Becher, a reigning beauty of the day. To them was born the novelist who has immortalised the name of Thackeray.

In 1815 Richmond Thackeray died. His little son was then only four years old, and, two years later, was sent, along with a cousin, to England for his education. At Chiswick an aunt, Mrs. Richie, took charge of him, and he was sent to Charterhouse School where he stayed from 1822 to 1828. His experience of school life was none too happy. He hated the headmaster, Dr. Russell. On one occasion he wrote to his mother, "There are but 370 in the school, I wish there were only 369," and, on another he said, "1 have got four hours of delightful Dr. Russell to-day before me; is it not felicitous? Every day he begins at me, "Thackeray, Thackeray, you're an idle, profligate, shuffling boy (because your friends are going to take you away in May)".

Greyfriars in *Pendennis* is a picture of Charterhouse, and the head of the school there breaks out upon Pen thus:— "Pendennis, Sir," he said, "your idleness is incorrigible and your stupidity beyond example; you are a disgrace to your school and your family, and, I have no doubt, will prove so in after life to your country". Finally, Thackeray's school career came to as abrupt an end as Pen's.

Thackeray's mother in the meantime, had married a Major Carmichael Smith, and she and her husband had settled in a house at Larkebeare in Devonshire. From the School Thackeray went there to prepare for the University. There are many

associations of this time to be found in *Pendennis.* To take a few, the local description of the town of Clavering St. Mary's can be identified with that of Ottery St. Mary's which was a mile and a half from the house where Thackeray lived. Exeter is the original of the town of Chatteris where Pen meets his first charmer Miss Costigan. Dr. Cornish, the vicar of the parish of Ottery, is portrayed in Dr. Portman. Like Pen's, Thackeray's first appearance in print was at this period between school and university life in a local paper called *The Western Luminary,* but, while Pen's contribution was love verses, Thackeray's was a parody on an intended speech of a politician.

In February 1829, when he was just eighteen, Thackeray entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Thompson, a fellow-collegian, describes him at this time as "a tall, large-eyed, full and ruddy-faced young man, with an eye glass fixed *en permanence."* Thackeray's life at Cambridge resembled that of Pendennis at Oxbridge. This is best testified to by the future novelist's own journal and diary, which records that he delighted in his cap and gown and that he became" "one of the men of fashion in the University. " At Cambridge, Thackeray continued his literary efforts by editing a college periodical, *The Snob,* in which appeared his well-known parody oi Tennyson's prize poem *Timbuctoo.* Like Pen, he left college at 19 without a degree, though the two differed in the slight circumstance that while Pen was plucked, Thackeray nevei sat for the examination. To college days can be traced not only "that atrocious little Foker" Mr. Buck the tutor, and Warrington but also other personages and episodes in Pendennis.

To give a finishing touch to his education he now travelled through Europe, stayed at Weimar, met Goethe, studied German and sketched in pen and ink. Then having a patrimony of £500 a year, Thackeray moved to Paris and studied Art with a view to making it his profession. However, for some reason or other, he gave up this idea and returned to London, having made up his mind to be a lawyer, and went into chambers at Hare Court Temple. The dry cramming of law conflicted with the , sensitive and bohemian in his temperament and like Pen, he soon gave it up for literature. In his diary he says, "A lawyer's preparatory education i« certainly one of the most cold-blooded, prejudiced pieces of invention." Mr. Arthur Pendennis expresses very much the

same opinion upon his law education. Space, in this little Introduction, will not allow of the many parallels that can be drawn between Thackeray's experiences at Hare Court and Pen's at St. James's and Lamb's Courts, but it is sufficient to say that in the diary of this time is to be found the raw material which was later worked up in *PenJennis.*

At this time Thackeray fell into the hands of card-sharpers and was cheated out of a good deal of his money. Bloundell-Bloundell, who ruins young Pen is probably drawn from one of these harpies. Then with Major Carmichael Smith, he embarked upon a new venture. Father and son invested most of their fortune in two newspapers, and Thackeray was appointed editor. *The Constitutional* soon died. *The National Herald,* the second paper, ran for a year, when, all the capital invested in it being exhausted, it too came to an end. The remainder of his small patrimony was swallowed up in a bank failure in India. The young man, in this extremity, returned to Paris and to Art, his first love, with which, however, he had as little luck as have most young painters, and he was obliged to take to literature, which requires no more investment than must be put into pen, paper, and ink. Like Pen's, his first writings were versatile, fanciful and brilliant. He tried his hand at anything though, officially, he was the Paris correspondent of a London newspaper In 1836 Thackeray published his first book 'Flore et Zephyr'. It is a book of caricatures.

In the same year he married, at Paris, Isabella Shaw. It was an exceedingly happy union, though the young couple were not well off. To keep the wolf from the door, from 1837 to 1842, Thackeray wrote a great deal, novelettes, reviews, stories, ballads, adaptations, art criticism, foreign correspondence and every kind of hack-work. Three daughters were born and then came the catastrophe of Thackeray's life. As the result of a fever after the birth of the third child, Mrs. Thackeray's mind gave way and she had to be separated from her husband and children. This event broke up the young writer's home, crippled his life and left him a man with a saddened heart. It was the hardest thing that could have happened to a man who once wrote, in a letter, "I can't live without the tenderness of some woman". For some years he divided his life between care for his children and the visiting of clubs and taverns where congregated literary bohemians. In

Pendennis we have many a picture of these "hundred queer London haunts", where he met the Titbury Pet and the Brighton Stunner, Captain Shandon, Hoolan and Doolan and other curiosities. Among his multifarious writings of this period the best known are *The Great Hoggarty Diamond, Barry Lindon,* and *Sketches for Punch.*

In 1847 appeared in parts *Vanity Fair,* now recognized as his *chef-d'oeuvre.* From this time onwards Thackeray took his rightful place in the world of letters and society. Fitzgerald wrote to a friend, "He (Thackeray) has become a great man, I am told, goes to Holland House and Devonshire House, and his book (which is capital) is read by the great and will, 1 hope, do them good". Society had, indeed, taken him up as society takes up Pen after the publication of *Walter Lorraine.* Social life, too, pleased one who, by instinct, education and heredity, was a gentleman.

In 1848 the first number of *Pendennis* was published. While he was working on its eleventh number Thackeray fell ill and was devotedly tended for four months by Dr. Elliotson, to whom the book was finally dedicated. This good physician is represented in it by Dr. Goodenough, who looks after Pen in his critical illness. Thackeray anticipated the many attacks on the entire absence of the heroic in his new novel, and says in the Preface:—"Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the natural in our art. Many ladies have remonstrated and subscribers left me because, in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation. My object was to say that he had the passions to feel and the manliness and generosity to overcome them. You will not hear—it is best to know it—what moves in the real world, what passes in society, in the clubs, colleges, mess-rooms—what is the life and talk of your sons." This Preface is the truest introduction to *Pendennis.* In its exterior circumstances, the book is peculiar to the age in which it was written, but in its psychology it is true of most normal young men in all civilised countries at all times.

In 1852 came *Esmond,* the most carefully written of his novels. Some critics regard it as the greatest work Thackeray did, and certainly, from the historical point of view it is a

triumph for a Victorian to resurrect the classical Augustan Age of Queen Anne. In November of the same year for the first time he visited America and delivered there the *Lectures on English Humourists.* In 1854 came *The Newcomes,* one of his greatest novels. It is supposed to be edited by Pen, now an older and rather a *blase* man. A second tour in America followed, the fruit of which was the lectures on *The Four Georges.* In 1857 Thackeray made an unsuccessful attempt to enter Parliament. In 1859 appeared *The Virginians,* a continuation of Esmond. He then launched the *Cornhill Magazine,* which succeeded and lives to this day. In its pages appeared, among other works, *The Adventures of Philip,* which is also partly autobiographical. In 1862 Thackeray gave up the editorship of the 'Cornhill' and retired to a new house he had built for himself at Palace Green, and there in December of the following year, this greatest of Victorian novelists breathed his last, at the comparatively early age of 52.

To the most uncynical gentleness of his character the records of his life bear eloquent testimony. Among the innumerable stories related of him is the following. Once in Paris, when he was yet a struggling artist himself, a friend found in his room a box of pills destined for a poor woman, the lid bearing the inscription 'One to be taken when required', and the pills were sovereigns.

So lived and died Thackeray, "the most soft-hearted of men, with a Hie sweet as charity itself, who went about the world dropping pearls, doing good, and never wilfully inflicting a wound."

Thackeray the Humourist and Satirist.

As great writers must be judged by what they have achieved, we will deal now with Thackeray the Satirist and humourist and then with Thackeray the author and the artist.

Thackeray is a satirist more of society than of human nature, and his satire is always softened with the half-sympathetic smile of a philosophical humourist. Of the two schools in satire Thackeray belongs to the gentler one of Horace; there is nothing in him of the stinging, cruel satire of Juvenal. Further, Thackeray's humour is peculiarity his own and only

Dick Steele among English humourists approaches him, but Steele lacks Thackeray's range of knowledge and insight into human nature and he has not our author's fineness of wit and style. There is a resemblance also to Addison, but the great Mr. Addison stands on a platform and looks down patronizingly on the erring humanity beneath him, laughing half contemptuously at its foibles. He talks to us like some deity endowed with all the virtues in heaven and earth, and the result is that he leaves our hearts untouched. Thackeray speaks as "a brother and a man' . Though he is a keen and critical observer, he never lets his satire sink into total caricature and buffoonery. Let the character be simpleton, rogue or fool, our author gives him a certain dignity, and laughs at him humanely and kindly. Thackeray's humour is a curious combination of simplicity and piquancy. While he laughs, we feel also that he believes in and insists on the real beauty and worth in human nature. Wit, scholarship, good breeding, fineness of style, along with magnanimity, give Thackeray a unique place in Ihe roll of English humourists.

Thackeray the Author and Artist.

The peculiar charm of Thackeray as an author is his personal style. In his books we meet the author himself, and he talks to us as one intimate friend may talk to another. His conversation is always pitched in a quiet key There is no rhetoric, there are no sobs, no gasps, no grins. His writing is just the talk of a cultured English gentleman.

Thackeray's ability as a vvriter was many-sided. His great novels have put his other works in the shade; nevertheless, as a writer of comic verse Thackeray has few equals. His essays also are masterpieces of wit, written with a thorough knowledge of the subject he deals with. His lectures made a sensation and were enthusiastically received on both sides of the Atlantic. With his sketches and cartoons alone Thackeray would have made a fortune if he had lived in these days; he illustrated most of his own books, and his drawings are as alive as his word-pictures. For his style and language the most fastidious critics have nothing but praise. Everything he touched he filled with life and stamped with his great personality. Though he lived to be but 52 years of age, the quantity of his work alone is astonishing.

The Characters in Pendennis.

Thackeray's success as a novelist is founded on the skill he shows in creating characters that live. "I here is neither excitement nor intricacy in his plots, for he never presents the melodramatic; nevertheless he contrives to hold our attention, for we feel that the men and women in his books are close copies of men and women we know and meet in our lives. They are governed by the same instincts and display the same characteristics as belong to us and our acquaintances. The reader must judge for himself how far this feature of reality characterises the persons in *Pendennis.*

First of all, Pen is ' a hero and not a hero '. Like most boys at school, young Arthur was " neither a dunce nor a scholar"; "when he had money he spent it royally on tarts for himself and his friends, when he had no funds he went on tick". "He was averse from his earliest youth" to "Greek grammar or any other exertion," but one must also add that he was neither a bully nor a coward. At college, Arthur is a bit of a coxcomb; like all young men, he poses outrageously. He wastes his money and causes his mother pain and his uncle trouble. He readily falls in and out of love. Still, he has enthusiasm and pride of the right kind compounded in his nature; and, as for his lordly extravagance, was he not brought up under an illusion about his father's means and position in life, an illusion strengthened by all the faked Pendennises on canvas he grew up amongst? Pen's faults are mostly those of a boy spoilt by an unselfish and adoring mother, but, in spite of that, he is lovable and large-hearted—"No dinner or supper party was complete without him, Pen's jovial wit and Pen's songs and dashing courage and frank, manly bearing charmed all undergraduates". In his third year he almost becomes a rake, has lost all his money and fallen into bad company and bad ways, and is pestered by duns; still, he is no hardened sinner, for, when the daughter of a frame-maker to whom Pen owes money comes to him with "a piteous tale", he rushes off to sell every article of jewellery he has and takes the proceeds to the poor tradesman and asks his pardon. Later, when a man, he is not particularly noble or great, still he is a gentleman, very kind-hearted and generous, and, what is more, alive and pleasantly alive in every mood and feature. Whenever a crisis comes and his character is put to the test,

Arthur Pendennis comes through it like a man, and proves himself sterling gold. He is more subtly and artistically drawn than Tom Jones; everything that Pen does and says is consistent with his education, circumstances and character. He is what most young men brought up in his style are likely to be. Arthur Pendennis is neither sublime nor ridiculous; he is real and true to life and, as a character in a novel, is a work of art done with consummate skill.

Next \ve come to Major Pendennis, that "Bayard among majors". With no other character in *Pendennis* is Thackeray so much at home as with this incomparable major. His is far the most fascinating and vital personality in the book. Major Pendennis has even more faults than his nephew, yet the reader likes him all the more for them. He is heartless often, but amiable at the same time. He can be both honourable and cunning. The world he moves in is very narrow, and outside his own society and circle he knows nothing. But his society has the best and the worst in it, and so he has a pretty accurate knowledge of human nature. To him Society is a profession and a cult, and he is past master of them both. His ignorances are those of a gentleman of fashion: when Pen fails in his examination and tells his senior he has been "plucked", the Major thunders at him, " I wonder you submitted to it as a gentleman," and asks, "Was it—was it done in public?" Major Pendennis "toils not neither does he spin", yet he goes through life arrayed in all the magnificence that tailors and a skilful valet can compass, and all on his half-pay. True, he is selfish, worldly, false and padded, yet, for all this, he is a gentleman, and a kindly gentleman though a shrewd one, and we feel his worldly wisdom is both genial and sincere. He is good to Pen and his mother, has a great pride in the lad and a very warm affection for him. According to his own lights, he does what he thinks is best for "his boy". It may be that the prospect that he holds out for Pen is commonplace, still it is comfortable. "I shall die content, my boy," he says, "if I can see you with a good lady-like wife and a good carriage, and a good pair of horses, living in society and seeing your friends like a gentleman." This is the major's ideal, and this, in all sincerity, he wants and assists Pen to achieve. We can hardly blame him for this, seeing that it is the ideal of most fathers for their sons. Whatever the Major does, Thackeray contrives it so that we sympathize with him. In his

encounters, first with Costigan and then with his valet Morgan, Major Pendennis comes out with dignity. He has that touch of birth and manners which carries him triumphantly through all adverse circumstances and incidents, and distinguishes him from mere flatterers and parasites like Wag and Wenham. In the portrait of Major Pendennis Thackeray has excelled as an artist. It is a character dune with rare insight and knowledge, and "my brother the Major" has become immortal.

Much criticism has always been levelled against Thackeray's characterisation of women, but most of it is unjust. In his days most novel-writers were men, who had no illusions about their own sex and drew men faithfully but, when dealing with women, carried about with them—even the shrewdest of them—one illusion at least as to the sex and ascribed to women certain copybook feminine virtues like gentleness and meekness. Even a Thackeray was not above this masculine frailty. There must also be taken into account, with regard to Thackeray's views, the peculiar circumstances of his life. From his mother he was parted as a child of five; the marriage on which he staked all his happiness ended in a pitiable catastrophe; the many women he met in life and knew but partially—society ladies, blue stockings and negative commonplace women—did not interest him. Having, therefore, missed the soothing influence and love of a helpmate in life, he cherished the more determinedly in his heart the vision of an ideal woman. When he came, however, to the drawing of a good woman, he was afraid of ruining his ideal, he dared not touch his good woman with more than the petty faults of malice and jealousy, and she, in consequence fails to attract. His bad women, also, he drew from only a superficial knowledge; he does not seem to know that a really bad woman 'is a snake in the grass' and can be much more dangerously and subtly wicked than Blanche Amory.

His good women—Helen Pendennis and Laura Bell—are then more or less failures, though some critics go into raptures over Laura. Helen is very sweet and very good Even though she spoils her son, she makes an ideal mother. Were she actually living, she would win our love and honour for the affection she is capable of feeling, yet, on the other hand, she is insipid and lifeless, and her lack of intelligence often bores one to tears.

Concerning Laura Bell there is great diversity of opinion among those usually considered competent to judge. Some critics fall head over ears in love with her, while others find her unendurable. In our opinion she is a blend of the prig and the prude. One gets tired of her everlasting white-muslin-frock-and-blue-bow-at-the-shoulder appearance and behaviour. She preaches at every one. including Helen. She is too good for her human surroundings, and makes one wish she would marry the insipid Mr. Fynsent or even the unfortunate Warrington and leave our hopeful Pen alone. She is so good that one suspects Thackeray of concealed irony. Perhaps he drew her with a kind of contempt in his mind for these very very good girls. Perhaps he felt that their heads were never turned because their hearts were never moved, so that, when "poor little Fanny Bolton looked wistfully at Mrs. Pendennis and Laura," Thackeray says, "There was no more expression on the latter's face than if it had been a mass of stone". In this incident, Helen and Laura behave in the usual abominable manner of 'good' women of their type, so that even their warm-hearted author is obliged to say, " Hardheartedness and gloom dwelt in the figures of both the newcomers; neither showed the faintest gleam of mercy or sympathy for Fanny". They are described as " hopelessly cruel and ruthless" to this poor child who had tended Pen so-faithfully and who, if necessary, would have died to save him, and he adds, "they had not a word of thanks for her, the fine ladies". Again, in the same episode, like 'good' women, they suspect their own boy of having been guilty of the most despicable behaviour. And the real cause of ii, as Thackeray rightly divines, is jealousy, but, like 'good' women, these would not admit the failing but cloak their behaviour with the robes of offended virtue. Though we may not care for Laura Bell the prig, still there is one touch of art which Thackeray uses to make her humane and likeable. This is the generosity with which she twice gives all she has to help and save Pen.

Then, there is Blanche Amory, the adventuress. As Laura is made out to be a neat packet of all virtues bundled together, so Blanche is all sham; she has "a sham love, a sham hatred, a sham enthusiasm, a sham taste and a sham grief . The characterisation of her is a failure, for, if there were women so totally unscrupulous, they would act far more subtly than Blanche does.

Next come Miss Costigan and Fanny Bolton. Thackeray is not at his happiest and best when depicting lovver class life, for he has no great knowledge of it, and certainly in *Pendennis* he has not achieved the success which he achieved in *The Yellowplush* Papers. Miss Costigan is a selfish woman of the world. She is ignorant and calls Croesus 'Crazes', yet she has no illusions about herself, and honestly recognizes and states what she wants in the world. Her god is money. She has always been poor and burdened with a father who is perpetually drunk, and she wants to get rid of this life of makeshifts and be comfortable. Many a girl in Miss Costigan's circumstances desires to do the same. Still, Milly Costigan has good feelings and can behave as honourably as any well-bred dame. When there is a chance to get a good price for the romantic letters which Pen had written her, she will not hear of her father making money out of them and says, "These letters and poems are mine. They were very long and full of all sorts of nonsense and Latin and things I couldn't understand the half of, indeed I've not read 'em all; but we'll send 'em back to him when the proper time comes." This is one of Thackeray's deft touches which makes an otherwise uninteresting character live.

Fanny Bolton is just a poor child in somewhat distressing circumstances. Her education and training are lower class, still she has all the finer instincts that belong to her educated superiors. Thackeray deals with her almost harshly when she is made to marry the vulgar Sam Huxter, and yet, as she is, she would never have made a wife for Arthur. She is unhappy in being too good for her own class and not good enough for his. Thackeray wrote a corrective to Scott's *Ivanhoe,* in which he makes the hero marry, not Rowena his Saxon cousin, but Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac the Jew. Perhaps someone some day will write a corrective to *Pendennis* in which Laura marries Mr. Pynsent, and Fanny Bolton—who is not too old for it—undergoes a course of education and training and makes Arthur Pendennis a very charming and devoted little wife.

Last come the amusing women of the story, Lady Clavering the Begum and Mrs. Bungay the publisher's wife. Both have in plenty the vices of their class, that of the *nouveaux riches;* they are vulgar in their taste and in their speech. Nevertheless, they are well-intentioned and kind-

hearted, and are introduced apparently, as refreshing comic interludes.

The minor male characters must now be referred to. Mirobolant the cook is just there to amuse and entertain us, and therefore is intentionally drawn as a caricature. Colonel Altamont is like a fairy-tale villain, too bad to be true and then unexpectedly good. Thackeray himself admitted that he had no intimate knowledge of gentlemen of the Colonel's type and felt rather lost when describing them. Yet certain little incidents in which he plays a part saves the Colonel from becoming purely ficticious. His fellow, Sir Francis Clavering, is despicable in his weakness more than in his wickedness, and we will leave him at that. Perhaps Thackeray felt like Browning, who said he preferred a criminal to a weak man. Captain Shandon is distinguished with the vices of the literary bohemian and also with the peculiar frankness and good-nature that go with this class of men. Ned Strong is a hail-fellow-well-met sort of person, whom nothing disturbs or upsets and for whom no society is too grand or too poor. He is a loyal friend to the Claverings and wins everybody's liking, though it be no more than liking. The Marquis of Steyne must not go unmentioned though his part in the story as the friend and patron of the Major is almost negligible. In *Vanity Fair* he has grown into a monster, and in *Pendennis* he is already an evil old worldling, but, with a few sentences of genius, Thackeray has saved the picture from becoming a caricature, for, when news comes to the Major of Pen's illness and he breaks down, it is Steyne's presence of mind that comes to his help and the last smouldering sparks of humanity in George Gaunt are revealed. "Hullo, what's the matter, Pendennis," cried Lord Steyne with his strident voice, " anything wrong?" Then, when he learns what has happened, "A britzka came up at this moment as the three men were speaking. The peer looked at his watch. ' You've twenty minutes to catch the mail-train. Jump in, Pendennis; and drive like h—, sir, do you hear?' ' Thackeray adds: "Let us trust that the oath will be pardoned to the Marquis olt Steyne".

Then there is that delightful Foker. A little vulgar, somewhat stupid, still Foker is very loveable and amusing. He is sprightly, thoroughly sincere, and the incarnation of good-nature. He has a shrewd knowledge of human character and, as he says, "knows what's o'clock tolerably well". He confesses he

is not clever himself, but he "likes 'em of that sort", and, when he is sent away from St. Boniface for overdone vivacity, the tutor writes to Lady Agnes that "everybody was fond of the youth". The dismissal does not worry Harry Foker, Esq., either; he proposes "to go to Paris and learn to dance and complete his education there", and adds cheerfully, "as long as people drink beer, I don't care". Only once does he make a complete ass of himself when, in spite of his worldly wisdom, he falls into the hands of Blanche Amory, and we are thankful that he is saved from marrying her.

We must not forget maudlin Jack Costigan. Unaccustomed to tell the truth, Gos can be very shabby, very drunk and yet capable of generosity and his goings on amuse us endlessly. Similarly, that staid little figure, Arthur's father, the country apothecary, requires mention,—though he appears in but one chapter,—for his is as clear a figure in the book as any other. There remains Warrington, who dresses like a carter and behaves like a gentleman. He is one of the finest characters Thackeray ever drew. Stunner Warrington as he was known at St. Boniface, Bluebeard as Lady Rockminster calls him, is, according to some critics, the most lovable of all the male characters in *Pendennis.*

There are amongst us to-day, walking or driving in our streets, Lord Steynes, Major Pendennises, Fokers and young Pens, for Thackeray knew such men as these inside out. When Thackeray draws from his knowledge of life he draws perfectly; he fails only when his character has to be based on fancy of what exists, a fact which explains the poorness of his villains and good women.

The belief that Thackeray belongs to the immortals is supported by the fact that, though more than two generations have elapsed since his death, most of his work is still readable. In our generation at least, he will be an author for the elect while Dickens, his contemporary, will be an author for the masses. Nevertheless, in the opinion of generations yet unborn Thackeray will hold the higher place. The difference between Thackeray and Dickens is the same as the difference between Browning and Tennyson; with regard to after-fame, the former member of each comparison is likely to grow in reputation as the latter is likely to decline. How highly Thackeray is appreciated even to-day is evidenced by one phrase in a book on *The English Novel* published this

year by one of our leading novelists, Ford Madox Ford. Mr. Ford by no means approves of Thackeray's general tendencies in writing, yet he can describe *Vanity Fair* as a book "which may well be regarded, if you will, as the greatest work in the English language".

22nd October, 1929.

PENDENNIS

CHAPTER I

ONE fine morning in the full London season. Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to his custom, to breakfast at a certain -Club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament. As he was one of the finest judges of wine in England, and a man of active, dominating, and inquiring spirit, he had been very properly chosen to be a member of the Committee of this Club, and indeed was almost the manager of the institution; and the stewards and waiters bowed before him as reverentially as to a Duke or a Field-Marshal.

At a quarter past ten the Major invariably made his appearance in the best blacked boots in all London, with a checked morning cravat that never was rumpled until dinner lime, a buff waistcoat which bore the crown of his sovereign on the buttons, and linen so spotless that Mr. Brummel himself asked the name of his laundress, and would probably have employed her had not misfortunes compelled that great man to fly the country. Pendennis's coat, his white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, were perfect of their kind as specimens of the costume of a military man *en retraite.* At a distance, or seeing his back merely, you would have taken him to be not more than thirty years old: it was only by a nearer inspection that you saw the factitious nature of his rich brown hair, and that there were a few crow's-feet round about the somewhat faded eyes of his handsome mottled face. His nose was of the Wellington pattern. His hands and wristbands were beautifully long and white. On the latter he wore handsome gold buttons given to him by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and on the others more than one elegant ring, the chief and largest of them being emblazoned with the famous arms of Pendennis.

He always took possession of the same table in the same corner of the room, from which nobody ever now thought of ousting him If there was any question about etiquette, society, who was married to whom, of what age such and such a duke was, Perdennis was the man to whom every one appealed.

Marchionesses used to drive up to the Club, and leave notes for him, or fetch him out. He was periectly affable. The young men liked to walk with him in the Park or down Pall Mall; for he touched his hat to everybody, and every other man he met was a lord.

The Major sate down at his accustomed table then, and while the waiters went to bring him his toast and his hot newspaper, he surveyed his letters through his gold double eye-glass. He carried it so gaily, you would hardly have known it was spectacles in disguise, and examined one pretty note after another, and laid them by in order. There were large solemn dinner cards, suggestive of three courses and heavy conversation; there were neat little confidential notes, conveying female entreaties; there was a note on thick official paper from the Marquis of Steyne, telling him to come to Richmond to a little party at the Star and Garter, and speak French, which language the Major possessed very perfectly; and another from the Bishop of Ealing and Mrs. Trail, requesting the honour of Major Pendennis's company at Ealing House, all of which letters Pendennis read gracefully, and with the more satisfaction, because Glowry, the Scotch surgeon, breakfasting opposite to him, was looking on, and hating him for having so many invitations, which nobody ever sent to Glowry.

These perused, the Major took out his pocket-book to see on what days he was disengaged, and which of these many hospitable calls he could afford to accept or decline.

Among the letters which formed Major Pendennis's budget for that morning there was only one unread, and which lay solitary and apart from all the fashionable London letters, with a country postmark and a homely seal. The superscription was in a pretty delicate female hand, and though marked 'Immediate' by the fair writer, with a strong dash of anxiety under the word, yet the Major had, for reasons of his own, neglected up to the present moment his humble rural petitioner, who to be sure could hardly hope to get a hearing among so many grand folks who attended his levee. The fact was, this was a letter from a female relative of Pendennis, and while the grandees of her brother's acquaintance were received and got their interview, and drove off, as it were, the patient country letter remained for a long time waiting for an audience in the ante-chamber under the slop-bason.

At last it came to be this letter's turn, and the Major broke a seal with 'Fairoaks' engraved upon it, and 'Clavering St. Mary's' for a postmark. It was a double letter, and the Major commenced perusing the envelope before he attacked the inner epistle.

'Is it a letter from another *Jook*,' growled Mr. Giowry, inwardly, 'Pendennis would not be leaving that to the last, I'm thinking.'

'My dear Major Pendennis' the letter ran, 'I beg and implore you to come to me *immediately*'—very likely, thought Pendennis, and Steyne's dinner to-day—'I am in the very greatest grief and perplexity, My dearest boy, who has been hitherto everything the fondest mother could wish, is grieving me *dreadfully.* He has formed—I can hardly write it—a passion, an infatuation,'—the Major grinned—'for an actress who has been performing here. She is at least twelve years older than Arthur—who will not be eighteen till next February—and the wretched boy insists upon marrying her.'

'Hay! What's making Pendennis swear nowX—Mr. Giowry asked of himself, for rage and wonder were concentrated in the Major's open mouth, as he read this astounding announcement.

'Do, my dear friend,' the grief-stricken lady went on, 'come to me instantly on the receipt of this; and, as Arthur's guardian, entreat, command, the wretched child to give up this most deplorable resolution.' And, after more entreaties to the above effect, the writer concluded by signing herself the Major's 'unhappy affectionate sister, Helen Pendennis.'

'Fairoaks, Tuesday'—the Major concluded, reading the last words of the letter—'A d—d pretty business at Fairoaks, Tuesday; now let us see what the boy has to say;' and he took the other letter, which was written in a great floundering boy's hand, and sealed with the large signet of the Pendennises, even larger than the Major's own, and with supplementary wax sputtered all round the seal, in token of the writer's tremulousness and agitation.

The epistle ran thus—

'FAIROAKS, *Monday, Midnight.*

'MY DEAR UNCLE,—In informing you of my engagement with Miss Costigan, daughter of J. Chesterfield Costigan, Esq., of Costiganstown, but, perhaps, better known to you under her

professional name of Miss Fotheringay, of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Crow Street, and of the Norwich and Welsh Circuit, I am aware that I make an announcement which cannot, according to the present prejudices of society at least, be welcome to my family. My dearest mother, on whom, God knows, I would wish to inflict no needless pain, is deeply moved and grieved, I am sorry to say, by the intelligence which 1 have this night conveyed to her. I beseech you, my dear Sir, to come down and reason with her and console her. Although obliged by poverty to earn an honourable maintenance by the exercise of her splendid talents, Miss Costigan's family is as ancient and noble as our own. When our ancestor, Ralph Pendennis, landed with Richard II. in Ireland, my Emily's forefathers were kings of that country. I have the information from Mr. Costigan, who, like yourself, i» a military man.

'It is in vain I have attempted to argue with my dear mother, and prove to her that a young lady of irreproachable character and lineage, endowed with the most splendid gifts of beauty and genius, who devotes herself to the exercise of one of the noblest professions, for the sacred purpose *oi* maintaining her family, is a being whom we should all love and reverence, rather than avoid;—my poor mother has prejudices which it is impossible for my logic to overcome, and refuses to welcome to her arms one who is disposed to be her most affectionate daughter through life.

'Although Miss Costigan is some years older than myself, that circumstance does not operate as a barrier to my affection, and I am sure will not influence its duration. A love like mine, Sir, 1 feel, is contracted once and for ever. As I never had dreamed of love until I saw her—I feel now that I shall die without ever knowing another passion. It is the fate of my life. It was Miss C.'s own delicacy which suggested that the difference of age, which I never felt, might operate as a bar to our union. But having loved once, I should despise myself and be unworthy of my name as a gentleman, if I hesitated to abide by my passion: if I did not give all where I felt all, and endow the woman who loves me fondly with my whole heart and my whole fortune.

'I press for a speedy marriage with my Emily—for why, in truth, should it be delayed? A delay implies a doubt, which I cast from me as unworthy. It is impossible that my sentiments

can change towards Emily—that at any age she can be anything but the sole object of my love. Why, then, wait? I entreat you, my dear Uncle, to come down and reconcile my dear mother to our union, and I address you as a man of the world, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes,* who will not feel any of the weak scruples and fears which agitate a lady who has scarcely ever left her village.

'Pray, come down to us immediately. I am quite confident that—apart from considerations of fortune—you will admire and approve of my Emily.—Your affectionate Nephew,

'ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Jr.

When the Major had concluded the perusal of this letter, his countenance assumed an expression of such rage and horror that Glowry, the surgeon-official, lelt in his pocket for his lancet, which he always carried in his card-case, and thought his respected friend was going into a fit. The intelligence was indeed sufficient to agitate Pendennis. The head of the Pendennises going to marry an actress ten years his senior,—a headstrong boy going to plunge into matrimony. 'The mother has spoiled the young rascal,' groaned the Major inwardly, 'with her cursed sentimentality and romantic rubbish. My nephew marry a tragedy queen! Gracious mercy, people will laugh at me so that I shall not dare show my head!' And he thought with an inexpressible pang that he must give up Lord Steyne s dinner at Richmond, and must lose his rest and pass the night in an abominable tight mail-coach, instead of taking pleasure, as he had promised himself, in some of the most agreeable and select society in England.

And he must not only give up this but all other engagements for some time to come. Who knows how long the business might detain him. He quitted his breakfast table for the adjoining writing-room, and there ruefully wrote off refusals to the Marquis, the Earl, the Bishop, and all his entertainers; and he ordered his servant to take places in the mail-coach for that evening, of course charging the sum which he disbursed for the seats to the account of the widow and the young scapegrace of whom he was guardian.

Early in the Regency of George the Magnificent, there lived in a small town in the west of England, called Clavering, a gentleman whose name was Pendennis. There were those

alive who remembered having seen his name painted on a board, which was surmounted by a gilt pestle and mortar over the door of a very humble little shop in the city of Bath, where Mr. Pendennis exercised the profession of apothecary and surgeon; and where he not only attended gentlemen in their sick-rooms, and ladies at the most interesting periods of their lives, but would condescend to sell a brown-paper plaster to a farmer's wife across the counter,—or to vend tooth-brushes, hair-powder, and London perfumery. For these facts a few folks at Clavering could vouch, where people's memories were more tenacious, perhaps, than they arc in a great bustling metropolis.

And yet that little apothecary who sold a stray customer a pennyworth of salts, or a more fragrant cake of Windsor soap, was a gentleman of good education, and of as old a family as any in the whole county of Somerset. He had a Cornish pedigree which carried the Pendennises up to the time of the Druids,—and who knows how much farther back? They had intermarried with the Normans at a very late period of their family existence, and they were related to all the great families of Wales and Brittany. Pendennis had had a piece of University education too, and might have pursued that career with great honour, but that in his second year at Cambridge his father died insolvent, and poor Pen was obliged to betake himself to the pestle and apron. He always detested the trade, and it was only necessity, and the offer of his mother's brother, a London apothecary of low family, into which Pendennis's father had demeaned himself by marrying, that forced John Pendennis into so odious a calling.

He quickly after his apprenticeship parted from the coarse-minded practitioner his relative, and set up for himself at Bath with his modest medical ensign. He had for some time a hard struggle with poverty; and it was all he could do to keep the shop and its gilt ornaments in decent repair, and his bed-ridden mother in comfort: but Lady Ribstone happening to be passing to the Rooms with an intoxicated Irish chairman who bumped her ladyship up against Pen's very door-post, and drove his chairpole through the handsomest pink bottle in the surgeon's window, alighted screaming from her vehicle, and was accommodated with a chair in Mr. Pepdennis's shop, where she was brought round with cinnamon and sal-volatile.

Mr. Pendennis's manners were so uncommonly gentlemanlike and soothing, that her ladyship, the wife of Sir Pepin

Ribstone, of Codlingbury, in the county of Somerset, Bart, appointed her preserver, as she called him, apothecary to her person and family, which was very large. Master Ribstone coming home for the Christmas holidays from Eton, over-ate himself and had a fever, in which Mr. Pendennis treated him with the greatest skill and tenderness. In a word, he got the good graces of the Codlingbury family, and from that day began to prosper. The good company of Bath patronised him, and amongst the ladies especially he was beloved and admired. First his humble little shop became a smart one: then he discarded the selling of tooth-brushes and perfumery, as unworthy of a gentleman of an ancient lineage: then he shut up the shop altogether, and only had a little surgery attended by a genteel young man: then he had a gig with a man to drive him; and, before her exit from this world, his poor old mother had the happiness of seeinfg from her bedroom window to which her chair was rolled, her beloved John step into a close carriage of his own, a one-horse carriage it is true, but with the arms of the family of Pendennis handsomely emblazoned on the panels. 'What would Arthur say now' she asked, speaking of a younger son of hers—'who never so much as once came to see my dearest Johnny through all the time of his poverty and struggles!'

'Captain Pendennis is with his regiment m India, mother/ Mr. Pendennis remarked, 'and, if you please, I wish you would not call me Johnny before the young man—before Mr. Parkins,'

Presently the day came when she ceased to call her son by the name of Johnny, or by any other title of endearment or affection; and his house was very lonely without that kind though querulous voice.

About the time of Mrs. Pendennis's demise, another of her son's patients likewise died at Bath; that virtuous woman, old Lady Pontypool, daughter of Reginald twelfth Earl of Bareacres. For the last five years of her life her ladyship had been attended by Miss Helen Thistlewood, a very distant relative of the noble house of Bareacres, before mentioned, and daughter of Lieutenant R. Thistlewood, R. N., killed at the battle of Copenhagen. Under Lady Pontypool's roof Miss Thistlewood found a comfortable shelter, as far as boarding and lodging went, but suffered under such an infernal tyranny as only women can inflict on, or bear from, one another: the

Doctor, who paid his visits to my Lady Pontypool at least twice a day, could not but remark the angelical sweetness and kindness with which the young lady bore her elderly relative's insults; and it was, as they were going in the fourth mourning coach to attend her ladyship's venerated remains to Bath Abbey, where they now repose, that he looked at her sweet pale face and resolved upon putting a certain question to her, the very nature of which made his pulse beat ninety, at least.

He was older than she by more than twenty years, and at no time the most ardent of men. Perhaps he had had a love affair in early lite which he had to strangle—perhaps all early love affairs ought to be strangled or drowned, like so many blind kittens: well, at three-and-forty he was a collected quiet little gentleman in black stockings with a bald head, and a few days after the ceremony he called to see her, and, as he felt her pulse, he kept hold of her hand in his, and asked her where she was going to live now that the Pontypooi tamily had come down upon the property, which was being nailed into boxes, and packed into hampers, and swaddled up with haybands, and buried in straw, and locked under three keys in green baize plate-chests, and carted away under the eyes of poor Miss Helen,—he asked her where she was going to live finally.

Her eyes filled with tears, and she said she did not know. She had a little money. The old lady had left her a thousand pounds, indeed; and she would go into a boarding-house or into a school: in fine, she did not know where.

Then Pendennis, looking into her pale face, and keeping hold of her cold little hand, asked her if she would come and live with him? He was old compared to—to so blooming a young lady as Miss Thistlewood (Pendennis was of the grave old complimentary school of gentlemen and apothecaries), but he was of good birth, and, he flattered himself, of good principles and temper. His prospects were good, and daily mending. He was alone in the world, and had need of a kind and constant companion, whom it would be the study of his life to make happy; in a word, he recited to her a little speech, which he had composed that morning in bed, and rehearsed and perfected in his carriage, as he was coming to wait upon the young lady. The upshot of this interview was, that she, blushing very much, made Pendennis an extremely low curtesy, and asked leave to—to consider his very kind

proposal. They were married in the dull Bath season, which was the height of the season in London.

The secret ambition of Mr. Pendennis had always been to be a gentleman. It takes much time and careful saving for a provincial doctor, whose gains are not very large, to lay by enough money wherewith to purchase a house and land; but besides our friend s own frugality and prudence, fortune aided him considerably in his endeavour, and brought him to the point which he so panted to attain. He laid out some money very advantageously in the purchase of a house and small estate close upon the village of Clavermg before mentioned. Words cannot describe, nor did he himself ever care to confess to any one, his pride when he found himself a real landed proprietor, and could walk over acres of which he was the master. Finally, he sold his business at Bath, to Mr. Parkins, for a handsome sum of ready money, and for an annuity to be paid to him during a certain number of years after he had for ever retired from the handling of the mortar and pestle. Arthur Pendennis, his son, was eight years old at the time of this event, so that it is no wonder that the latter, who left Bath and the surgery so young, should forget the existence of such a place almost entirely, and that his father's hands had ever been dirtied by the compounding of odious pills, or the preparation of filthy plasters.

Heaven knows where they came from, but a whole range of Pendennis portraits presently hung round the Doctor's oak dining-room; Lelys and Vandykes he vowed all the portraits to be, and when questioned as to the history of the originals, would vaguely say they were 'ancestors of his.' You could see by his wife's looks that she disbelieved in these genealogical legends, for she generally endeavoured to turn the conversation when he commenced them. But his little boy believed them to their fullest entent, and Roger Pendennis of Agincourt, Arthur Pendennis of Crecy, General Pendennis of Blenheim and Oudenarde, were as real and actual beings for this young gentleman as—whom shall we say?—as Robinson Crusoe, or Peter Wilkins, or the Seven Champions of Christendom, whose histories were in his library.

Pendennis and his wife often blessed themselves, that their house of Fairoaks was nearly a mile out of Clavering, or their premises would never have been free from the prying eyes and prattle of one or other of the male and female inhabitants there.

Fairoaks lawn comes down to the little river Brawl, and on the other side were the plantations and woods (as much as were left of them) of Clavering Park, Sir Francis Clavering, Bart. The Park was let out in pasture and fed down by sheep and cattle, when the Pendennises came first to live at Fairoaks. Shutters were up in the house; a splendid freestone palace, great stairs, statues, and porticos, whereof you may see a picture in the 'Beauties of England and Wales.' Sir Richard Clavering, Sir Francis's grandfather, had commenced the ruin of the family by the building of this palace: his successor had achieved the ruin by living in it. The present Sir Francis was abroad somewhere; nor could anybody be found rich enough to rent that enormous mansion, through the deserted rooms, mouldy clanking halls, and dismal galleries of which, Arthur Pendennis many a time walked trembling when he was a boy.

Pendennis usually took care that at least one of his grand dinners should take place when his brother, the Major, who, on the return of his regiment from India and New South Wales, had sold out and gone upon half-pay, came to pay his biennial visit to Fairoaks. 'My brother, Major Pendennis/ was a constant theme of the retired Doctor's conversation. All the family delighted in my brother the Major. He was the link which bound them to the great world of London, and the fashion. He always brought down the last news of the nobility, and was in the constant habit of dining with lords and great folks. He spoke of such with soldierlike respect and decorum. He would say, 'My Lord Bareacres has been good enough to invite me to Bareacres for the pheasant shooting/ or, 'My Lord Steyne is so kind as to wish for my presence at Stillbrook for the Easter holidays/ and you may be sure the whereabouts of my brother the Major was carefully made known by worthy Mr. Pendennis to his friends at the Clavering Reading-room, at Justice-meetings, or at the County-town. Their carriages would come from ten miles round to call upon Major Pendennis in his visits to Fairoaks; the fame of his fashion as a man about town was established throughout the county.

The Major was a great favourite with almost all the little establishment of Fairoaks. He was as good-natured as he was well bred, and had a sincere liking and regard for his sister-in-law, whom he pronounced, and with perfect truth, to be as fine a lady as any in England, and an honour to the family. Indeed, Mrs. Pendennis's tranquil beauty, her natural

sweetness and kindness, and that simplicity and dignity which a perfect purity and innocence are sure to bestow upon a handsome woman, rendered her quite worthy of her brother's praises.

Arthur Pendennis had the good fortune to have a mother endowed with these happy qualities. During his childhood and youth, the boy thought of her as little less than an angel,—as a supernatural being, all wisdom, love, and beauty. When her husband drove her into the county town, or to the assize balls or concerts there, he would step into the assembly with his wife on his arm, and look the great folks in the face, as much as to say, 'Look at that, my lord; can any of you show me a woman like *that ?'* She enraged some country ladies with three times her money, by a sort of desperate perfection which they found in her.

That even a woman should be faultless, however, is an arrangement not permitted by nature: Mrs. Pendennis had that vice which Miss Pybus and Miss Pierce discovered in her, namely, that of pride, which did not vest itself so much in her own person, as in that of her family- She spoke about Mr. Pendennis (a worthy little gentleman enough, but there are others as good as he) with an awful reverence, as if he had been the Pope of Rome on his throne, and she a cardinal kneeling at his feet, and giving him incense. The Major she held to be a sort of Bayard among Majors: and as for her son Arthur she worshipped that youth with an ardour which the young scapegrace accepted almost as coolly as the statue of the Saint in Saint Peter's receives the rapturous osculations which the faithful deliver on his toe.

This unfortunate superstition and idol-worship of this good woman was the cause of a great deal of the misfortune which befell the young gentleman who is the hero of this history, and deserves therefore to be mentioned at the outset of his story.

Arihur Pendennis's schoolfellows at the Greyfriars School state that, as a boy, he was in no Mays remarkable either as a dunce or as a scholar. He did, in fact, just as much as was required of him, and no more. If he was distinguished for anything it was for verse-writing: but was his enthusiasm ever so great, it stopped when he had composed the number of lines demanded by the regulations. He never read to improve himself out of school-hours, but, on the contrary, devoured all the novels, plays, and poetry, on which he could lay his hands.

He never was flogged, but it was a wonder how he escaped the whipping-post. When he had money he spent it royally in tarts for himself and his friends; he has been known to disburse nine and sixpence out of ten shillings awarded to him in a single day. When he had no funds he went on tick. When he could get no credit he went without, and was almost as happy. He has been known to take a thrashing for a crony without saying a word; but a blow, ever so slight from a friend, would make him roar. To fighting he was averse from his earliest youth, as indeed to physic, the Greek Grammar, or any other exertion, and would engage in none of them, except at the last extremity. He seldom if ever told lies, and never bullied little boys. Those masters or seniors who were kind to him, he loved with boyish ardour. And though the Doctor, when he did not know his Horace, or could not construe his Greek play, said that that boy Pendennis was a disgrace to the school, a candidate for ruin in this world, and perdition in the next; a profligate who would most likely bring his venerable father to ruin and his mother to a dishonoured grave, and the like—yet as the Doctor made use of these compliments to most of the boys in the place (which has not turned out an unusual number of felons and pickpockets), little Pen, at first uneasy and terrified by these charges, became gradually accustomed to hear them; and he has not, in fact, either murdered his parents, or committed any act worthy of transportation or hanging up to the present day.

There were many of the upper boys, among the Cistercians with whcm Pendennis was educated, who assumed all the privileges of men long before they quitted that seminary. Many of them, for example, smoked cigars—and some had already begun the practice of inebriation. One had fought a duel with an Ensign in a marching regiment in consequence of a row at the theatre—another actually kept a buggy and horse at a livery stable in Covent Garden, and might be seen driving any Sunday in Hyde Park with a groom with squared arms and armorial buttons by his side. Many of the seniors were in love, and showed each other in confidence poems addressed to, or letters and locks of hair received frcm, young ladies—but Pen, a modest and timid youth, rather envied these than imitated them as yet. He had not got beyond the theory as yet—the practice of life was all to come. And by the way, ye tender mothers and sober fathers of Christian families, a

prodigious thing that theory of life is as orally learned at a great public school. Why, if you could hear those boys of fourteen who blush before mothers and sneak off in silence in the presence of their daughters, talking among each other—it would be the women's turn to blush then. Before he was twelve years old and while his mother fancied him an angel of candour, little Pen had heard talk enough to make him quite awfully wise upon certain points—and so, Madam, has your pretty little rosy-cheeked son, who is coming home from school for the ensuing Christmas holidays. I don't say that the boy is lost, or that the innocence has left him which he had from 'Heaven, which is our home,' but that the shades of the prison-house are closing very fast over him, and that we are helping as much as possible to corrupt him.

Well—Pen had just made his public appearance in a coat with a tail, or cauda-virilis, and was looking most anxiously in his little study-glass to see if his whiskers were growing, like those of more fortunate youths his companions; and, instead of the treble voice with which he used to speak and sing (for his singing voice was a very sweet one, and he used when little to be made to perform 'Home, sweet Home/ 'My pretty Page,' and a French song or two which his mother had taught him, and other ballads for the delectation of the senior boys), had suddenly plunged into a deep bass diversified by a squeak, which when he was called upon to construe in school set the master and scholars laughing—he was about sixteen years old, in a word, when he was suddenly called away from his academic studies.

It was at the close of the forenoon school, and Pen had been unnoticed all the previous part of the morning till now, when the Doctor put him on to construe in a Greek play. He did not know a word of it, though little Timmins, his form-fellow, was prompting him with all his might. Pen had made a sad blunder or two when the awful Chief broke out upon him.

'Pendennis, sir,' he said, 'your idleness is incorrigible and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school, and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after-life to your country. II that vice, sir, which is described to us as the root of all evil, be really what moralists have represented (and I have no doubt of the correctness of their opinion), for what a prodigious quantity of future crime and wickedness are you,

unhappy boy, laying the seed! Miserable trifler! A boy who construes δε *and,* instead of δε *but,* at sixteen years of age is guilty not merely of folly, and ignorance, and dulness inconceivable, but of crime, of deadjy crime, of filial ingratitude, which 1 tremble to contemplate. A boy, sir, who does not learn his Greek play cheats the parent who spends money for his education. A boy who cheats his parent is not very far from robbing or forging upon his neighbour. A man who forges on his neighbour pays the penalty of his crime at the gallows. And it is not such a one that I pity (for he will be deservedly cut off), but his maddened and heart-broken parents, who are driven to a premature grave by his crimes, or, if they live, drag on a wretched and dishonoured old age. Go on, sir, and 1 warn you that the very next mistake that you make shall subject you to the punishment of the rod. Who's that laughing? What ill-conditioned boy is there that dares to laugh?' shouted the Doctor.

Indeed, while the master was making this oration, there was a general titter behind him in the schoolroom. The orator had his back to the door of this ancient apartment, which was open, and a gentleman who was quite familiar with the place, for both Major Arthur and Mr. John Pendennis had been at the school, was asking the fifth-form boy who sate by the door for Pendennis. The lad grinning pointed to the culprit against whom the Doctor was pouring out the thunders of his just wrath—Major Pendennis could not help laughing. He remembered having stood under that very pillar where Pen the younger now stood, and having been assaulted by the Doctor's predecessor years and years ago. The intelligence was ' passed round' that it was Pendenms's uncle in an instant, and a hundred young faces wondering and giggling, between terror and laughter, turned now to the new-comer and then to the awful Doctor.

The Major asked the fifth-form boy to carry his card up to the Doctor, which the lad did with an arch look. Major Pendennis had written on the card, 'I must take A. P. home; his father is very ill.'

As the Doctor received the card, and stopped his harangue with rather a scared look, the laughter of the boys, half constrained until then, burst out in a general shout. ' Silence!' roared out the Doctor stamping with his foot. Pen looked up and saw who was his deliverer; the Major beckoned to him

gravely with one of his white gloves, and tumbling down his books, Pen went across.

The Doctor took out his watch. It was two minutes to one. 'We will take the Juvenal at afternoon school,' he said, nodding to the Captain, and all the boys understanding the signal gathered up their books and poured out of the hall.

Young Pen saw by his uncle's face that something had happened at home. 'Is there anything the matter with—my mother?' he said. He could hardly speak, though, for emotion, and the tears which were ready to start

'No,' said the Major, 'but your father's very ill. Go and pack your trunk directly; I have got a post-chaise at the gate,'

Pen went off quickly to his boarding-house to do as his uncle bade him; and the Doctor, now left alone in the schoolroom, came out to shake hands with his old schoolfellow. You would not have thought it was the same man. As Cinderella at a particular hour became, from a blazing and magnificent Princess, quite an ordinary little maid in a grey petticoat, so, as the clock struck one, all the thundering majesty and awful wrath of the schoolmaster disappeared.

'There is nothing serious, I hope,' said the Doctor. 'It is a pity to take the boy away unless there is. He is a very good boy, rather idle and unenergetic, but he is a very honest gentlemanlike little fellow, though I can't get him to construe as I wish. Won't you come in and have some luncheon? My wife will be very happy to see you,'

But Major Pendennis declined the luncheon. He said his brother was very ill, had had a fit the day before, and it was a great question if they should see him alive.

'There's no other son, is there?' said the Doctor. The Major answered ' No,'

'And there's a good eh—a good eh—property I believe?' asked the other in an off-hand way.

'H'm—so so,' said the Major. Whereupon this colloquy came to an end And Arthur Pendennis got into the post-chaise with his uncle never to come back to school any more.

As the chaise drove through Clavering, the hostler standing whistling under the archway of the Clavering Arms, winked the postilion ominously, as much as to say all was over.

The little girl, whose face had peered for a moment under the blinds as the chaise came up, opened the door from the stairs into the hall, and taking Arthur's hand silently as he stooped down to kiss her, led him upstairs to his mother. Old John opened the dining-room door for the Major. The room was darkened with the blinds down, and surrounded by all the gloomy pictures of the Pendennises. He drank a glass of wine. The bottle had been opened for the Squire four days betore. His hat was brushed, and laid on the hall table: his newspapers, and his letter-bag, with John Pendennis, Esquire, Fairoaks, engraved upon the brass plate, were there in waiting. The doctor and the lawyer from Clavering, who had seen the chaise pass through, came up in a gig half an hour after the Major's arrival, and entered by the back door The former gave a detailed account of the seizure and demise of Mr. Pendennis, enlarged on his virtues and the estimation in which the neighbourhood held him; on what a loss he would be to the magistrates' bench, the County Hospital, etc. Mrs. Pendennis bore up wonderfully, he said, especially since Master Arthur's arrival. The lawyer stayed and dined with Major Pendennis, and they talked business all the evening. The Major was his brother's executor, and joint guardian to the boy with Mrs. Pendennis. Everything was left unreservedly to her, except in case of a second marriage.

What passed between that lady and the boy is not of import. A veil should be thrown over those sacred emotions of love and grief.

As for Arthur Pendennis, after that awful shock which the sight of his dead father must have produced on him, and the pity and feeling which such an event no doubt occasioned, I am not sure that in the very moment of the grief, and as he embraced his mother and tenderly consoled her, and promised to love her for ever, there was not springing up in his breast a feeling of secret triumph and exultation. He was the chief now and lord. He was Pendennis; and all round about him were his servants and handmaids. 'You'll never send me away,' little Laura said, tripping by him, and holding his hand. 'You won't send me to school, will you, Arthur?'

Arthur kissed her and patted her head. No, she shouldn't go to school. As for going himself, that was quite out of the question. He had determined that that part of his life should not be renewed. In the midst of the general grief, and the corpse still lying above, he had leisure to conclude that he

would have it *all* holidays for the future, that he wouldn't get up till he liked, or stand the bullying of the Doctor any more, and had made a hundred of such day-dreams and resolves for the future.

'They buried John Pendennis, Esquire, 'formeily an eminent medical piactitionei at Bath, and subsequently an able magistiate, a benevolent landlord, and a benefactor to many charities and public institutions in this neighbourhood and county,' with one of the most handsome iunerals that had been seen since Sir Roger Claveiing was buried here, the clerk said, in the abbey church of Clavering St. Mary's. Doctoi Poitrnan alluded to the deceased most handsomely and affectingly,as 'our dear depaited friend,' in his sermon next Sunday; and Arthui Pendennis reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER I!

ARTHUR was about sixteen yeais old, we have said, when he began to reign; in person (for I see that the artist who is to illustrate this book, and who makes sad work of the likeness, will never be able to take my friend off) he had what his friends would call a dumpy, but his mamma styled a neat little figure. His hair was of a healthy blown colour, which looks like gold in the sunshine, his face was round, iosy, fieckled, and good-humoured, his whiskers (when those facial omaments for which he sighed so ardently weie awarded to him by nature) were decidedly of a reddish hue; in fact, without being a beauty, he had such a fiank, good-natured kind face, and laughed so meuily at you out of his honest blue eyes, that no wonder Mis. Pendennis thought him the pride of the whole county. Between the ages of sixteen and eighteen he rose from five feet six to five feet eight inches in height, at which altitude he paused. But his mother wondered at it. He was three inches taller than his father. Was it possible that any man could grow to be three inches taller than Mr. Pendennis?

You may be certain he never went back to school; the discipline of the establishment did not suit him, and he liked being at home much better. The question of his return was debated, and his uncle was for his going back. The Doctor wrote his opinion that it was most important for Arthur's

success in after-life that he should know a Greek play thoroughly, but Pen adroitly managed to hint to his mother what a dangerous place Greyfriars was, and what sad wild fellows some of the chaps there were, and the timid soul, taking alarm at once, acceded to his desire to stay at home.

Then Pen's uncle offered to use his influence with His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, who was pleased to be very kind to him, and proposed to get Pen a commission in the Foot Guards. Pen's heart leaped at this: he had been to hear the band at St. James's play on a Sunday, when he went out to his uncle.

But Helen Pendennis, when this point was proposed to her by her son, put on a face full of terror and alarm. She said 'she did not quarrel with others who thought differently, but that in her opinion a Christian had no right to make the army a profession. Mr. Pendennis never, never would have permitted his son to be a soldier. Finally, she should be very unhappy if he thought of it.' Now Pen would have as soon cut off his nose and ears as deliberately, and of aforethought malice, made his mother unhappy; and, as he was of such a generous disposition that he would give away anything to any one, he instantly made a present of his visionary red coat and epaulettes and his ardour for military glory to his mother.

She thought him the noblest creature in the world. But Major Pendennis, when the offer of the commission was acknowledged and refused, wrote back a curt and somewhat angry letter to the widow, and thought his nephew was rather a spooney.

He was contented, however, when he saw the boy's performances out hunting at Christmas, when the Major came down as usual to Fairoaks. Pen had a very good mare, and rode her with uncommon pluck and grace. He took his fences with great coolness, and yet with judgment, and without bravado. He wrote to the chaps at school about his top-boots, and his feats across country. He began to think seriously of a scarlet coat: and his mother must own that she thought it would become him remarkably well; though, of course, she passed hours of anguish during his absence, and daily expected to see him brought home on a shutter.

With these amusements, in rather too great plenty, it must not be assumed that Pen neglected his studies altogether. He

had a natural taste (or reading every possible kind of book which did not fall into his school-course. It was only when they forced his head into the waters of knowledge that he refused to drink. He devoured all the books at home from Inchbald's Theatre to White's Farriery; he ransacked the neighbouring book-cases. He found at Clavering an old cargo of French novels, which he read with all his might; and he would sit for hours perched upcn the topmost bar of Doctor Portman's library steps with a folio on his knees, whether it were Hakluyt's Travels, Hobbes's Leviathan, Augustim Opera, or Chaucer's Poems. He and the Vicar were very good friends, and from his Reverence, Pen learned that honest taste for port wine which distinguished him through life. And as for that dear good woman, Mrs. Portman, who was not in the least jealous, though her Doctor avowed himself in love with Mrs. Pendennis, whom he pronounced to be by far the finest lady in the county—all her griel was, as she looked up fondly at Pen perched on the book-ladder, that her daughter, Minny, was loo old for him—as indeed she was—Miss Myra Portman being at that period only two years younger than Pen's mother, and weighing as much as Pen and Mrs. Pendennis together.

Are these details insipid? Look back, good friend, at your own youth, and ask how was that? I like to think of a well-nurtured boy, brave and gentle, warm-hearted and loving, and looking the world in the face with kind honest eyes. What bright colours it wore then, and how you enjoyed it! A man has not many years of such time. He does not know them whilst they are with him. It is only when they are passed long aw ay that he remembers how dear and happy they were.

In order to keep Mr. Pen from indulging in that idleness of which his friend the Doctor of the Cistercians had prophesied such awful consequence, Mr. Smirke, Dr. Portman's curate, was engaged at a liberal salary, to walk or ride over from Clavering and pass several hours daily with the young gentleman. Smirke was a man perfectly faultless at a tea-table, wore a curl on his fair forehead, and tied his neck-cloth with a melancholy grace. He was a decent scholar and mathematician, and taught Pen as much as the lad was ever disposed to learn, which was not much.

The two read the ancient poets together, and rattled through them at a pleasant rate, very different from that steady grubbing pace with which the Cistercians used to go over the classic ground, scenting out each word as they went, and digging up every root in the way. Pen never liked to halt; but made his tutor construe when he was at fault, and thus galloped through the Iliad and the Odyssey, the tragic play-writers and the charming wicked Aristophanes (whom he vowed to be the greatest poet of all). But he went at such a pace that, though he certainly galloped through a considerable extent of the ancient country, he clean forgot it in after-life, and had only such a vague remembrance of his early classic course as a man has in the House of Commons, let us say, who still keeps up two or three quotations; or a reviewer who, just for decency's sake, hints at a little Greek. Our people are the most prosaic in the world, but the most faithful; and with curious reverence we keep up and transmit, from generation to generation the superstition of what we call the education of a gentleman.

Besides the ancient poets, you may be sure Pen read the English with great gusto. Smirke sighed and shook his head sadly both about Byron and Moore. But Pen was a sworn fire-worshipper and a Corsair; he had them by heart, and used to take little Laura into the window and say, 'Zuleika, I am not thy brother,' in tones so tragic that they caused the solemn little maid to open her great eyes still wider. She sat, until the proper hour for retirement, sewing at Mrs. Pendcnnis's knee, and listening to Pen reading out to her of nights without comprehending one word of what he read.

He read Shakespeare to his mother (which she said she liked, but didn't), and Byron, and Pope, and his favourite Lalla Rookh, which pleased her indifferently. But as for Bishop Heber, and Mrs. Hemans above all, this lady used to melt right away, and be absorbed into her pocket-handkerchief, when Pen read those authors to her in his kind boyish voice.

It was at this period of his existence, that Pen broke out in the Poets' Corner of the County Chronicle, with some verses with which he was perfectly well satisfied. His are the verses signed 'NEP.,' addressed 'To a Tear;' 'On the Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo;' 'To Madame Caradori singing at the Assize Meetings;' 'On Saint Bartholomew's Day' (a

trerriendoUs denunciation of Popery, and a solemn warning to the People of England to rally against emancipating the Roman Catholics), etc., etc.—all which masterpieces, Mrsi Pendennis no doubt keeps to this day, along with his first socks, the first cutting of his hair, his bottle, and other interesting relics of his infancy. His genius at this time was of a decidedly gloomy cast. He brought his mother a tragedy, in which, though he killed sixteen people before the second act, it made her laugh so, that he thiust the masterpiece into the fire in a pet.

Besides these amusements and occupations in which Mr. Pen indulged, there was one which ioims the main business and pleasure of youth, if the poets tell us aright, whom Pen was always studying; and this young fellow's heart was so ardent, and his imagination so eager, that it is not to be expected he should long escape the passion to which we allude, arid which, ladies, you have rightly guessed to be that of Love. Pen sighed foi it first in secret, and, like the love-sick swain in Ovid, opened his breast and said, ' Aura, veni.' What generous youth is there that has not courled some such windy mistress in his time?

Yes, Pen began to feel the necessity of a first love—of a consuming passion—of an object on which he could concentrate all those vague floating fancies under which he sweetly suffered-^of a young lady to whom he could really make verses, and whom he could set up and adore, in place of those unsubstantial lanthes and Zuleikas to whom he addressed the outpourings of his gushing muse. Smirke and he were never weary, in their interviews, of discoursing about love. The faithless tutor entertained him with sentimental conversations in place of lectures on Algebra and Greek; for Smirke was in love too. Who could help it, being in daily intercourse with such a woman ? Smirke was madly in love (as far as such a mild flame as Mr. Smirke's may be called madness) with Mrs. Pendennif.

There happened to be no young woman in the small circle of friends who were in the widow 's intimacy whom Pendennis could by any possibility gratify by endowing her with the inestimable treasure of a heart which he was longing to give away. Some young fellows in this predicament bestow their young affections upon Dolly, the dairymaid, or cast the eyes of tenderness upon Molly, the blacksmith's daughter. Pen thought

a Pendennis much too grand a personage to stoop so low. He was too high-minded (or a vulgar intrigue, and, at the idea of an intrigue or a seduction, had he ever entertained it, his heart would have revolted as from the notion of any act of baseness or dishonour. Miss Minny Portman was too old, too large, and too fond of reading ' Roliin's Ancient History'. In fine, he was not in love, because there was nobody at hand to fall in love with. And the young monkey used to ride out, day after day, in quest of Dulcinea. Do as he might, and ride where he would, the fairy princess that he was to rescue and win, had not yet appeared to honest Pen.

Upon these points he did not discourse to his mother. He had a world of his own. What generous, ardent, imaginative soul has not a secret pleasure-place in \\hich it disports? Let no clumsy prying or dull meddling of ours try to disturb it in our children.

Helen Pendennis by the force of sheer love divined a great number of her son's secrets. But she kept these things in her heart (if we may so speak), and did not speak of them. Besides, she had made up her mind that he was to marry little Laura who would be eighteen when Pen was six-and-tsventy: and had finished his college career, and had made his ghand tour, and was settled either in London, astonishing all the metropolis by his learning and eloquence at the bar, or better still in a sweet country parsonage surrounded with holly-hocks and roses, close to a delightful romantic ivy-covered church, from the pulpit of which Pen would utter the most beautiful sermons ever preached.

While ihese natural sentiments were waging war and trouble in honest Pen's bosom, it chanced one day that he rode into Chatteris, for the purpose of carrying to the County Chronicle a tremendous and thrilling poem for the next week's paper; and putting up his horse according to custom, at the stables of the George Hotel there, he fell in with an old acquaintance. A grand black tandem, with scarlet wheels, came rattling into the inn yard, as Pen stood there in converse with the hostler about Rebecca ; and the voice of the driver called out, ' Hallo, Pendennis, is that you ?' in a loud patronising manner. Pen had some difficulty in recognising under the broad-brimmed hat and the vast great-coats and neckcloths, with which the new-comer was habited, the person and figure of his quondam schoolfellow, Mr. Foken

A year's absence had made no small difference in that gentleman. A youth who had been deservedly whipped a few months previously, and who spent his pocket-money on tarts and hardbake, now appeared before Pen in one of those costumes to which the public consent, that I take to be quite as influential in this respect as 'Johnson's Dictionary,' has awarded the title of 'Swell,' He had a bull-dog between his legs, and in his scarlet shawl neckcloth was a pin representing another bull-dog in gold: he wore a fur waistcoat laced over with gold chains; a green cut-away coal with basket-buttons, and a white upper-coat ornamented with cheese-plate buttons, on each of which was engraved some stirring incident of the road or the chase; all which ornaments set off this young fellow s figure to such advantage, that you would hesitate to say which character in life he most resembled, and whether he was a boxer en *goguette,* or a coachman in his gala suit.

'Left that place for good, Pendennis?' Mr. Foker said, descending from his landau and giving Pendennis a finger.

' Yes, this year or more,' Pen said.

' Beastly old hole,' Mr. Foker remarked. ' Hate it. Hate the Doctor: hate Towzer, the second master; hate everybody there. Not a fit place for a gentleman.'

' Not at all,' said Pen, with an air of the utmost consequence.

' By gad, sir, 1 sometimes dream, now, that the Doctor's walking into me,' Foker continued (and Pen smiled as he thought that he himself had likewise fearful dreams of this nature). ' When I think of the diet there, by gad, sir, I wonder how I stood it. Mangy mutton, brutal beef, pudding on Thursdays and Sundays, and that fit to poison you. Just look at my leader—did you ever see a prettier animal? Drove over from Baymouth. Came the nine mile in two-and-forty minutes. Not bad going, sir,'

'Are you stopping at Baymouth, Foker?' Pendennis asked.

' I'm coaching there,' said the other, with a nod.

' *What ?'* asked Pen, and in a tone of such wonder, that Foker burst out laughing, and said, ' He was blowed if he didn't think Pen was such a flat as not to know what coaching meant,'

'I'm come down with a coach from Oxford. A tutor, don't you see, old boy? He's coaching me, and some other men, for

the little go. Me and Spavin have the drag between us. And I thought I'd just tool over and go to the play. Did you ever see Rowkins do the hornpipe?' and Mr. Foker began to perform some steps of that popular dance in the inn yard, looking round for the sympathy of his groom and the stable-men.

Pen thought he would like to go to the play too: and could ride home afterwards, as there was a moonlight. So he accepted Foker's invitation to dinner, and the young men entered the inn together, where Mr. Foker stopped at the bar, and called upon Miss Rincer, the landlady's fair daughter, who presided there, to give him a glass of 'his mixture.'

The landlady dropped the heir of Fairoaks a very respectful curtsey, and complimented him upon his growth and manly appearance, and asked news of the family at Fairoaks, and of Doctor Portman and the Clavering people, to all of which questions the young gentleman answered with much affability. But he spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Rincer with that sort of good nature with which a young Prince addresses his father's subjects; never dreaming that those *bonnes gens* were his equals in life.

Mr. Foker's behaviour was quite different. He inquired for Rincer and the cold in his nose, told Mrs. Rincer a riddle, asked Miss Rincer when she would be ready to marry him, and paid his compliments to Miss Brett, the other young lady in the bar, all in a minute of time, and with a liveliness and facetiousness which set all these ladies in a giggle; and he gave a cluck, expressive of great satisfaction, as he tossed off his mixture which Miss Rincer prepared and handed to him.

'Have a drop,' said he to Pen, 'it's recommended to me by the faculty as a what-do-you-call-'em—a stomatic, old boy. Give the young one a glass, R., and score it up to yours truly.'

Poor Pen took a glass, and everybody laughed at the face which he made as he put it down—gin, bitters, and some other cordial was the compound with which Mr. Foker was so delighted as to call it by the name of Foker's own. As Pen choked, sputtered, and made faces, the other took occasion to remark to Mr. Rincer that the young fellow was green, very green, but that he would soon form him; and then they proceeded to order dinner—which Mr, Foker determined

should consist of turtle and venison; cautioning the landlady to be very particular about icing the wine.

Then Messrs. Foker and Pen strolled down the High Street together—the former having a cigar in his mouth, which he had drawn out of a case almost as big as a portmanteau. It was in vain that Pen recalled to his own mind what a stupid ass Foker used to be at school—how he could scarcely read, how he was not cleanly in his person, and notorious for his blunders and dulness. Mr. Foker was no more like a gentleman now than in his school days: and yet Pen felt a secret pride in strutting down High Street with a young fellow who owned tandems, talked to officers, and ordered turtle and champagne for dinner. He listened, and with respect too, to Mr. Foker's accounts of what the men did at the University of which Mr. F. was an ornament, and encountered a long series of stories about boat-racing, bumping, College grass-plots, and milk-punch—and began to wish to go up himself to College to a place where there were such manly pleasures and enjoyments. Farmer Gurnett, who lives close by Fairoaks, riding by at this minute and touching his hat to Pen, the latter stopped him, and sent a message to his mother to say that he had met with an old schoolfellow, and should dine in Chatteris.

The two young gentlemen continued their walk, and were passing round the Cathedral Yard, where they could hear the music of the afternoon service.

Old Doctor Portman was one of the few who came from the venerable gate. Spying Pen, he came and shook him by the hand, and eyed with wonder Pen's friend, from whose mouth and cigar clouds of fragrance issued, which curled round the Doctor's honest face and shovel hat.

'An old schoolfellow of mine, Mr. Foker,' said Pen. The Doctor said 'H'm': and scowled at the cigar. He did not mind a pipe in his study, but the cigar was an abomination to the worthy gentleman.

'I came up on Bishop's business,' the Doctor said. 'We'll ride home, Arthur, if you like?'

'I —I'm engaged to my friend here,' Pen answered.

'You had better come home with me,' said the Doctor.

'His mother knows he's out, sir,' Mr. Foker remarked; don't she, Pendennis?'

'But that does not prove that he had not better come home with me,' the Doctor growled, and he walked off with great dignity.

'Old boy don't like the weed, 1 suppose,' Foker said. 'Ha! who's here?—here's the General, and Bingley, the manager. How do, Cos? How do, Bingley?'

'How does my worthy and gallant young Foker?' said the gentleman addressed as the General; and who wore a shabby military cape with a mangy collar, and a hat cocked very much over one eye.

'Trust you are very well, my very dear sir,' said the other gentleman, 'and that the Theatre Royal will have the honour of your patronage to-night. We perform "The Stranger," in which your humble servant will—'

'Can't stand you in tights and Hessians, Bingley,' young Mr. Foker said. On which the General, with the Irish accent, said, 'But I think ye'll like Miss Fothermgay, in Mrs. Haller, or me name's not Jack Costigan.'

Pen looked at these individuals with the greatest interest. He had never seen an actor before; and he saw Dr. Portman's red face looking over the Doctor's shoulder, as he retreated from the Cathedral Yard, evidently quite dissatisfied with the acquaintances into whose hands Pen had fallen.

Perhaps it would have been much better for him had he taken the parson's advice and company home. But which of us knows his fate?

Having returned to the George, Mr. Foker and his guest sate down to a handsome repast in the coffee-room; where Mr. Rincer brought in the first dish, and bowed as gravely as if he was waiting upon the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. Mr. Foker attacked the turtle and venison with as much gusto as he had shown the year before, when he used to make feasts off ginger-beer and smuggled polonies. Pen could not but respect his connoisseurship as he pronounced the champagne to be condemned gooseberry, and winked at the port with one eye.

'A bottle of sherry, a bottle of sham, a bottle of port and *a* shass caffy, it ain't so bad, hay, Pen?' Foker said, and pronounced, after all these delicacies and a quantity of nuts and fruit had been dispatched, that it was time to 'toddle,' Pen sprang up with very bright eyes, and a flushed face; and they moved off towards the theatre, where they paid their

money to the wheezy old lady slumbering in the money-taker's box. 'Mrs. Dropsicum, Bingley's mother-in-law, great in Lady Macbeth,' Foker said to his companion. Foker knew her, too.

They had almost their choice of places in the boxes of the theatre, which was no better filled than country theatres usually are in spite of the 'universal burst of attraction and galvanic thrills of delight' advertised by Bingley in the play-bills.

Bingley the manager, who assumed all the chief tragic and comic parts except when he modestly retreated to make way for the London stars, who came down occasionally to Chatteris, was great in the character of the 'Stranger.'

Directly the Stranger saw the young men, he acted at them; eyeing them solemnly over his gilt volume as he lay on the stage-bank showing his hand, his ring, and his Hessians. He calculated the effect that every one of these ornaments would produce upon his victims: he was determined to fascinate them, for he knew they had paid their money; and he saw their families corning in from the country and filling the cane chairs in his boxes.

'Give him a hand, Pendennis; you know every chap likes a hand,' Mr. Foker said; and the good-natured young gentleman, and Pendennis laughing, and the dragoons in the opposite box, began clapping hands to the best of their power.

The pit thrilled and thumped its umbrellas; a volley of applause was fired from the gallery: the Dragoon officers and Foker clapped their hands furiously: you would have thought the house was full, so loud v,ere their plaudits. The red face and ragged whiskers of Mr. Costigan were seen peering from the side-scene. Pen's eyes opened wide and bright as Mis. Haller entered with a downcast look, then rallying at the sound of the applause, swept the house with a grateful glance, and, folding her hands across her breast, sank do'An in a magnificent curtesy. More applause, more umbrellas; Pen this time, flaming with wine and enthusiasm, clapped hands and sang 'bravo' louder than all. Mrs. Haller saw him, and everybody else, and old Mr. Bows, the little first fiddler of the orchestra (which was this night increased by a detachment of the band of the Dragoons, by the kind permission of Colonel Swallowtail), looked up from the desk where he was perched, with his crutch beside him, and smiled at the enthusiasm of the lad.

Those who have only seen Miss Fotheringay in later days, since her marriage and introduction into London life, have little idea how beautiful a creature she was at the time when our friend Pen first set eyes on her. She was of the tallest of women, and at her then age of six-and-twenty—for six-and-twenty she was, though she vows she was only nineteen ~ in the prime and fulness of her beauty.

She stood for a minute—complete and beautiful—as Pen stared at her. 'I say, Pen, isn't she a stunner?' asked Mr. Foker.

'Hush!' Pen said. 'She's speaking.'

She began her business in a deep sweet voice.

With what smothered sorrow, with what gushing pathos, Mrs. Haller delivered her part! All the house was affected. Foker, for his part, taking out a large yellow bandanna, wept piteously. As for Pen, he was gone too far for that. He followed the woman about and about—when she was off the stage, it and the house were blank; the lights and the red officers reeled wildly before his sight.

'She is a crusher, ain't she now?' Mr. Foker asked of his companion.

Pen did not know exactly what Foker said, and answered vaguely. He could not tell the other what he felt; he could not have spoken, just then, to any mortal. Besides, Pendennis did not quite know what he felt yet.

He quitted the theatre and walked frantically about the town, he knew not how long; then he mounted at the George and rode homewards, and Clavering clock sang out one as he came into the yard at Fairoaks. The lady of the house might have been awake, but she only heard him from the passage outside his room as he dashed into bed and pulled the clothes over his head. Pen had not been in the habit of passing Wakeful nights, so he at once fell off into a sound sleep.

Pen felt himself to be ever so many years older since yesterday. There was no mistake about it now. He was as much in love as the best hero in the best romance he ever read. He told John to bring his shaving water with the utmost confidence. He dressed himself in some of his finest clothes that morning: and came splendidly down to breakfast, patronising his mother and little Laura, who had been strumming her music lesson for hours before; and who after he had read the prayers (of which he did not heed one single

syllable) wondered at his grand appearance, and asked him to tell her what the play vvas about?

Pen laughed and declined to tell Laura what the play was about. In fact it was quite as well that she should not know. Then she asked him why he had got on his fine pin and beautiful new waistcoat?

Pen blushed and told his mother that the old schoolfellow with whom he had dined at Chatteris was reading with a tutor at Baymouth, a very learned man; and as he was himself to go to College, and as there were several young men pursuing their studies at Baymouth—he was anxious to ride over - and— and just see what the course of their reading was. There he took leave of the elder and younger lady and was presently heard riding out of the stable-court. He went gently at first, but galloped like a madman as soon as he thought that he was out of hearing.

Smirke, thinking of his own affairs, and softly riding with his toes out, to give Pen his three hours' reading at Fairoaks, met his pupil, who shot by him like the wind. Smirke's pony shied, as the other thundered past him; the gentle curate went over his head among the stinging-nettles in the hedge. Pen laughed as they met, pointed towards the Baymouth road, and was gone half a mile in that direction before poor Smirke had picked himself up.

Pen had resolved in his mind that he *must* see Foker that morning; he must hear about her; know about her; be with somebody who Iriew her.

CHAPTER III

WITHOUT slackening her pace, Rebecca the mare galloped on to Baymouth, where Pen put her up at the inn stables, and ran straightway to Mr. Foker's lodgings, which he knew from the direction given to him by that gentleman on the previous day.

Foker had not come home at all. Here was a dis-appointment!—Mr. Spavin could not say when his friend would return.

He wanted to see Foker. He must see Foker. 'Suppose I go on—on the Chatteris road, just to see if I can meet him,' Pen thought. Rebecca was saddled in another half hour, and

galloping on the grass by the Chalteris road. About four miles from Baymouth, the Clavering road branches off, as everybody kno»vs, and the mare naturally was for taking that turn, but, cutting her over the shoulder, Pen passed the turning, and rode on to the turnpike without seeing any sign of the black tandem and red wheels.

As he was at the turnpike he might as well go on: that was quite clear. So Pen rode to the George, and the hcstler told him that Mr. Foker was there sure enough, and that 'he'd been a makin a tremendous row the night afore, a drinkin and a singin, and wanting to fight Tom the postboy: which I'm thinking he'd have had the worst of it,' the man added, with a grin. 'Have you carried up your master's 'ot water to sha\e with,' he added, in a very satirical manner, to Mr. Foker's domestic, who here came down the yard bearing his master's clothes, most beautifully brushed and arranged. 'Show Mr. Pendennis up to 'un,' and Pen followed the man at last to the apartment, where, in the midst of an immense bed, Mr. Harry Foker lay reposing.

The feather bed and bolsters swelled up all round Mr. Foker, so that you could hardly see his little sallow face and red silk nightcap.

'Hullo!' said Pen.

'Who goes there? brother, quickly tell!' sang out the voice from the bed. 'What! Pendennis again? Is your Mamma acquainted with your absence? Did you sup with us last night? No—stop—who supped with us last night, Stoopid?

'There was the three officers, sir, and Mr. Bingley, sir, and Mr. Costigan, sir,' the man answered, who received all Mr. Foker's remarks with perfect gravity.

'Ah yes: the cup and merry jest went round. We chanted: and I remember I wanted to fight a postboy. Did I thrash him, Stoopid?'

'No, sir. Fight didn't come off, sir,' said Stcopid, still with perfect gravity. He was arranging Mr. Foker's dressing-case —a trunk, the gift of a fond mother, without which the young fellow never travelled. It contained a prodigious apparatus in plate; a silver dish, a silver mug, silver boxes and bottles for all sorts of essences, and a choice of razors ready against the time when Mr. Foker's beard should come.

'Do it some other day,' said the young fellow, yawning and throwing up his little lean arms over his head. 'No, there

was no fight; but there was chanting. Bingley chanted, I chanted, the General chanted—Costigan I mean. Did you ever hear him sing "The Little Pig under the Bed," Pen?'

'The man we met yesterday,' said Pen, all in a tremor, ' the father of——'

' Of the Fotheringay,—the very man. Ain't she a Venus, Pen?'

' Please sir, Mr. Costigan's in the sittin-room, sir, and says, sir, you asked him to breakfast, sir. Called five times, sir; but wouldn't wake you on no account; and has been year since eleven o'clock, sir——'

' How much is it now?'

'One, sir.'

' What would the best of mothers say,' cried the little sluggard, 'if she saw me in bed at this hour? She sent me down here with a grinder. She wants me to cultivate my neglected genius—He, he! I say, Pen, this isn't quite like seven o'clock school,—is it, old boy?'—and the young fellow burst out into a boyish laugh of enjoyment. Then he added" 'Go in and talk to the General whilst I dress. And I say, Pendennis, ask him to sing you "The Little Pig under the Bed;" it's capital.' Pen went off in great perturbation, to meet Mr. Costigan, and Mr. Foker commenced his toilet.

Of Mr. Foker's two grandfathers, the one from whom he inherited a fortune was a brewer; the other was an earl, who endowed him with the most doting mother in the world. The Fokers had been at the Cistercian school from father to son; at which place, our friend, whose name could be seen over the playground wall, on a public-house sign, under which ' Foker's Entire' was painted, had been dreadfully bullied on account of his trade, his uncomely countenance, his inaptitude for learning and cleanliness, his gluttony and other weak points. But those who know how a susceptible youth, under the tyranny of his schoolfellows, becomes silent and a sneak, may understand how in a very few months after his liberation from bondage, he developed himself as he had done; and became the humorous, the sarcastic, the brilliant Foker, with whom we have made acquaintance. A dunce he always was, it is true; for learning cannot be acquired by leaving school and entering at college as a fellow-commoner; but he was now (in his own peculiar manner) as great a dandy as he before had been a slattern, and when he entered his sitting-room to join

his two guests, arrived scented and arrayed in fine linen, and perfectly splendid in appearance.

General or Captain Costigan—for the latter was the rank which he preferred to assume—was seated in the window with the newspaper held before him at arm's length. The Captain's eyes were somewhat dim; and he was spelling the paper, with the help of his lips, as well as of those bloodshot eyes of his, as you see gentlemen do to whom reading is a raie and difficult occupation. His hat was cocked very much on one ear; and as one of his feet lay up in the window-seal, the observer of such matters might remark, by the size and shabbiness of the boots which the Captain wore, that times did not go very well with him. Poverty seems as if it weie disposed, before it takes possession of a man entirely, to attack his extremities first: the coverings of his head, feet, and hands are its first prey. All these parts of the Captain's person weie particularly rakish and shabby. His once handsome face had now a copper tinge. He wore a veiy high stock, scaried and stained in many places; and a dress-coat tightly buttoned up in those parts where the buttons had not parted company from the garment

' The young gentleman to whom I had the honour to be introjuiced yesterday in the Cathadral Yard,' said the Captain, with a splendid bow and wave of his hat. ' I hope I see you well, sir. I marked ye in the thayatre last night duiing me daughter's perfawrumance; and missed ye on my return. 1 did but conduct her home, sir, for Jack Costigan, though poor, is a gentleman; and when I reintered the house to pay me respects to me joyous young friend, Mr. Foker—ye v,'ere gone. We had a jolly night of ut, sir,-Mr. Foker, the three gallant young dragoons, and your 'umble servant. Gad, sir, it put me in mind of one of our old nights when I bore His Majesty's commission in the Foighting Hundtherd and Third.' And he pulled out an old snuff-box, which he presented with a stately air to his new acquaintance.

Arthur was a great deal too much flurried to speak. This shabby-looking buck was—was her father. The Captain was perfumed with the recollections of the last night's cigars, and pulled and twisted the tuft on his chin as jauntily as any young dandy.

'I hope, Miss F——, Miss Costigan is well, sir,' Pen said, flushing up. 'She—she gave me greater pleasure, than—than

I—I—I ever enjoyed at a play. I think, sir-think she's the finest actress in the world,' he gasped out.

'Your hand, young man! for ye speak from your heart,' cried the Captain. 'Thank ye, sir, an old soldier and a fond father thanks ye. She *is* the finest actress in the world. I've seen the Siddons, sir, and the O'Nale—they were great, but what were they compared to Miss Fotheringay? I do not wish she should ashume her own name while on the stage. Me family, sir, are proud people; and the Costigans of Costiganstown think that an honest man, who has borne Her Majesty's colours in the Hundred and Third, would demean himself, by permitting his daughter to earn her old father's bread.'

The Captain was not only unaccustomed to tell the truth,—he was unable even to think it—and fact and fiction reeled together in his muzzy, whiskified brain.

He began life rather brilliantly with a pair of colours, a fine person and legs, and one of the most beautiful voices in the world. To his latest day he sang with admirable pathos and humour those vvonderful Irish ballads which are so mirthful and so melancholy: and was always the first himself to cry at their pathos. Poor Cos! he was at once brave and maudlin, humorous and an idiot; always good-natured, and sometimes almost trustworthy. Up to the last day of his life he would drink with any man, and back any man's bill: and his end was in a spunging-house, where the sheriff's officer, who took him, was fond of him.

In his brief morning of life, Cos formed the delight of regimental messes, and had the honour of singing his songs, bacchanalian and sentimental, at the tables of the most illustrious generals and commanders-in-chief, in the course of which period he drank three times as much claret as was good for him, and spent his doubtful patrimony. What became of him subsequently to his retirement from the army, is no affair of ours. I take it, no foreigner understands the life of an Irish gentleman without money, the way in which he manages to keep afloat—the wind-raising conspiracies, in which he engages with heroes as unfortunate as himself—the means by which he contrives, during most days of the week, to get his portion of whisky-and-water: all these are mysteries to us inconceivable: but sufficient to say, that through all the storms of life Jack had floated somehow, and the lamp of his nose had never gone out.

So much pleased was he with the young gentleman, so artless, honest, and cheerful did Pen seem to be, that the Captain finally made him an invitation, which he very seldom accorded to young men, and asked Pen if he would do him the fevor to enter his humble abode, which was near at hand, where the Captain would have the honour of inthrojuicing his young friend to his daughter, Miss Fotheringay?

The Captain conducted his young friend to that quiet little street in Chatteris, which is called Prior's Lane, which lies in the ecclesiastical quarter of the town, close by Dean's Green and the canons' houses, and is overlooked by the enormous towers of the cathedral; there the Captain dwelt modestly in the first floor of a low gabled house, on the door of which was the brass plate of 'Creed, Tailor and Robe-maker,'

Pen tumbled down the step, and as he followed his companion up the creaking old stair, his knees trembled under him. He could hardly see when he entered, following the Captain, and stood in the room—in her room. He saw something black before him, and waving as if making a curtsey, and heard, but quite indistinctly, Costigan making a speech over him, in which the Captain, with his usual magniloquence, expressed to 'me child' his wish to make her known to 'his dear and admirable young friend, Mr. Awther Pindinnis, a young gentleman of property in the neighbourhood, a person of refoined moind, and emiable manners, a sincare lover of poethry, and a man possest of a feeling and affectionate heart,'

'It is very fine weather,' Miss Fotheringay said, in an Irish accent, and with a deep rich melancholy voice.

'Very,' said Mr. Pendennis. In this romantic way their conversation began; and he found himself seated on a chair, and having leisure to look at the young lady.

'And very warm,' continued this empress and Queen of Sheba.

Mr. Pen again assented, and the conversation rolled on in this manner. She asked Costigan whether he had a pleasant evening at the George, and he recounted the supper and the tumblers of punch. Then the father asked her how she had been employing the morning.

'Bows came,' said she, 'at ten, and we studied Ophalia. It's for the twenty-fourth, when I hope, sir, we shall have the honour of seeing ye,'

' Indeed, indeed, you will,' Mr. Pendennis cried; wondering that she should say 'Ophalia,' and speak with an Irish inflection of voice naturally, who had not the least Hibernian accent on the stage.

'I've secured 'um for your benefit, dear,' said the Captain, tapping his waistcoat pocket, wherein lay Pen's sovereigns, and winking at Pen, with one eye, at which the boy blushed.

' Mr.——the gentleman's very obleging,' said Mrs. Haller.

' My name is Pendennis,' said Pen, blushing. 'I—I—hope you'll—you'll remember it.' His heart thumped so as he made this audacious declaration, that he almost choked in uttering it.

' Pendennis'—she answered slowly, and looking him full in the eyes, with a glance, so straight, so clear, so bright, so killing, with a voice so sweet, so round, so low, that the word and the glance shot Pen through and through, and perfectly transfixed him with pleasure.

'I never knew the name was so pretty before,' Pen said.

During dinner, when the Captain, whom his daughter treated most respectfully, ceased prattling about himself and his adventures, Pen tried to engage the Fotheringay in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not? 'In love with such a little ojous wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley? ' She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained it was not of her he spoke, but of Ophelia of the play. 'Oh, indeed; ii no offence was meant, none was taken: but as for Bingley, indeed, she did not value him—not that glass of punch.' Pen next tried her on Kolzebue. 'Kotzebue? who was he?'—' The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably.' 'She did not know that—the man's name at the beginning of the book was Thompson,' she said. Pen laughed at her adorable simplicity. He told her of the melancholy fate of the author of the play, and how Sand had killed him. It was for the first time in her life that Miss Costigan had ever heard of Mr. Kotzebue's existence, but she looked as if she was very much interested, and her sympathy sufficed for honest Pen.

And in the midst of this simple conversation, the hour and a quarter which poor Pen could afford to allow himself, passed away only too quickly; and he had taken leave, he was gone, and away on his rapid road homewards on the back of

Rebecca. She was called upon to show her mettle in the three journeys which she made that day.

Pen had even less sleep that night than on the night before. In the morning, and almost before dawn, he went out and saddled that unfortunate Rebecca himself, and rode her on the Downs like mad. Again Love had roused him—and said, 'Awake, Pendennis, I am here,' That charming fever—thai delicious longing—and fire, and uncertainty; he hugged them to him—he would not have lost them for all the world.

Cicero and Euripides did not occupy Mr. Pen much for some time after this, and honest Mr. Smirke had a very easy time with his pupil. Rebecca was the animal who suffered most in the present state of Pen's mind, for, besides those days when he could publicly announce his intention of going to Chatteris to take a fencing-lesson, and went thither with the knowledge of his mother, whenever he saw three hours clear before him, the young rascal made a rush for the city, and found his way to Prior's Lane. He was as frantic with vexation when Rebecca went lame, as Richard at Bosworth, when his horse was killed under him: and got deeply into the books of the man who kept the hunting-stables at Chatteris for the doctoring of his own, and the hire of another animal.

Then, and perhaps once in a week, under pretence of going to read a Greek play with Smirke, this young reprobate set off so as to be in time for the Competitor down coach, stayed a couple of hours in Chatteris, and returned on the Rival which left for London at ten at night. Once his secret was nearly lost by Smirke's simplicity, of whom Mrs. Pendennis asked whether they had read a great deal the night before, or a question to that effect. Smirke was about to tell the truth, that he had never seen Mr. Pen at all, when the latter's boot-heel came grinding down on Mr. Smirke's toe under the table, and warned the curate not to betray him.

We are not going to say a great deal about Pen's courtship of Miss Fotheringay, for the reader has already had a specimen of her conversation, much of which need surely not be reported. Pen sate with her hour after hour, and poured forth all his honest boyish soul to her. Everything he knew, or hoped, or felt, or had read, or fancied, he told to her. He never tired of talking and longing. One after another, as his thoughts rose in his hot eager brain, he clothed them in words, and told them to her. Her part of the *tete a tete* was not to talk, but

to appear as if she understood what Pen talked (a difficult matter, for the young fellow blurted out no small quantity of nonsense), and to look exceedingly handsome and sympathising. The fact is, whilst he was making one of his tirades—and delighted, perhaps, and wondering at his own eloquence, the lad would go on for twenty minutes at a time—the lovely Emily, who could not comprehend a tenth part of his talk, had leisure to think about her own affairs, and would arrange in her own mind how they should dress the cold mutton, or how she would turn the black satin, or make herself out of her scarf a bonnet like Miss Thackthwaite's new one, and so forth. Pen spouted Byron and Moore; passion and poetry: her business was to throw up her eyes, or fixing them for a moment on his face, to cry, 'Oh, 'tis beautiful! Ah, how exquisite! Repeat those lines again,' And off the boy went, and she returned to her own simple thoughts about the turned gown, or the hashed mutton.

In fact Pen's passion was not long a secret from the lovely Emily or her father. Upon his second visit, his admiration was quite evident to both of them, and on his departure the old gentleman said to his daughter, as he winked at her over his glass of grog, 'Faith, Milly darling, I think ye've hooked that chap,'

'Pooh, 'tis only a boy, papa dear,' Milly remarked. 'Sure he's but a child,' Pen would have been very much pleased if he had heard that phrase—he was galloping home wild with pleasure, and shouting out her name as he rode.

'Ye've hooked 'urn any how,' said the Captain, 'and let me tell ye he's not a bad fish. I asked Tom at the George, and Flint, the grocer, where his mother dales-fine fortune—drives in her chariot-splendid park and grounds—Fairoaks Park—only son—property all his own at twenty-one—ye might go further and not fare so well, Miss Fotheringay,'

'Them boys are mostly talk,' said Milly, seriously. 'Ye know at Dublin how ye went on about young Poldoody, and I've a whole desk full of verses he wrote me when he was in Trinity College; but he went abroad, and his mother married him to an English woman,'

'Lord Poldoody was a young nobleman; and in them it's natural: and ye weren't in the position in which ye are now, Milly dear. But ye mustn't encourage this young chap too much, for, bedad, Jack Costigan won't have any thrifling with his daughter,'

'No more will his daughter, papa, you may be sure, of *that,*' Milly said. 'A little sip more of the punch,—sure 'tis beautiful.

Ye needn't be afraid about the young chap—I think I'm old enough to take care of myself, Captain Costigan.'

By the way, it must be said that Miss Fotheringay, in a plain shawl and a close bonnet and veil, went to church every Sunday of her life, accompanied by her indefatigable father, who gave the responses in a very rich and fine brogue, joined in the psalms and chanting, and behaved in the most exemplary manner.

Little Bows, the house-friend of the family, was exceedingly wroth at the notion of Miss Fothermgay's marriage with a stripling seven or eight years her junior. Bows, who was a cripple, and owned that he was a little more deformed even than Bingley the manager, so that he could not appear on the stage, was a singular wild man of no small talents and humour Attracted first by Miss Fotheringay's beauty, he began to teach her how to act. He shrieked out in his cracked voice the parts, and his pupil learned them from his lips by rote, and repeated them in her full rich tones. He indicated the attitudes, and set and moved those beautiful arms of hers.

It happened two days after the above gaieties that Mr. Dean of Chattens entertained a few select clerical friends at dinner at his Deanery House. That they drank uncommonly good port wine, and abused the Bishop over their dessert, are very likely matters: but with such we have nothing at present to do. Our friend Doctor Portman, of Clavering, was one of the Dean's guests, and being a gallant man, and seeing from his place at the mahogany the Dean's lady walking up and down the grass, with her children sporting around her, and her pmk parasol over her lovely head—the Doctor slept out of the French windows of the dining-room into the lawn, which skirts that apartment, and left the other white neckcloths to gird at my lord Bishop. Then the Doctor went up and offered Mrs. Dean his arm, and they sauntered over the ancient velvet lawn.

Now at the end of the Dean's garden there is, as we have stated, Mrs. Creed's house, and the windows of the first-floor room were open to admit the pleasant summer air. A young lady of six-and-twenty, whose eyes were perfectly wide open, and a luckless boy of eighteen, blind with love and infatuation, were in that chamber together; in which persons, as we have before seen them in the same place, the reader will have no difficulty in recognising Mr. Arthur Pendennis and Miss Costigan.

The poor boy had taken the plunge. Trembling with passionate emotion, his heart beating and throbbing fiercely, tears rushing forth in spite of him, his voice almost choking with feeling, poor Pen had said those words which he could withhold no more, and flung himself and his whole store of love, and admiration, and ardour at the feet of this mature beauty. Is he the first who has done so? Have none before or after him staked all their treasure of life, as a savage does his land and possessions against a draught of the fair-skins' fire-water, or a couple of bauble eyes?

At the end of his speech Pen again kissed the imperial hand with rapture—and I believe it was at this very moment, and while Mrs. Dean and Doctor Portman were engaged in conversation, that young Master Ridley Roset, her son, pulled his mother by the back of her capacious dress and said—

'I say, ma! look up there'—and he waggled his innocent head.

That was, indeed, a view from the Dean's garden such as seldom is seen by Deans—or is written in Chapters. There was poor Pen performing a salute upon the rosy fingers of his charmer, who received the embrace with perfect calmness and good humour. Master Ridley looked up and grinned, little Miss Rosa looked at her brother, and opened the mouth of astonishment. Mrs. Dean's countenance defied expression, and as for Dr. Portman, when he beheld the scene, and saw his prime favourite and dear pupil Pen, he stood mute with rage and wonder.

Mrs. Haller spied the party below at the same moment, and gave a start and a laugh. 'Sure there's somebody in the Dean's garden,' she cried out; and withdrew with perfect calmness, whilst Pen darted away with his face glowing like coals.

Pen arrived at home in due time afterwards, and was going to slip off to bed, for the poor lad was greatly worn and agitated, and his high-strung nerves had been at almost a maddening pitch—when a summons came to him by John the old footman, whose countenance bore a very ominous look, that his mother must see him below.

On this he tied on his neckcloth again, and went downstairs to the drawing-room. There sate not only his mother, but hez friend, the Reverend Doctor Portman. Helen's face looked very pale by the light of the lamp- the Doctor's was flushed, on the contrary, and quivering with anger and emotion.

Pen saw at once that there was a crisis, and that there had been a discovery. 'Now for it,' he thought.

'Where have you been, Arthur?' Helen said in a trembling voice.

'How can you look that—that dear lady, and a Christian clergyman in the face, sir?' bounced out the Doctor, in spite of Helen's pale, appealing looks. 'Where has he been? Where his mother's son should have been ashamed to go. For your mother's an angel, sir, an angel. How dare you bring pollution into her house, and make that spotless creature wretched with the thoughts of your crime?'

'Sir!' said Pen.

'Don't deny it, sir,' roared the Doctor. [4] 'Don't add lies, sir, to your other infamy. I saw you myself, sir. I saw you from the Dean's garden. I saw you kissing the hand of that infernal painted——,

'Stop,' Pen said, clapping his fist on the table, till the lamp flickered up and shook, 'I am a very young man, but you will please to remember that I am a gentleman—I will hear no abuse of that lady.'

'Lady, sir,' cried the Doctor, '*that* a lady—you—you—you stand in your mother's presence and call that—that woman a lady!——'

'In anybody's presence,' shouted out Pen. 'She is worthy of any place. She is as pure as any woman. She is as good as she is beautiful. If any man but you insulted her, I would tell him what I thought; but as you are my oldest friend, I suppose you have the privilege to doubt of my honour.'

'No, no, Pen, dearest Pen,' cried out Helen in an excess of joy. 'I told, I told you, Doctor, he was not—not what you thought: and the tender creature coming trembling forward flung herself on Pen's shoulder.

Pen felt himself a man, and a match for all the Doctors in Doctordom. He was glad this explanation had come. 'You saw how beautiful she was,' he said to his mother, with a soothing, protecting air, like Hamlet with Gertrude in the play. 'I tell you, dear mother, she is as good. When you know her you will say so. She is of all, except you, the simplest, the kindest, the most affectionate of women. Why should she not be on the stage?—She maintains her father by her labour.'

'Drunken old reprobate,' growled the Doctor, but Pen did not hear or heed.

'If you could see, as I have, how orderly her life is, how pure and pious her whole conduct, you would—as I do—yes, as I do'—(with a savage look at the Doctor)—'spurn the slanderer who dared to do her wrong. Her father was an officer, and distinguished himself in Spain. He was a friend of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and is intimately known to the Duke of Wellington, and some of the first officers of our army. He has met my uncle Arthur at Lord Hill's, he thinks. His own family is one of the most ancient and respectable in Ireland, and indeed is as good as our own. The—the Costigans were kings of Ireland,'

'Why, God bless my soul,' shrieked out the Doctor, hardly knowing whether to burst with rage or laughter, 'you don't mean to say you want to *marry* her?'

Pen put on his most princely air. 'What else, Dr. Portman,' he said, 'do you suppose would be my desire?'

Utterly foiled in his attack, and knocked down by this sudden lunge of Pen's, the Doctor could only gasp out, 'Mrs. Pendennis, ma'am, send for the Major.'

'Send for the Major? with all my heart,' said Arthur Prince of Pendennis and Grand Duke of Fairoaks, with a most superb wave of the hand. And the colloquy terminated by the writing of those two letters which were laid on Major Pendennis's breakfast-table, in London, at the commencement of Prince Arthur's most veracious history.

Our acquaintance, Major Arthur Pendennis, arrived in due time at Fairoaks, after a dreary night passed in the mail-coach. Eight miles an hour, for tnenty or five-and-twenty hours, a tight mail-coach, a hard seat, a gouty tendency, a perpetual change of coachmen grumbling because you did not fee them enough, a fellow-passenger partial to spirits-and-water,—who has not borne with these evils in the jolly old times? and how could people travel under such difficulties? And yet they did, and were merry too.

Helen was on the look-out for this expected guest, and saw him from her window. But she did not come forward immediately to greet him. She knew the Major did not like to be seen at a surprise, and required a little preparation before he cared to be visible. Pen, when a boy, had incurred sad disgrace by carrying off from the Major's dressing-table a little morocco box, which it must be confessed contained the Major's back teeth, which he naturally would leave out of his

jaws in a jolting mail-coach, and without which he would not choose to appear. Morgan, his man, made a mystery of mystery of his wigs: curling them in private places: introducing them mysteriously to his master's room;—nor without his head of hair would the Major care to show himself to any member of his family, or any acquaintance. He went to his apartment then and supplied these deficiencies; he groaned, and moaned, and wheezed, and cursed Morgan through his toilet, as an old buck will, who has been up all night with a rheumatism, and has a long duty to perform. And finally being belted, curled, and set straight, he descended upon the drawing-room, with a grave majestic air, such as befitted one who was at once a man of business and a man of fashion.

Pen was not there, however; only Helen, and little Laura sewing at her knees; and to whom he ^ever presented more than a forefinger, as he did on this occasion after saluting his sister-in-law. Laura took the finger trembling and dropped it - and then fled out of the room Major Pendennis did not want to keep her, or indeed to have her in the house at all, and had his private reason for disapproving of her: which we may mention on some future occasion. Meanwhile Laura disappeared and wandered about the premises seeking for Pen: whom she presently found in the orchard, pacing up and down a walk there in earnest conversation with Mr. Smirke. Fie was so occupied that he did not hear Laura's clear voice singing out, until Smirke pulled him by the coat and pointed towards her as she came running.

She ran up and put her hand into his 'Come in, Pen,' she said, 'there's somebody come; uncle Arthur's come.'

'He is, is he?' said Pen, and she felt him grasp hei little hand. He looked round at Smirke with uncommon fierceness, as much as to say, I am ready for him or any man.—Mr. Smirke cast up his eyes as usual and heaved a gentle sigh.

It is a fact that in these two days the boy had almost talked over his mother, too; had parried all her objections one after another with that indignant good sense which is often the perfection of absurdity; and had brought her almost to acquiesce in the belief that if the marriage was doomed in heaven, why doomed it was—that if the young woman was a good person, it was all that she for her part had to ask; and rather to dread the arrival of the guardian uncle who she

foresaw would regard Mr. Pen's marriage in a manner very different to that simple, romantic, honest, and utterly absurd way in which the widow was already disposed to look at questions of this sort.

Helen Pendennis was a country-bred woman, and the book of life, as she interpreted it, told her a different story to that page which is read in cities. Like most soft and sentimental women, matchmaking, in general, formed a great part of her thoughts, and 1 daresay she had begun to speculate about he' son's falling in love and marrying long before the subject had ever entered into the brains of the young gentleman. It pleased her (with that dismal pleasure which the idea of sacrificing themselves gives to certain women) to think of the day when she would give up all to Pen, and he should bring his wife home, and she would surrender the keys and the best bedroom, and go and sit at the side of the table, and see him happy. What did she want in life, but to see the lad prosper? As an empress certainly was not too good for him, and would be honoured by becoming Mrs. Pen ; so if he selected humble Esther instead of Queen Vashti, she would be content with his lordship's choice. Never mind how lowly or poor the person might be who was to enjoy that prodigious honour, Mrs. Pendennis was willing to bow before her and welcome her, and yield her up the first place. But an actress—a mature woman, who had long ceased blushing except with rouge, as she stood under the eager glances of thousands of eyes— an illiterate and ill-bied person, very likely, who must have lived with light associates, and have heard doubtful conversation - Oh! it was hard that such a one should be chosen, and that the matron should be deposed to give place to such a Sultana.

It was on that night, long after midnight, that waketu! Helen, passing stealthily by her son's door, saw a light streaming through the chink of the door into the dark passage, and heard Pen tossing and tumbling, and mumbling verses m his bed. She waited outside for a while, anxiously listening to him. In infantile fevers and early boyish illnesses, many a night before, the kind soul had so kept watch. She turned the lock very softly now, and went in so gently, that Pen for a moment did not see her. His face was turned from her. His papers on his desk were scattered about, and more were lying en the bed round him. He was biting a pencil and thinking

of rhymes and all sorts of follies and passions. He was Hamlet jumping into Ophelia's grave: he was the Stranger taking Mrs. Haller to his arms, beautfful Mrs. Haller, with the raven ringlets falling over her shoulders. Despair and Byron, Thomas Moore and all the Loves of the Angels, Waller and Herrick, Beranger and all the love-songs he had ever read, were working and seething in this young gentleman's mind, and he was at the very height and paroxysm of the imaginative frenzy when his mother found him.

'Arthur,' said the mother's soft silver voice: and he started up and turned round. He clutched some of the papers and pushed them under the pillow.

'Why don't you go to sleep, my dear?' she said, with a sweet tender smile, and sate down on the bed and took one of his hot hands.

Pen looked at her wildly for an instant—'I couldn't sleep,' he said—'I—I was—I was writing.'—And hereupon he flung his arms round her neck and said, 'O mother! I love her, I love her!'—How could such a kind soul as that help soothing and pitying him? The gentle creature did her best: and thought with a strange wonderment and tenderness that it was only yesterday that he was a child m that bed; and how she used to come and say her prayers over it before he woke upon holiday mornings.

When then, the Major being dressed and presentable, presented himself to Mrs. Pendennis, he found in the course of ten minutes' colloquy that the poor widow was not merely distressed at the idea of the marriage contemplated by Pen, but actually more distressed at thinking that the boy himself was unhappy about it, and that his uncle and he should have any violent altercation on the subject. She besought Major Pendennis to be very gentle with Arthur: 'He has a very high spirit, and will not brook unkind words,' she hinted. 'Dr. Portman spoke to him rather roughly—and I must own unjustly, the other night—for my dearest boy's honour is as high as any mother can desire—but Pen's answer quite frightened me, it was so indignant. Recollect he is a man now; and be very—very cautious,' said the widow, laying a fair long hand on the Major's sleeve.

He took it up, kissed it gallantly and looked in her alarmed face with wonder, and a scorn which he was too polite to show. *Bon Dieu!'* thought the old negotiator, 'the boy has

actually talked the woman round, and she'd get him a wife as she would a toy if Master cried for it. Why are there no sueh things as *lettres de cachet—and* a Bastille for young fellows of family?' The Major lived in such good company that he might be excused for feeling like an Earl.—He kissed the widow's timid hand, pressed it in both his, and laid it down on the table with one of his own over it, as he smiled and looked her in the face.

'Confess,' said he, 'now, that you are thinking how you possibly can make it up to your conscience to let the boy have his own way,'

She blushed and was moved in the usual manner of females. 'I am thinking that he is very unhappy—and I am too——'

'To contradict him or to let him have his own wish?' asked the other; and added, with great comfort to his inward self, 'I'm d—d if he shall,'

'To think that he should have formed so foolish and cruel and fatal an attachment,' the widow said, 'which can but end in pain whatever be the issue,'

'The issue shan't be marriage, my dear sister,' the Major said resolutely. 'We're not going to have a Pendennis, the head of the house, marry a strolling mountebank from a booth. No, no, we won't marry into Greenwich Fair, ma'am,'

'If the match is broken suddenly off,' the widow interposed, 'I don't know what may be the consequence. I know Arthur's ardent temper, the intensity of his affections, the agony of his pleasures and disappointments, and I tremble at this one if it must be. Indeed, indeed, it must not come on him too suddenly,'

'My dear madam,' the Major said, with an air of the deepest commiseration, Tve no doubt Arthur will have to suffer confoundedly before he gets over the little disappointment. But is he, think you, the only person who has been so rendered miserable?'

Helen did not answer. She was still thinking of old times. I suppose if one lives to be a hundred, there are certain passages of one's early life whereof the recollection will always carry us back to youth again, and that Helen was thinking of one of these.

'Look at my own brother, my dear creature,' the Major continued gallantly: 'he himself, you know, had a little

disappointment when he started in the—the medical profession —an eligible opportunity presented itself. Miss Balls, I remember the name, was daughter of an apoth- a practitioner in very large practice; my brother had very nearly succeeded in his suit.—But difficulties arose: disappointments supervened, and—and I am sure he had no reason to regret the disappointment, which gave him this hand,' said the Major, and he once more politely pressed Helen's fingers.

'Those marriages between people of such different rank and age,' said Helen, ' are sad things. I have known them produce a great deal of unhappiness.—Laura s father, my cousin, who —who was brought up with me'—she added, in a low voice, 'was an instance of that,'

'Most injudicious,' cut in the Major. 'I don't know anything more painful than for a man to marry his superior in age or his inferior in station. Fancy marrying a woman of a low rank of life, and having your house filled with her confounded tag-rag-and-bobtail of relations! Fancy your wife attached to a mother who dropped her h's, or called Maria Marire! How are you to introduce her into society? My dear Mrs. Pendennis, I will name no names, but in the very best circles of London society I have seen men suffering the most excruciating agony, I have known them to be cut, to be lost utterly, from the vulgarity of their wives' connections.

'Then this fatal woman is ten years older than that silly young scapegrace of an Arthur. What happens in such cases, my dear creature ? I don't mind telling *you,* now we are alone: that in the highest state of society, misery, undeviating misery, is the result. Look at Lord Clodworthy come into a room with his wife—why, good Ged, she looks like Clodworthy's mother. Marry this woman! Marry at eighteen an actress of thirty—bah bah!—I would as soon he sent into the kitchen and married the cook,' 'I know the evils of premature engagements,' sighed out Helen: and as she has made this allusion no less than thrice in the course of the above conversation, and seems to be so oppressed with the notion of long engagements and unequal marriages, and as the circumstance we have to relate will explain what perhaps some persons are anxious to know, namely who little Laura is, who has appeared more than once before us, it will be as well to clear up these points in another chapter.

CHAPTER IV

ONCE upon a time, then, there was a young gentleman of Cambridge University who came to pass the long vacation at the village where young Helen Thistlewood was living with her mother, the widow of the lieutenant slain at Copenhagen. This gentleman, whose name was the Reverend Francis Bell, was nephew to Mrs. Thistlewood, and by consequence, own cousin to Miss Helen, so that it was very right that he should take lodgings in his aunt's house, who lived in a very small way; and there he passed the long vacation, reading with three or four pupils who accompanied him to the village. Mr. Bell was fellow of a college, and famous in the University for his learning and skill as a tutor.

His two kinswomen understood pretty early that the reverend gentleman was engaged to be married, and was only waiting for a college living to enable him to *fulfil* his engagement. His intended bride was the daughter of another parson, who had acted as Mr. Bell's own private tutor in Bell's early life, and it was whilst under Mr. Coacher's roof, indeed, and when only a boy of seventeen or eighteen years of age, that the impetuous young Bell had flung himself at the feet of Miss Martha Coacher, whom he was helping to pick peas in the garden. On his knees, before those peas and her, he pledged himself to an endless affection.

By the time, however, when the Rev. Francis Bell, M. A., and Fellow and Tutor of his College, was twenty-six years of age, it happened that Miss Coacher was thirty-four, nor had her charms, her manners, or her temper improved since that sunny day in the springtime of life when he found her picking peas in the garden. Having achieved his honours, he relaxed in the ardour of his studies, and his judgment and tastes also perhaps became cooler. The sunshine of the pea-garden faded away from Miss Martha, and poor Bell found himself engaged —and his hand pledged to that bond in a thousand letters—to a coarse, ill-tempered, ill-favoured, ill-mannered, middle-aged woman.

Helen was grown a beautiful young woman now. The cousins were nearly four months together, from June to October. They walked in the summer evenings: they met in the early morn. They read out of the same book when the old lady dozed at night over the candles. What little Helen

knew, Frank taught her. She sang to him: she gave her artless heart to him. She was aware of all his story. Had he made any secret?—had he not shown the picture of the woman to whom he was engaged, and with a blush,—her letters, hard, eager, and cruel?—The days went on and on, happier and closer, with more kindness, more confidence, and more pity. At last one morning in October came when Francis went back to college, and the poor girl felt that her tender heart was gone with him.

At last things came to a crisis, and the new attachment was discovered. Francis owned it, cared not to disguise it, rebuked Martha with her violent temper and angry imperiousness, and, worst of all, with her inferiority and her age.

Her reply was, that if he did not keep his promise she would carry his letters into every court in the kingdom—letters in which his love was pledged to her ten thousand times; and, after exposing him to the world as the perjurer and traitor he was, she would kill herself.

Frank had one more interview with Helen, whose mother was dead then, and who was living companion with old Lady Pontypool, one more interview, where it was resolved that he was to do his duly; that is, to redeem his vow; that is, to pay a debt cozened from him by a sharper; that is, to make two honest people miserable. So the two judged their duty to be, and they parted.

The living fell in only too soon; but yet Frank Bell was quite a grey and worn-out man when he was inducted into it. Helen wrote him a letter on his marriage, beginning ' My dear Cousin,' and ending 'always truly yours,' She sent him back the other letters, and the lock of his hair—all but a small piece. She had it in her desk when she was talking to the Major.

Bell lived for three or four years in his living, at the end of which time, the Chaplainship of Coventry Island falling vacant, Frank applied for it privately, and having procured it, announced the appointment to his wife. She objected, as she did to everything. He told her bitterly that he did not want *her* to come: so she went. Bell went out in Governor Crawley's time, and was very intimate with that gentleman in his later years. And it was in Coventry Island, years after his own marriage, and five years after he had heard of the birth of Helen's boy, that his own daughter was born.

She was not the daughter of the first Mrs. Bell, who died of island fever very soon after Helen Pendennis and her husband, to whom Helen had told everything, wrote to inform Bell of the birth of their child. 'I was old, was I?' said Mrs. Bell the first; 'I was old, and her inferior, was I? but I married you, Mr. Bell, and kept you from marrying her?" and hereupon she died. Bell married a colonial lady, whom he loved fondly. But he was not doomed to prosper in love; and, this lady dying in childbirth, Bell gave up too: sending his little girl home to Helen Pendennis and her husband, with a parting prayer that they would befriend her.

The little thing came to Fairoaks from Bristol, which is not very far off, dressed in black, and in company of a soldier's wife, her nurse, at parting from whom she wept bitterly. But she soon dried up her grief under Helen's motherly care.

Round her neck she had a locket with hair, which Helen had given, ah how many years ago! to poor Francis, dead and buried. This child was all that was left of him, and she cherished, as so tender a creature would, the legacy which he had bequeathed to her. The girl's name, as his dying letter stated, was Helen Laura. But John Pendennis, though he accepted the trust, was always rather jealous of the orphan; and gloomily ordered that she should be called by her own mother's name; and not by that first one which her father had given her.

And now let Mr. Pen come in, who has been waiting all this while.

Having strung up his nerves, and prepared himself, without at the door, for the meeting, he came to it, determined to lace the awful uncle. He had settled in his mind that the encounter was to be a fierce one, and was resolved on bearing it through with all the courage and dignity of the famous family which he represented. And he flung open the door and entered with the most severe and warlike expression, armed cczp-a-pre as it were, with lance couched and plumes displayed, and glancing at his adversary, as if to say, 'Come on, I'm ready,'

The old man of the world, as he surveyed the boy's demeanour, could hardly help a grin at his admirable pompous simplicity. Major Pendennis too had examined his ground; and finding that the widow was already half won over to the enemy, and having a shrewd notion that threats and tragic exhortations would have no effect upon the boy, who was inclined to be

perfectly stubborn and awfully serious, the Major laid aside the authoritative manner at once, and with the most good-humoured natural smile in the world, held out his hands to Pen, shook the lad's passive fingers gaily, and said, 'Well, Pen, my boy, tell us all about it,'

Helen was delighted with the generosity of the Major's good-humour. On the contrary, it quite took aback and disappointed poor Pen, whose nerves were strung up for a tragedy, and who felt that his grand *entree* was altogether baulked and ludicrous. He blushed and winced with mortified vanity and bewilderment. He felt immensely inclined to begin to cry—'I—I—I didn't know that you were come till just now,' he said: 'is-is—town very full, I suppose?'

If Pen could hardly gulp his tears down, it was all the Major could do to keep from laughter. He turned round and shot a comical glance at Mrs. Pendennis, who too felt that the scene was at once ridiculous and sentimental. And so, having nothing to say, she went up and kissed Mr. Pen: as he thought of her tenderness and soft obedience to his wishes, it is very possible too the boy was melted.

'What a couple of fools they are,' thought the old guardian. 'If I hadn't come down, she would have driven over in state to pay a visit and give her blessing to the young lady's family,'

'Come, come,' said he, still grinning at the couple, 'let us have as little sentiment as possible, and, Pen, my good fellow, tell us the whole story,'

Pen got back at once to his tragic and heroical air. 'The story is, sir,' said he, 'as I have written it to you before. 1 have made the acquaintance of a most beautiful and most virtuous lady; of a high family, although in reduced circumstances: I have found the woman in whom I know that the happiness of my life is centred; I feel that I never, never can think about any woman but her. I am aware of the difference of our ages and other difficulties in my way. But my affection was so great that I felt I could surmount all these; —that we both could: and she has consented to unite her lot with mine, and to accept my heart and my fortune,'

'How much is that, my boy? said the Major. 'Has anybody left you some money? I don't know that you are worth a shilling in the world,'

'You know what I have is his,' cried out Mrs. Pendennis.

' Good heavens, madam, hold your tongue!' was what the guardian was disposed to say; but he kept his temper, not without a struggle. 'No doubt, no doubt,' he said. 'You would sacrifice anything for him. Everybody knows that. But it is, after all then, your fortune which Pen is offering to the young lady; and of which he wishes to take possession at eighteen.'

'I know my mother will give me anything,' Pen said, looking rather disturbed.

'Yes, my good fellow, but there is reason in all things. If your mother keeps the house, it is but fair that she should select her company. When you give her house over her head, and transfer her banker's account to yourself for the benefit of Miss What-d'-you-call-'em Miss Costigan don't you think you should at least have consulted my sister as one of the principal parties in the transaction? I am speaking to you, you see, without the least anger or assumption ol authority, such as the law and your father's will give me over you for three years to come but as one man of the world to another, and I ask you, if you think that, because you can do what you like with your mother therefore you have a right to do so? As you are her dependent, would it not have been more generous to wait before you took this step, and at least to have paid her the courtesy to ask her leave?'

Pen held down his head, and began dimly to perceive that the action on which he had prided himself as a most romantic, generous instance of disinterested affection, was perhaps a very selfish and headstrong piece of folly.

'I did it in a moment of passion,' said Pen, floundering; ' I was not aware what I was going to say or to do' (and in this he spoke with perfect sincerity). 'But now it is said, and I stand to it. No; I neither can nor will recall it. I'll die rather than do so. And I—I don't want to burthen my mother,' he continued. 'I'll work for myfcelf. I'll go on the stage, and act with her. She—she says I should do well there.'

' But will she take you on those terms?' the Major interposed. 'Mind, I do not say that Miss Costigan is not the most disinterested of women: but, don't you suppose now, fairly, that your position as a young gentleman of ancient birth and decent expectations forms a part of the cause why she finds your addresses welcome?'

' I'II die, I say, rather than forfeit my pledge to her,' said Pen doubling his fists and turning red.

'Who asks you, my dear friend?' answered the imperturbable guardian. ' No gentleman breaks his word, of course, when it has been given freely. But after all, you can wait. You owe something to your mother, something to your family —something to me as your father's representative.'

'Oh, of course,' Pen said, feeling rather relieved.

' Well, as you have pledged your word to her, give us another, will you, Arthur ?'

' What is it ?' Arthur asked.

'That you will make no private marriage—that you won't be taking a trip to Scotland, you understand.'

'That would be a falsehood. Pen never told his mother a falsehood,' Helen said.

Pen hung down his head again, and his eyes filled with tears of shame. Had not this whole intrigue been a falsehood to that tender and confiding creature who was ready to give up all for his sake ? He gave his uncle his hand.

'No, sir-—on my word of honour, as a gentleman,' he said, 'I will never marry without my mother's consent!' and giving Helen a bright parting look of confidence and affection unchangeable, the boy went out of the drawing-room into his own study.

'He's an angel—he's an angel,' the mother cried out in one of her usual raptures.

'He comes of a good stock, ma'am,' said her brother-in-law —'of a good stock on both sides.' The Major was greatly pleased with the result of his diplomacy so much so, that he once more saluted the tips of Mrs. Pendennis's glove, and dropping the curt, manly, and straightforward tone in which he had conducted the conversation with the lad, assumed a certain drawl which he always adopted when he was most conceited and fine.

Like a wary and patient man of the world, Major Pendenms did not press poor Pen any further for the moment, but hoped the best from time, and that the young fellow's eyes would be opened before long to see the absurdity of which he was guilty. And having found out how keen the boy's point of honour was, he worked kinuly upon that kindly feeling with great skill, discoursing him over their wine after dinner, and pointing out to Pen the necessity of a perfect uprightness and

openness in all his dealings, and entreating that his communications with his interesting young friend (as the Major politely called Miss Fotheringay) should be carried on with the knowledge, if not approbation, of Mrs. Pendennis. 'After all, Pen,' the Major said, with a convenient frankness that did not displease the boy, whilst it advanced the interest of the negotiator, 'you must bear in mind that you are throwing yourself away. Your mother may submit to your marriage as she would to anything else you desired, if you did but cry long enough for it: but be sure of this, that it can never please her. You take a young woman off the boards of a country theatre and prefer her, for such is the case, to one of the finest ladies in England. And your mother will submit to your choice, but you can't suppose that she will be happy under it. I have often fancied, *entre nous,* that my sister had it in her eye to make a marriage between you and that little ward of hers—Flora, Laura what's her name? And ! always determined to do my small endeavour to prevent any such match. The child has but two thousand pounds, 1 am given to understand. It is only with the utmost economy and care that my sister can provide for the decent maintenance of her house, and for your appearance and education as a gentleman; and I don't care tc own to you that I had other and much higher views for you. With your name and birth, sir—with your talents, which I suppose are respectable, with the friends whom I have the honour to possess, I could have placed you in an excellent position—a remarkable position for a young man of such exceeding small means, and had hoped to see you, at least, try to restore the honours of our name. Your mother's softness stopped one prospect, or you might have been a general, like our gallant ancestor who tought at Ramillies and Malplaquet. I had another plan in view: my excellent and kind friend, Lord Bagwig, who is very well disposed towards me, would, I have little doubt, have attached you to his mission at Pumpernickel, and you might have advanced in the diplomatic service. But, pardon me for recurring to the subject; how is a man to serve a young gentleman of eighteen, who proposes to marry a lady of thirty, whom he has selected from a booth in a fair?—well, not a fair,—a barn. That profession at once is closed to you. The public service is closed to you. Society is closed to you. You see, my good friend, to what you bring yourself. You may get on at the bar to be sure, where I am

given to understand that gentlemen of merit occasionally marry out of their kitchens; but in no other profession. Or you may come and live down here—down here, *mon Dieu!* for ever' (said the Major, with a dreary shrug, as he thought with inexpressible fondness of Pall Mall), 'where your mother will receive the Mrs. Arthur that is to be, with perfect kindness; where the good people of the county won't visit you; and where, by Gad, sir, I shall be shy of visiting you myself, for I'm a plain-spoken man, and I own to you that I like to live with gentlemen for my companions; where you will have to live, with rum-and-water-drinking gentlemen-farmers, and drag through your life the young husband of an old woman,'who, if she doesn't quarrel with your mother, will at least cost that lady her position in society, and drag her down into that dubious caste into which you must inevitably fall. It is no affair of mine, my good sir. I am not angry. Your downfall will not hurt me further than that it will extinguish the hopes I bad of seeing my family once more taking its place in the world. It is only your mother and yourself that will be ruined. And I pity you both from my soul. Pass the claret: it is some I sent to your poor father; I remember I bought it at poor Lord Levant's sale. But of course,' added the Major, smacking the wine, 'having engaged yourself, you will do what becomes you as a man of honour, however fatal your promise may be. However, promise us on your side, my boy, what I set out by entreating you to grant,—that there shall be nothing clandestine, that you will pursue your studies, that you will only visit your interesting friend at proper intervals. Do you write to her much?'

Pen blushed and said, 'Why, yes, he had written,'

'I suppose verses, eh! as well as prose? I was a dab at verses myself. I recollect when I first joined, I used to write verses for the fellows in the regiment; and did some pretty things in that way. I was talking to my old friend General Hobbler about some lines I dashed off for him in the year 1806, when we were at the Cape, and, Gad, he remembered every line of them still; for he'd used 'em so often, the old rogue, and had actually tried'em on Mrs. Hobbler, sir—who brought him sixty thousand pounds. I suppose you've tried verses, eh, Pen?'

Pen blushed again, and said, 'Why, yes, he had written verses,'

'And does the fair one respond in poetry or prose?' asked the Major, eyeing his nephew with the queerest expression, as much as to say, 'O Moses and Green Spectacles! what a fool the boy is.'

Pen blushed again. She had written, but not in verse, the young lover owned, and he gave his breast-pocket the benefit of a squeeze with his left arm, which the Major remarked, according to his wont.

' You have got the letters there, I see,' said the old -campaigner, nodding at Pen and pointing to his own chest (which was manfully wadded with cotton by Mr. Stultz). ' You know you have. I would give twopence to see'em.'

'Why, said Pen, twiddling the stalks of the strawberries, 'I—I,' but this sentence never finished; for Pen's face was so comical and embarrassed, as the Major watched it, that the elder could contain his gravity no longer, and burst into a fit of laughter, in which chorus Pen himself was obliged to join after a minute: when he broke out fairly into a guffaw.

It sent them with great good-humour into Mrs. Pendennis's drawing-room. She was pleased to hear them laughing in the hall as they crossed it.

' You sly rascal !' said the Major, putting his arm gaily on Pen's shoulder, and giving a playful push at the boy's breast-pocket. He felt the papers crackling there sure enough. The young fellow was delighted—conceited—triumphant—and in one word, a spoony.

The pair came to the tea-table in the highest spirits. The Major's politeness was beyond expression. He had never tasted such good tea, and such bread was only to be had in the country. He asked Mrs. Pendennis for one of her charming songs. He then made Pen sing, and was delighted and astonished at the beauty of the boy's voice: he made his nephew fetch his maps and drawings, and praised them as really remarkable works of talent in a young fellow: he complimented him on his French pronunciation: he flattered the simple boy as adroitly as ever lover flattered a mistress: and when bedtime came, mother and son went to their several rooms perfectly enchanted with the kind Major.

When they had reached those apartments, I suppose Helen took to her knees as usual: and Pen read over his letters before going to bed: just as if he didn't know every word of them by heart already. In truth there were but three of those

documents: and to learn their contents required no great effort of memory.

In No. I, Miss Fotheringay presents grateful compliments to Mr. Pendennis, and in her papa's name and her own begs to thank him for his *most beautiful present.* They will always be *kept carefully;* and Miss F. and Captain C. will never forget the *delightful evening* which they passed on *Tuesday last.*

No. 2 said—Dear Sir, we shall have a small quiet party of *social friends* at our *humble board,* next Tuesday evening, at an *early tea* when I shall wear the *beautiful scarf* which, with its *accompanying delightful verses,* I shall *ever, ever cherish.* and papa bids me say how happy he will be if you will join *' the feast of reason and the flow of soul'* in our *festive little party,* as I am sure will be your *truly grateful.*

EMILYFOTHERINGAY.

No. 3 was somewhat more confidential, and shovs ed that matters had proceeded rathei far. You were *odious* yesterday night, the letter said. Why did you not come to the stage-door? Papa could not escort me on account of his eye; he had an accident, and fell down over a loose carpet on the stair on Sunday night. I saw you looking at Miss Diggie all night; and you were *so enchanted* with Lydia Languish you scarcely once looked at Julia. I could have *crushed* Bingley, I was so *angry.* I play *Ella Rosenberg* on Friday: will you come then? *Miss Diggie performs*— ever your F. F.

These three letters Mr. Pen used to read at intervals, during the day and night, and embrace with that delight and feivour which such beautiful compositions surely warranted. A thousand times at least he had kissed fondly the musky satin paper, made sacred to him by the hand of Emily Fotheringay. This was all he had in return for his passion and flames, his vows and protests, his rhymes and similes, his wakeful nights and endless thoughts, his fondness, fears and folly. The young wiseacre had pledged away his all for this: signed his name to endless promissory notes, conferring his heart upon the bearer: bound himself for life, and got back twopence as an equivalent. For Miss Cosligan was a young lady of such perfect good-conduct and self-command, that she never would have thought of giving more, and reserved the treasures of her affection until she could transfer them lawfully at church.

Let those who have a real and heartfelt relish for London, society and the privilege of an *entree* into its most select circles, admit that Major Pendennis was a man of no ordinary generosity and affection, in the sacrifice which he now made. He gave up London in May,—his newspapers and his mornings—his afternoons from club to club, his little confidential visits to my Ladies, his rides in Rotten Row, his dinners, and his stall at the Opera, his rapid escapades to Fulham or Richmond on Saturdays and Sundays, his bow from my Lord Duke or my Lord Marquis at the great London entertainments, and his name in the Morning Post of the succeeding day,—his quieter little festivals, more select, secret, and delightful—all these he resigned to lock himself into a lone little country house, with a simple widow and a greenhorn of a son, a mawkish curate, and a little girl of ten years of age.

The elder Pendennis's rich memory was stored with thousands of delightful tales, and he poured them into Pen's willing ear with unfailing eloquence. He knew the name and pedigree of everybody in the Peerage, and everybody's relations. 'My dear boy,' he would say, with a mournful earnestness and veracity, 'y°u cannot begin your genealogical studies too early; I wish to Heavens you would read in Debrett every day. Not so much the historical part (for the pedigrees, between ourselves, are many of them very fabulous, and there are few families that can show such a clear descent as our own) as the account of family alliances, and who is related to whom. I have known a man's career in life blasted by ignorance on this important, this all-important subject.

It can't be said that Mr. Pen's new guide, philosopher, and friend discoursed him on the most elevated subjects, or treated the subjects which he chose in the most elevated manner. Bui his morality, such as it was, was consistent It might not, perhaps, tend to a man's progress in another world, but it was pretty well calculated to advance his interests in this; and then it must be remembered that the Major never for one instant doubted that his views were the only views practicable, and that his conduct was perfectly virtuous and respectable. He was a man of honour, in a v. ord: and had his eyes, what he called, open. He took pity on this young greenhorn of a nephew, and wanted to open his eyes too.

No man, for instance, went more regularly to chuich when

in the country than the old bachelor. 'It don't matter so much in town, Pen,' he said, ' for there the women go and the men are not missed. But when a gentleman is *sur ses terres,* he must give an example to the country people: and if I could turn a tune, 1 even think I should sing. The Duke of Saint David's, whom I have the honour of knowing, always sings in the country, and let me tell you, it has a doosed fine effect from the family pew. And you are somebody down here. As long as the Claverings are away you are the first man in the parish: and as good as any. You might represent the town if you played your cards well. Your poor dear father would have done so had he lived; so might you.—Not if you marry a lady, however amiable, whom the country people won't meet.—Well, well, it's a painful subject. Let us change it, my boy.' But if Major Pendennis changed the subject once he recurred to it a score of times in the day: and the moral of his discourse always was, that Pen was throwing himself away. Now it does not require much coaxing or wheedling to make a simple boy believe that he is a very fine fellow.

Pen took his uncle's counsels to heart. He was glad enough, we have said, to listen to the elder's talk. The conversation of Captain Costigan became by no means pleasant to him, and the idea of that tipsy old father-in-law haunted him with terror. He couldn't bring that man, unshaven and reeking of punch, to associate with his mother. Even about Emily—he faltered when the pitiless guardian began to question him. 'Was she accomplished?' He was obliged to own, no. 'Was she clever?' Well, she had a very good average intellect: but he could not absolutely say she was clever. 'Come, let us see some of her letters.' So Pen confessed that he had but those three of which we have made mention—and that they were but trivial invitations or answers.

'She is cautious enough,' the Major said, drily. 'She is older than you, my poor boy;' and then he apologised with the utmost frankness and humility, and flung himself upon Pen's good feelings, begging the lad to excuse a fond old uncle, who had only his family's honour in view—for Arthur was ready to flame up in indignation whenever Miss Costigan's honesty was doubted, and swore that he would never have her name mentioned lightly, and never, never would part from her.

He repeated this to his uncle and his friends at home, and also, it must be confessed, to Miss Fotheringay and the amiable

family at Chatteris, with whom he still continued to spend some portion of his time. Miss Emily was alarmed when she heard of the arrival of Pen's guardian, and rightly conceived that the Major came down with hostile intentions to herself. 'I suppose ye intend to leave me, now your grand relation has come down from town. He'll carry ye off, and you'll forget your poor Emily, Mr. Arthur!'

Forget her! In her presence, in that of Miss Rouncy, the Columbine and Milly's confidential friend of the Company, in the presence of the Captain himself, Pen swore he never could think of any other woman but his beloved Miss Fotheringay; and the Captain, looking up at his foils, which were hung as a trophy on the wall of the room where Pen and he used to fence, grimly said, he would not advise any man to meddle rashly with the affections of A,'5 darling child; and would never believe his gallant young Arthur, whom he treated as his son, whom he called his son, would ever be guilty of conduct so revolting to every idaya of honour and humanity.

Sauntering slowly homewards, Major Pendennis reached the George presently, and found Mr. Morgan, his faithful valet, awaiting him at the door of the George Inn, who stopped his master as he was about to take a candle to go to bed, and said, with his usual air of knowing deference, 'I think, sir, if you would go into the coffee-room, there's a young gentleman there as you would like to see.'

'What, is Mr. Arthur here?' the Major said, in great anger.

'No, sir—but his great friend, Mr. Foker, sir. Lody Hagnes Foker s son is here, sir. He's been asleep in the coffee-room since he took his dinner, and has just rung for his coffee, sir. And I think p'raps, you might like to git into conversation with him,' the valet said, opening the coffee-room door.

The Major entered; and there indeed was Mr. Foker, the only occupant of the place. He was rubbing his eyes, and sate before a table decorated with empty decanters and relics of dessert. He had intended to go to the play too, but sleep had overtaken him after a copious meal, and he had flung up his legs on the bench, and indulged in a nap instead of the dramatic amusement. The Major was meditating how to address the young man, but the latter prevented him that trouble.

'Like to look at the evening paper, sir?' said Mr. Foker,

who was always communicative and affable; and he took up the *Globe* from his table, and offered it to the new-comer.

'I am very much obliged to you,' said the Major, with a grateful bow and smile. 'If I don't mistake the family likeness, I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Henry Foker, Lady Agnes Foker's son. I have the happiness to name her ladyship among my acquaintances—and you bear, sir, a Rosherville face.'

'Hullo! I beg your pardon,' Mr. Foker said, 'I took you,'-he was going to say—' I took you for a commercial gent,' But he stopped that phrase. 'To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?' he added.

'To a relative of a friend and schoolfellow of yours—Arthur Pendennis, my nephew, who has often spoken to me about you in terms of great regard. I am Major Pendennis, of whom you may have heard him speak. May I take my soda-watei at your table? I have had the pleasure of sitting at your grandfather V

'Sir, you do me proud,' said Mr. Foker, wilh much courtesy. 'And so you are Arthur Pendennis's uncle, are you ,'

'And guardian,' added the Major.

'He's as good a fellow as evei stepped, sir,' said Mr. Foker.

'I am glad you think so,'

'And clever, too—! was always a stupid chap, I was—but you see, sir, I know 'em w'hen they are clever, and like 'em of that sort,'

'You show your taste and your modesty, too,' said the Major. 'I have heard Arthur repeatedly speak of you, and he said your talents were very good,'

'I'm not good at the books,' Mr. Foker said, wagging his head—'never could manage that—Pendennis could—he used to do half the chaps' verses—and yet'—the young gentleman broke out,--'you are his guardian; and I hope *you* will pardon me tar saying that I think he's what *we* call a flat,' the candid young gentleman said.

The Major found himself on the instant in the midst of a most interesting and confidential conversation. 'And how is Arthur a flat?' he asked, with a smile.

'You know,' Foker answeiecl, winking at him—he would have winked at the Duke of Wellington with just as little scruple, for he was in that state of absence, candour, and fearlessness which a man sometimes possesses after drinking a

couple of bottles of wine—' You know Arthur's a flat,—about women I mean.'

' He is not the first of us, my dear Mr. Harry,' answered the Major. ' I have heard something of this—but pray tell me more,'

'Why, sir, you see—it's partly my fault. He went to the play one night—for you see I'm down here readin' for my little go duiing the Long, only I come over from Baymoulh pretty often in my drag—well, sir, \ve went to the play, and Pen was struck all of a heap with Miss Fotheringay—Costigan hei real name is—an uncommon fine gal she is too; and the next morning I introduced him to the General, as we call her father—a regular old scamp—and *such* a boy for the whisky-and-water!—and he's gone on being intimate there. And he's fallen in love with her—and I'm blessed if he hasn't proposed to her,' Foker said, slapping his hand on the table, until all the dessert began to jingle.

'What! you know it too?' asked the Major.

' Know it! don't I? and many more too. We were talking about it at mess, yesterday, and chaffing Derby Oaks—until he was as mad as a halter. Know Sir Derby Oaks? We dined together, and he went to the play: we w^re standing at the door smoking, I remember, when you passed in to dinner,'

' I remember Sir Thomas Oaks, his father, before he was a Baronet or a Knight; he lived in Cavendish-square, and was Physician to Queen Charlotte,'

'The young one is making the money spin, I can tell you,' Mr. Foker said.

'And is Sir Derby Oaks,' the Major said, with gie-it delight and anxiety, ' another *soupirant ?'*

' Another *what ?'* inquired Mrs. Foker.

'Another admirer of Miss Fothermgay?'

' Lord bless you! we call him Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Pen Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Sut mind you, nothing wrong! No, no! Miss F. is a deal too wide-awake for that, Major Pendenms. She plays one off against the other. What you call two strings to her bow,'

'I think you seem tolerably wide-awake, too, Mr. Foker,' Pendennis said, laughing.

'Pretty well, thank you, sir—how are you?' Foker replied, imperturbably. 'I'm not clever, p'raps: but I *am* rather downy;

and partial friends say I know what's o'clock tolerably well. Can I tell you the time of day in any way?'

'Upon my word,' the Major answered, quite delighted, 'I think you may be of very great service to me. You are a young man of the world, and with such one likes to deal. And as such I need not inform you that our family is by no means delighted at this absurd intrigue in which Arthur is engaged,'

'I should rather think not,' said Mr. Foker. 'Connexion not eligible. Too much beer drunk on the premises. No Irish need apply. That I take to be your meaning,'

The Major said it was, exactly; though in truth he did not quite understand what Mr. Foker's meaning was: and he proceeded to examine his new acquaintance regarding the amiable family into which his nephew proposed to enter, and soon got from the candid witness a number of particulars regarding the House of Costigan.

We must do Mr. Foker the justice to say that he spoke most favourably of Mr. and Miss Costigan's moral character. 'You see,' said he, 'I think the General is fond of the jovial bowl, and if I wanted to be very certain of my money, it isn't in his pocket I'd invest it—but he has always kept a watchful eye on his daughter, and neither he nor she will stand anything but what's honourable. Pen's attentions to her are talked about in the whole Company, and I hear all about them from a young lady who used to be very intimate with her, and with whose family I sometimes take tea in a friendly way. Miss Rouncy says, Sir Derby Oaks has been hanging about Miss Fotheringay ever since his regiment has been down here; but Pen has come in and cut him out lately, which has made the Baronet so mad, that he has been very near on the point of proposing too. Wish he would; and you'd see which of the two Miss Fotheringay would jump at,'

'I thought as much,' the Major said. 'You give me a great deal of pleasure, Mr. Foker. I wish I could have seen you before,'

'Didn't like to put in my oar,' replied the other. 'Don't speak till I'm asked, when, if there's no objections, I speak pretty freely. Heard your man had been hankering about my servant—didn't know myself what was going on until Miss Fotheringay and Miss Rouncy had the row about the ostrich feathers, when Miss R. told me everything,'

'Miss Rouncy, I gather, was the confidante of the other,'

'Confidante? I believe you. Why, she's twice as clever a girl as Potheringay, and literary and that, while Miss Foth can't do much more than read,'

'She can write,' said the Major, remembering Pen's breast-pocket.

Foker broke out into a sardonic 'He, he! Rouncy writes her letters,' he said; 'every one of 'em; and since they've quarrelled, she don't know how the deuce to get on. Miss Rouncy is an uncommon pretty hand, whereas the old one makes dreadful work of the writing and spelling when Bows ain't by. Rouncy's been settin' her copies lately—she writes a beautiful hand, Rouncy does.'

'I suppose you know it pretty well,' said the Major archly: upon which Mr. Foker winked at him again.

'I would give a great deal to have a specimen of her hand-writing,' continued Major Pendennis, 'I dare say you could give me one,'

'No, no, that would be too bad,' Foker replied. 'Perhaps I oughtn't to have said as much as I have. Miss F,'s writin' ain't so *very* bad, 1 dare say; only she got Miss R. to write the first letter, and has gone on ever since. But you mark my word, that till they are friends again the letters will stop,'

'I hope they will never be reconciled,' the Major said with great sincerity; 'and I can't tell you how delighted I am to have had the good fortune of making your acquaintance. You must feel, my dear sir, as a man of the world, how fatal to my nephew's prospects in life is this step which he contemplates, and how eager we all must be to free him from this absurd engagement,'

'He has come out uncommon strong,' said Mr. Foker; 'I have seen his verses; Rouncy copied 'em. And I said to myself when I saw 'em, "Catch *me* writin' verses to a woman,—that's all,"'

'He has made a fool of himself, as many a good fellow has before him. How can we make him see his folly, and cure it? I am sure you will give us what aid you can in extricating a generous young man from such a pair of schemers as this father and daughter seem to be. Love on the lady's side is out of the question,'

'Love, indeed!' Foker said. 'If Pen hadn't two thousand a year when he came of age—'

'If Pen hadn't *what?*' cried out the Major in astcnishmenL

'Two thousand a year: hasn't he got two thousand a year?—the General says he has,'

'My dear friend,' shrieked out the Major, with an eagerness which this gentleman rarely showed, 'thank you!—thank you!—I begin to see now.—Two thousand a year! Why, his mother has but five hundred a year in the world.—She is likely to live to eighty, and Arthur has not a shilling but what she can allow him.'

'What! he ain't rich then?' Poker asked.

"Upon my honour he has no more than what I say.'

'And you ain't going to leave him anything?'

The Major had sunk every shilling he could scrape together on an annuity, and of course was going to leave Pen nothing; but he did not tell Foker this. 'How much do you think a Major on halfpay can save?' he asked. 'If these people have been looking at him as a fortune, they are utterly mistaken—and—and you have made me the happiest man in the world.'

'Sir to YOU,' said Mr. Foker, politely, and when they parted for the night they shook hands with the greatest cordiality; the younger gentleman promising the elder not to leave Chatteris without a further conversation in the morning. And as the Major went up to his room, and Mr. Foker smoked his cigai against the door pillars of the George, Pen, very likely, ten miles off, way lying in bed kissing the letter from his Emily.

The next morning, before Mr. Foker drove off in his drag, the insinuating Major had actually got a letter of Miss Rouncy's in his own pocket-book. Let it be a lesson to women how they write. And in very high spirits Major Pendennis went to call upon Doctor Portman at the Deanery, and told him what Happy discoveries he had made on the previous night. The wary Major thought that all things were for the best; and, having taken counsel with himself over night, felt himself quite strong enough to go and face Captain Costigan.

'I'm going to fight the dragon,' he said, with a laugh, to Doctor Portman.

'And I shrive you, sir, and bid good fortune go with you,' answered the Doctor.

CHAPTER V

THE Major knocked, at the door of Captain Costigan's apartment, and at length a tall gentleman came forth, with a foil and mask in one hand, and a fencing glove on the other.

Pendennis made him a deferential bow. 'I believe I have the honour of speaking to Captain Costigan—My name is Major Pendennis,'

The Captain brought his weapon up to the salute, and said, 'Major, the honour is moine; I'm deloighted to see ye,'

The Major and Captain Costigan were old soldiers and accustomed to face the enemy, so we may presume that they retained their presence of mind perfectly; but the rest of the party assembled in Cos's sitting-room were, perhaps, a little flurried at Pendennis's apparition. Miss Fotheringay's slow heart began to beat no doubt, for her cheek flushed up with a great healthy blush, as Lieutenant Sir Derby Oaks looked at her with a scowl. The little crooked old man in the window-seat, who had been witnessing the fencing-match between the two gentlemen (whose stamping and jumping had been such as to cause him to give up all attempts to continue writing the theatre music, in the copying of which he had been engaged) looked up eagerly towards the new-comer as the Major of the well-blacked boots entered the apartment distributing the most graceful bows to everybody present.

'Me daughter—me friend, Mr. Bows—me gallant young pupil and friend, I may caH'um, Sir Derby Oaks,' said Costigan, splendidly waving his hand, and pointing each of these individuals to the Major's attention.

'I needn't apologoise to ye, Meejor,' he said, in his richest and most courteous manner, 'for receiving ye in me shirt-sleeves,'

'An old soldier can't be better employed than in teaching a young one the use of his sword,' answered the Major, gallantly. 'I remember in old times hearing that you could use yours pretty well, Captain Costigan,'

'What, ye've heard of Jack Costigan, Major,' said the other, greatly.

The Major had, indeed; he had pumped his nephew concerning his new friend, the Irish officer; and whether he had no other knowledge of the Captain than what he had thus gained, or whether he actually remembered him, we cannot say.

'But we will talk of these matters another time,' the Major continued, perhaps not wishing to commit himself; 'it is to Miss Fotheringay that I came to pay my respects to-day ,' and he performed another bow for her, so courtly and gracious, that

if she had been a duchess he could not have made it more handsome.

'I had heard of your performances from my nephew, madam,' the Major said, 'who raves about you, as I believe you know pretty well. But Arthur is but a boy, and a wild enthusiastic young fellow, whose opinions one must riot take *au pied de la lettre;* and I confess I was anxious to judge for myself. Permit me to say your performance delighted and astonished me. I have seen our best actresses, and, on my word, I think you surpass them all. You are as majestic as Mrs. Siddons.'

'Faith, I always said so,' Costigan said, winking at his daughter; 'Major, take a chair,' Milly rose at this hint, took an unripped satin garment off the only vacant seat, and brought the latter to Major Pendennis with one of her finest curtseys.

'You are as pathetic as Miss O'Neill,' he continued, bowing and seating himself; 'ycur snatches of song reminded me of Mrs. Jordan in her best time, when we were young men, Cartain Costigan, and your manner reminded me of Mars. Did you ever see the Mars, Miss Fotheringay ?'

'There was two Mahers in Crow Street,' remarked Miss Emily; 'Fanny was well enough, but Biddy was no great things,'

'Sure, the Major means the god of war, Milly, my dear, interposed the parent.

'It is not that Mars 1 meant, though Venus, I suppose, may be pardoned for thinking about him,' the Major replied with a smile directed in full to Sir Derby Oaks, who now re-entered in his shell-jacket; but the lady did not understand the words of which he made use, nor did the compliment at all pacify Sir Derby, who, probably, did not understand it either, and at any rate received it with great sulkiness and stiffness, scowling uneasily at Miss Fotheringay, with an expression which seemed to ask what the deuce does this man here?

In spite of the young lady's imploring looks and appealing smiles, the Dragoon bowed stiffly out of the room, and the clatter of his sabre was heard as he strode down the creaking stair.

The Major did not smile in the least, though he had every reason to be amused. 'Monstrous handsome young man that—as fine a looking soldier as ever I saw,' he said to Costigan.

'A credit to the army and to human nature in general,' answered Costigan. 'A young man of refoined manners, polite

affabilitee, and princely fortune. His table is sumptuous: he's adawr'd in the regiment: and he rides sixteen stone,'

Costigan, with Irish hospitality, of course pressed refreshment upon his guest: and the Major, who was no more hungry than you are after a Lord Mayor s dinner, declared that he should like a biscuit and a glass of wine above all things, as he felt quite faint from long fasting—but he knew that to receive small kindnesses flatters the donors very much, and that people must needs grow well disposed towards you as they give you their hospitality.

'Some of the old Madara, Milly, love,' Costigan said, winking to his child—and that lady, turning to her father a glance of intelligence, went out of ihe room, and down the stair, where she softly summoned her little emissary Master Tommy Creed : and giving him a piece of money, ordered him to go buy a pint of Madara wine at the Grapes, and sixpennyworth of sorted biscuits at the baker's, and to return in a hurry, when he might have two biscuits for himself.

'She keeps the keys of the cellar, Major,' said Mr. Costigan, as the girl left the room.

' Upon my word you have a very beautiful butler,' answered Pendennis, gallantly, ' and I don't wonder at the young fellows raving about her. When we were of their age, Captain Costigan, I think plainer women would have done our business,'

'Faith, and ye may say that, sir—and lucky is the man who gets her. Ask me friend Bob Bows here whether Miss Fotheringay's moind is not even shuparior to her person, and whether she does not possess a cultiveated intellect, a refoined understanding, and an emiable disposition?'

' O, of course,' said Mr. Bows, rather drily. ' Here comes Hebe blushing from the cellar. Don't you think it is time to go to rehearsal, Miss Hebe? You will be fined if you are later'— and he gave the young lady a look, which intimated that they had much better leave the room and the two elders together.

'Must you go?' said the Major. 'Can't you give us a few minutes more, Miss Fotheririgay? Before you leave us, permit an old fellow to shake you by the hand, and believe that 1 am proud to have had the honour of making your acquaintance, and am most sincerely anxious to be your friend,'

Miss Fotheringay made a low curtsey at the conclusion of this gallant speech, and the Major followed her retreating steps

to the door, where he squeezed her hand with the kindest and most paternal pressure.

'Now for it,' thought Major Pendennis; and as for Mr. Costigan he profited instantaneously by his daughter's absence to drink up the rest of the wine; and tossed off one bumper after another of the Madeira from the Grapes, with an eager shaking hand. The Major came up to the table, and took up his glass and drained it with a jovial smack. If it had been Lord Steyne's particular, and not public-house Cape, he could not have appeared to relish it more.

'Capital Madeira, Captain Costigan,' he said. 'Where do you get it? 1 drink the health of that charming creature in a bumper. Faith, Captain, I don't wonder that the men are wild about her. I never saw such eyes in my life, or such a grand manner. I am sure she is as intellectual as she is beautiful; and I have no doubt she's as good as she is clever.'

'A good girl, sir,—a good girl, sir,' said the delighted father; 'and I pledge a toast to her with all my heart. Shall I send to the—to the cellar for another pint? It's handy by. No? Well, indeed sir, ye may say she is a good girl, and the pride and glory of her father—honest old Jack Costigan. The man who gets her will have a jew'l to a wife, sir; and I drink his health, sir, and ye know who I mean, Major,'

'I am not surprised at young or old falling in love with her, said the Major, 'and frankly must tell you, that though I was very angry with my poor nephew Arthur, when I heard of the boy's passion—now I have seen the lady I can pardon him any extent of it. By George, I should like to enter for the race myself, if I weren't an old fellow and a poor one,'

'And no better man, Major, I'm sure,' cried Jack enraptured. 'Your friendship, sir, delights me. Your admiration for my girl brings tears to my eyes—tears, sir—manlee tears—and when she leaves me humble home for your own more splendid mansion, I hope she'll keep a place for her poor old father, poor old Jack Costigan,'—The Captain suited the action to the word, and his bloodshot eyes were suffused with water, as he addressed the Major.

'Your sentiments do you honour,' the other said. 'But, Captain Costigan, I can't help smiling at one thing you have just said,'

'And what's that, sir?' asked Jack, who was at a too heroic and sentimental pitch to descend from it.

'You were speaking about our splendid mansion—my sister's house, I mean,'

'I mane the park and mansion of Arthur Pendennis, Esquire, of Fairoaks Park, whom I hope to see a Mimber of Parliament for his native town of Clavering, when he is of ege to take that responsible stetion,' cried the Captain with much dignity.

The Major smiled as he recognised a shaft out of his own bow. It was he who had set Pen upon the idea of sitting in Parliament for the neighbouring borough—and the poor lad had evidently been bragging on the subject to Ccstigan and the lady of his affections. 'Fairoaks Park, my dear sir,' he said. 'Do you know our history? We are of excessively ancient family certainly, but I began life with scarce enough money to purchase my commission, and my eldest brother was a country apothecary: who made every shilling he died possessed of cut of his pestle and mortar,'

'I have consented to waive that objection, sir,' said Ccstigan majestically, 'in consideration of the known respectability of your family,'

'Curse your impudence,' thought the Major; but he only smiled and bowed.

'The Costigans, too, have met with misfortunes; and our house of Castle Costigan is by no manes what it was. 1 have known very honest men apothecaries, sir, and there's some in Dublin that has had the honour of dining at the Lord Leftenant's teeble,'

'You are very kind to give us the benefit of your chanty,' the Major continued: 'but permit me to say that is not the question. You spoke just now of my little nephew as heir of Fairoaks Park and I don't know \vhat besides,'

'Funded property, I've no doubt, Meejor, and something handsome eventually from yourself,'

'My good sir, I tell you the boy is the son of a country apothecaiy,' cried out Major Pendennis; 'and that when he comes of age he won't have a shilling,'

'Pooh, Major, you're laughing at me,' said Mr. Costigan, 'me young friend, I make no doubt, is heir to two thousand pounds a year,'

'Two thousand fiddlesticks! I beg your pardon, my dear sir; but has the boy been humbugging you?—it is not his habit. Upon my word and honour, as a gentleman and an executor to

my brother's will too, he left little more than five hundred a year behind him,'

'And with aconomy, a handsome sum of money too, sir,' the Captain answered. 'Faith, I've known a mm drink his clar't, and drive his coach-and-four on five hundred a year and strict aconomy, in Ireland, sir. We'll manage on it, sir—trust Jack Costigan for that,'

'My dear Captain Costigan—I give you my word that my brother did not leave a shilling to his son Arthur,'

'Are ye joking with me, Meejor Pendennis?' cried Jack Costigan. 'Are ye thrifling with the feelings of a father and a gentleman?'

'I am telling you the honest truth,' said Major Pendennis. 'Every shilling my brother had, he left to his widow: with a partial reversion, it is true, to the boy. But she is a young woman, and may marry if he offends her—or she may outlive him, for she comes of an uncommonly long-lived family. And I ask you, as a gentleman and a man of the world, what allowance can my sister, Mrs. Pendennis, make to her son out of five hundred a year, which is all her fortune,—that shall enable him to maintain himself and your daughter in the rank befitting such an accomplisned young lady?'

'Am I to understand, sir, that the young gentleman, your nephew, and whom I have fosthered and cherished as the son of me bosom, is an imposther who has been thrifling with the affections of me beloved child?' exclaimed the General, with an outbreak of wrath.-'Have you yourself been working upon the feelings of the young man's susceptible nature to injuice him to break off an engagement, and with it me adored Emily's hearP Have a care, sir, how you thrifle with the honour of John Costigan. If I thought any mortal man meant to do so, .by heavens I'd have his blood, sir—were he old or young,'

'Mr. Costigan!' cried out the Major.

'Mr. Costigan can protect his own and his daughter's honour, and will, sir,' said the other. 'Look at that chest of dthrawers, it contains heaps of letthers that that viper has addressed to that innocent child. There's promises there, sir, enough to fill a band-box with; and when I have dragged the scoundthrel before the Courts of Law, and shown up his perjury and his dishonour, I have another remedy in yondther mahogany case, sir, which shall set me right, sir, with any individual—ye mark me words, Major Pendennis—with any individual who has counselled your

nephew to insult a soldier and a gentleman. What? Me daughter to be jilted, and me grey hairs dishonoured by an apothecary's son. By the laws of Heaven, sir, 1 should like to see the man that shall do it.'

'I am to understand then that you threaten in the first place to publish the letters of a boy of eighteen to a woman of eight-and-twenty: and afterwards to do me the honour of calling me out,' the Major said, still with perfect coolness.

'You have described my intentions with perfect accuracy, Meejor Pendennis,' answered the Captain, as he pulled his ragged whiskers over his chin.

'Well, well; these shall be the subjects of future arrangements, but before we come to powder and ball, my good sir,—do have the kindness to think with yourself in what earthly way I have injured you? I have told you that my nephew is dependent upon his mother, who has scarcely more than five hundred a year,'

'I have my own opinion of the correctness of that assertion,' said the Captain.

'Will you go to my sister's lawyers, Messrs. Tatham here, and satisfy yourself?'

'I decline to meet those gentlemen,' said the Captain, with rather a disturbed air. 'If it be as you say, I have been athrociously deceived by some one, and on that person I'll be revenged,'

'Is it my nephew?' cried the Major, starting up and putting on his hat. 'Did he ever tell you that his property was two thousand a year? If he did, I'm mistaken in the boy. To tell lies has not been a habit in our family, Mr. Costigan, and I don't think my brother's son has learned it as yet. Try and consider whether you have not deceived yourself; or adopted extravagant reports from hearsay. As for me, sir, you are at liberty to understand that I am not afraid of all the Costigans in Ireland, and know quite well how to defend myself against any threats from any quarter. I come here as the boy's guardian to protest against a marriage, most absurd and unequal, that cannot but bring poverty and misery with it: and in preventing it I conceive I am quite as much your daughter's friend (who I have no doubt is an honourable young lady) as the friend of my own family: and prevent the marriage I will, sir, by every means in my power. There, I have said my say, sir,'

'But I have not said mine, Major Pendennis—and ye shall

hear more from me,' Mr. Costigan said, with a look of tremendous severity.

"Sdeath, sir, what do you mean? the Major asked, turning round on the threshold of the door, and looking the intrepid Costigan in the face.

'Ye said, in the coorse of conversation, that ye were at the George Hotel, I think,' Mr. Costigan said in a stately manner. 'A friend shall wait upon ye there before ye leave town, sir.'

'Let him make haste, Mr. Costigan,' cried out the Major, almost beside himself with rage. 'I wish you a good morning, sir.' And Captain Costigan bowed a magnificent bow of defiance to Major Pendennis over the landing-place as the latter retreated down the stairs.

Costigan informed Milly, that when she was gone, Major Pendennis told him in his double-faced Pall Mall polite manner, that young Arthur had no fortune at all, that the Major had asked him (Costigan) to go to the lawyers ('wherein he knew the scoundthrels have a bill of mine, and I can't meet them,' the Captain parenthetically remarked), and see the lad's father's will: and finally, that an infernal swindle had been practised upon him by the pair, and that he was resolved either on a marriage, or on the blood of both of them.

Milly looked very grave and thoughtful, rubbing the white satin shoes. 'Sure, if he's no money, there's no use marrying him, Papa,' she said sententiously.

'Why did the villain say he was a man of prawpertee? asked Costigan.

'The poor fellow always said he was poor,' answered the girl. "Twas you would have it he was rich, Papa—and made me agree to take him.'

'He should have been explicit and told us his income, Milly, answered the father. 'A young fellow who rides a blood mare, and makes presents of shawls and bracelets, is an impostor if he has no money;—and as for his uncle, bedad I'll pull off his wig whenever I see 'urn. Bows, here, shall take a message to him and tell him so. Either it's a marriage, or he meets me in the field like a man, or I tweak 'urn on the nose in front of his hotel or in the gravel walks of Fairoaks Park before all the county, bedad.'

'Bedad, you may send somebody else with the message, said Bows, laughing I'm a fiddler, not a fighting man, Captain."

'Pooh, you've no spirit, sir,' roared the General. 'I'll be my own second, if no one will stand by and see me injured. And I'll take my case of pistols and shoot 'urn in the Coffee-room of the George,'

'And so poor Arthur has no money?' sighed out Miss Costigan, rather plaintively. 'Poor lad, he was a good lad too: wild and talking nonsense, with his verses and pothry and that, but a brave, generous boy, and indeed I liked him—and he liked me too,' she added, rather softly, and rubbing away at the shoe.

'By Jove! you throw a man away like an old glove, Miss Costigan,' said Mr. Bows.

'I don't know what you mean, Bows,' said Miss Fotheringay, placidly, rubbing the second shoe. 'If he had had half of the two thousand a year that Papa gave him, or the half of that, I would marry him. But what is the good of taking on with a beggar? We're poor enough already. There's no use in my going to live with an old lady that's testy and cross, may be, and would grudge me every morsel of meat. (Sure, it's near dinner time, and Suky not laid the cloth yet.) And then,' added Miss Costigan, quite simply, 'suppose there was a family?—why, Papa, we shouldn't be as well off as we are now,'

'Deed, then, you would not, Milly dear,' answered the father.

'And there's an end to all the fine talk about Mrs. Arthur Pendennis of Fairoaks Park—the member of Parliament's lady, said Milly, with a laugh. 'Pretty carriages and horses we should have to ride!—that you were always talking about, Papa! But it's always the same. If a man looked at me, you fancied he was going to marry me; and if he had a good coat, you fancied he was as rich as Crazes,'

'—As Croesus,' said Mr. Bows.

'What'll ye do about them letters, and verses, and pomes, Milly, darling?—Ye must send 'em back,'

'Wigsby would give a hundred pound for 'em,' Bows said, with a sneer.

''Deed, then, he would,' said Captain Costigan, who was easily led.

'Papa!' said Miss Milly,—'Ye wouldn't be for not sending the poor boy his letters back? Them letters and pomes is mine. They were very long, and full of all sorts of nonsense, and Latin, and things I couldn't understand the half of; indeed I've not read

'em all; but we'll send 'em back to him when the proper time comes.'

On his return to Fairoaks the next day, Major Pendennis did not say what had happened to him on the previous night, or allude to the company in which he had passed it. But he engaged Mr. Smirke to stop to dinner; and any person accustomed to watch his manner might have remarked that there was something constrained in his hilarity and talkativeness, and that he was unusually gracious and watchful in his communications with his nephew. He gave Pen an emphatic God-bless-you when the lad went to bed; and as they were about to part for the night, he seemed as if he was going to say something to Mrs. Pendennis, but he bethought him that if he spoke he might spoil her night's rest, and allowed her to sleep in peace.

The next morning he was down in the breakfast-room earlier than was his custom, and saluted everybody there with great cordiality. The post used to arrive commonly about the end of this meal. When John, the old servant, entered, and discharged the bag of its letters and papers, the Major looked hard at Pen as the lad got his—Arthur blushed, and put his letter down. He knew the hand, it was that of old Costigan, and he did not care to read it in public. Major Pendennis knew the letter, too. He had put it into the post himself in Chatteris the day before.

He told little Laura to go away, which the child did, having a thorough dislike to him; and as the door closed on her, he took Mrs. Pendenms's hand, and giving her a look full of meaning, pointed to the letter under the newspaper which Pen was pretending to read. 'Will you come into the drawing-room?' he said. 'I want to speak to you.' And she followed him, wondering, into the hall.

'What is it?' she said nervously.

'The affair is at an end,' Major Pendennis said. 'He has a letter there giving him his dismissal. I dictated it myself yesterday. There are a few lines from the lady, too, bidding him farewell. It is all over.'

Helen ran back to the dining-room, her brother following. Pen had jumped at his letter the instant they were gone. He was reading it with a stupefied face. It stated what the Major had said, that Mr. Costigan was most gratified for the kindness with which Arthur had treated his daughter, but that he was

only now made aware of Mr. Pendennis's pecuniary circumstances. They were such that marriage was at present out of the question, and considering the great disparity in the age of the two, a future union was impossible Under these circumstances, and with the deepest regret and esteem for him, Mr. Costigan bade Arthur farewell, and suggested that he should cease visiting, for some time at least, at his house.

A few lines from Miss Costigan were enclosed. She acquiesced in the decision of her Papa. She pointed out that she was many years older than Arthur, and that an engagement was not to be thought of. She would always be grateful for his kindness to her, and hoped to keep his friendship. But at present, and until the pain of the separation should be over, she entreated they should not meet.

Pen read Costigan's letter and its enclosure mechanically, hardly knowing what was before his eyes. He looked up wildly, and saw his mother and uncle regarding him with sad faces. Helen's, indeed, was full of tender maternal anxiety.

'What—what is this?' Pen said. 'It's some joke. This is not her writing. This is some servant's writing. Who's playing these tricks upon me?'

'It comes under her father's envelope,' the Major said. 'Those letters you had before were not in her hand: that is hers.'

'How do you know?' said Pen very fiercely.

'I saw her write it,' the uncle answered, as the boy started up; and his mother, coming forward, took his hand. He put her away.

'How came you to see her? How came you between me and her? What have I ever done to you that you should—Oh, it's not true! it's not true! —Pen broke out with a wild execration. 'She can't have done it of her own accord. She can't mean it. She's pledged to me. Who has told her lies to break her from me?'

'Lies are not told in the family, Arthur,' Major Pendennis replied. 'I told her the truth, which was, that you had no money to maintain her, for her foolish father had represented you to be rich. And when she knew how poor you were, she withdrew at once, and without any persuasion of mine. She was quite right. She is ten years older than you are. She is perfectly unfitted to be your wife, and knows it. Look at that handwriting, and ask yourself, is such a woman fitted to be the companion of your mother?'

'I will know from herself if it is true,' Arthur said, crumpling up the paper.

'Won't you take my word of honour? Her letters were written by a confidante of hers, who writes better than she can —look here. Here's one from the lady to your friend, Mr. Foker. You have seen her with Miss Costigan, as whose amanuensis she acted'—the Major said, with ever so little of a sneer, and laid down a certain billet which Mr. Foker had given to him.

'It's not that,' said Pen, burning with shame and rage. 'I suppcse what you say is true, sir, but I'll hear it from herself.'

'Arthur!' appealed his mother.

'I *will* see her,' said Arthur. 'I'll ask her to marry me, once more. I will. No one shall prevent me,'

'What, a woman who spells affection with one f? Nonsense, sir. Be a man, and remember that your mother is a lady. She was never made to associate with that tipsy old swindler or his daughter. Be a man and forget her, as she does you,'

'Be a man and comfort your mother, my Arthur,' Helen said, going and embracing him: and seeing that the pair were greatly moved, Major Pendennis went out of the room and shut the door upon them, wisely judging that they were best alone.

He had won a complete victory. He actually had brought away Pen's letters in his portmanteau from Chatteris: having complimented Mr. Costigan, when he returned them, by giving him the little promissory note which had disquieted himself and Mr. Garbetts; and for which the Major settled with Mr. Tatham.

Pen rushed wildly off to Chatteris that day, but in vain attempted to see Miss Fotheringay, for whom he left a letter, enclosed to her father. The enclosure was returned by Mr. Costigan, who begged that all correspondence might end; and after one or two further attempts of the lad's, the indignant General desired that their acquaintance might cease. He cut Pen in the street. As Arthur arid Foker were pacing the Castle walk, one day, they came upon Emily on her father's arm. She passed without any nod of recognition. Foker felt poor Pen trembling on his arm.

His uncle wanted him to travel, to quit ihe country for a while, and his mother urged him too: for he was growing very

ill, and suffered severely. But he refused, and said point-blank he would not go. He would not obey in this instance: and his mother was too fond, and his uncle too wise to force him. Whenever Miss Fotheringay acted, he rode over to the Chatteris Theatre and saw her. One night there were so few people in the house that the Manager returned the money. Pen came home and went to bed at eight o'clock, and had a fever. If this continues, his mother will be going over and fetching the girl, the Major thought, in despair. As for Pen, he thought he should die. We are not going to describe his feelings, or give a dreary journal of his despair and passion. Have not other gentlemen been baulked in love besides Mr. Pen? Yes, indeed: but few die of the malady.

Until the enemy had retired altogether from before the place, Major Pendennis was resolved to keep his garrison in Fairoaks. He did not appear to watch Pen's behaviour or to put any restraint on his nephew's actions, but he managed nevertheless to keep the lad constantly under his eye or those of his agents, and young Arthur's comings and goings were quite well known to his vigilant guardian.

The Major must be allowed to have had not a little merit and forbearance, and to have exhibited a highly creditable degree of family affection. The life at Fairoaks was uncommonly dull to a man who had the *entree* of half the houses in London, and was in the habit of making his bow in three or four drawing-rooms of a night. A dinner with Doctor Portman or a neighbouring Squire now and then; a dreary rubber at backgammon with the widow, who did her utmost to amuse him; these were the chief of his pleasures. He used to long for the arrival of the bag with the letters, and he read every word of the evening paper. He doctored himself too, assiduously,—a course of quiet livings would suit him well, he thought, after the London banquet. He dressed himself laboriously every morning and afternoon: he took regular exercise up and down the terrace walk. Thus with his cane, his toilet, his medicine-chest, his backgammon-box, and his newspaper, this worthy and worldly philosopher fenced himself against *ennui;* and if he did not improve each shining hour, like the bees by the widow's garden wall, Major Pendennis made one hour after another pass as he could, and rendered his captivity just tolerable.

Pen sometimes took the box at backgammon of a night, or would listen to his mother's simple music of summer evenings—but he was very restless and wretched in spite of all: and has been known to be up before the early daylight even; and down at a carppond in Clavering Park, a dreary pool with innumerable whispering rushes and green alders, where a milkmaid drowned herself in the Baronet's grandfather's time, and her ghost was said to walk still. But Pen did not drown himself, as perhaps his mother fancied might be his intention. He liked to go and fish there, and think and think at leisure, as the float quivered in the little eddies of the pond, and the fish flapped about him. If he got a bite he was excited enough: and in this way occasionally brought home carps, tenches, and eels, which the Major cooked in the Continental fashion.

By this pond, and under a tree, which was his favourite resort, Pen composed a number of poems suitable to his circumstances—over which verses he blushed in after days, wondering how he could ever have invented such rubbish. And as for the tree, why it is in a hollow of this very tree, where he used to put his tin-box of ground-bait, and ether fishing commodities, that he afterwards—but we are advancing matters. Suffice it to say, he wrote poems and relieved himself very much. When a man's grief or passion is at this point, it may be loud, but it is not very severe. When a gentleman is cudgelling his brain to find any rhyme for sorrow, besides borrow and to-morrow, his woes are nearer at an end than he thinks for. So were Pen's. He had his hot and cold fits, his days of sullenness and peevishness, and of blank resignation and despondency, and occasional mad paroxysms of rage and longing, in which fits Rebecca would be saddled and galloped fiercely about the country, or into Chattens, her rider gesticulating wildly on her back, and astonishing carters and turnpikemen as he passed, crying out the name of the false one.

Mr. Foker became a very frequent and welcome visitor at Fairoaks during this period, where his good spirits and oddities always amused the Major and Pendennis, while they astonished the widow and little Laura not a little. His tandem made a great sensation in Clavering market-place; where he upset a market stall, and cut Mrs. Pybus's poodle over the shaven quarters, and drank a glass of raspberry bitters at the Clavering

Arms. All the society in the little place heard who he was, and looked out his name in their Peerages. He was so young, and their books so old, that his name did not appear in many of their volumes ; and his mamma, now quite an antiquated lady, figured amongst the progeny of the Earl of Rcslierville, as Lady Agnes Milton still. But his name, wealth, and honourable lineage were speedily known about Clavering, where you may be sure that poor Pen's little transaction with the Chatteris actress was also pretty freely discussed.

Looking at the little old town of Clavering St. Mary from the London road as it runs by the lodge at Fairoaks, and seeing the rapid and shining Brawl winding down from the town and skirting the woods of Clavering Park, and the ancient church tower and peaked roofs of the houses rising up amongst trees and old walls, behind which swells a fair background of sunshiny hills that stretch from Clavering westwards towards the sea—the place looks so cheery and comfortable that many a traveller's heart must have yearned towards it from the coach-top, and he must have thought that it was in such a calm friendly nook he would like to shelter at the end of life's struggle. Tom Smith, who used to drive the Alacrity coach, would often point to a tree near the river, from which a fine view cf the church and town was commanded, and inform his companion on the box that 'Artises come and take hoff the Church from that there tree—It was a Habby once, sir:'—and indeed a pretty view it is, which 1 recommend to Mr. Stanfield or Mr. Roberts, for their next tour.

On the south side of the market rises up the church, with its great grey tovvers, of which the sun illuminates the delicate carving; deepening the shadows of the huge buttresses, and gilding the glittering windows and flaming vanes. The image of the Patroness of the Church was wrenched out of the porch centuries ago: such of the statues of saints as were within reach of stones and hammer at that period of pious demolition, are maimed and headless, and of those who were out of fire, only Doctor Portman knows the names and history, for his curate, Smirke, is not much of an antiquarian, and Mr. Simcoe (husband of the Honourable Mrs. SJmcoe), incumbent and architect of the Chapel of Ease in the lower town, thinks them the abomination of desolation.

The Rectory is a stout broad-shouldered brick house, of the reign of Anne. It communicates with the church and market

by different gates, and stands at the opening of Yew-tree Lane, where the Grammar School (Rev.———Wapshot) is; Yew-tree Cottage (Miss Flather); the butchers' slaughtering-house, an old barn or brew-house of the Abbey times, and the Misses Finucane's establishment for young ladies.

It may be imagined how great a sensation was created in this amiable little community when the news reached it of Mr. Pen's love-passages at Chatteris. It was carried from house to house, and formed the subject of talk at high-church, low-church, and no-church tables; it was canvassed by the Misses Finucane and their teachers, and very likely debated b> the young ladies in the dormitories for what we know; Wapshot's big boys had their version of the story, and eyed Pen curiously as he sate in his pew at church, or raised the finger of scorn at him as he passed through Chatteris. They always hated him and called him Lord Pendennis, because he did not wear corduroys as they did, and rode a horse, and gave himself the airs of a buck.

And if the truth must be told, it was Mrs. Portman herself who was the chief narrator of the story of Pen's loves. Whatever tales this candid woman heard, she was sure to impart them to her neighbours; and after she had been put into possession of Pen's secret by the little scandal at Chatteris, poor Doctor Portman knew that it would next day be about the parish of which he was the Rector. And so indeed it was; the whole society there had the legend—at the news-room, at the milliner's, at the shoe-shop, and the general warehouse at the corner of the market; at Mrs. Pybus's, at the Glanders's, at the Honourable Mrs. Simcoe's so,'ree, at the Factory; nay, through the mill itself the tale was current in a few hours, and young Arthur Pendennis's madness was in every mouth.

Doctor Portman and Smirke were both cautious of informing the widow of the constant outbreak of calumny which was pursuing poor Pen, though Glanders, who was a friend of the house, kept him *au courant.* It may be imagined what his indignation was: was there any man in the village whom he could call to account? Presently some wags began to chalk up ' Fotheringay for ever!' and other sarcastic allusions to late transactions, at Fairoaks' gate. Another brought a large play-bill from Chatteris, and watered it there one night. On one occasion Pen, riding through the Lower Town, fancied he

heard the Factory boys jeer him; and finally going through the Doctor's gate into the churchyard, where some of Wapshot's boys were lounging, the biggest of them, a young gentleman about twenty years of age, son of a neighbouring small Squire, who lived in the doubtful capacity of parlour-boarder with Mr. Wapshot, flung himself into a theatrical attitude near a newly-made grave, and began repeating Hamlet's verses over Ophelia, with a hideous leer at Pen.

The young fellow was so enraged that he rushed at Hobnell Major with a shriek very much resembling an oath, cut him furiously across the face with the riding-whip which he carried, flung it away, calling upon the cowardly villain to defend himself, and in another minute knocked the bewildered young ruffian into the grave which was just waiting tor a different lodger.

Then with his fists clenched, and his face quivering with passion and indignation, he roared out to Mr. Hobnell's gaping companions, to know if any of the blackguards would come on? But they held back with a growl, and retreated as Doctor Portman came up to his wicket, and Mr. Hobnell, with his nose and lip bleeding piteously, emerged from the grave.

Pen, looking death and defiance at the lads, who retreated towards their side of the churchyard, walked back again through the Doctor's wicket, and was interrogated by that gentleman. The young fellow was so agitated he could scarcely speak. His voice broke into a sob as he answered. 'The——toward insulted me, sir,' he said; and the Doctor passed over the oath, and respected the emotion of the honest suffering young hear .

Pendennis the elder, who like a real man of the world had a proper and constant dread of the opinion of his neighbour, was prodigiously annoyed by the absurd little tempest which was blowing in Chatteris, and tossing about Master Pen's reputation. Doctor Portman and Captain Glanders had to support the charges of the whole Chatteris society against the young reprobate, who was looked upon as a monster of crime. Pen did not say anything about the churchyard scuffle at home; but went over to Baymouth, and took counsel with his friend Harry Foker, Esq., who drove over his drag presently to the Clavering Arms, whence he sent Stoopid with a note to Thomas Hobnell, Esq., at the Rev. J. Wapshot's, and a civil message to ask when he should wait upon that gentleman.

Stoopid brought back word that the note had been opened by Mr. Hobnell, and read to half a dozen of the big boys, on whom it seemed to make a great impression; and that after consulting together, and laughing, Mr. Hobnell said he would send an answer Barter arternoon school, which the bell was a-ringing: and Mr. Wapshot he came out in his Master's gownd.' Stoopid was learned in academical costume, having attended Mr. Foker at St. Boniface.

Mr. Foker went out to see the curiosities of Clavering meanwhile; but not having a taste for architecture, Doctor Portman's fine church did not engage his attention much, and he pronounced the tower to be as mouldy as an old Stilton cheese. He walked down the street and looked at the few shops there; he saw Captain Glanders at the window of the Reading-room, and having taken a good stare at that gentleman, he wagged his head at him in token of satisfaction ; he inquired the price of meat at the butcher s with an air of the greatest interest, and asked 'when was next killing day?' he flattened his little nose against Madame Fribsby's window to see if haply there was a pretty workwoman in her premises; but there *was* no face more comely than the doll's or dummy's wearing the French cap in the window, only that of Madame Fribsby herself, dimly visible in the parlour, reading a novel. That object was not of sufficient interest to keep Mr. Foker very long in contemplation, and so having exhausted the town and the inn-stables, in which there were no cattle, save the single old pair of posters that earned a scanty livelihood by transporting the gentry round about to the county dinners, Mr. Foker was giving himself up to *ennui* entirely, when a messenger from Mr. Hobnell was at length announced.

It was no other than Mr. Wapshot himself, who came with a air of great indignation, and holding Pen's missive in his hand, asked Mr. Foker 'how dared he bring such an unchristian message as a challenge to a boy of his school *y*

In fact Pen had written a note to his adversary of the day before, telling him that if after the chastisement which his insolence richly deserved, he felt inclined to ask the reparation which was usually given amongst gentlemen, Mr. Arthur Pendennis's friend, Mr. Henry Foker, was empowered to make any arrangements for the satisfaction of Mr. Hobnell.

'And so he sent *you* with the answer—did he, sir?' Mr. Foker said, surveying the Schoolmaster in his black coat and clerical costume.

' If he had accepted this wicked challenge, I should have flogged him,' Mr. Wapshot said, and gave Mr. Foker a glance which seemed to say, ' and I should like very much to flog you too,'

' Uncommon kind of you, sir, I'm sure,' said Pen's emissary. ' I told my principal that I didn't think the other man would fight,' he continued with a great air of dignity. 'He prefers being flogged to fighting, sir, I dare say. May I offer you any refreshment, Mr.——? I haven't the advantage of your name,'

' My name is Wapshot, sir, and I am Master of the Grammar School of this town, sir,' cried the other: 'and I want no refreshment, sir, I thank you, and have no desire to make your acquaintance, sir,'

' I didn't seek yours, sir, I'm sure,' replied Mr. Foker. ' In affairs of this sort, you see, I think it is a pity that the clergy should be called in, but there's no accounting for tastes, sir,'

'I think it's a pity that boys should talk about committing murder, sir, as lightly as you do,' roared the Schoolmaster; ' and if I had you in my school——'

'I dare say you would teach me better, sir,' Mr. Foker said, with a bow. 'Thank you, sir. I've finished my education, sir, and ain't a-going back to school, sir—when I do, I'll remember your kind offer, sir. John, show this gentleman downstairs—and, of course, as Mr. Hobnell likes being thrashed, we can have no objection, sir, and we shall be very happy to accommodate him, whenever he comes our way,'

And with this, the young fellow bowed the elder gentleman out of the room, and sate do\vn and wrote a note off to Pen' in which he informed the latter that Mr. Hobnell was not disposed to fight, and proposed to put up with a caning which Pen had administered to him.

Pen's conduct in this business of course was soon made public, and angered his friend Doctor Portman not a little: while it only amused Major Pendennis.

Major Pendennis grinned and shrugged his shoulders. The young ones were certainly making great progress, he thought. Mrs. Pendennis declared that that Foker was a wicked horrid little wretch, and was sure that he would lead her dear boy

into mischief, if Pen went to the same College with him. 'I have a great mind not to let him go at all,' she said: and only that she remembered that the lad's father had always destined him for the College in which he had had his own brief education, very likely the fond mother would have put a veto upon his going to the University.

That he was to go, and at the next October term, had been arranged between all the authorities who presided over the lad's welfare. Foker had promised to introduce him to the right set; and Major Pendennis laid great store upon Pen's introduction into College life and society by this admirable young gentleman. 'Mr. Foker knows the very best young men now at the University,' the Major said, 'and Pen will form acquaintances there who will be of the greatest advantage through life to him. Lady Agnes will certainly invite him to Logwood; and far from being alarmed at his intimacy with her son, who is a singular and humorous, but most prudent and amiable young man, to whom, I am sure, we are under every obligation for his admirable conduct in the affair of the Fotheringay marriage, 1 look upon it as one of the very luckiest things which could have happened to Pen, that he should have formed an intimacy with this most amusing young gentleman,'

Helen sighed, she supposed the Major knew best Mr. Foker had been very kind in the wrenched business vvith Miss Costigan, certainly, and she was grateful to him. But she could not feel otherwise than a dim presentiment of evil; and all these quarrels, and riots, and worldliness, scared her about the fate of her boy.

Doctor Portman was decidedly of opinion that Pen should go to College. He hoped the lad would read, and have a moderate indulgence of the best society too. He was of opinion that Pen would distinguish himself: Smirke spoke very highly of his proficiency; the Doctor himself'had heard him construe, and thought he acquitted himself remarkably well. That he should go out of Chatteris was a great point at any rate; and Pen, who was distracted from his private grief by the various rows and troubles which had risen round about him, gloomily said he would obey.

The poor Curate was naturally very much dismayed at the contemplated departure of his pupil. When Arthur should go, Smirke's occupation and delight would go too. What pretext

could he find for a daily visit to Fairoaks and that kind word or glance from the lady there, which was as nececsary tc the Curate as the frugal dinner which Madame Fribsby served him? Arthur gone, he would only be allowed to make visits like any other acquaintance: little Laura could not accommodate him by learning the Catechism more than once a week: he had curled himself like ivy round Fairoaks: he pined at the thought that he must lose his hold of the place. Should he speak his mind and go down on his knees to the widow? He thought over any indications in her behaviour which flattered his hopes. She had praised his sermon three weeks before: she had thanked him exceedingly for his present of a melon, for a small dinner-party which Mrs. Fendennis gave: she said she should always be grateful to him for his kindness to Arthur, and when he declared that there were no bounds to his love and affection for that dear boy, she had certainly replied in a romantic manner, indicating her own strong gratitude and regard to all her son's friends. Should he speak out?—or should he delay? If he spoke and she refused him, it was awful to think that the gate of Fairoaks might be shut upon him for ever—and within that door lay all the world for Mr. Smirke.

Smirke had one confidante for his passion—that most injudicious woman, Madame Fribsby. How she became Madame Fribsby, nobody knows: she had left Clavering to go to a milliner's in London as Miss Fribsby—she pretended that she had got the rank in Paris during her residence in that city. But how could the French king, were he ever so much disposed, give her any such title? We shall not inquire into this mystery, however. Suffice to say, she went away from home a bouncing young lass; she returned a rather elderly character, with a Madonna front and a melancholy countenance—bought the late Mrs. Harbottle's business for a song—took her elderly mother to live with her; was very good to the poor, was constant at church, and had the best of characters. But there was no one in all Clavering, not Mrs. Portman herself, who read so many novels as Madame Fribsby. She had plenty of time for this amusement, for, in truth, very few people besides the folks at the Rectory and Fairoaks employed her; and by a perpetual perusal of such works (which were by no means so moral or edifying in the days of which we write, as they are at present) she had got to be so absurdly sentimental, that in her eyes life was nothing but an immense love-match, and she

never could see two people together, but she fancied they were dying for one another.

On the day after Mrs. Pendennis's visit to the Curate, which we have recorded many pages back, Madame Fribsby settled in her mind that Mr. Smirke must be in love with the widow, and did everything in her power to encourage this passion on both sides.

After the affair with Hobnell, Pen was pronounced to be a murderer as well as a profligate, and his name became a name of terror and a byword in Clavering. But this was not all; he was not the only one of the family about whom the village began to chatter, and his unlucky mother was the next to become a victim to their gossip.

'It is all settled,' said Mrs. Pybus lo Mrs. Speers, 'the boy is to go to College, and then the widow is to console herself,'

' He's been there every day, in the most open manner, my dear,' continued Mrs. Speers.

' Enough to make poor Mr. Pendennis turn in his grave,' said Mrs. Wapshot.

'She never liked him, that we know,' says No. 1.

'Married him for his money. Everybody knows that: was a penniless hanger-on of Lady Pontypool's,' says No. 2.

' It's rather too open, though, to encourage a lover under pretence of having a tutor for your son,' cried No. 3.

'Hush! here comes Mrs. Portman,' some one said, as the good Rector's wife entered Madame Fribsby's shop, to inspect her monthly book of fashions just arrived rrom London. And the fact is that Madame Fribsby had been able to hold out no longer; and one day, after she and her lodger had been talking of Pen's approaching departure, and the Curate had gone off to give one of his last lessons to that gentleman, Madame Fribsby had communicated to Mrs. Pybus, who happened to step in with Mrs. Speers, her strong suspicion, her certainty almost, that there was an attachment between a certain clerical gentleman and a certain lady, whose naughty son was growing quite unmanageable, and that a certain marriage would take place pretty soon.

Mrs. Portman saw it all, of course, when the matter was mentioned. What a sly fox that Curate was! He was low-church, and she never liked him. And to think of Mrs. Pendennis taking a fancy to him after she had been married to such a man as Mr. Pendennis! She could hardly stay five

minutes at Madame Fribsby's, so eager was she to run to the Rectory and give Doctor Portman the news.

When Doctor Portman heard this piece of intelligence, he was in such a rage with his curate, that his first movement was to break with Mr. Smirke, and to beg him to transfer his services to some other parish. 'That milksop of a creature pretend to be worthy of such a woman as Mrs. Pendennis,' broke out the Doctor: 'where will impudence stop next!'

'She is much too old for Mr. Smirke,' Mrs. Portman remarked: 'why poor dear Mrs. Pendennis might be his mother almost,'

'You always choose the most charitable reason, Betsy,' cried the Rector. 'A matron with a son grown up—she would never think of marrying again.'

'You only think *men* should marry again, Doctor Portman,' answered his lady, bridling up.

'You stupid old woman,' said the Doctor, 'when I am gone, you shall marry whomsoever you like. I will leave orders in my will, my dear, to that effect: and I'll bequeath a ring to my successor, and my Ghost shall come and dance at your wedding,'

'It is cruel for a clergyman to talk so,' the lady answered, with a ready whimper: but these little breezes used to pass very rapidly over the surface of the Doctor's domestic bliss; and were followed by a great calm and sunshine. The Doctor adopted a plan for soothing Mrs. Portman's ruffled countenance: which has a great effect when it is tried between a worthy couple who are sincerely fond of one another; and which, I think, becomes 'John Anderson' at three-score, just as much as it used to do when he was a black-haired young Jo of five-and-twenty.

'Hadn't you better speak to Mr. Smirke, John?' Mrs. Portman asked.

'When Pen goes to College, *cadit quaestio?* replied the Rector, 'Smirke's visits at Fairoaks will cease of themselves, and there will be no need to bother the widow. She has trouble enough on her hands, with the affairs of that silly young scapegrace, without being pestered by the tittle-tattle of this place. It is all an invention of that fool, Fribsby,'

'Against whom I always warned you,—you know I did, my dear John,' interposed Mrs. Portman.

'That you did; you very often do, my love,' the Doctor answered with a laugh. 'It is not for want of warning on your part, I am sure, that I have formed my opinion of most women

with whom we are acquainted. Madame Fribsby is a fool, and fond of gossip, and so are some other folks. But she is good to the poor: she takes care of her mother, and she comes to church twice every Sunday.

The Curate had gone on his daily errand to Fairoaks, and was upstairs in Pen's study pretending to read with his pupil.

Now that Arthur was going away, and Helen bethought her how very polite Mr. Smirke had been; how he had gone on •messages for her ; how he had brought books and copied music; how he had taught Laura so many things, and given her so many kind presents, her heart smote her on account of her ingratitude towards the Curate;—so much so, that when he came down from study with Pen, and was hankering about the hall previous to his departure, she went out and shook hands with him with rather a blushing face, and begged him to come into her drawing-room, where she said they now never saw him. And as there was to be rather a good dinner that day, she invited Mr. Smirke to partake of it; and we may be sure that he was too happy to accept such a delightful summons.

Eased, by the above report, of all her former doubts and misgivings regarding the Curate, Helen was exceedingly kind and gracious to Mr. Smirke during dinner, redoubling her attentions, perhaps, because Major Pendennis was very high and reserved with his nephew's tutor. When Pendennis asked Smirke to drink wine, he addressed him as if he was a Sovereign speaking to a petty retainer, in a manner so condescending, that even Pen laughed at it, although quite ready, for his part, to be as conceited as most young men are.

But Smirke did not care for the impertinences of the Major so long as he had his hostess's kind behaviour; and he passed a delightful time by her side at table.

Major Pendennis came yawning out of the dining-room very soon after his sister and little Laura had left the apartment. 'What an unsufferable bore that man is, and how he did talk!' the Major said.

'He has been very good to Arthur, who is very fond of him,' Mrs. Pendennis said,—'I wonder who the Miss Thompson is whom he is going to marry?'

'I always thought the fellow was looking in another direction,' said the Major.

'And in what?' asked Mrs. Pendennis quite innocently,—'towards Myra Portman?

' Towards Helen Pendennis, if you must know,' answered her brother-in-law.

'Towards me! impossible!' Helen said, who knew perfectly well that such had been the case. 'His marriage will be a very happy thing. I hope Arthur will not take too much wine.'

Now Arthur, flushed with a good deal of pride at the privilege of having the keys of the cellar, and remembering that a very few more dinners would probably take place which he and his dear friend Smirke could share, had brought up a liberal supply of claret for the company's drinking, and when the elders with little Laura left him, he and the Curate began to pass the wine very freely.

One bottle speedily yielded up the ghost, another shed more than half its blood, before the two topers had been much more than half an hour together—Pen, with a hollow laugh and voice, had drunk off one bumper to the falsehood of women, and had said sardonically, that wine at any rate was a mistress who never deceived, and was sure to give a man a welcome.

'I shall never forget how kind you have been to me, Smirke,' Pen said. 'I don't know what I should have done without you. You are my best friend.'

Am I, *really* Arthur?' said Smirke, looking through his spectacles; and his heart began to beat so that he thought Pen must almost hear it throbbing.

'My best friend, my friend *for* etfer,' Pen said. 'God bless you, old boy,' and he drank up the last glass of the second bottle of the famous wine which his father had laid in, which his uncle had bought, which Lord Levant had imported, and which now, like a slave indifferent, was ministering pleasure to its present owner, and giving its young master delectation.

' We'll have another bottle, old boy,' Pen said, 'by Jove we will. Hurray!—claret goes for nothing. My uncle was telling me that he saw Sheridan drink five bottles at Brookes's, besides a bottle of Maraschino. This is some of the finest wine in England, he says. So it is, by Jove. There's nothing like it. *Nanc vino pellite euros—eras ingens iterabimus oeq,*— fill your glass, Old Smirke, a hogshead of it won't do you any harm,' And Mr. Pen began to sing the drinking song out of Der Freischiitz. The dining-room windows were open, and his mother was softly pacing on the lawn outside, While little Laura was looking at the sunset. The sweet fresh notes of the boy's

voice came to the widow. It cheered her kind heart to hear him sing.

'You—you are taking too much wine, Arthur,' Mr. Smirke said softly—'you are exciting yourself.'

'No,' said Pen, 'women give headaches, but this don't, Fill your glass, old fellow, and let's drink—I say, Smirke, my boy—let's drink to her—*your* her, I mean, not mine, for whom I swear I'll care no more—no, not a penny—no, not a fig—no, not a glass of wine. Tell us about the lady, Smirke; I've often seen you sighing about her.'

'Oh!' said Smirke—and his beautiful cambric shirt front and glistening studs heaved with the emotion which agitated his gentle and suffering bosom.

'Oh—what a sigh!' Pen cried, growing very hilarious; 'fill, my boy, and drink the toast, you can't refuse a toast, no gentleman refuses a toast. Here's her health, and good luck to you, arid may she soon be Mrs. Smirke.'

'Do you say so?' Smirke said, all of a tremble. 'Do you really say so, Arthur?'

'Say so; of course, I say so. Down with it. Here's Mrs. Smirke's good health: Hip, hip, hurray!'

Smirke convulsively gulped down his glass of wine, and Pen waved his over his head, cheering so as to make his mother and Laura wonder on the lawn, and his uncle, who was dozing over the paper in the drawing-room, start, and say to himself, 'That boy's drinking too much.' Smirke put down the glass.

'I accept the omen,' gasped out the blushing Curate. 'Oh, my dear Arthur, you—you know her——'

'What—Myra Portman? I wish you joy: she s got a dev'lish large waist; but I wish you joy, old fellow.'

'Oh, Arthur!' groaned the Curate again, and nodded his head, speechless.

'Beg your pardon—sorry I offended you—but she *has* got a large waist, you know—devilish large waist, Pen continued—the third bottle evidently beginning to act upon the young gentleman.

'It's not Miss Portman,' the other said, in a voice of agony.

'Is it anybody at Chatteris or at Clapham? Somebody here? No-it an't old Pybus? it can't be Miss Rolt at the Factory—she's only fourteen.'

'It's somebody rather older than I am, Pen,' the Curate cried,

looking up at his friend, and then guiltily casting his eyes down into his plate.

Pen burst out laughing. 'It's Madame Fribsby, by Jove, it's Madame Fribsby. Madame Frib. by the immortal Gods!'

The Curate could contain no more. 'O Pen,' he cried, 'how can you suppose that any of those—of those more than ordinary beings you have named could have an influence upon this heart, when I have been daily in the habit of contemplating perfection! I may be insane, I may be madly ambitious I may be presumptuous—but for two years my heart has been filled by one image, and has known no other idol. Haven't I loved you as a son, Arthur?—say, hasn't Charles Smirke loved you as a son?'

'Yes, old boy, you've been very good to me,' Pen said, whose liking, however, for his tutor was not by any means of the filial kind.

'My means, rushed on Smirke, 'are at present limited, I own, and my mother is not so liberal as might be desired; but what she has will be mine at her death. Were she to hear of my marrying a lady of rank and good fortune, my mother would be liberal, I am sure she would be liberal. Whatever I have or subsequently inherit—and it's five hundred a year at the very least—would be settled upon her and—and—and you at my death—that is——'

'What the deuce do you mean>—and what have I to do with your money?' cried out Pen, in a puzzle.

'Arthur, Arthur!' exclaimed the other wildly; 'you say I am your dearest friend—Let me be more. Oh, can't you see that the angelic being I love—the purest, the best of women—is no other than your dear, dear angel of a—mother.'

'My mother!' cried out Arthur, jumping up and sober in a minute. 'Pooh! damn it, Smirke, you must be mad—she's seven or eight years older than you are.'

'Did *you* find that any objection?' cried Smirke piteously, and alluding, of course, to the elderly subject of Pen's own passion.

The lad felt the hint, and blushed quite red. 'The cases are not similar, Smirke,' he said, 'and the allusion might have been spared. A man may forget his own rank and elevate any woman to it; but allow me to say our positions are very different.'

'How do you mean, dear Arthur?' the Curate interposed sadly, cowering as he felt that his sentence was about to be read.

'Mean? said Arthur. 'I mean what I say. My tutor, I say *my tutor*, has no right to ask a lady of my mother's rank of life to marry him. It's a breach of confidence. I say it's a liberty you take, Smirke—it's a liberty. Mean, indeed!'

'O Arthur!' the Curate began to cry with clasped hands, and a scared face, but Arthur gave another stamp with his foot and began to pull at the bell. 'Don't let's have any more of this. We'll have some coffee, if you please,' he said with a majestic air: and the old butler entering at the summons, Arthur bade him to serve that refreshment.

When Laura was gone to bed, Pen, who was big with his secret, burst out with it, and described the dismal but ludicrous scene which had occurred. Helen heard of it with many blushes, which became her pale face very well, and a perplexity which Arthur roguishly enjoyed.

'Confound the fellow's impudence,' Major Pendennis said as he took his candle, 'where will the assurance of these people stop?' Pen and his mother had a long talk that night, full of love, confidence, and laughter, and the boy somehow slept more soundly and woke up more easily than he had done for many months before.

A night soon comes, when the mail, with echoing horn and blazing lamps, stops at the lodge-gate of Fairoaks, and Pen's trunks and his uncle's are placed on the roof of the carriage, into which the pair presently afterwards enter. Helen and Laura are standing by the evergreens of the shrubbery, their figures lighted up by the coach lamps; the guard cries all right: in another instant the carriage whirls onward; the lights disappear, and Helen's heart and prayers go with them. Her sainted benedictions follow the departing boy. He has left the home-nest in which he has been chafing, and whither, after his very first flight, he returned bleeding and wounded; he is eager to go forth again, and try his restless wings.

How lonely the house looks without him! The corded trunks and book-boxes are there in his empty study. Laura asks leave to come and sleep in Helen's room: and when she has cried herself to sleep there, the mother goes softly into Pen's vacant chamber, and kneels down by the bed on which the moon is shining, and there prays for her boy, as mothers only know how to plead. He knows that her pure blessings are following him, as he is carried miles away.

CHAPTER VI

EVERY man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days. The young man's life is just beginning: the boy's leading-strings are cut, and he has all the novel delights and dignities of freedom. He has no idea of cares yet, or of bad health or of roguery, or poverty, or to-morrow's disappointment. The play has not been acted so often as to make him tired. Though the after-drink, as we mechanically go on repeating it, is stale and bitter, how pure and brilliant was that first sparkling draught of pleasure!—How the boy rushes at the cup, and with what a wild eagerness he drains it! But old epicures who are cut oft from the delights of the table, and are restricted to a poached egg and a glass of water, like to see people with good appetites; and, as the next best thing to being amused at a pantomime one's-self is to see one's children enjoy it, I hope there may be no degree of age or experience to which mortal may attain, when he shall become such a glum philosopher as not to be pleased by the sight of happy youth. Coming back a few weeks since from a brief visit to the old University of Oxbridge, where my friend Mr. Arthur Pendennis passed some period of his life, I made the journey in the railroad by the side of a young fellow at present a student of Saint Boniface. He had got an *exeat* somehow, and was bent on a day's lark in London: he never stopped rattling and talking from the commencement of the journey until its close (which was a great deal too soon for me, for I never was tired of listening to the honest young fellow's jokes and cheery laughter); and when we arrived at the terminus nothing would satisfy him but a hansom cab, so that he might get into town the quicker, and plunge into the pleasures awaiting him there. Away the young lad went whirling, with joy lighting up his honest face ; and as for the reader's humble servant, having but a small carpet-bag, I got up on the outside of the omnibus, and sate there very contentedly between a Jew-pedlar smoking bad cigars, and a gentleman's servant taking care of a poodle-dog, until we got our fated complement of passengers and boxes, when the coachman drove leisurely away. *We* weren't in a hurry to get to town. Neither one of us was particularly eager about rushing into that near smoking Babylon, or thought of dining at

the Club that night, or dancing at the Casino. Yet a few years more, and my young friend of the railroad will be not a whit more eager.

There were no railroads made when Arthur Pendennis went to the famous University of Oxbridge; but he drove thither in a well-appointed coach, filled inside and out with dons, gownsmen, young freshmen about to enter, and their guardians, who were conducting them to the university. A fat old gentleman, in grey stockings, from the City, who sate by Major Pendennis inside the coach, having his pale-faced son opposite, was frightened beyond measure when he heard that the coach had been driven for a couple of stages by young Mr. Foker, of Saint Boniface College, who was the friend of all men, including coachmen, and could drive as well as Tom Hicks himself. Pen sate on the roof, examining coach, passengers, and country with great delight and curiosity. His heart jumped with pleasure as the famous university came in view, and the magnificent prospect of venerable towers and pinnacles, tall elms and shining river, spread before him.

Pen had passed a few days with his uncle at the Major's lodgings, in Bury Street, before they set out for Oxbridge. Major Pendennis thought that the lad's wardrobe wanted renewal; and Arthur was by no means averse to any plan which was to bring him new coats and waistcoats. There was no end to the sacrifices which the self-denying uncle made in the youth's behalf. London was awfully lonely. The Pall Mall pavement was deserted; the very red-jackets had gone out of town. There was scarce a face to be seen in the bow-windows of the clubs. The Major conducted his nephew into one or two of those desert mansions, and wrote down the lad s name on the candidate-list of one of them; and Arthur's pleasure at this compliment on his guardian's part was excessive. He read in the parchment volume his name and titles, as 'Arthur Pendennis, Esquire, of Fairoaks Lodge,—— shire, and Saint Boniface College, Oxbridge; proposed by Major Pendennis, and seconded by Viscount Colchicum,' with a thrill of intense gratification. 'You will come in for ballot in about three years, by which time you will have taken your degree,' the guardian said. Pen longed for the three years to be over, and surveyed the stucco-halls, and vast libraries, and drawing-rooms as already his own property. The Major laughed slyly to see the pompous airs of the simple young

fellow as he strutted out of the building. He and Foker drove down in the latter's cab one day to the Grey Friars, and renewed acquaintance with some of their old comrades there. The boys came crowding up to the cab as it stood by the Grey Friars gates, where they were entering, and admired the chestnut horse, and the tights and livery and gravity of Stoopid, the tiger. The bell for afternoon-school rang as they were swaggering about the play-ground talking to their old cronies. The awful Doctor passed into school with his grammar in his hand. Foker slunk away uneasily at his presence, but Pen went up blushing, and shook the dignitary by the hand. He laughed as he thought that well-remembered Latin Grammar had boxed his ears many a time. He was generous, good-natured, and, in a word, perfectly conceited and satisfied with himself.

Then they drove to the parental brew-house. Foker's Entire is composed in an enormous pile of buildings, not far from the Grey Friars, and the name of that well-known firm is gilded upon innumerable public-house signs, tenanted by its vassals in the neighbourhood; and the venerable junior partner and manager did honour to the young lord of the vats and his friend, and served them with silver flagons of brown-stout, so strong, that you would have thought, not only the young men, but the very horse Mr. Harry Foker drove, was affected by the potency of the drink, for he rushed home to the west-end of the town at a rapid pace, which endangered the pie-stalls and the women on the crossings, and brought the cab-steps into collision with the posts at the street corners and caused Stoopid to swing fearfully on his board behind.

The Major was quite pleased when Pen was with his young acquaintance; listened to Mr. Foker's artless stories with the greatest interest; gave the two boys a fine dinner at a Covent Garden Coffee-house, whence they proceeded to the play ; but was above all happy when Mr. and Lady Agnes Foker, who happened to be in London, requested the pleasure of Major Pendennis and Mr. Arthur Pendennis's company at dinner in Grosvenor Street. 'Having obtained the *entree* into Lady Agnes Foker's house,' he said to Pen with an affectionate solemnity which befitted the importance of the occasion, 'it behoves you, my dear boy, to keep it. You must mind and *never* neglect to call in Grosvenor Street when you come to London. J recommend you to read up carefully, in Debrett,

the alliances and genealogy of the Earls of Rosherville, and if you can, to make some trifling allusions to the family, something historical, neat, and complimentary, and that sort of thing, which you, who have a poetic fancy, can do pretty well. Mr. Foker himself is a worthy man, though not of high extraction or indeed much education. He always makes a point of having some of the family porter served round after dinner, which you will on no account refuse, and which I shall drink myself, though *all* beer disagrees with me confoundedly,' And the heroic martyr did actually sacrifice himself, as he said he would, on the day when the dinner took place, and old Mr. Foker, at the head of his table, made his usual joke about Foker's Entire. We should all of us, I am sure, have liked to see the Major's grin, when the worthy old gentleman made his time-honoured joke.

Lady Agnes, who, wrapped up in Harry, was the fondest of mothers, and one of the most good-natured though not the wisest of women, received her son's friend with great cordiality.

'God bless you, my dear boy,' Pendennis said to Arthur, as they were lighting their candles in Bury Street afterwards to go to bed. 'You made that little allusion to Agincourt, where one of the Roshervilles distinguished himself, very neatly and well, although Lady Agnes did not quite understand it: but it was exceedingly well for a beginner—though you oughtn't to blush so, by the way—and I beseech you, my dear Arthur, to remember through life, that with an *entree*—with a good *entree*, mind—it is just as easy for you to have good society as bad, and that it costs a man, when properly introduced, no more trouble or *soins* to keep a good footing in the best houses in London than to dine with a lawyer in Bedford Square. Mind this when you are at Oxbridge pursuing your studies, and for Heaven's sake be *very* particular in the acquaintances which you make. The *premier pas* in life is the most important of all—did you write to your mother to-day?—No?—well, do, before you go, and call and ask Mr. Foker for a frank—They like it —Good night. God bless you,'

Pen wrote a droll account of his doings in London, and the play, and the visit to the old Friars, and the brewery, and the party at Mr. Foker's, to his dearest mother, who was saying her prayers at home in the lonely house at Fairoaks, her heart full of love and tenderness unutterable for the boy: and she

and Laura read that letter and those which followed, many, many times, and brooded over them as women do. It was the first step in life that Pen was making—Ah! what a dangerous journey it is, and how the bravest may stumble and the strongest fail. Brother wayfarer! may you have a kind arm to support yours on the path, and a friendly hand to succour those who fall beside you. May truth guide, mercy forgive at the end, and love accompany always. Without that lamp how blind the traveller would be, and how black and cheerless the journey!

So the coach drove up to that ancient and comfortable inn the Trencher, which stands in Main Street, Oxbridge, and Pen with delight and eagerness remarked, for the first time, gownsmen going about, chapel bells clinking (bells in Oxbridge are ringing from morning-tide till even-song)—towers and pinnacles rising calm and stately over the gables and antique house-roofs of the homely busy city. Previous communications had taken place between Dr. Portman on Pen's part, and Mr. Buck, Tutor of Boniface, on whose side Pen was entered; and as soon as Major Pendennis had arranged his personal appearance, so that it should make a satisfactory impression upon Pen's tutor, the pair walked dovvn Main Street, and passed the great gate and belfry-tower of Saint George's College, and so came, as they were directed, to Saint Boniface: where again Pen's heart began to beat as they entered at the wicket of the venerable ivy-mantled gate of the College. It is surmounted with an ancient dome almost covered with creepers, and adorned with the effigy of the Saint from whom the House takes its name, and many coats-of-arms of its royal and noble benefactors.

The porter pointed out a queer old tower at the corner of the quadrangle, by which Mr. Buck's rooms were approached, and the two gentlemen walked across the square, the main features of which were at once and for ever stamped in Pen's mind—the pretty fountain playing in the centre of the fair grass plats; the tall chapel windows and buttresses rising to the right; the hall with its tapering lantern and oriel window; the lodge, from the doors of which the Master issued awfully in rustling silks; the lines of the surrounding rooms pleasantly broken by carved chimneys, grey turrets, and quaint gables—all these Mr. Pen's eyes drank in with an eagerness which belongs to first impressions; and Major Pendennis surveyed with that calmness

which belongs to a gentleman who does not care for the picturesque, and whose eyes have been somewhat dimmed by the ccnstant glare of the pavement of Pall Mall.

Saint George's is the great College of the University of Oxbridge, with its four vast quadrangles, and its beautiful hall and gardens, and the Georgians, as the men are called, wear gowns of a peculiar cut, and give themselves no small airs of superiority over all other young men. Little Saint Boniface is but a petty hermitage in comparison of the huge consecrated pile alongside of which it lies. But considering its size it has always kept an excellent name in the university. Its *ton* is very good: the best families of certain counties have time out of mind sent up their young men to Saint Boniface: the college livings are remarkably good, the fellowships easy; the Boniface men had had more than their fair share of university honours ; their boat was third upon the river ; their chapel-choir is not inferior to Saint George's itself; and the Boniface ale the best in Oxbridge. In the comfortable old wainscoted College-Hall, and round about Roubilliac's statue of Saint Boniface (who stands in an attitude of seraphic benediction over the uncommonly good cheer of the fellows' table) there are portraits of many most eminent Bonifacians.

Into this certainly not the least snugly sheltered arbour amongst the groves of Academe, Pen now found his way, leaning on his uncle's arm, and they speedily reached Mr. Buck's rooms, and weie conducted into the apartment of that courteous gentleman.

He had received previous information from Dr. Portman regarding Pen, with respect to whose family, fortune, and personal merits the honest Doctor had spoken with no small enthusiasm. Indeed Portman had described Arthur to the tutor as 'a young gentleman of some fortune and landed estate, of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and possessing such a character and genius as were sure, under the proper guidance, to make him a credit to the college and the university.' Under such recommendations the tutor was, of course, most cordial to the young freshman and his guardian, invited the latter to dine in hall, where he would have the satisfaction of seeing his nephew wear his gown and eat his dinner for the first time, and requested the pair to take wine at his rooms after hall, and in consequence of the highly favourable report he had received of Mr. Arthur Pendennis,

said, he should be happy to give him the best set of rooms to be had in college—a gentleman-pensioner's set, indeed, which were just luckily vacant. So they parted until dinner-time, which was very near al hand, and Major Pendennis pronounced Mr. Buck to be uncommonly civil indeed.

When the two gentlemen had taken leave of the tutor in his study, and had returned to Mr. Buck's ante-room, or lecture-room, a very handsome apartment, turkey-carpeted, and hung with excellent prints and richly framed pictures, they found the tutor's servant already in waiting there, accorrpanied by a man with a bag full of caps and a number of gowns, from which Pen might select a cap and gown for himself, and the servant, no doubt, would get a commission proportionable to the service done by him. Mi. Pen was all in a tremor of pleasure as the bustling tailor tried on a gown and pronounced that it was an excellent fit; and then he put the pretty college cap on, in rather a dandified manner and somewhat on one side, as he had seen Fiddicombe, the youngest master at Grey Friars, wear it. And he inspected the entire costume with a great deal of satisfaction in one of the great gilt mirrors which ornamented Mr. Buck's lecture-room: for some of these college divines are no more above looking-glasses than a lady is, and look to the set of their gowns and caps quite as anxiously as folks do of the lovelier sex. The Major smiled as he saw the boy dandifying himself in the glass: the old gentleman was not displeased with the appearance of the comely lad.

Then Davis, the skip or attendant, led the way, keys in hand, across the quadrangle, the Major and Pen following him, the latter blushing, and pleased with his new academical habiliments, across the quadrangle to the rooms which were destined for the freshman; and which were vacated by the retreat of the gentleman-pensioner, Mr. Spicer. The rooms were very comfortable, with large cross beams, high wainscots, and small windows in deep embrasures. Mr. Spicei's furniture was there, and to be sold at a valuation, and Major Pendennis agreed on his nephew's behalf to take the available part of it, laughingly however declining (as, indeed, Pen did for his own part) six sporting prints, and four groups of opera-dancers with gauze draperies, which formed the late occupant's pictorial collection.

Then they went to hall, where Pen sate down and ate his commons with his brother freshmen, and the Major took his place at the high-table along with the college dignitaries and

other fathers or guardians of youth, who had come up with their sons to Oxbridge; and after hall they went to Mr. Buck's to take wine; and after wine to chapel, where the Major sate with great gravity in the upper place, having a fine view of the Master in his carved throne or stall under the organ-loft, where that gentleman, the learned Doctor Donne, sate magnificent, with his great prayer-book before him, an image of statuesque piety and rigid devotion. All the young freshmen behaved with gravity and decorum, but Pen was shocked to see that atrocious little Foker, who came in very late, and half a dozen of his comrades in the gentlemen-pensioners' seats, giggling and talking as if they had been in so many stalls at the Opera. But these circumstances, it must be remembered, took place some years back, when William the Fourth was king. Young men are much better behaved now, and besides, Saint Boniface was rather a fast college.

Pen could hardly sleep at night in his bedroom at the Trencher: so anxious was he to begin his college life, and to get into his own apartments. What did he think about, as he lay tossing and awake ? Was it about his mother at home ; the pious soul whose life was bound up in his? Yes, let us hope he thought of her a little. Was it about Miss Fotheringay, and his eternal passion, which had kept him awake so many nights, and created such wretchedness and such longing? He had a trick of blushing, and if you had been in the room, and the candle had not been out, you might have seen the youth's countenance redden more than once, as he broke out into passionate incoherent exclamations regarding that luckless event of his life. His uncle's lessons had not been thrown away upon him; the mist of passion had passed from his eyes now, and he saw her as she was. To think that he, Pendennis, had been enslaved by such a woman, and then jilted by her! that he should have stooped so low, to be trampled on in the mire! that there was a time in his life, and that but a few months back, when he was willing to take Costigan for his father-in-law!-

'Poor old Smirke!' Pen presently laughed out—'well, I'll write and try and console the poor old boy. He won't die of his passion, ha, ha!' The Major, had he been awake, might have heard a score of such ejaculations uttered by Pen as he lay awake and restless through the first night of his residence at Oxbridge.

It would, perhaps, have been better for a youth, the battle of whose life was going to begin on the morrow, to have passed the eve in a different sort of vigil: but the world had got hold of Pen in the shape of his selfish old Mentor: and those who have any interest in his character must have perceived ere now, that this lad was very weak as well as very impetuous, very vain as well as very frank, and if of a generous disposition, not a little selfish in the midst of his profuseness, and also rather fickle, as all eager pursuers of self-gratification are.

The six months' passion had aged him very considerably. There was an immense gulf between Pen the victim of love, and Pen the innocent boy of eighteen, sighing after it: and so Arthur Pendennis had all the experience and superiority, besides that command which afterwards conceit and imperiousness of disposition gave him over the young men with whom he now began to live.

He and his uncle passed the morning with great satisfaction in making purchases for the better comfort of the apartments which the lad was about to occupy. Mr. Spicer's china and glass was in a dreadfully dismantled condition, his lamps smashed, and his bookcases by no means so spacious as those shelves which would be requisite to receive the contents of the boxes which were lying in the hall at Fairoaks, and which were addressed to Arthur in the hand of poor Helen.

The boxes arrived in a few days, that his mother had packed with so much care. Pen was touched as he read the superscriptions in the dear well-knovsn hand, and he arranged in their proper places all the books, his old friends, and all the linen and table-cloths which Helen had selected from the family stock, and all the jam-pots which little Laura had bound m straw, and the hundred simple gifts of home. Pen had another Alma Mater now. But it is not all children who take to her kindly.

Our friend Pen was not sorry when his Mentor took leave of the young gentleman on the second day after the arrival of the pair in Oxbridge, and we may be sure that the Major on his part was very glad to have discharged his duty, and to have the duty over. More than three months of precious time had that martyr of a Major given up to his nephew—Was ever selfish man called upon to make a greater sacrifice? Do you know many men or Majors who would do as much? A man will lay

down his head, or peril his life (or his honour, but let us be shy how we ask him to give up his ease or his heart's desire. Very few of us can bear that trial. Say, worthy reader, if thou hast peradventure a beard, wouldst thou do as much? I will not say that a woman will not. They are used to it: we take care to accustom them to sacrifices.

During the first term of Mr. Pen's academical life, he attended classical and mathematical lectures v,'ith tolerable assiduity; but discovering before very long time that he had little taste or genius for the pursuing of the exact sciences, and being perhaps rather annoyed that one or two very vulgar young men, who did not even use straps to theii trousers so as to cover the abominably thick and coarse shoes and stockings which they wore, beat him completely in the lecture-room, he gave up his attendance at that course, and announced to his fond parent that he proposed to devote himself exclusively to the cultivation of Greek and Roman Literature.

Mrs. Pendennis was, for her part, quite satisfied that her darling boy should pursue that branch of learning for which he had the greatest inclination; and only besought him not to ruin his health by too much study, for she had heard the most melancholy stories of young students who, by over-fatigue, had brought en bram-fevers and perished untimely in the midst ol their university career. And Pen's health, which was always delicate, was to be regarded, as she justly said, beyond all considerations or vain honours. Pen. although not aware of any lurking disease which was likely to endanger his life, yet kindly promised his mamma not to sit up reading too late of nights, and stuck to his word in this respect with a great deal more tenacity of resolution than he exhibited upon some other occasions, when perhaps he was a little remiss.

Presently he began too to find that he learned little good in the classical lecture. His fellow-students there were too dull, as in mathematics they were too learned for him. Mr. Buck, the tutor, was no bstter a scholar than many a fifth-form boy at Grey Friars; might have some stupid humdrum notions about the metre and grammatical construction of a passage of Æschylus or Aristophanes, but had no more notion of the poetry than Mrs. Binge, his bed-maker; and Pen grew weary of hearing the dull students and tutor blunder through a few lines of a play, which he could read in a tenth part of the time which they gave to it. After all, private reading, as he began to perceive,

was the only study which was really profitable to a man; and he announced to his mamma that he should read by himself a great deal more, and in public a great deal less. That excellent woman knew no more about Homer than she did about Algebra, but she was quite contented with Pen's arrangements regarding his course of studies, and felt perfectly confident that her dear boy would get the place which he merited.

Pen did not come home until after Christmas, a little to the fond mother's disappointment, and Laura's, who was longing for him to make a fine snow fortification, such as he had made three winters before. But he was invited to Logwood, Lady Agnes Foker's, where there were private theatricals, and a gay Christmas party of very fine folks, some of them whom Major Pendennis would on no account have his nephew neglect However, he stayed at home for the last three weeks of the vacation, and Laura had the opportunity of remarking what a quantity of fine new clothes he brought with him, and, his mother admired his improved appearance and manly and decided tone.

He did not come home at Easter; but when he arrived for the long vacation, he brought more smart clothes ; appearing in the morning in wonderful shooting-jackets, with remarkable buttons; and in the evening in gorgeous velvet waistcoats, with richly-embroidered cravats, and curious linen. And as she pried about his room, she saw, oh, such a beautiful dressing case, with silver mountings, and a quantity of lovely rings and jewellery. And he had a new French watch and gold chain, in place of the big old chronometer, with its bunch of jingling seals, which had hung from the fob of John PenJennis, and by the second-hand of which the defunct doctor had felt many a patient's pulse in his time. It was but a few months back Pen had longed for this watch, which he thought the mcst splendid and august timepiece in the world; and just before he went to college, Helen had taken it out of her trinket-box (where it had remained unwound since the death of her husband) and given it to Pen with a solemn and appropriate little speech respecting his father's virtues and the proper use of time. This portly and valuable chronometer Pen now pronounced to be out of date, and, indeed, made some comparisons between it and a warming-pan, which Laura thought disrespectful, and he left the watch in a drawer, in the company of soiled primrose gloves, cravats which had gone out of favour, and of that other school watch which has once before been mentioned in this history. Our old

friend, Rebecca, Pen pronounced to be no longer up to his weight, and swapped her away for another and more powerful horse, for which he had to pay rather a heavy figure. Mrs. Pendennis gave the boy the money for the new horse; and Laura cried when Rebecca was fetched away.

Also Pen brought a large box of cigars branded *ColoraJos, AfrancesaJos, Telescopios,* Fudson Oxford Street, or by some such strange titles, and began to consume these not only about the stables and green-houses, where they were very good for Helen's plants, but in his own study, of which practice his mother did not at first approve. But he was at work upon a prize-poem, he said, and could not compose without his cigar, and quoted the late lamented Lord Byron's lines in favour of the custom of smoking. As he was smoking to such good purpose, his mother could not of course refuse permission: in fact, the good soul coming into the room one day in the midst of Pen's labours (he was consulting a novel which had recently appeared, for the cultivation of the light literature of his own country as well as of foreign nations became every student)—Helen, we say, coming into the room and finding Pen on the sofa at this work, rather than disturb him went for a light-box and his cigar-case to his bedroom which was adjacent, and actually put the cigar into his mouth and lighted the match at which he kindled it. Pen laughed, and kissed his mother's hand as it hung fondly over the back of the sofa. 'Dear old mother,' he said, 'if I were to tell you to burn the house down, I think you would do it.' And it is very likely that Mr. Pen was right, and that the foolish woman would have done almost as much for him as he said.

Besides the works of English 'light literature' which this diligent student devoured, he brought down boxes of the light literature of the neighbouring country of France: into the leaves of which when Helen dipped, she read such things as caused her to open her eyes with wonder. But Pen showed her that it was not he who made the books, though it was absolutely necessary that he should keep up his French by an acquaintance with the most celebrated writers of the day, and that it was as clearly his duty to read the eminent Paul de Kock, as to study Swift or Moliere. And Mrs. Pendennis yielded with a sigh of perplexity. But Miss Laura was warned off the books, both by his anxious mother, and that rigid moralist Mr. Arthur Pendennis himself, who, however *he* might be called upon to

study every branch of literature in order to form his mind and to perfect his style, would by no means prescribe such a course of reading to a young lady whose business in life was very different.

In the course of this long vacation Mr. Pen drank up the bin of claret which his father had laid in, and of which we have heard the son remark that there was not a headache in a hogshead; and this wine being exhausted, he wrote for a further supply to 'his wine merchants,' Messrs. Binney and Latham of Mark Lane, London: from whom, indeed, old Doctor Portman had recommended Pen to get a supply of port and sherry on going to college. 'You will have, no doubt, to entertain your young friends at Boniface with wine-parties,' the honest rector had remarked to the lad. 'They used to be customary at college in my time, and I would advise you to employ an honest and respectable house in London for your small stock of wine, rather than to have recourse to the Oxbridge tradesmen, whose liquor, if I remember rightly, was both deleterious in quality and exorbitant in price,' And the obedient young gentleman took the Doctor's advice, and patronised Messrs. Binney and Latham at the rector's suggestion.

So when he wrote orders for a stock of wine to be sent down to the cellars at Fairoaks, he hinted that Messrs. B. and L. might send in his university account for wine at the same time with the Fairoaks bill. The poor widow was frightened at the amount. But Pen laughed at her old-fashioned views, said that the bill was moderate, that everybody drank claret and champagne now, and, finally, the widow paid, feeling dimly that the expenses of her household were increasing considerably, and that her narrow income would scarce suffice to meet them. But they were only occasional. Pen merely came home for a few weeks at the vacation. Laura and she might pinch when he was gone. In the brief time he was with them, ought they not to make him happy?

Arthur's own allowances were liberal all this time; indeed, much more so than those of the sons of far more wealthy men.

Thus young Pen, the only son of an estated country gentleman, with a good allowance, and a gentlemanlike bearing and person, looked to be a lad of much more consequence than he was really; and was held by the Oxbridge authorities, tradesmen, and under-graduates, as quite a young buck and member of

the aristocracy. His manner was frank, brave, and perhaps a litlle impertinent, as becomes a high-spirited youth. He was perfectly generous and free-handed with his money, which seemed pretty plentiful. He loved joviality, and had a good voice for a song. Boat-racing had not risen in Pen's time to the *fureur* which, as we are given to understand, it has since attained in the university; and riding and tandem-driving were the fashions of the ingenuous youth. Pen rode well to hounds, appeared in pink, as became a young buck, and, not particularly extravagant in equestrian or any other amusement, yet managed to run up a fine bill at Nile's, the livery-stable keeper, and in a number of other quarters. In fact, this lucky young gentleman had almost every taste to a considerable degree. He was very fond of books of all sorts: Doctor Portman had taught him to like rare editions, and his own taste led him to like beautiful bindings. It was marvellous what tall copies, and gilding, and marbling, and blind-tooling, the booksellers and binders put upon Pen's bookshelves. He had a very fair taste in matters of art, and *a* keen relish for prints of a high school—none of your French Opera Dancers, or tawdry Racing Prints, such as had delighted the simple eyes of Mr. Spicer, his predecessor—but your Stranges, and Rembrandt etchings, and Wilkies before the letter, with which his apartments were furnished presently in the most perfect good taste, as was allowed in the university, where this young fellow got no small reputation. We have mentioned that he exhibited a certain partiality for rings, jewellery, and fine raiment of all sorts; and it must be owned that Mr. Pen, during his time at the university, was rather a dressy man, and loved to array himself in splendour.

In fact, in the couise of his second year, Arthur Pendennis had become one of the men of fashion in the university. It is curious to watch that facile admiration, and simple fidelity of youth. They hang round a leader: and wonder at him, and love him, and imitate him. No generous boy ever lived, I suppose, that has not had some wonderment of admiration for another boy; and Monsieur Pen at Oxbridge had his school, his faithful band of friends, and his rivals. When the young men heard at the haberdashers' shops that Mr. Pendennis, of Boniface, had just ordered a crimson satin cravat, you would see a couple of dozen crimson satin cravats in Main Street in the course of the week—and Simon, the Jeweller, was known

to sell no less than two gross of Pendennis pins, from a pattern which the young gentleman had selected in his shop.

Now if any person with an arithmetical turn of mind will take the trouble to calculate what a sum of money it would cost a young man to indulge freely in all the above propensities which we have said Mr. Pen possessed, it will be seen that a young fellow, with such liberal tastes and amusements, must needs in the course of two or three years spend or owe a veiy handsome sum of money. We have said our friend Pen had not a calculating turn.

Hence young Pen got a prodigious reputation in the univerbity, and was hailed as a sort ot Crichton; and as for the English verse prize, in competition for which we have seen him busily engaged at Fairoaks, Jones of Jesus carried it that year certainly, but the undergraduates thought Pen's a much liner poem, and he had his verses printed at his ovvn expense, and distribuled in gilt morocco covers amongst his acquaintance.

Amidst these friends, then, and a host more, Pen passed more than two brilliant and happy years of his life. He had his fill of pleasure and popularity. No dinner or supper-party was complete without him; and Pen's jovial wit, and Pen's songs, and dashing courage, and frank and manly bearing, charmed all the undergraduates, and even disarmed the tutors who cried out at his idleness, arid murmured about his extravagant way of life. Though he became the favourite and leader of young men who were much his supenois in wealth and station, he was much too generous to endeavour to propitiate them by any meanness or cringing on his own part, and would not neglect the humblest man of his acquaintance in order to curry favour with the richest young grandee in the university. His name is still remembered at the Union Debating Club, as one of the brilliant orators of his day. By the way, from having been an ardent Tory in his freshman's year, his principles took a sudden turn afterwards, and he became a liberal of the most violent order. He avowed himself a Dantonist, and asserted that Louis the Sixteenth was served right. And as for Charles the First, he vowed that he would chop off that monarch's head with his own right hand were he then in the room at the Union Debating Club, and had Cromwell no other executioner for the traitor. He and Lord Magnus Charters, the Marquis of Runnymede's son, before-mentioned, were the most truculent republicans of their day.

There are reputations of this sort made quite independent of the collegiate hierarchy in the republic of gownsmen. A man may be famous in the Honour-lists and entirely unknown to the undergraduates: who elect kings and chieftains of their own, whom they admire and obey, as negro-gangs have private black sovereigns in their own body, to whom they pay an occult obedience, besides that which they publicly profess for their owners and drivers. Among the young ones Pen became famous and popular: not that he did much, but there was a general determination that he could do a great deal if he chose. ' Ah, if Pendennis of Boniface would but try,' the men said, 'he might do anything,'

As vacation after vacation and term after term passed away without the desired news that Pen had sate for any scholarship or won any honour, Doctor Portman grew mightily gloomy in his behaviour towards Arthur, and adopted a sulky grandeur of deportment towards him, which the lad returned by a similar haughtiness.

One Sunday in the last long vacation, the wretched boy pushed his rebellious spirit so far as nol to go to church, and he was seen at the gate of the Clavering Arms smoking a cigar, in the face of the congregation as it issued from St. Mary's. There was an awiul sensation in the village society, Portman prophesied Pen's ruin after that, and groaned in spirit over the rebellious young prodigal.

So did Helen tremble in her heart, and little Laura—Laura had grown to be a fine young stripling by this time, graceful and fair, clinging round Helen and worshipping her, with a passionate affection. Both of these women felt that their boy was changed. He was no longer the artless Pen of old days, so brave, so artless, so impetuous, and tender. His face looked careworn and haggard, his voice had a deeper sound, and tones more sarcastic. Care seemed to be pursuing him; but he only laughed when his mother questioned him, and parried her anxious queries with some scornful jest. Nor did he spend much of his vacations at home ; he went on visits to one great friend or another, and scared the quiet pair at Fairoaks by stories of great houses whither he had been invited, and by talking of lords without their titles.

Honest Harry Foker, who had been the means of introducing Arthur Pendennis to that set of young men at the university, from whose society and connexions Arthur's uncle expected

that the lad would get so much benefit; soon found himself left far behind by the young freshman in the fashionable world of Oxbridge, and being a generous and worthy fellow, without a spark of envy in his composition, was exceedingly pleased at the success of his young *protege* and admired Pen quite as much as any of the other youth did. It was he who followed Pen now, and quoted his sayings; learned his songs and retailed them at minor supper-parties, and was never weary of hearing them from the gifted young poet's own mouth—for a good deal of the time which Mr. Pen might have employed much more advantageously in the pursuit of the regular scholastic studies, was given up to the composition of secular ballads, which he sang about at parties according to university wont.

It had been as well for Arthur if the honest Foker had remained for some time at college, for, with all his vivacity, he was a prudent young man, and often curbed Pen's propensity to extravagance: but Foker's collegiate career did not last very long after Arthur's entrance at Boniface. Repeated differences with the universily authorities caused Mr. Foker to quit Oxbridge in an untimely manner. He would peisist m attending races on the neighbouring Hunge ford Heath, in spite of the injunctions of his academic superiors. He never could be got to frequent the chapel of the college with that regularity of piely which Alma Mater demands from her children; tandems, which are abominations in the eyes of the heads and tutors, were Foker's greatest delight, and so reckless was his driving and frequent the accidents and upsets out of his drag, that Pen called taking a drive with him taking the 'Diversions of Purley;' finally, having a dinner-party at his rooms to entertain some friends from London, nothing would satisfy Mr. Foker but painting Mr. Buck's door vermilion, in which freak he was caught by the proctors; and although young Black Strap, the celebrated negro fighter, who was one of Mr. Foker's distinguished guests, and was holding the can of paint while the young artist operated on the door, knocked down two of the proctor's attendants and performed prodigies of valour, yet these feats rather injured than served Foker, whom the proctor knew very well and who was taken with the brush in his hand, and who was summarily convened and sent down from the university.

The tutor wrote a very kind and feeling letter to Lady Agnes on the subject, stating that everybody was fond of the

youth; that he never meant harm to any mortal creature; that he for his own part would have been delighted to pardon the harmless little boyish frolic, had not its unhappy publicity rendered it impossible to look the freak over, and breathing the most fervent wishes for the young iellow's welfare—wishes no doubt sincere, for Foker, as we know, carne of a noble farrily on his mother's side, and on the other was heir to a great number of thousand pounds a year.

'It don't matter,' said Foker, talking over the matter with Pen,—'a little sooner or a little later, what is the odds? I should have been plucked for my little-go again, I know I should—that Latin I cannot screw into my head, and my mamma's anguish would have broke out next term. The Governor will blow like an old grampus, I know he will,—well, we must step till he gels his wind again. ! shall probably go abroad and improve my mind with foreign travel. Yes, *parly-vods* the ticket. It'ly, and that sort of thing. I'll go to Paris and learn to dance and complete my education. But it's not me I'm anxious about, Pen. As long as people drink beer I don't care,—it's about you I'm dcubliul, my boy. You're going too fast, and can't keep up the pace, I tell you. It's not the fifty you owe me,—pay it or not when you like,—but it's the every-day pace, and I tell you it will kill you. You're livin' as if there was no end to the money in the stockin' at home. You oughtn't to give dinners, >ou ought to eat 'em. Fellows are glad to have you. You oughtn't to owe horse bills, you cught to ride other chaps' nags. You know no more about betting ihan I do about Algebra: the chaps will win your money as sure as you sport it. Hang me if you are not trying at everything. I saw you sit down to *ecarte* last week at Trumpingtcn's, and tcking your turn with the bones after Ringwood's supper. They'll beat you at it, Pen, my boy, even if they play on the square, which I don't say they don't, nor which I don't say they do, mind. But ,' won't play with 'em. You're no match for 'em. You ain't up to their weight. It's like little Black Strap standing up to Tom Spring,—the Black's a pretty fighter, but, Law bless you, his arm ain't long enough to touch Tom,—and I tell you, you're going it with fellers beyond your weight. Look here—If you'll promise me never to bet nor touch a box nor a card, III let you off the two ponies,'

But Pen, laughingly, said, 'that though it wasn't convenient to him to pay the two ponies at that moment, he by no means

wished to be let off any just debts he owed; ' and he and Foker parted, not without many dark forebodings on the latter's part with regard to his friend, who Harry thought was travelling speedily on the road to ruin.

'One must do at Rome as Rome does,' Pen said, in a dandified manner, jingling some sovereigns in his waistcoat-pocket. 'A little quiet play at *ecarte* can't hurt a man who plays pretty well—I came away fourteen sovereigns richer from Ringwood's supper, and, gad! I wanted the money,'—And he walked off, after having taken leave of poor Foker, v,'ho went away without any beat of drum, or offer to drive the coach out of Oxbridge, to superintend a little dinner which he was going to give at his own rooms in Boniface, about which dinners, the cook of the college, who had a great respect for Mr. Pendennis, always took especial pains lor his young favourite.

CHAPTER VII

SOME short time before Mr. Foker's departure from Oxbridge, there had come up to Boniface a gentleman who had once, as it turned out, belonged to the other University of Camford, which he had quitted on account of some differences with ihe tutors and authorities there. This gentleman, whose name was Horace Bloundell, was of the ancient Suffolk family of Bloundell-Bloundell, of Bloundell-Bloundell Hall, Bloundell-Bloundellshire, as the young wags used to call it; and no doubt it was on account of his descent, and because Dr. Donne, the Master of Boniface, was a Suffolk man, and related perhaps to the family, that Mr. Horace Bloundell was taken in at Boniface, after St. George's and one or two other Colleges had refused to receive him.

In Pen's second year Major Pendennis paid a brief visit to his nephew, and was introduced to several of Pen's university friends.

Major Pendennis on his side liked Mr. Bloundell not a whit. These sympathies are pretty sure to be mutual amongst men and women, and if, for my part, some kind friend tells me that such and such a man has been abusing me, I am almost sure, on my own side, that I have a mislikmg to such and such a man. We like or dislike each other, as folks like or dislike the odour of certain flowers, or the taste of certain dishes or

wines, or certain books. We can't tell why—but as a general rule, all the reasons in the world will not make us love Dr. Fell, and as sure as we dislike him, we may be sure that he dislikes us.

So the Major said, ' Pen, my boy, your dinner went off *a merveille;* you did the honours very nicely—you carved well—I am glad you learned to carve—it is done on the sideboard now in most good houses, but is still an important point, and may aid you in middle-life—young Lord Plinlimmon is a very amiable young man, your friend Foker is al vvays delightful: but your acquaintance, Mr. Bloundell, struck me as in all respects a most ineligible young man,'

'Bless my soul, sir, Bloundell-Bloundell!' cried Pen, laughing; 'why, sir, he's the most popular man of the university. We elected him of the Barmecides the first week he came up—had a special meeting on purpose—he's of an excellent family~ Suffolk Bloundells, descended from Richard's BlomJel, bear a harp in chief—and motto O Mong Roy,'

'A man may have a very good coat-of-arms, and be a tiger, my boy,' the Major said, chipping his egg; 'that man is a tiger, mark my word—a low man. I will lay a wager that he left his regiment, which was a good one (for a more respectable man than my friend Lord Martingale never sate m a saddle), m bad odour. There is the unmistakable look of slang and bad habits about this Mr, Bloundell. He frequents low gambling-houses and billiard-hells, sir—he haunts third-rate clubs—I know he does. I know by his style. I never was mistaken in my man yet. Did you remark the quantity of rings and jewellery he wore? That person has Scamp written on his countenance, if any man ever had. Mark my words and avoid him.

Poor Pen! the worthy uncle little knew how often those dinners took place, while the reckless young Amphitryon delighted to show his hospitality and skill in *gourmandise.*

In the third year of the lad's residence at Oxbridge, his staircase was by no means encumbered with dish-covers and desserts; and waiters carrying in dishes, and skips opening iced champagne; crowds of different sorts of attendants, with faces sulky or piteous, hung about the outer oak, and assailed the unfortunate lad as he issued out of his den.

Nor did his guardian's advice take any effect, or induce Mr. Pen to avoid the society of the disreputable Mr. Bloundell.

One such diseased creature as this is enough to infect a whole colony, and the tutors of Boniface began to find the moral tone of their college lowered and their young men growing unruly, and almost ungentleman-like, soon after Mr. Bloundell's arrival at Oxbridge. The young magnates of the neighbouring great college of St. George's, who regarded Pen, and in whose society he lived, were not taken in by Bloundell's flashy graces, and rakish airs of fashion. Broadbent called him Captain Macheath, and said he would live to be hanged. Foker, during his brief stay at the university with Macheath, with characteristic caution declined to say anything in the Captain's disfavour, but hinted to Pen that he had better have him for a partner at whist than play against him, and better back him at *ecarte* than bet on the other side. 'You see, he plays better than you do, Pen,' was the astute young gentleman's remark: 'he plays uncommon well, the Captain does;—and Pen, I wouldn't take the odds too freely from him, if I was you. I don't think he's too flush of money, the Captain ain't,' But beyond these dark suggestions and generalities, the cautious Foker could not be got to speak.

Not that his advice would have had more weight with a head-strong young man, than advice commonly has with a lad who is determined on pursuing his own way. Pen's appetite for pleasure was insatiable, and he rushed at it wherever it presented itself, with an eagerness which bespoke his fiery constitution and youthful health.

Dice can be played of mornings as well as after dinner or supper. Bloundell would come into Pen's rooms after breakfast, and it was astonishing how quick the time passed as the bones were rattling. They had little quiet parties with clcssd doors, and Bloundell devised a box lined with felt, so that the dice should make no noise, and their tell-tale rattle not bring the sharp-eared tutors up to the rooms. Bloundell, Ringwood, and Pen were once very nearly caught by Mr. Buck, who, passing in the Quadrangle, thought he heard the words 'Two to one on the caster,' through Pen's open window.

Mr. Arthur Pendennis did not win much money in these transactions with Mr. Bloundell, or indeed gain good of any kind except a knowledge of the odds at hazard, which he might have learned out of books.

Pen himself never had any accurate notion of the manner in which he spent his money, and plunged himself in much

deeper pecuniary difficulties, during his luckless residence at Oxbridge University, it is, of course, impossible for me to give any accurate account of his involvements, beyond that general notion of his way of life, which has been sketched a few pages back. He does not speak too hardly of the roguery of the university tradesmen, or of those in London whom he honoured with his patronage at the outset of his career. Even Finch, the money-lender, to whom Bloundell introduced him, and with whom he had various transactions, in which the young rascal's signature appeared upon stamped paper, treated him, according to Pen's own account, with forbearance, and never mulcted him of more than a hundred per cent. The old college-cook, his fervent admirer, made him a private bill, offered to send him in dinners up to the very last, and never would have pressed his account to his dying day. There was that kindness and frankness about Arthur Pendennis, which won most people who came in contact with him, and which, if it rendered him an easy prey to rogues, got him, perhaps, more goodwill than he merited from many honest men. It was impossible tc resist his good-nature, or, in his worst moments, not to hope for his rescue from ulter ruin.

At the time of his full career of university pleasure, he would leave the gayest party to go and sit with a sick friend. He never knew the difference between small and great in the treatment of his acquaintances, however much the unlucky lad's tastes, which were of the sumptuous order, led him to prefer good society; he was only too ready to share his guinea with a poor friend, and when he got money had an irresistible propensity for paying, which he never could conquer through life.

In his third year at college, the duns began to gather awfully round about him, and there was a levee at his oak which scandalised the tutors, and would have scared many a stouter heart. With some of these he used to battle, some he would bully (under Mr. Bloundell's directions, who was a master in this art, though he took a degree in no other), and some deprecate. And it is reported of him that little Mary Frodsham, the daughter of a certain poor gilder and frame-maker, whom Mr. Pen had thought fit to employ, and who had made a number of beautiful frames for his fine prints, coming to Pendennis with a piteous tale that her father was ill with ague, and that there was an execution in their house,

Pen in an anguish of remorse rushed away, pawned his grand watch and every single article of jevvellery except two old gold sleeve-buttons, which had belonged to his father, and rushed with the proceeds to Frodsham's shop, where, with tears in his eyes, and the deepest repentance and humility, he asked the poor tradesman's pardon.

This, young gentlemen, is not told as an instance of Pen's virtue, but rather of his weakness. It would have been much more virtuous to have had no prints at all. He still stood for the baubles which he sold in order to pay Frodsham's bill, and his mother had cruelly to pinch herself in order to discharge the jeweller's account, so that she was in the end the sufferer by the lad's impertinent fancies and follies. We are not presenting Pen to you as a hero or a model, only as a lad, who, in the midst of a thousand vanities and weaknesses, has as yet some generous impulses, and is not altogether dishonest.

At last came the Degree Examinations. Many a young man of his year whose hob-nailed shoes Pen had derided, and whose face or coat he had caricatured—many a man whom he had treated with scorn in the lecture-room or crushed with his eloquence in the debating-club- many of his own set who had not half his brains, but a little regularity and constancy of occupation, took high places in the honours or passed with decent credit. And where in the list was Pen the superb, Pen the wit and dandy, Pen the poet and orator? Ah, where was Pen the widow's darling and sole pride? Let us hide our heads, and shut up the page. The lists came out; and a dreadful rumour rushed through the university, that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked.

During the latter part of Pen's residence at the University of Oxbridge, his uncle's partiality had greatly increased for the lad. The Major was proud of Arthur, who had high spirits, irank manners, a good person, and high gentleman-like bearing. It pleased the old London bachelor to see Pen walking with the young patricians of his university, and he (who was never known to entertain his friends, and whose stinginess had passed into a sort of byword among some wags at the Club, who envied his many engagements, and did not choose to consider his poverty) was charmed to give his nephew and the young lords snug little dinners at his lodgings, and to regale them with good claret, and his very best *bons mots* and stories: some

of which would be injured by the repetition, for the Major's manner of telling them was incomparably neat and careful; and others, whereof the repetition would do good to nobody. He paid his court to their parents through the young men, and to himself as it were by their company. He made more than one visit to Oxbridge, where the young fellows were amused by entertaining the old gentleman, and gave parties and breakfasts and *fetes*, partly to joke him and partly to do him honour. He plied them with his stories. He made himself juvenile and hilarious in the company of the young lords. He went to hear Pen at a grand debate at the Union, crowed and cheered, and rapped his stick in chorus with the cheers of the men, and was astounded at the boy's eloquence and fire. He thought he had got a young Pitt for a nephew. He had an almost paternal fondness tor Pen. He wrote to the lad letters with playful advice and the news of the town. He bragged about Arthur at his Clubs, and introduced him with pleasure into his conversation; saying, that, Egad, the young fellows were putting the old ones to the wall; that the lads who were coming up, young Lord Plinlimmon, a friend of my boy, young Lord Magnus Charters, a chum of my scapegrace, etc., would make a greater figure in the world than even their fathers had done before them. He asked permission to bring Arthur to a grand *fete* at Gaunt House; saw him with ineffable satisfaction dancing with the sisters of the young noblemen before mentioned; and gave himself as much trouble to procure cards of invitation for the lad to some good houses, as if he had been a mamma with a daughter to marry, and not an old half-pay officer in a wig. And he boasted everywhere of the boy's great talents, and remarkable oratorical powers; and of the brilliant degree he was going to take. Lord Runnymede would take him on his embassy, or the Duke would bring him in for one of his boroughs, he wrote over and over again to Helen; who, for her part, was too ready to believe anything that anybody chose to say in favour of her son.

And all this pride and affection of uncle and mother had been trampled down by Pen's wicked extravagance and idleness! I don't envy Pen's feelings (as the phrase is), as he thought of what he had done. He had slept, and the tortoise had won the race. He had marred at its oulset what might have been a brilliant career. And if Pen felt the wrong which he had done to others, are we to suppose that a young

gentleman of his vanity did not feel still more keenly the shame he had brought upon himself? Let us be assured that there is no more cruel remorse than that; and no groans more piteous than these of wounded self-love. Poor Arthur Pendennjs felt perfectly convinced that all England would remark the absence of his name from the examination-lists, and talk about his misfortune. His wounded tutor, his many duns, the skip and bed-maker who waited upon him, the undergraduates of his own time and the years below him, whom he had patronised or scorned—how could he bear to look any of them in the face now? He rushed to his rooms, into which he shut himself, and there he penned a letter to his tutor, full of thanks, regards, remorse, and despair, requesting that his name might be taken off the college books, and intimating a wish and expectation that death would speedily end the woes of the disgraced Arthur Pendennis.

Then he slunk out, scarcely knowing whither he went, but mechanically taking the unfrequented little lanes by the backs of the colleges, until he cleared the university precincts, and got down to the banks of the Camisis river, now deserted, but so often alive with the boat-races, and the crowds of cheering gownsmen, he wandered on and en, until he found himself at seme miles' distance frcm Oxbridge, or rather was found by some acquaintances leaving that city.

It was our young acquaintance of Baymouth, Mr. Spavin, who had got his degree, and was driving homewards in triumph in his yellow postchaise. He caught a sight of the figure, madly gesticulating as he worked up the hill, and of poor Pen s pale and ghastly face as the chaise whirled by him.

'Wo! ' roared Mr. Spavin to the postboy, and the horses stopped in their mad career, and the carriage pulled up some fifty yards before Pen. He presently heard his own name shouted, and beheld the upper half of the body of Mr. Spavin thrust out of the side-window of the vehicle, and beckoning Pen vehemently towards it.

Pen stopped, hesitated—nodded his head fiercely, and pointed onwards, as if desirous that the postillion should proceed. He did not speak: but his countenance must have looked very desperate, for young Spavin, having stared at him with an expression of blank alarm, jumped out of the carriage presently, ran towards Pen holding out his hand, and grasping Pen's, said,

'I say—hullo, old boy, where are you going, and what's the row now?

'I'm going where I deserve to go,' said Pen, with an imprecation.

'This ain't the way,' said Mr. Spavin, smiling. 'This is the Fenbury road. I say, Pen, don't take on because you are plucked. It's nothing when you are used to it. Ive been plucked three times, old boy—and after the first time I didn't care. Glad it's over, though. You'll have better luck next time.'

Pen looked at his early acquaintance,—who had been plucked, who had been rusticated, who had only, after repeated failures, learned to read and write correctly, and who, in spite of all these drawbacks, had attained the honour of a degree. 'This man has passed,' he thought, 'and I have failed!' It was almost too much for him to bear.

'Good-bye, Spavin,' said he; 'I'm very glad you are through. Don't let me keep you; I'm in a hurry—I'm going to town to-night.'

'Gammon,' said Mr. Spavin. 'This ain't the way to town; this is the Fenbury road, I tell you.'

'I was just going to turn back,' Pen said.

'All the coaches are full with the men going down,' Spavin said. Pen winced. 'You'd not get a place for a ten-pound note. Get into my yellow; I'll drop you at Mudford, where you have a chance of the Fenbury mail. I'll lend you a hat and a coat; I've got lots. Come along;)ump in, old boy—go it, leathers!'—and in this way Pen found himself in Mr. Spavin's postchaise, and rode with that gentleman as far as the Ram Inn at Mudford, fifteen miles from Oxbridge ; where the Fenbury mail changed horses, and where Pen got a place on to London.

The next day there was an immense excitement in Boniface College, Oxbridge, where, for some time, a rumour prevailed, to the terror of Pen's tutor and tradesmen, that Pendennis, maddened at losing his degree, had made away with himself—a battered cap, in which his name was almost discernible, together with a seal bearing his crest of an eagle looking at a now extinct sun, had been found three miles on the Fenbury road, near a mill-stream, and, for four-and-twenty hours, it was supposed that poor Pen had flung himself into the stream, until letters arrived from him, bearing the London post-mark.

The mail reached London at the dreary hour of five; and he hastened to the inn at Covent Garden, at which he was accustomed to put up, where the ever-wakeful porter admitted him, and showed him to a bed. Pen looked hard at the man, and wondered whether Boots knew he was plucked? When in bed he could not sleep there. He tossed about until the appearance of the dismal London daylight, when he sprang up desperately, and walked off to his uncle's lodgings in Bury Street; where the maid, who was scouring the steps, looked up suspiciously at him, as he came with an unshaven face, and yesterday's linen. He thought she knew of his mishap, too.

'Good evens! Mr. Harthur, what *as* appened, sir?' Mr. Morgan, the valet, asked, who had just arranged the well-brushed clothes and shiny boots at the door of his master's bedroom, and was carrying in his wig to the Major.

'I want to see my uncle,' he cried, in a ghastly voice, and flung himself down on a chair.

Morgan backed before the pale and desperate-looking young man, with terrified and wondering glances, and disappeared into his master's apartment.

The Major put his head out of the bedroom door, as soon as he had his wig on.

'What? examination over? Senior Wrangler, double First Class, hay?' said the old gentleman—'I'II come directly;' and the head disappeared.

'They don't know what has happened,' groaned Pen; 'what will they say when they know all?'

Pen had been standing with his back to the window, and to such a dubious light as Bury Street enjoys of a foggy January morning, so that his uncle could not see the expression of the young man's countenance, or the looks of gloom and despair which even Mr. Morgan had remarked.

But when the Major came out of his dressing-room neat and radiant, and preceded by faint odours from Delcroix's shop, from which emporium Major Pendennis's wig and his pocket-handkerchief got their perlume, he held out one of his hands to Pen, and was about addressing him in his cheery high-toned voice, when he caught sight of the boy's face at length, and dropping his hand, said, 'Good God! Pen, what's the matter?'

'You'll see it in the papers at breakfast, sir,' Pen said.

'See what?'

'My name isn't there, sir.'

'Hang it, why *should it* be?' asked the Major, more perplexed.

'I have lost everything, sir,' Pen groaned out; 'my honour's gone; I'm ruined irretrievably; I can't go back to Oxbridge.'

'Lost youi honour?' screamed out the Major. 'Heaven alive! you don't mean to say you have shown the white feather?'

Pen laughed bitterly at the word feather, and repeated it. 'No, it isn't that, sir. I'm not afraid of being shot; I wish to God anybody would. I have not got my degree. I—I'm plucked, sir.'

The Major had heard of plucking, but in a very vague and cursory way, and concluded that it was some ceremony performed corporally upon rebellious university youth. 'I wonder you can look me in the face atter such a disgrace, sir,' he said; 'I wonder you submitted to it as a gentleman.'

'I couldn't help it, sir. I did my classical papers well enough; it was those infernal mathematics, which I have always neglected.'

'Was it—was it done in public, sir?' the Major said.

'What?'

'The—the plucking?' asked the guardian, looking Pen anxiously in the face.

Pen perceived the error under which his guardian was labouring, and in the midst of his misery the blunder caused the poor wretch a faint smile, and served to bring down the conversation from the tragedy-key, in which Pen had been disposed to carry it on. He explained to his uncle that he had gone in to pass his examination, and failed. OP which the Major said, that though he had expected far better things of his nephew, there was no great misfortune in this, and no dishonour as far as he saw, and that Pen must try again.

'Me again at Oxbridge,' Pen thought, 'after such a humiliation as that!' He felt that, except he went down to burn the place, he could not enter it.

But it was when he came to tell his uncle of his debts that the other felt surprise and anger most keenly, and broke out into speeches most severe upon Pen, which the lad bore, as best he might, without flinching. He had determined to make a clean breast, and had formed a full, true and complete list

of all his bills and liabilities at the university, and in London. They consisted of various items, such as

London Tailor.	Oxbridge do.
Oxbridge do.	Bill for horses.
Haberdasher, for shirts and gloves.	Printseller.
Jeweller.	Books.
College Cook.	Binding.
Crump, for desserts.	Hairdresser and Perfumery.
Bootmaker.	Hotel Bill in London.
Wine Merchant in London.	Sundries.

All which items the reader may fill in at his pleasure—such accounts have been inspected by the parents of many university youth,—and it appeared that Mr. Pen's bills in all amounted to about seven hundred pounds; and, furthermore, it was calculated that he had had more than twice that sum of ready money during his stay at Oxbridge. This sum he had spent, and for it had to show—what?

'You need not press a man who is down, sir,' Pen said to his uncle, gloomily. 'I know very well, sir, how wicked and idle I have been. My mother won't like to see me dishonoured, sir,' he continued, with his voice failing; 'and I know she will pay these accounts. But I shall ask her for no more money,'

'As you like, sir,' the Major said. 'You are ot age, and my hands are washed of your affairs. But you can't live without money, and have no means of making it that I see, though you have a fine talent in spending it, and it is my belief that you will proceed as you have begun, and ruin your mother before you are five years older. - Good morning; it is time for me to go to breakfast. My engagements won't permit me to see you much during the time that you stay in London. I presume that you will acquaint your mother with the news which you have just conveyed to me.'

And pulling on his hat, and trembling in his limbs somewhat, Major Pendennis walked out of his lodgings before his nephew, and went ruefully off to take his accustomed comer at the Club. He saw the Oxbridge examination-lists in the morning papers, and read over the names, not understanding the business, with mournful accuracy. He consulted various old fogies of his acquaintance, in the course of the day, at his Clubs; Wenham, a Dean, various Civilians; and, as it is

called, 'took their opinion,' showing to some of them the amount of his nephew's debts, which he had dotted down on the back of a care}, and asking what was to be done, and whether such debts were not monstrous, preposterous? What was to be done?—There was nothing for it but to pay. Wenham and the others told the Major oi young men who owed twice as much—five times as much—as Arthur, and with no means at all to pay. The consultations, and calculations, and opinions, comforted the Major somewhat. After all, *he* was not to pay.

But he thought bitterly of the many plans he had formed to make a man of his nephew, of the sacrifices which he had made, and of the manner in which he was disappointed. And he wrote off a letter to Doctor Portman, informing him of the direful events which had taken place, and begging the Doctor to break them to Helen. For the orthodox old gentleman preserved the regular routine in all things, and was of opinion that it was more correct to 'break' a piece of bad news to a person by means of a (possibly maladroit and unfeeling) messenger, than to convey it simply to its destination by a note. So the Major wrote to Doctor Portman, and then went out to dinner, one of the saddest men in any London dining-room that day.

Pen, too, wrote his letter, and skulked about London streets for the rest of the day, fancying that everybody was looking at him and whispering to his neighbour, 'That is Pendennis of Boniface, who was plucked yesterday,' His letter to his mother was full of tenderness and remorse: he wept the bitterest tears over it—and the repentance and passion soothed him to some degree.

Coming back from college after an absence from home of some months, in place ot the simple girl whom he had left behind him, Mr. Arthur found a tall, slim, handsome young lady, to whom he could not somehow proffer the kiss which he had been in the habit of administering previously, and who received him with a gracious curtsey and a proffered hand, and with a great blush which rose up to the cheek, just upon the very spot which young Pen had been used to salute.

Now, Miss Laura, since she had learned to think for herself (and in the past two years her mind and her person had both developed themselves considerably), had only been half pleased with Pen's general conduct and bearing. His letters to his mother at home had become of late very rare and short. It was in vain that the fond widow urged how constant Arthur's

occupations and studies were, and how many his engagements. 'It is better that he should lose a prize,' Laura said, 'than forget his mother: and indeed, mamma, I don't see that he gets many prizes. Why doesn't he come home and stay with you instead of passing his vacations at his great friends' fine houses? There is nobody there will love him half so much as--as you do,' 'As ,' do only, Laura?' sighed out Mrs. Pendennis. Laura declared stoutly that she did not love Pen a bit, when he did not do his duty to his mother: nor would she be convinced by any of Helen's fond arguments, that the boy must make his way in the world; that his uncle was most desirous that Pen should cultivate the acquaintance of persons who were likely to befriend him in life; that men had a thousand ties and calls which women could not understand, and so forth.

Also, there had been that freedom, not to say audacity, in Arthur's later talk and ways, which had shocked and displeased Laura. Not that he ever offended her by rudeness, or addressed to her a word which she ought not to hear, for Mr. Pen was a gentleman, and by nature and education polite to every woman high and low; but he spoke lightly and laxly of women in general; was less courteous in his actions than in his words—neglectful in sundry ways, and in many of the little offices of life. It offended Miss Laura that he should smoke his horrid pipes in the house ; that he should refuse to go to church with his mother, or on walks or visits with her, and be found yawning over his novel in his dressing-gown, when the gentle widow returned from those duties.

The Fotheringay affair, too, when Laura came to hear of it (which she did first by some sarcastic allusions of Major Pendennis, when on a visit to Fairoaks, and then from their neighbours at Clavering, who had plenty of information to give her on this head), vastly shocked and outraged Miss Laura. A Pendennis fling himself away on such a woman as that! Helen's boy galloping away from home, day after day, to fall on his knees to an actress, and drink with her horrid father! A good son want to bring such a man and such a woman into his house, and set her over his mother! 'I would have run away, mamma; I would, if I had had to walk barefoot through the snow,' Laura said.

But as soon as Miss Laura heard that Pen was unfortunate and unhappy, all her wrath against him straightway vanished,

and gave place to the most tender and unreasonable compassion. He was the Pen of old days once more restored to her, the frank and affectionate, the generous and tender-hearted. She at once took side with Helen against Doctor Portman, when he outcried at the enormity of Pen's transgressions.

In the middle of the night—as these two ladies, after reading their Bibles a great deal during the evening, and after taking just a look into Pen's room as they passed to their own—in the middle of the night, I say, Laura, whose head not unfrequently chose to occupy that pillow which the nightcap of the late Pendennis had been accustomed to press, cried out suddenly, 'Mamma, are you awake?'

Helen stirred and said, 'Yes, I'm awake.' The truth is, though she had been lying quite still and silent, she had not been asleep one instant, but had been looking at the night-lamp in the chimney, and had been thinking of Pen for hours and hours.

Then Miss Laura (who had been acting with similar hypocrisy, and lying, occupied with her own thoughts, as motionless as Helen's brooch, with Pen's and Laura's hair in it, on the frilled white pincushion on the dressing table) began to tell Mrs. Pendennis of a notable plan which she had been forming in her busy little brains; and by which all Pen's embarrassments would be made to vanish in a moment, and without the least trouble to anybody.

'You know, mamma,' this young lady said, 'that I have been living with you for ten years, during which time you have never taken any of my money, and have been treating me just as if I was a charity girl. Now, this obligation has offended me very much, because I am proud and do not like to be beholden to people. And as, if I had gone to school—only I wouldn't—it must have cost me at least fifty pounds a year, it is clear that I owe you fifty times ten pounds, which I know you have put into the bank at Chatteris for me, and which doesn't belong to me a bit. Now, to-morrow we will go to Chatteris, and see that nice old Mr. Rowdy, with the bald head, and ask him for it,—not for his head, but for the five hundred pounds: and I dare say he will send you two more, which we will save and pay back; and we will send the money to Pen, who can pay all his debts without hurting anybody, and then we will live happy ever after.'

What Helen replied to this speech need not be repeated, as the widow's answer was made up of a great number of incoherent ejaculations, embraces, and other irrelative matter. But the two women slept well after that talk.

So the Prodigal came home, and the tatted calf was killed for him, and he was made as happy as two simple women could make him. No allusions were made to the Oxbridge mishap, or questions asked as to his farther proceedings, for some time. But Pen debated these anxiously in his own mind, and up in his own room, where he passed much time in cogitation.

A few days after he came home, he rode to Chatteris on his horse, and came back on the top of the coach. He then informed his mother that he had left the horse to be sold; and when that operation was effected, he handed her over the cheque, which she, and possibly Pen himself, thought was an act of uncommon virtue and self-denial but which Laura pronounced to be only strict justice.

He rarely mentioned the loan which she had made, and which, indeed, had been accepted by the widow with certain modifications; but once or twice, and with great hesitation and stammering, he alluded to it, and thanked her; but it evidently pained his vanity to be beholden to the orphan for succour. He was wild to find some means of repaying her.

He left off drinking wine, and betook himself, but with great moderation, to the refreshment of whiskv-and-water. He gave up cigar-smoking; but it must be confessed that of late years he had liked pipes and tobacco as well or even better, so that this sacrifice was not a very severe one.

He fell asleep a great deal after dinner when he joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and was certainly very moody and melancholy. He watched the coaches with great interest, walked in to read the papers at Clavering assiduously, dined with anybody who would ask him (and the widow was glad that he should have any entertainment in their solitary place), and played a good deal at cribbage with Captain Glanders.

He avoided Dr. Portman, who, in his turn, whenever Pen passed, gave him very severe looks from under his shovel-hat. He went to church with his mother, however, very regularly, and read prayers for her at home to the little household. Always humble, it was greatly diminished now: a couple of maids did the work of the house of Fairoaks: the silver dish-

covers never saw the light at all. John put on his livery to go to church, and assert his dignity on Sundays, but it was only for form's sake. He was gardener and out-door man, vice Upton, resigned. There was but little fire in Fairoaks kitchen, and John and the maids drank their evening beer there by the light of a single candle. All this was Mr. Pen's doing, and the state of things did not increase his cheerfulness.

For some time Pen said no power on earth could induce him to go back to Oxbridge again, after his failure there; but one day, Laura said to him, with many blushes, that she thought, as some sort of reparation, of punishment on himself for his—tor his idleness, he ought to go back and get his degree, it he could fetch it by doing so ; and so back Mr. Pen went.

A plucked man is a dismal being in a university; belonging to no set of men there, and owned by no one. Pen felt himself plucked indeed of all the fine feathers which he had won during his brilliant years, and rarely appeared out of his college; regularly going to morning chapel, and shutting himself up in his rooms of nights, away from the noise and suppers of the undergraduates. There were no duns about his door, they were all paid—scarcely any cards were left there. The men of his year had taken their degrees, and were gone. He went into a second examination, and passed with perfect ease. He was somewhat more easy in his mind when he appeared in his bachelor's gown.

On his way back from Oxbridge he paid a visit to his uncle in London; but the old gentleman received him with very cold looks, and would scarcely give him his forefinger to shake. He called a second time, but Morgan, the valet, said his master was from home.

Pen came back to Fairoaks, and to his books and to his idleness, and loneliness and despair. He commenced several tragedies, and wrote many copies of verses ot a gloomy cast. He formed plans of reading and broke them. He thought about enlisting—about the Spanish legion—about a profession. He chafed against his captivity, and cursed the idleness which had caused it. Helen said he was breaking his heart, and was sad to see his prostration. As soon as they could afford it, he should go abroad—he should go to London-he should be freed from the dull society of two poor women. It *was* dull- very, certainly. The tender widow's habitual melancholy seemed to deepen into a sadder gloom; and Laura saw with alarm that

the dear friend became every year more languid and weary and that her pale cheek grew more wan.

CHAPTER VIII

THE inmates of Fairoaks were drowsily pursuing this humdrum existence, while the great house upon the hill, on the other side of the River Brawl, was shaking off the slumber in which it had lain during the lives of two generations of masters, and giving extraordinary signs of renewed liveliness.

Some five years before, the county papers had advertised the marriage at Florence, at the British Legation, of Francis Clavering, Esq., only son of Sir Francis Clavering, Bart., of Clavering Park, with Jemima Augusta, daughter of Samuel Snell, of Calcutta, Esq., and widow of the late J. Amory, Esq. At that time the legend in the county was that Clavering, who had been ruined for many a year, had married a widow from India with some money.

Of Sir Francis Clavermg's antecedents little can be said that would be advantageous to that respected baronet. The son of an outlaw, living in a dismal old chateau near Bruges, this gentleman had made a feeble attempt to start in life with a commission in a dragoon regiment, and had broken down almost at the outset. Transactions at the gambling-table had speedily effected his rum; after a couple of years in the army he had been forced to sell oul, had passed some time in Her Majesty's prison of the Fleet, and had then shipped over to Ostend to join the gouty exile, his father. And in Belgium, France, and Germany, for some years, this decayed and abortive prodigal might be seen lurking about billiard-rooms and watering-places, punting at gambling-houses, dancing at boarding-house bails, and riding steeple-chases on other folks' horses.

It was at a boarding-house at Lausanne, that Francis Clavering made what he called the lucky coup of marrying the widow Amory, very lately returned from Calcutta. His father died soon after, by consequence of whose demise his wife became Lady Clavering. The title so delighted Mr. Snell of Calcutta, that he doubled his daughter's allowance; and, dying himself soon after, left a fortune to her and her children, the amount of which was, if not magnified by rumour, something very splendid indeed.

Before this time there had been, not rumours unfavourable to Lady Clavering's reputation, but unpleasant impressions regarding her ladyship. The best English people abroad were shy of making her acquaintance; her manners were not the most refined; her origin was lamentably low and doubtful. The retired East Indians, who are to be found in considerable force in most of the continental towns frequented by English, spoke with much scorn of the disreputable old lawyer and indigo-smuggler her father, and of Amory, her first husband, who had been mate of the Indiaman in which Miss Snell came out to join her father at Calcutta. Neither father nor daughter were in society at Calcutta, or had ever been heard of at Government House.

And it was during this time, thai the good-natured lady must have arranged matters with her husband's creditors in England, for Sir Francis reappeared in his native country, without fear of arrest; was announced in the Morning Post, and the country paper, as having taken up his residence at Mivart's Hotel; and one day the anxious old housekeeper at Clavering House beheld a carriage and four horses drive up the long avenue, and stop before the moss-grown steps in front of the vast melancholy portico.

Three gentlemen were in the carriage—an open one. On the back seat was our old acquaintance, Mr. Tatham of Chatteris, whilst in the places of honour sate a handsome and portly gentleman enveloped in mustachios, whiskers, fur collars, and braiding, and by him a pale languid man, who descended feebly from the carriage, when the little lawyer, and the gentleman in fur, had nimbly jumped out of it.

Old Mrs. Blenkinsop dropped a curtsey. Little Polly, her aide-de-camp, made a curtsey, and several rapid bows likewise; and Mrs. Blenkinsop, with a great deal of emotion, quavered out, 'Welcome to Clavering, Sir Francis. It du my poor eyes good to see one of the family once more,'

The speech and the greetings were all addressed to the grand gentleman in fur and braiding, who wore his hat so magnificently on one side, and twirled his mustachios so royally. But he burst out laughing, and said, 'You've saddled the wrong horse, old lady—I'm not Sir Francis Clavering what's come to revisit the halls of my ancestors. Friends and vassals! behold your rightful lord!'

And he pointed his hand towards the pale, languid gentleman, who said, 'Don't be an ass, Ned,'

' Yes, Mrs. Blenkinsop, I'm Sir, Francis Clavering; I recollect you quite well. Forgot me, I suppose?—How dy do? and he took the old lady's trembling hand, and nodded in her astonished (ace, in a not unkind manner.

Mrs. Blenkinsop declared upon her conscience that she would have known Sir Francis anywhere, that he was the very image of Sir Francis, his father, and of Sir John who had gone before.

'O yes—thanky—of course—very much obliged—and that sort of thing,' Sir Francis said, looking vacantly about the hall. Dismal old place, ain't it, Ned? Never saw it but once, when my governor quarrelled with my gwandfather, in the year twenty-thwee.'

'Dismal?—beautiful!—the Castle of Gtranto!—the Mysteries of Udolpho, by Jove! ' said the individual addressed as Ned. ' What a fireplace! You might roast an elephant in it. Splendid -carved gallery! Inigo Jones, by Jove! *Yd* lay five to two it's Inigo Jones.'

It was a place so big that no tenant could afford to live in it; and Sir Francis and his friend walked through room after room, admiring their vastness and dreary and deserted grandeur.

Up and down the house the two gentlemen wandered, the owner of the mansion being very silent and resigned about the pleasure of possessing it; whereas the Captain, his friend, examined the premises with so much interest and eagerness that you would have thought he was the master, and the other the indifferent spectator of the place.

When this fact came to be known at Chatteris, all the folks in the place were set in commotion. The news was brought to Fairoaks, and received by the ladies there, and by Mr. Pen, with some excitement. ' Mrs. Pybus says there is a very pretty girl in the family, Arthur,' Laura said, who was as kind and thoughtful upon this point as women generally are: 'a Miss Amory, Lady Clavering's daughter by her first marriage. Of course, you will fall in love with her as soon as she arrives.'

Helen cried out, ' Don't talk nonsense, Laura.' Pen laughed, and said, 'Well, there is the young Sir Francis for you,'

'He is but four years old,' Miss Laura replied. 'But I shall console myself with that handsome officer, Sir Francis's friend. He was at church last Sunday, in the Clavering pew, and his jnustachios were beautiful.'

Captain Strong occupied those very lodgings at Clavering,

which the peaceful Smirke had previously tenanted, and was deep in the good graces of Madame Fribsby, his landlady; and of the whole town, indeed. The Captain was splendid in person and raiment; fresh-coloured, blue-eyed,, black-whiskered, broad-chested, athletic—a slight tendency to fulness did not take away from the comeliness of his jolly figure —a braver soldier never presented a broader chest to the enemy. As he strode down Clavering High Street, his hat on one side, his cane clanking on the pavement, or waving round him in the execution of military cuts and soldatesque manoeuvres —his jolly laughter ringing through the otherwise silent street- he was as welcome as sunshine to the place, and a comfort to every inhabitant in it.

On the first market-day he knew every pretty girl in the market: he joked with all the women; had a word with the farmers about their stock, and dined at the Agricultural Ordinary at the Clavering Arms, where he set them all dying with laughing by his fun and jokes.

In this way almost everybody in Clavering came to know Ned Strong.

Before many days were over, Captain Strong was as much at home in Helen's drawing-room as he was in Madame Fribsby's first floor; and made the lonely house very gay with his good-humour and ceaseless flow of talk. The two women had never before seen such a man.

And Captain Strong acquainted his new friends at Fairoaks, not only with his own biography, but with the whole history of the family now coming to Clavering. It was he who had made the marriage between his friend Frank and the widow Amory. She wanted rank, and he wanted n^ney. What match could be more suitable ? He organised it; ne made those two people happy. There was no particular romantic attachment between them; the widow was not of an age or a person for romance, and Sir Francis, if he had his game at billiards, and his dinner, cared for little besides. But they were as happy as people could be. Clavering would return to his native place and country, his wife's fortune would pay his encumbrances off, and his son and heir would be one of the first men in the county.

'And Miss Amory ?' Laura asked. Laura was uncommonly curious about Miss Amory.

Strong laughed. 'Oh, Miss Amory is a muse—Miss Amory

is a mystery—Miss Amory is a *femme* incompr,'se.' 'What is that?' asked simple Mrs. Pendennis—but the Chevalier gave her no answer; perhaps could not give her one. 'Miss Amory paints, Miss Amory writes poems, Miss Amory composes music, Miss Amory rides like Diana Vernon. Miss Amory is a paragon, in a word,'

'I hate clever women,' said Pen.

'Thank you,' said Laura. For her part she was sure she should be charmed with Miss Amory, and quite longed to have such a friend. And with this she looked Pen full in the face, as if every word the little hypocrite said was Gospel truth.

Thus, an intimacy was arranged and prepared beforehand between the Fairoaks family and their wealthy neighbours at the Park; and Pen and Laura were to the full as eager [or their arrival, as even the most curious of the Clavering folks.

On another day, the mail deposited at the gate a foreign gentleman, adorned with many ringlels and chains. He made a great riot at the lodge-gate to the keeper's wife (who, being a West-country woman, did not understand his English or his Gascon French), because there was no carriage in waiting to drive him to the house, a mile off, and because he could not walk entire leagues in his fatigued state and varnished boots. This was Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant, formerly Chef of his Highness the Due de Borodino, of H. Eminence Cardinal Beccafico, and at present Chef of the bouche of Sir Clavering, Baronet:—Monsieur Mirobolant's library, pictures, and piano had arrived previously in charge of the intelligent young Englishman, his aide-de-camp. He was, moreover, aided by a professed female cook, likewise from London, who had inferior females under her orders.

He did not dine in the steward's room, but took his nutriment in solitude in his own apartments, where a female servant was affected to his private use. It was a grand sight to behold him in his dressing-gown composing a *menu.* He always sate down and played the piano for some time before that. If interrupted, he remonstrated pathetically with his little maid. Every great artist, he said, had need of solitude to perfectionale his works.

Amidst an immense jangling of bells from Clavering Church, where the flag was flying, an open carriage and one of those travelling chariots or family arks, which only English philo-progenitiveness could invent, drove rapidly with foaming horses through the Park gates, and up to the steps of the Hall. The

two *battans* of the sculptured door flew open. Two superior officers in black, the large and melancholy gentlemen, now in livery with their hair in powder, the country menials engaged to aid them, were in waiting in the hall, and bowed like tall elms when autumn winds wail in the park. Through this avenue passed Sir Francis Clavering with a most unmoved face; Lady Clavering, with a pair of bright black eyes, and a good-humoured countenance, which waggled and nodded very graciously: Master Francis Clavering, who was holding his mamma's skirt (and who stopped the procession to look at the largest footman, whose appearance seemed to strike the young gentleman), and Miss Blandy, governess to Master Francis, and Miss Amory, her ladyship's daughter, giving her arm to Captain Strong. It was summer, but fires of welcome were crackling in the great hall chimney, and in the rooms which the family were to occupy.

Monsieur Mirobolant had looked at the procession from one of the lime-trees in the avenue. ' Elle est la,' he said, laying his jewelled hand on his richly-embroidered velvet waistcoat with glass buttons, 'Je t'ai vue,]e te benis, O ma sylphide, O mon ange!' and he dived into the thicket, and made his way back to his furnaces and saucepans.

The next Sunday the same party vvhich had just made its appearance at Clavering Park, came and publicly took possession of the ancient pew in the church, where so many of the Baronet's ancestors had prayed and were now kneeling in effigy. There was such a run to see the new folks, that the Low Church was deserted, to the disgust of its pastor; and as the state barouche, with the greys and coachman in silver wig, and solemn footmen, drew up at the old churchyard-gate, there was such a crowd assembled there as had not been seen for many a long day. Captain Strong knew everybody, and saluted for all the company—the country people vowed my lady was not handsome, to be sure, but pronounced her to be uncommon fine dressed, as indeed she was—with the finest of shawls, the finest of pelisses, the brilliantest of bonnets and wreaths, and a power of rings, cameos, brooches, chains, bangles, and other nameless gimcracks; and ribbons of every breadth and colour of the rainbow flaming on her person. Miss Amory appeared meek in dove-colour, like a vestal virgin—while Master Francis was in the costume, then prevalent, of Rob Roy Macgregor, a celebrated Highland outlaw. The Baronet was not more

animated than ordinarily—there was a happy vacuity about him which enabled him to face a dinner, a death, a church, a marriage, with the same indifferent ease.

In the course of the service, Master Francis began to make such a yelling in the pew, that Frederic, the tallest of the footmen, was beckoned by his master, and rose and went and carried out Master Francis who roared and beat him on the head, so that the powder flew round about, like clouds of incense. Nor was he pacified until placed on the box of the carriage where he played at horses with John's whip.

'You see the little beggar's never been to church before, Miss Bell,' the Baronet drawled out to a young lady who was visiting him; 'no wonder he should make a row: I don't go in town neither, but I think it's right in the country to give a good example—and that sort of thing.'

Miss Bell laughed and said, 'The little boy had not given a particularly good example.'

'Gad, I don't know, and that sort of thing,' said the Baronet. 'It ain't so bad neither. Whenever he wants a thing, Frank always cwies, and whenever he cwies he gets it.'

Here the child in question began to howl for a dish of sweetmeats on the luncheon-table, and making a lunge across the tablecloth, upset a glass of wine over the best waistcoat of one of the guests present, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, who was greatly annoyed at being made to look foolish, and at having his spotless cambric shirt front blotched with wine.

'We do spoil him so,' said Lady Clavering to Mrs. Pendennis, fondly gazing at the cherub, whose hands and face were now frothed over with the species of lather which is inserted in the confection called *meringues a la creme.*

'It is very wrong,' said Mrs. Pendennis, as if she had never done such a thing herself as spoil a child.

'Mamma says she spoils my brother,—do you think anything could, Miss Bell? Look at him,—isn't he like a little angel?'

'Gad, I was quite wight,' said the Baronet. 'He has cwied, and he has got it, you see. Go it, Fwank, old boy.'

'Sir Francis is a very judicious parent,' Miss Amory whispered, 'Don't you think so, Miss Bell? I shan't call you Miss Bell—I shall call you Laura. I admired you so at church. Your robe was not well made, nor your bonnet very fresh.

But you have such beautiful grey eyes, and such a lovely tint.'

'Thank you,' said Miss Bell, laughing.

' Your cousin is handsome, and thinks so. He is uneasy *de sa personne.* He has not seen the world yet. Has he genius ? Has he suffered? A lady, a little woman in a rumpled satin and velvet shoes—a Miss Pybus—came here, and said he has suffered. I, too, have suffered,—and you, Laura, has your heart ever been touched?'

Laura said 'No!' but perhaps blushed a little at the idea or the question, so that the other said,—

'Ah, Laura! I see it all. It is the beau cousin. Tell me everything. I already love you as a sister.'

'You are very kind,' said Miss Bell, smiling, 'and—and it must be owned that it is a very sudden attachment,'

'All attachments are so. It is electricity—spontaneity. It is instantaneous. I knew I should love you from the moment I saw you. Do you not feel it yourself?'

'Not yet,' said Laura; 'but—I daresay I shall if I try,'

'Call me by my name, then,'

' But I don't know it,' Laura cried out.

'My name is Blanche—isn't it a pretty name? Call me by it,'

'Blanche—it is very pretty, indeed,'

'And while mamma talks with that kind-looking lady—what relation is she to you? She must have been pretty once, but is rather *passe;* she is not well *gantee,* but she has a pretty hand—and while mamma talks to her, come with me to my own room,—my own, own room. It's a darling room, though that horrid creature, Captain Strong, did arrange it.

Blanche was fair, and like a sylph. She had fair hair, with green reflections in it. But she had dark eyebrows. She had long black eyelashes, -which veiled beautiful brown eyes. She had such a slim waist, that it was a wonder to behold; and such slim little feet, that you would have thought the grass would hardly bend under them. Her lips were of the colour of faint rosebuds, and her voice warbled limpidly over a set of the sweetest little pearly teeth ever seen. She showed them very often, for they were very pretty. She was very good-natured, and a smile not only showed her teeth wonderfully, but likewise exhibited two lovely little pink dimples, that nestled in either cheek.

She showed Laura her drawings, which the other thought charming. She played her some of her waltzes, with a rapid and brilliant finger, and Laura was still more charmed. Ancl she then read her some poems, in French and English, likewise of her own composition, and which she kept locked in her own book—her own dear little book; it was bound in blue velvet, with a gilt lock, and on it was printed in gold the title of ' Mes Larmes.'

'Mes Larmes!—isn't it a pretty name?' the young lady continued, who was pleased with everything that she did, and did everything very well. Laura owned that it was. She had never seen anything like it before; anything so lovely, so accomplished, so fragile and pretty; warbling so prettily, and tripping about such a pretty room, with such a number of pretty books, pictures, flowers, round about her. The honest and generous country girl forgot even jealousy in her admiration. 'Indeed, Blanche,' she said, ' everything in the room is pretty; and you are the prettiest of all.' The other smiled, looked in the glass, went up and took both of Laura's hands, and kissed them, and sat down to the piano, and shook out a litte song, as if she had been a nightingale.

This was the first visit paid by Fairoaks to Clavering Park, in return for Clavering Park's visit to Fairoaks, in reply to Fairoaks's cards left a few days after the arrival of Sir Francis's family.

Mr. Pen and Miss Laura found the society at Clavering Park an uncommonly agreeable resort of summer evenings. Blanche vowed that she *raffoled* of Laura; and, very likely, Mr. Pen was pleased with Blanche. His spirits came back: he laughed and rattled till Laura wondered to hear him. It was not the same Pen, yawning, in a shooting-jacket, in the Fdiroaks parlour, who appeared alert and brisk, and smiling and well dressed, in Lady Clavering's drawing-room. Sometimes they had music. Laura had a sweet contralto voice, and sang with Blanche, who had had the best continental instruction, and was charmed to be her friend's mistress. Sometimes Mr. Pen joined in these concerts, or oftener looked sweet upon Miss Blanche as she sang. Sometimes they had glees, when Captain Strong's chest was of vast service, and he boomed out in a prodigious bass, of which he was not a little proud.

'Good fellow, Strong—ain't he Miss Bell?' Sir Francis

would say to her. " Plays at *ecarte* with Lady Clavering—plays anything, pitch-and-toss, pianoforty, cwibbage if you like. How long do you think he s been staying with me? He came for a week with a carpet-bag, and Gad, he's been staying here thwee years. Good fellow, ain't he? Don't know how he gets a shillin' though, begad I don't, Miss Lauwa.'

As for Miss Blanche, she had a kind heart; and having, as she owned, herself 'suffered' a good deal in the course of her brief life and experience—why, she could compassionate other susceptible beings like Pen, who had suffered too. Her love for Laura and that dear Mrs. Pendennis redoubled: if they were not at the Park, she was not easy unless she herself was at Fairoaks. She played with Laura; she read French and German with Laura; and Mr. Pen read French and German along with them. He turned sentimental ballads of Schiller and Goethe into English verse for the ladies, and Blanche unlocked 'Mes Larmes' for him, and imparted to him some of the plaintive outpourings of her own tender Muse.

It appeared from these poems that this young creature had indeed suffered prodigiously. She was familiar with the idea of suicide. Death she repeatedly longed for. A faded rose inspired her with such grief that you would have thought she must die in pain of it. It was a wonder how a young creature (who had had a snug home, or been at a comfortable boarding-school, and had no outward grief or hardship to complain of) should have suffered so much—should have found the means of getting at such an ocean of despair and passion (as a runaway boy who *will* get to sea), and having embarked on it, should survive it. What a talent she must have had for weeping to be able to pour out so many of Mes Larmes!

They were not particularly briny, Miss Blanche's tears, that is the truth; but Pen, who read her verses, thought them very well for a lady—and wrote some verses himself for her. His were very violent and passionate, very hot, sweet and strong: and he not only wrote verses; but—O, the villain! O, the deceiver! he altered and adapted former poems in his possession, and which had been composed for a certain Miss Emily Fotheringay, for the use and to the Christian name of Miss Blanche Amory.

'I say, Strong,' one day the Baronet said, as the pair were conversing after dinner over the billiard-table, and that great

unbosomer of secrets, a cigar; 'I say, Strong, I wish to the doose your wife was dead.'

'So do I. That's a cannon, by Jove. But she won't; she'll live for ever—you see if she don't. Why do you wish her off the hooks, Frank, my boy?' asked Captain Strong.

'Because then you might marry Missy. She ain't bad-looking. She'll have ten thousand, and that's a good bit of money for such a poor old devil as you,' drawled out the hero gentleman. 'And gad Strong, I hate her worse and worse every day. I can't stand her, Strong, by gad, I can't.'

'I wouldn't take her at twice the figure,' Captain Strong said, laughing. 'I never saw such a little devil in my life,' .

'I should like to poison her,' said the sententious Baronet; 'by Jove I should.'

'Why, what has she been at now? asked his friend.

'Nothing particular,' answered Sir Francis; 'only her old tricks. That girl has such a knack ot making everybody miserable that, hang me, it's quite surprising. Last night she sent the governess crying away from the dinner-table. Afterwards, as I was passing Frank's room, I heard the poor little beggar howling in the dark, and found his sister had been frightening his soul out of his body, by telling him stories about the ghost that's in the house. At lunch she gave my lady a turn; and though my wife's a fool, she's a good soul—I'm hanged if she ain't,'

'What did Missy do to her? Strong asked.

'Why, hang me, if she didn't begin talking about the late Amory, my predecessor,' the Baronet said, with a grin. 'She got some picture out of the Keepsake, and said she was sure it was like her dear father. She wanted to know where her father's grave was. Hang her father! Whenever Miss Amory talks about him, Lady Clavering always bursts out crying: and the little devil will talk about him in order to spite her mother. To-day when she began, I got in a confounded rage, said I was her father, and—and that sort thing, and then, sir, she took a shy at me.'

'And what did she say about you, Frank?' Mr. Strong, still laughing, inquired of his friend and patron.

'Gad, she said I wasn't her father; that I was't fit to comprehend her, that her father must have been a man of

genius, and fine feelings, and that sort of thing: whereas I had married her mother for money/

'Well, didn't you?' asked Strong.

'It don't make it any the pleasanter to hear because it's true, don't you know,' Sir Francis Clavering answered. 'I ain't a literary man and that; but I ain't such a fool as she makes me out. I don't know how it is, but she always manages to—to put me in the hole, don't you understand. She turns all the house round her in her quiet way, and with her confounded sentimental airs. I wish she was dead, Ned.'

'It was my wife whom you wanted dead just now/ Strong -said, always in perfect good-humour, upon which the Baronet, with his accustomed candour, said, 'Well, when people bore my life out, I *do* wish they were dead, and I wish Missy were down a well, with all my heart/

As novelists are supposed to know everything, even the secrets of female hearts, which the owners themselves do not perhaps know, we may state that at eleven years of age Mademoiselle Betsi, as Miss Amory was then called, had telt tender emotions towards a young Savoyard organ-grinder at Paris, whom she persisted in believing to be a prince carried off from his parents.

In the above paragraph our young friend has been called by -a Christian name different to that under which we were lately presented to her. The fact is, that Miss Amory, called Missy at home, had really at the first been christened Betsy—but assumed the name of Blanche of her own will and fantasy, and crowned herself with it; and the weapon which the Baronet, her stepfather, held in terror over her, was the threat to call her publicly by her name of Betsy, by which menace he sometimes managed to keep the young rebel in order.

She managed to make the honest lady, her mother, as uncomfortable as circumstances would permit; and caused her worthy stepfather to wish she was dead. With the exception of Captain Strong, whose invincible good-humour was proof against her sarcasms, the little lady ruled the whole house with her tongue. If Lady Clavering talked about Sparrowgrass instead of Asparagus, or called an object a hobject, as this unfortunate lady would sometimes do, Missy calmly corrected Jier, and frightened the good soul, her mother, into errors only

the more frequent as she grew more nervous under her daughter's eye.

There was another person connected with the Clavering establishment, who became a constant guest of our friend, the milliner. This was the chief of the kitchen, Monsieur Mirobolant, with whom Madame Fribsby soon formed an intimacy.

He walked down the street, grinning and ogling every woman he met with glances, which he meant should kill them outright, and peered over the railings, and in at the windows, where females were, in the tranquil summer evening. But Betsy, Mrs. Pybus's maid, shrank back with a Lor bless us, as Alcide ogled her over the laurel-bush; the Miss Bakers, and their mamma, stared with wonder; and presently a crowd began to follow the interesting foreigner, of ragged urchins and children, who left their dirt-pies in the street to pursue him.

For some time he thought that admiration was the cause which led these persons in his wake, and walked on, pleased himself that he could so easily confer on others so much harmless pleasure. But the little children and dirt-pie manufacturers were presently succeeded by followers of a larger growth, and a number of lads and girls from the factory being let loose at this hour, joined the mob, and began laughing, jeering, hooting, and calling opprobrious names at the Frenchman. Some cried out 'Frenchy! Frenchy!' some exclaimed ' Frogs!' one asked for a lock of his hair, which was long and in richly-flowing ringlets; and at length the poor artist began to perceive that he was an object of derision rather than of respect to the rude grinning mob.

It was at this juncture that Madame Fribsby spied the unlucky gentleman with the train at his heels, and heard the scornful shouts with which they assailed him. She ran out of her room, and across the street to the persecuted foreigner; she held out her hand, and, addressing him in his own language, invited him into her abode; and when she had housed him fairly within her door, she stood bravely at the threshold before the gibing factory girls and boys, and said they were a pack of cowards to insult a poor man who could not speak their language, and was alone and without protection. The little crowd, with some ironical cheers and hootings, nevertheless felt the force of Madame Fribsby's vigorous allocution, and

retreated before her; for the old lady was rather respected in the place, and her oddity and her kindness had made her many friends there.

Poor Mirobolant was grateful indeed to hear the language of his country ever so ill spoken. Frenchmen pardon our faults *tin* their language much more readily than we excuse their bad English; and will face our blunders throughout a long conversation, without the least propensity to grin. The rescued artist vowed that Madame Fribsby was his guardian angel, and that he had not as yet met with such suavity and politeness among *les Anglaises.* He was as courteous and complimentary to her as if it was the fairest and noblest of ladies whom he was addressing: for Alcide Mirobolant paid homage after his fashion to all womankind, and never dreamed of a distinction of ranks in the realms of beauty, as his phrase was.

A cream, flavoured with pineapple—a mayonnaise of lobster, which he flattered himself was not unworthy of his hand, or of her to whom he had the honour to offer it as an homage, and a box of preserved fruits of Provence, were brought by one of the chefs aides-de-camp, in a basket, the next day to the milliner's and were accompanied with a gallant note to the amiable Madame Fribsbi. It is surprising how young some people's hearts remain when their heads have need of a front or a little hair-dye,—and, at this moment, Madame Fribsby as she told young Alcide, felt as romantic as a girl of eighteen.

When the conversation took this turn—and at their first intimacy Madame Fribsby was rather inclined so to lead it—Alcide always politely diverged to another subject: it was as his mother that he persisted in considering the good milliner. He would recognise her in no other capacity, and with that relationship the gentle lady was forced to content herself, when she found how deeply the artist's heart was engaged elsewhere.

He was not long before he described to her the subject and origin of his passion.

'I declared myself to her,' said Alcide, laying his hand on his heart. 'Her lovely name is Blanche. The veil of the maiden is white; the wreath of roses which she wears is white. I determined that my dinner should be as spotless as the snow.

Whether Alcides was as irresistible a conqueror as his namesake, or whether he was simply crazy, is a point which must be left to the reader's judgment. But the latter, if he

has had the benefit of much French acquaintance, has perhaps met with men amongst them who fancied themselves almost as invincible; and who, if you credit them, have made equal havoc in the hearts of *les Anglaises.*

Our readers have already heard Sir Francis Clavering's candid opinion of the lady who had given him her fortune and restored him to his native country and home, and it must be owned that the Baronet was not far wrong in his estimate of his wife, and that Lady Clavering was not the wisest or the best educated of women. She had had a couple of years' education in Europe, in a suburb of London, which she persisted in calling Ackney to her dying day, whence she had been summoned to join her father at Calcutta at the age of fifteen. And it was on her voyage thither, on board the Ramchunder East Indiaman, Captain Bragg, in which ship she had two years previously made her journey to Europe, that she formed the acquaintance of her first husband, Mr. Amory, who was third mate of the vessel in question.

We are not going to enter into the early part of Lady Clavering's history, but Captain Bragg, under whose charge Miss Snell went out to her father, who was one of the Captain's consignees, and part owner of the Ramchunder and many other vessels, found reason to put the rebellious rascal of a mate in irons, until they reached the Cape, where the Captain left his officer behind; and finally delivered his ward to her father at Calcutta, after a stormy and perilous voyage in which the Ramchunder and the cargo and passengers incurred no small danger and damage.

Some months afterwards Amory made his appearance at Calcutta, having worked his way out before the mast from the Cape —married the rich Attorney's daughter in spite of that old speculator—set up as indigo-planter and failed—set up as agent and failed again—set up as editor of the Sunderbund Pilot and failed again—quarrelling ceaselessly with his tather-in-law and his wife during the progress of all these mercantile transactions and disasters, and ending his career finally with a crash which compelled him to leave Calcutta and go to New South Wales. Mrs. Amory and her father finding her residence in India not a comfortable one, it was agreed that the lady should return to Europe, whither she came with her little daughter Betsy or Blanche, then four years old. She tramped through Europe,

and appeared at Brussels, at Paris, at Milan, and Naples, at Rome, as her fancy led her. News of Amory's death reached her at the latter place, where Captain Clavering was then staying, unable to pay his hotel bill, as, indeed, was his friend, the Chevalier Strong; and the good-natured widow married the descendant of the ancient house of Clavering—professing, indeed, no particular grief for the scapegrace of a husband whom she had lost.

Miss Amory \vas charming and lively. She fascinated and cajoled Pen by a thousand arts or natural graces or flatteries. But there were lurking reasons and doubts, besides shyness and vanity, withholding him. In spite of her cleverness, and her protestations, and her fascinations, Pen's mother had divined the girl, and did not trust her. Mrs. Pendennis saw Blanche light-minded and frivolous, detected many wants in her which offended the pure and pious-minded lady.

Before very many weeks' intimacy with her new acquaintance, however, Miss Laura was obliged to give in to Helen's opinion, and own that the Muse was selfish, unkind, and inconstant. In a word, Laura began to be tried of her admired Blanche. She had assayed her and found her not true. So there arose, one fatal day, a battle-royal between dearest Blanche and dearest Laura, in which the friendship between them was all but slain outright.

Alone with Helen, Laura gave an account of the scene, and gave up her friend henceforth.

The difference between the girls did not last long.

When the Claverings first came down to the Park, there were very few audiences before whom Miss Blanche could perform: hence Pen had all the benefits of her glances and confidences, and the drawing-room window or the garden walk all to himself. But the autumn, and the end of the Parliamentary Session and the London season, brought one or two county families down to their houses, and filled tolerably the neighbouring little watering-place of Baymouth, and opened our friend Mr. Bingley's Theatre Royal at Chatteris and collected the usual company at the Assizes and Race-balls there.

At the end of the season, the Earl of Trehawk, Lord Lieutenant of the County, coming to Eyrie Castle, and the Countess Dowager of Rcckminster, whose son was also a magnate of the land, to occupy a mansion on the Marine

Parade at Baymouth—these great folks came publicly, immediately, and in state, to call upon the family of Clavering Park; and the carriages of the county families speedily followed in the track which had been left in the avenue by their lordly wheels.

It was then that Mirobolant began to have an opportunity of exercising that skill which he possessed, and of forgetting, in the occupations of his art, the pangs of love. It was then that the large footmen were too much employed at Clavering Park to be able to bring messages, or dally over the cup of small beer with the poor little maids at Fairoaks. It was then that Blanche found other dear friends than Laura, and other places to walk in besides the river-side, where Pen was fishing. He came day after day, and whipped the stream, but the ' fish, fish!' wouldn't do their duty, nor the Pen appear. And here, though in strict confidence, and with a request that the matter go no further, we may as well allude to a delicate business, of which previous hint has been given. Under a piece of moss and a stone, he used to put little poems, or letters equally poetical, which were addressed to a certain Undine, or Naiad who frequented the stream, and which, once or twice, were replaced by a receipt in the shape of a flower, or by a modest little word or two of acknowledgment, written in a delicate hand, in French or English, and on pink scented paper. Certainly, Miss Amory used to walk by this stream, as we have seen; and it is a fact that she used pink scented paper for her correspondence. But after the great folks had invaded Clavering Park, and the family coach passed out of the lodge-gates, evening after evening, on their way to the other great country houses, nobody came to fetch Pen's letters at the post-office, the white paper was not exchanged for the pink, but lay undisturbed under its stone and its moss, whilst the tree was reflected into the stream, and the Brawl went rolling by. There was not much in the letters certainly; in the pink notes scarcely anything—merely a little word or two, half jocular, half sympathetic, such as might be written by any young lady. But oh, you silly Pendennis, if you wanted this one, why did you not speak? Perhaps neither party was in earnest. You were only playing at being in love, and the sportive little Undine was humouring you at the same play.

But if a man is baulked at this game, he not unfrequently loses his temper; and when nobody came any more for Pen s

poems, he began to look upon those compositions in a very serious light. He felt almost tragical and romantic again, as in his first affair of the heart:—at any rate he was bent upon having an explanation.

In the afternoon of the next day, the two gentlemen who were staying at Clavering Park were found by Mr. Pen on his return from a fishing excursion, in which he had no sport, seated in his mother's drawing-room in comfortable conversation with the widow and her ward. Mr. Pynsent, tall and gaunt, with large red whiskers and an imposing tuft to his chin, was striding over a chair in the intimate neighbourhood of Miss Laura. She was amused by his talk, which was simple, straightforward, rather humorous and keen, and interspersed with homely expressions of a style which is sometimes called slang. It was the first specimen of a young London dandy that Laura had seen or heard: for she had been but a chit at the time of Mr. Foker's introduction at Fairoaks, nor indeed was that ingenuous gentleman much more than a boy, and his refinement was only that of a school and college.

Mr. Wagg, as he entered the Fairoaks premises with his companion, eyed and noted everything. 'Old gardener,' he said, seeing Mr. John at the lodge—'old red livery waistcoat —clothes hanging out to dry on the gooseberry-bushes—blue aprons, white ducks—gad, they must be young Pendennis's white ducks—nobody else wears 'em in the family. Rather a shy place for a sucking country member, ay, Pynsent?'

'Snug little crib,' said Mr. Pynsent, 'pretty cosy little lawn,'

'Mr. Pendennis at home, old gentleman?' Mr. Wagg said to the old domestic. John answered, 'No, Master Pendennis was agone out,'

'Are the ladies at home?' asked the younger visitor. Mr. John answered, 'Yes, they be;' and as the pair walked over the trim gravel, and by the neat shrubberies, up the steps to the hall-door, which old John opened, Mr. Wagg noted everything that he saw; the barometer and the letter-bag, the umbrellas and the ladies' clogs, Pen's hats and tartan wrapper, and old John opening the drawing-room door, to introduce the new-comers. Such minutiae attracted Wagg instinctively; he seized them in spite of himself.

'Old fellow does all the work,' he whispered to Pynsent. 'Caleb Balderstone. Shouldn't wonder if he's the housemaid,' The next minute the pair were in the presence of the Fairoaks

ladies; in whom Pynsent could not help recognising two perfectly well-bred ladies, and to whom Mr. Wagg made his obeisance, with florid bows, and extra courtesy, accompanied with an occasional knowing leer at his companion. Mr. Pynsent did not choose to acknowledge these signals, except by extreme haughtiness towards Mr. Wagg, and particular deference to the ladies. If there was one thing laughable in Mr. Wagg's eyes, it was poverty. He had the soul of a butler who had been brought from his pantry to make fun in the drawing-room. His jokes were plenty, and his good-nature thoroughly genuine, but he did not seem to understand that a gentleman could wear an old coat, or that a lady could be respectable unless she had her carriage, or employed a French milliner.

Mr. Pynsenl was in the meanwhile engaged with Miss Laura. He named some of the houses in the neighbourhood whither he was going, and hoped very much that he should see Miss Bell at some of them. He hoped that her aunt would give her a season in London. He said, that in the next parliament it was probable that he should canvass the county, and he hoped to get Pendennis's interest here. He spoke of Pen's triumph as an orator at Oxbridge, and asked was he coming into parliament too? He talked on very pleasantly, and greatly to Laura's satisfaction, until Pen himself appeared, and, as has been said, found these gentlemen.

Pen behaved very courteously to the pair, now that they had found their way into his quarters; and though he recollected with some twinges a conversation at Oxbridge, when Pynsent was present, and in which after a great debate at the Union, and in the midst of considerable excitement produced ty a supper and champagne-cup,—he had announced his intention of coming in for his native country, and had absolutely returned thanks in a fine speech as the future member; yet Mr. Pynsent's manner was so frank and cordial, that Pen hoped Pynsent might have forgotten his little fanfaronnade, and any other braggadocio speeches or actions which he might have made. He suited himself to the tone of the visitors, then, and talked about Plinlimmon and Magnus Charters, and the old set at Oxbridge, with careless familiarity and high-bred ease, as if he lived with marquises every day, and a duke was no more to him than a village curate.

After the affair with Blanche, a difference ever so slight, a

tone of melancholy, perhaps a little bitter, might be perceived in Laura's converse with her cousin. She seemed to weigh him and find him wanting too; the widow saw the girl's clear and honest eyes watching the young man at times, and a look of almost scorn pass over her face, as he lounged in the room with the women, or lazily sauntered smoking upon the lawn, or lolled under a tree there over a book which he was too listless to read.

'What has happened between you?' eager-sighted Helen asked of the girl. 'Something has happened. Has that wicked little Blanche been making mischief? Tell me, Laura,'

'Nothing has happened at all,' Laura said.

'Then why do you look at Pen so? asked his mother quickly.

'Look at him, dear mother!' said the girl. 'We two women are no society for him: we don't interest him; we are not clever enough for such a genius as Pen. He wastes his life and energies away among us, tied to our apron-strings. He interests himself in nothing: he scarcely cares to go beyond the garden-gate. Even Captain Glanders and Captain Strong pall upon him,' she added with a bitter laugh; 'and they are men, you know, and our superiors. He will never be happy while he is here. Why, is he not facing the world, and without a profession ?'

'We have got enough, with great economy,' said the widow, her heart beginning to beat violently. 'Pen has spent nothing for months. I'm sure he is very good. I am sure he might be very happy with us,'

'Don't agitate yourself so, dear mother,' the girl answered. 'I don't like to see you so. You should not be sad because Pen is unhappy here. All men are so. They must work. They must make themselves names and a place in the world. Look, the two captains have fought and seen battles; that Mr. Pynsent, who came here, and who will be very rich, is in a public office; he works very hard, he aspires to a name and a reputation. He says Pen was one of the best speakers at Oxbridge, and had as great a character for talent as any of the young gentlemen there. Pen himself laughs at Mr. Wagg's celebrity (and indeed he is a horrid person), and says he is a dunce, and that anybody couH write his books,'

'I am sure they are odious and vulgar,' interposed the widow.

'Yet he has a reputation.—You see the County Chronicle says, "The celebrated Mr. Wagg has been sojourning at Baymouth—let our fashionables and eccentrics look out for something from his caustic pen." If Pen can write better than this gentleman, and speak better than Mr. Pynsent, why doesn't he? Mamma, he can't make speeches to us; or distinguish himself here. He ought to go away, indeed he ought,'

'Dear Laura,' said Helen, taking the girl's hand. 'Is it kind of you to hurry him so? I have been waiting. I have been saving up money these many months—to—to pay back your advance to us,'

'Hush, mother!' Laura cried, embracing her friend hastily. 'It was your money, not mine. Never speak about that again. How much money have you saved?'

Helen said there were more than two hundred pounds at the bank, and that she would be enabled to pay off all Laura's money by the end of the next year.

'Give it him—let him have the two hundred pounds. Let him go to London and be a lawyer: be something, be worthy of his mother—and of mine, dearest mamma,' said the good girl; upon which, and with her usual tenderness and emotion, the fond widow declared that Laura was a blessing to her, and the best of girls—and I hope no one in this instance will be disposed to contradict her.

At that news Pen's countenance blazed up with pleasure,, and he hugged his mother to his heart with an ardour that I fear disappointed the fond lady; but she rallied when he said, 'By Heaven! she is a noble girl, and may God Almighty bless her! O mother! I have been wearing myself away for months here, longing to work, and not knowing how. I've been fretting over the thoughts of my shame, and my debts, and my past cursed extravagance and follies. I've suffered infernally. My heart has been half-broken—never mind about that. If I can get a chance to redeem the past, and to do my duty to myself and the best mother in the world, indeed, indeed, I will. I'll be worthy of you yet. Heaven bless you! God bless Laura! Why isn't she here, that I may go and thank her?' Pen went on with more incoherent phrases; paced up and down the room, drank glasses of water, jumped about his mother with a thousand embraces—began to laugh—began to sing—was happier than she had seen him since he was a boy

—since he had tasted of the fruit of that awful Tree of Life which, from the beginning, has tempted all mankind.

Laura was not at home. Laura was on a visit to the stately Lady Rockmirister, daughter to my Lord Bareacres, sister to the late Lady Pontypooi, and by consequence a distant kinswoman of Helen's, as her ladyship, who was deeply versed in genealogy, was the first graciously to point out to the modest country lady. Mr. Pen was greatly delighted at the relationship being acknowledged, though perhaps not over well-pleased that Lady Rockminster took Miss Bell home with her for a couple of days to Baymouth, and did not make the slightest invitation to Mr. Arthur Pendennis. There was to be a ball at Baymouth, and it was to be Miss Laura's first appearance. The dowager came to fetch her in her carriage, and she went off with a white dress in her box, happy and blushing, like the rose to which Pen compared her.

This was the night of the ball—a public entertainment at the Baymouth Motel. 'By Jove!' said Pen, Til ride over—No, I won't ride, but I'll go too.' His mother was charmed that he should do so; and, as he was debating about the conveyance in which he should start for Baymouth, Captain Strong called opportunely, said he was going himself, and that he would put his horse, The Butcher Boy, into the gig, and drive Pen over.

The ball was public and all sorts of persons were admitted and encouraged to come, young Pynsent having views upon the county, and Lady Rockminster being patroness of the ball.

'Who is that man with the blue ribbon and the three-pointed star?' asked Pen. A gentleman in black with ringlets and a tuft stood gazing fiercely about him, with one hand in the arm-hole of his waistcoat and the other holding his claque.

'By Jupiter, it's MirobolautT cried Strong, bursting out laughing. *'Bon jour, Chef!—Bon jour, Chevalier!'*

'De *la croix Je Juillet, Chevalier!'* said the Chef, laying his hand on his decoration.

'By Jove, here's some more ribbon!' said Pen, amused.

A man with very black hair and whiskers, dyed evidently with the purple of Tyre, with twinkling eyes and white eyelashes, and a thousand wrinkles in his face, which was of a strange red colour, with two under-vests, and large gloves and hands, and a profusion of diamonds and jewels in his waistcoat and stock, with coarse feet cramped into immense shiny boots,

and a piece of particoloured ribbon in his button-hole, here came up and nodded familiarly to the Chevalier.

The Chevalier shook hands. ' My friend Mr. Pendennis,' Strong said. 'Colonel Altamonl, of the bodyguard of his Highness the Nawaub of Lucknow.' That officer bowed to the salute of Pen; who was now looking out eagerly to see if the person he wanted had entered the room.

Not yet. But the band began presently performing 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' and a host of fashionables—Dowager Countess of Rockminster, Mr. Pynsent and Miss Bell, Sir Francis Clavering, Bart., of Clavering Park, Lady Clavering and Miss Amory, Sir Horace Fogey, Bart., Lady Fogey, Colonel and Mrs. Higgs,——Wagg, Esq. (as the country paper afterwards described them), entered the room.

Pen rushed by Blanche, ran up to Laura, and seized her hand. 'God bless you!' he said, 'I want to speak to you-I must speak to you—Let me dance with you.' 'Not (or three dances, dear Pen,' she said, smiling: and he fell back, biting his nails with vexation, and forgetting to salute Pynsent.

After Lady Rockminster's party, Lady Clavenng's followed in the procession.

Colonel Altamont eyed it hard, holding a most musky pocket-handkerchief up to his face, and bursting with laughter behind it.

'Who's the gal in green along with 'em, Cap'n?' he asked of Strong.

'That's Miss Amory, Lady Clavenng's daughter,' replied the Chevalier.

The Colonel could hardly contain himself for laughing.

CHAPTER IX

UNDER some calico draperies in the shady embrasure of a window, Arthur Pendennis chose to assume a very gloomy and frowning countenance, and to watch Miss Bell dance her first quadrille with Mr. Pynsent for a partner. The gentleman was as solemn and severe as Englishmen are upon such occasions, and walked through the dance as he would have walked up to his pew in church, without a smile upon his face, or allowing any outward circumstance to interfere with his attention to the grave duty in which he was engaged.

Miss Blanche was, indeed, the *vis-a-vis* of Miss Laura, and smiled most killingly upon her dearest friend, and nodded to her, and talked to her, when they met during the quadrille evolutions, and patronised her a great deal.

Laura went on dancing, and keeping an attentive eye upon Mr. Pen in the embrasure of the window. He did not quit that retirement during the first quadrille, nor until the second, when the good-natured Lady Clavering beckoned to him to come up to her to the dais or place of honour where the dowagers were, and whither Pen went blushing and exceedingly awkward, as most conceited young fellows are. He performed a haughty salutation to Lady Rockminster, who hardly acknowledged his bow, and then went and paid his respects to the widow of the late Amory, who was splendid in diamonds, velvet lace, feathers, and all sorts of millinery and goldsmith's ware.

So, in the waltz as in the quadrille, Miss Blanche saw that her dear friend Laura had the honours of the dance, and was by no means pleased with the latter's success. After a couple of turns with the heavy dragoon, she pleaded fatigue, and requested to be led back to her place, near her mamma, to whom Pen was talking; and she asked him why he had not asked her to waltz, and had left her to the mercies of that great odious man in spurs and a red coat ?

'I thought spurs and scarlet were the most fascinating objects in the world to young ladies,' Pen answered. ' I never should have dared to put my black coat in competition with that splendid red jacket.'

' You are very unkind and cruel and sulky and naughty,' said Miss Amory, with another shrug of the shoulders. 'You had better go away. Your cousin is looking at us over Mr. Pynsent's shoulder.'

' Will you waltz with me ?' said Pen.

'Not this waltz. I can't, having just sent away that great hot Captain Broadfoot Look at Mr. Pynsent, did you ever see such a creature? But I will dance the next waltz with you, and the quadrille too. I am promised, but I will tell Mr. Poole that I had forgotten my engagement to you.'

' Women forget very readily,' Pendennis said.

' But they always come back, and are very repentant and sorry for what they've done,' Blanche said. ' See, here comes the Poker, and dear Laura leaning on him. How pretty she looks!'

Laura came up, and put out her hand to Pen, to whom Pynsent made a sort of bow, appearing to be not rr.uch more graceful than that domestic instrument to which Miss Amory compared him.

But Laura's face was full of kindness. 'I am so glad you have come, dear Pen,' she said. 'I can speak to you now. How is mamma? The three dances are over, and I am engaged to you for the next, Pen,'

'I have just engaged myself to Miss Amory,' said Pen; and Miss Amory nodded her head, and made her usual little curtsey. 'I don't intend to give him up, dearest Laura,' she said.

'Well, then, he'll waltz with me, dear Blanche,' said the other. 'Won't you, Pen?'

'I promised to waltz with Miss Amory,'

'Provoking!" said Laura, and making a curtsey in her turn, she went and placed herself under the ample wing of Lady Rockminster.

Pen was delighted with his mischief. The two prettiest girls in the room were quarrelling about him. He flattered himself he had punished Miss Laura.

During the interval between the quadrille and the succeeding waltz, Pen did not take any notice of Laura, except to ask her whether her partner, Cornet Perch, was an amusing youth, and whether she liked him so well as her other partner, Mr. Pynsent.

And now taking his time, and with his fair partner Blanche hanging lovingly on the arm which encircled her, Mr. Arthur Pendennis set out upon his waltzing career, and felt, as he whirled round to the music, that he and Blanche were performing very brilliantly indeed. While she and Pen were whirling round as light and brisk as a couple of opera-dancers, honest Captain Broadfoot and the lady round whose large waist he was clinging, were twisting round very leisurely according to their natures, and indeed were in everybody's way. But they were more in Pendennis's way than in anybody's else, for he and Blanche, whilst executing their rapid gyrations, came bolt up against the heavy dragoon and his lady, and with such force that the centre of gravity was lost by all four of the circumvolving bodies, Captain Broadfoot and Miss Roundle were fairly upset, as was Pen himself, who was less iucky than his partner Miss Amory, who was only thrown

upon a bench against a wall. But Pendennis came fairly down upon the floor, sprawling in the general ruin with Broadfoot and Miss Roundle.

As he got up Laura and Strong were laughing at him; everybody was laughing; Pynsent and his partner were laughing; and Pen boiled with wrath against the pair, and could have stabbed them both on the spot. He turned away in a fury from them, and began blundering out apologies to Miss Amory. It was the other couple's fault—the woman in pink had done it—Pen hoped Miss Amory was not hurt—would she not have the courage to take another turn?

Miss Amory in a pet said she *Was* very much hurt indeed, and she would not take another turn; and she accepted with great thanks a glass of water which a cavalier, who wore a blue ribbon and a three-pointed star, rushed to fetch for her when he had seen the deplorable accident. She drank the water, smiled upon the bringer gracefully, and turning her white shoulder at Mr. Pen in the most marked and haughty manner, besought the gentleman with the star to conduct her to her mamma; and she held out her hand in order to take his arm.

The man with the star trembled with delight at this mark of her favour; he bowed over her hand, pressed it to his coat fervidly, and looked round him with triumph.

It was no other than the happy Mirobolant whom Blanche had selected as an escort. But the truth is, that the young lady had never fairly looked in the artist's face since he had been employed in her mother's family, and had no idea but it was a foreign nobleman on whose arm she was leaning. As she went off, Pen forgot his humiliation in his surprise, and cried out, 'By Jove, it's the cook!'

The instant he had uttered the words, he was sorry for having spoken them—for it was Blanche who had herself invited Mirobolant to escort her, nor could the aitist do otherwise than comply with a lady's command. Blanche in her flutter did not hear what Arthur said; but Mirobolant heard him, and cast a furious glance at him over his shoulder, which rather amused Mr. Pen. He was in a mischievous and sulky humour; wanting perhaps to pick a quarrel with somebody; but the idea of having insulted a cook, or that such an individual should have any feeling of honour at all, did not much enter into the mind of this lofty young aristocrat, the apothecary's son.

It had never entered that poor artist's head that he as a man was not equal to any other mortal, or that there was anything in his position so degrading as to prevent him from giving his arm to a lady who asked for it.

Strong, who was acquainted with the poor fellow's state of mind, having had the interesting information from our friend Madame Fribsby, was luckily in the way when wanted, and saying something rapidly in Spanish, which the other understood, the Chevalier begged Miss Amory to come and take an ice before she went back to Lady Clavering. Upon which the unhappy Mirobolant relinquished the arm which he had held for a minute, and with a most profound and piteous bow, fell back. 'Don't you know who it is? Strong asked of Miss Amory, as he led her away. 'It is the chef Mirobolant,'

'How should I know?' asked Blanche. 'He has a *croix;* he is very *distingue;* he has beautiful eyes,'

'The poor fellow is mad for your *beaux yeux,* I believe,' Strong said. 'He is a very good cook, but he is not quite right in the head,'

'What did you say to him in the unknown tongue?' asked Miss Blanche.

'He is a Gascon, and comes from the borders of Spain,' Strong answered. 'I told him he would lose his place if he walked with you,'

'Poor Monsieur Mirobolant!' said Blanche.

'Did you see the look he gave Pendenms?'—Strong asked, enjoying the idea of the mischief—'I think he would like to run little Pen through with one of his spits,'

Civil war was raging, high words passing, people pushing and squeezing together in an unseemly manner, round a window in the corner of the ball-room, close by the door through which the Chevalier Strong shouldered his way. I hrough the opened window, the crowd in the street below was sending up sarcastic remarks, such as 'Pitch into him!' 'Where's the police?' and the like; and a ring of individuals, amongst whom Madame Fribsby was conspicuous, was gathered round Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant on the one side; whilst several gentlemen and ladies surrounded our friend Arthur Pendennis on the other. Strong penetrated into this assembly, elbowing by Madame Fribsby, who was charmed at the Chevalier's appearance, and cried, 'Save him, save him!' in frantic and pathetic accents.

The cause of the disturbance, it appeared, was the angry little chef of Sir Francis Clavering's culinary establishment. Shortly after Strong had quitted the room, and whilst Mr. Pen, greatly irate at his downfall in the waltz, which had made him look ridiculous in the eyes of the nation, and by Miss Amory's behaviour to him, which had still further insulted his dignity, was endeavouring to get some coolness of body and temper, by looking out of window towards the sea, which was sparkling in the distance, and murmuring in a wonderful calm—whilst he was really trying to compose himself, and owning to himself, perhaps, that he had acted in a very absurd and peevish manner during the night—he felt a hand upon his shoulder; and, on looking round, beheld, to his utter surprise and horror, that the hand in question belonged to Monsieur Mirobolant, whose eyes were glaring out of his pale face and ringlets at Mr. Pen. To be tapped on the shoulder by a French cook was a piece of familiarity which made the blood of the Pendennises to boil up in the veins of their descendant, and he was astounded, almost more than enraged, at such an indignity.

'You speak French?' Mirobolant said in his own language, to Pen.

'What is that to you, pray?' said Pen, in English.

'At any rate, you understand it?' continued the other, with a bow.

'Yes, sir,' said Pen, with a stamp of his foot; 'I understand it pretty well,'

'Vous me comprendrez alors, Monsieur Pendennis,' replied the other, rolling out his r with Gascon force, 'quand je vous dis que vous etes un lache. Monsieur Pendennis—un lache, entendez-vous?'

'What?' said Pen, starting round on him.

'You understand the meaning of the word and its consequences among men of honour?' the artist said, putting his hand on his hip, and staring at Pen.

'The consequences are, that I will fling you out of the window, you—impudent scoundrel,' bawled out Mr. Pen; and darting upon the Frenchman, he would very likely have put his threat into execution, for the window was at hand, and the artist by no means a match for the young gentleman—had not Captain Broadfoot and another heavy officer flung themselves between the combatants,—had not the ladies begun to scream,—had not

the fiddles stopped,—had not the crowd of people come running in that direction,—had not Laura, with a face of great alarm, looked over their heads and asked for Heaven's sake what was wrong,—had not the opportune Strong made his appearance from the refreshment-room, and found Alcides grinding his teeth and jabbering oaths in his Gascon French, and Pen looking uncommonly wicked, although trying to appear as calm as possible, when the ladies and the crowd came up.

'What has happened?' Strong asked of the chef, in Spanish.

'I am Chevalier de Juillet, said the other, slapping his breast, 'and he has insulted me,'

'What has he said to you?' asked Strong.

'II m'a appele—*Cutsinter,*' hissed out the little Frenchman.

Strong could hardly help laughing. 'Come away with me, my poor Chevalier,' he said. 'We must not quarrel before ladies. Come away; I will carry your message to Mr. Pendenms.—The poor fellow is not right in his head,' he whispered to one or two people about him;—and others, and anxious Laura's face visible amongst these, gathered round Pen and asked the cause of the disturbance.

Pen went downstairs, his heart reproaching him for his absurd behaviour to Laura, whose gentle and imploring looks followed and rebuked him; and he was scarcely out of the ballroom door but he longed to turn back and ask her pardon. But he remembered that he had left her with that confounded Pynsent. He could not apologise before *him.* He would compromise and forget his wrath, and make his peace with the Frenchman.

The Chevalier was pacing down below in the hall of the inn when Pen descended from the ballroom; and he came up to Pen, with all sorts of fun and mischief lighting up his jolly face.

'I have got him in the coffee-room,' he said, 'with a brace of pistols and a candle. Or would you like swords on the beach? Mirobolant is a dead hand with the foils, and killed four *gardes~du-corps* with his own point in the barricades of July,'

'Confound it,' said Pen, in a fury, 'I can't fight a cook!'

'He is a Chevalier of July,' replied the other. 'They present arms to him in his own country,'

'And do you ask me, Captain Strong, to go out with a

servant?' Pen asked fiercely; Til call a policeman for *him;* but-but——'

'You'll invite me to hair triggers?' cried Strong, with a laugh. 'Thank you for nothing; I was but joking. I came to settle quarrels, not to fight them. I have been soothing down Mirobolant; I have told him that you did not apply the word "Cook" to him in an offensive sense; that it was contrary to all the customs of the country that a hired officer of a household, as I called it, should give his arm to the daughter of the house,' And then he told Pen the grand secret which he had had from Madame Fribsby of the violent passion under which the poor artist was labouring.

When Arthur heard this tale, he broke out into a hearty laugh, in which Strong joined, and his rage against the poor cook vanished at once. He had been absurdly jealous himself all the evening, and had longed for a pretext to insult PynsenL He remembered how jealous he had been of Oaks in his first affair; he was ready to pardon anything to a man under a passion like that: and he went into the coffee-room where Mirobolant was waiting, with an outstretched hand, and made him a speech in French, in which he declared that he was 'sincerement fache d'avoir use une expression qui avoit pu blesser Monrieur Mirobolant, et qu'il donnoit sa parole comme un gentilhomme qu'il ne I'avoit jamais, jamais—intende,' said Pen, who made a shot at a French word for 'intended,' and was secretly much pleased with his own fluency and correctness in speaking that language.

'Bravo, bravo!' cried Strong, as much amused with Pen's speech as pleased by his kind manner. And the Chevalier Mirobolant of course withdraws, and sincerely regrets the expression of which he made use.

'Monsieur Pendennis has disproved my words himself,' said Alcide with great politeness; 'he has shown that he is a *galant homme.'*

And so they shook hands and parted Arthur in the firsl place despatching his note to Laura before he and Strong committed themselves to the Butcher Boy.

So Pen returned to Fairoaks, in company with his friend the Chevalier, without having uttered a word of the message which he had been so anxious to deliver to Laura at Baymouth. He could wait, however, until her return home, which was to take place on the succeeding day. He was not seriously jealous of

the progress made by Mr. Pynsent in her favour; and he felt pretty certain that in this, as in any other family arrangement, he had but to ask and have, and Laura, like his mother, could refuse him nothing.

Laura came home rather late in the evening, of the second day; and Mr. Pynsent, as ill luck would have it, drove her from Clavermg. The poor girl could not refuse his offer,.but his appearance brought a dark cloud upon the brow of Arthur Pendenms. Laura saw this, and was pained by it: the eager widow, however, was aware of nothing, and being anxious, doubtless, that the delicate question should be asked at once, was for going to bed very soon after Laura's arrival, and rose for that purpose to leave the sofa where she now generally lay, and where Laura would come and sit and work or read by her. But when Helen rose, Laura said, with a blush and rather an alarmed voice, that she was also very tired and wanted lo go to bed: so that the widow was disappointed in her scheme for that night at least, and Mr. Pen was left another day in suspense regarding his fate.

His dignity was offended at being thus obliged to remain in the ante-chamber when he wanted an audience. Such a sultan as he, could not afford to be kept waiting. However, he went to bed and slept upon his disappointment pretty comfortably, and did not wake until the early morning, when he looked up and saw his mother standing in his room.

' Dear Pen, rouse up,' said this lady. ' Do not be lazy. It is the most beautiful morning in the world. I have not been able to sleep since daybreak; and Laura has been out for an hour. She is in the garden. Everybody ought to be in the garden and out on such a morning as this,'

It was Miss Laura's custom, upon I^r garden excursions, to wear a sort of uniform, which, though homely, was thought by many people to be not unbecoming. She had a large straw hat, with a streamer of broad ribbon, which was useless probably, but the hat sufficiently protected the owner's pretty face from the sun. Over her accustomed gown she wore a blouse or pinafore, which, being fastened round her little waist by a smart belt, looked extremely well, and her hands were guaranteed from the thorns of her favourite rose-bushes by a pair of gauntlets, which gave this young lady a military and resolute air.

' Excuse my glove,' said Laura, with a laugh, pressing Pen's

hand kindly with it. '**We** are not angry again, are we, Pen?'

Helen was looking, unseen, out of that window towards which Laura's eyes and heart were turned as she spoke, and was watching her two children with the deepest interest and emotion, longing and hoping that the prayer of her life might be fulfilled; and if Laura had spoken as Helen hoped, who knows what temptations Arthur Pendennis might have been spared, or what different trials he would have had to undergo? He might have remained at Fairoaks all his days, and died a country gentleman.

'Is your life my mother's?' said Pen, beginning to tremble, and speak in a very agitated manner. 'You know, Laura, what the great object of hers is?' And he took her hand once more.

'What, Arthur?' she said, dropping it, and looking at him, at the window again, and then dropping her eyes to the ground, so that they avoided Pen's gaze. She, too, trembled, for she felt that the crisis for which she had been secretly preparing was come.

'Our mother has one wish above all others in the world, Laura,' Pen said; 'and I think you know it. I own to you that she has spoken to me of it; and if you will fulfil it, dear sister, I am ready.

'What have you got to give, Arthur?' Laura said, with a grave sadness of tone, which made Pen start, and see that his words had committed him. Indeed, his declaration had not been such as he would have made it two days earlier, when, full of hope and gratitude, he had run over to Laura, his liberatress, to thank her for his recovered freedom. Had he been permitted to speak then, he had spoken, and she, perhaps, had listened differently. It would have been a grateful heart asking for hers; not a weary one offered to her, to take or to leave. Laura was offended with the terms in which Pen offered himself to her. He had, in fact, said that he had no love, and yet would take no denial. 'I give myself to you to please my mother,' he had said: 'take me, as she wishes that I should make this sacrifice.' The girl's spirit would brook a husband under no such conditions: she was not minded to run forward because Pen chose to hold out the handkerchief, and her tone, in reply to Arthur, showed her determination to be independent.

'No, Arthur,' she said, 'our marriage would not make mamma happy, as she fancies; for it would not content you very long. I, too, have known what her wishes were; for she is too open to conceal anything she has at heart: and once, perhaps, I thought—but that is over now—that I could have made you—that it might have been as she wished,'

'You have seen somebody else,' said Pen, angry at her tone and recalling the incidents of the past days.

'That allusion might have been spared,' Laura replied, flinging up her head. 'A heart which has worn out love at three-and-twenty, as yours has, you say, should have survived jealousy too. I do not condescend to say whether I have seen or encouraged any other person. I shall neither admit the charge, nor deny it: and beg you also to allude to it no more,'

'I ask your pardon, Laura, if I have offended you: but if I am jealous, does it not prove that I have a heart?'

'Not for me, Arthur. Perhaps you think you love me now: but it is only for an instant, and because you are foiled. Were there no obstacle, you would feel no ardour to overcome it. No, Arthur you don't love me. You would weary of me in three months, as—as you do of most things, and mamma, seeing you tired of me, would be more unhappy than at my refusal to be yours. Let us be brother and sister, Arthur, as heretofore—but no more. You will get over this little disappointment,'

'I will try,' said Arthur, in a great indignation.

'Have you not tried before?' Laura said, with some anger, for she had been angry with Arthur for a very long time, and was now determined, I suppose, to speak her mind. 'And the next time, Arthur, when you offer yourself to a woman, do not say as you have done to me, "I have no heart—I do not love you; but I am ready to marry you because my mother wishes for the match," We require more than this in return for our love—that is, I think so. I have had no experience hitherto, and have not had the—the practice which you supposed me to have, when you spoke but now of my having seen somebody else. Did you tell your first love that you had no heart, Arthur? or your second that you did not love her, but that she might have you if she liked?'

'What—what do you mean?' asked Arthur, blushing, and still in great wrath.

'I mean Blanche Amory, Arthur Pendennis,' Laura said,.

proudly. 'It is but two months since you were sighing at her feet—making poems to her—placing them in hollow trees by the river-side. I knew all. I watched you—that is, she showed them to me. Neither one nor the other were in earnest perhaps; but it is too soon now, Arthur, to begin a new attachment. Go through the time of your—your widowhood at least, and do not think of marrying until you are out of mourning.'—(Here the girl's eyes filled with tears, and she passed her hand across them.) 'I am angry and hurt, and I have no right to be so, and I ask your pardon in my turn now, dear Arthur. You had a right to love Blanche. She was a thousand times prettier and more accomplished than—than any girl near us here; and you could not know that she had no heart; and so you were right to leave her too. I ought not to rebuke you about Blanche Amory, and because she deceived you. Pardon me, Pen,'—and she held the kind hand out to Pen once more.

'We were both jealous,' said Pen. 'Dear Laura, let us both forgive'—and he seized her hand and would have drawn her towards him. He thought that she was relenting, and already assumed the airs of a victor.

But she shrank back, and her tears passed away; and she fixed on him a look so melancholy and severe, that the young man in his turn shrank before it. 'Do not mistake me, Arthur,' she said, 'it cannot be. You do not know what you ask, and do not be too angry with me for saying that I think you do not deserve it. What do you *offer* in exchange to a woman for her love, honour, and obedience? If ever I say these words, dear Pen, I hope to say them in earnest, and by the blessing of God to keep my vow. But you—what tie binds you? You do not care about many things which we poor women hold sacred. I do not like to think or ask how far your incredulity leads you. You offer to marry to please our mother, and own that you have no heart to give away. Oh, Arthur, what is it you *offer* me? What a rash compact would you enter into so lightly? A month ago, and you would have given yourself to another. I pray you do not trifle with your own or others' hearts so recklessly. Go and work; go and mend, dear Arthur, for I see your faults, and dare speak of them now: go and get fame, as you say that you can, and I will pray for my brother, and watch our dearest mother at liome,'

'Is that your final decision, Laura?' Arthur cried.

'Yes,' said Laura, bowing her head; and once more giving him her hand, she went away. He saw her pass under the creepers of the little porch, and disappear into the house. The curtains of his mother's window fell at the same minute, but he did not mark that, or suspect that Helen had been witnessing the scene.

Was he pleased, or was he angry at its termination? He had asked her, and a secret triumph filled his heart to think that he was still free. She had refused him, but did she not love him? That avowal of jealousy made him still think that her heart was his own, whatever her lips might utter.

And now we ought, perhaps, to describe another scene which took place at Fairoaks, between the widow and Laura, when the latter had to tell Helen that she had refused Arthur Pendennis. Perhaps it was the hardest task of ail which Laura had to go through in this matter: and the one which gave her the most pain. But as we do not like to see a good woman unjust, we shall not say a word more of the quarrel which now befell between Helen and her adopted daughter, or of the bitter tears which the poor girl was made to shed. It was the only difference which she and the widow had ever had as yet, and the more cruel from this cause. Pen left home whilst it was as yet pending—and Helen, who could pardon almost everything, could not pardon an act of justice in Laura.

CHAPTER X

OUR reader must now please to quit the woods and sea-shore of the west, and the gossip of Clavering, and the humdrum life of poor little Fairoaks, and transport himself with Arthur Pendennis, on the 'Alacrity' coach, to London, whither he goes once for all to face the world and to make his fortune.

On the very first night of his arrival in London, Mr. Arthur Pendennis found himself introduced to a Club, to an actress of genteel comedy and a heavy father of the Stage, and to a dashing society of jovial blades, old and young; for my Lord Colchicum, though stricken in years, bald of head, and enfeebled in person, was still indefatigable in the pursuit of enjoyment, and it was the venerable Viscount's boast that he could drink as much claret as the youngest member of the society which he frequented.

Pen went the next day and paid his entrance-money at the Club, which operation carried off exactly one-third of his hundred pounds; and took possession of the edifice, and ate his luncheon there with immense satisfaction. He went over to his uncle's lodgings in Bury Street with some considerable tremor, and in compliance with his mother's earnest desire, that he should instantly call on Major Pendennis; and was not a little relieved to find that the Major had not yet returned to town. His apartments were blank. Brown hollands covered his library-table, and bills and letters lay on the mantelpiece, grimly awaiting the return of their owner. The Major was on the Continent, the landlady of the house said, at Badn-badn, with the Marcus of Steyne. Pen left his card upon the shelf with the rest. Fairoaks was written on it still.

When the Major returned to London, which he did in time for the fogs of November, after enjoying which he proposed to spend Christmas with some friends in the country, he found another card of Arthur's, on which Lamb Court, Temple, was engraved, and a note from that young gentleman and from his mother, stating that he was come to town, was entered a member of the Upper Temple, and was reading hard for the bar.

Lamb Court, Temple:—where was it? Major Pendennis remembered that some ladies of fashion used to talk of dining with Mr. Ayliffe, the barrister, who was 'in society', and who lived there in the King's Bench.

And having ascertained from Morgan that he could reach the Temple without much difficulty, and that a city omnibus would put him down at the gate, the Major one day after breakfast at his Club—not the Polyanthus, whereof Mr. Pen was just elected a member, but another Club: for the Major was too wise to have a nephew as a constant inmate of any house where he was in the habit of passing his time—the Major one day entered one of those public vehicles, and bade the conductor to put him down at the gate of the Upper Temple.

When Major Pendennis reached that dingy portal it was about twelve o'clock in the day; and he was directed by a civil personage with a badge and a white apron, through some dark alleys, and under various melancholy archways into courts each more dismal than the other, until finally he reached Lamb Court. If it was dark in Pall Mall, what was it in Lamb

Court? Candles were burning in many of the rooms there—in the pupil-room of Mr. Hodgeman, the special pleader, where six pupils were scribbling declarations under the tallow ; in Sir Hokey Walker's clerk's room, where the clerk, a person far more gentlemanlike and cheerful in appearance than the celebrated counsel, his master, was conversing in a patronising manner with the managing clerk of an attorney at the door; and in Curling the wigmaker's melancholy shop, where, from behind the feeble glimmer of a couple of lights, large sergeants' and judges' wigs were looming drearily, with the blank blocks looking at the lamp-post in the court. Two little clerks were playing at toss-half penny under that lamp. A laundress in pattens passed in at one door, a newspaper boy issued from another. A porter, whose white apron was faintly visible, paced up and down. It would be impossible to conceive a place more dismal, and the Major shuddered to think that any one should select such a residence. ' Good Ged !' he said, 'the poor boy mustn't live on here,'

The feeble and filthy oil-lamps, with which the staircases of the Upper Temple are lighted of nights, were of course not illuminating the stairs by day, and Major Pendenriis, having read with difficulty his nephew's name under Mr. Warrington's on the wall of No. 6, found still greater difficulty in climbing the abominable black stairs, up the banisters of which, which contributed their damp exudations to his gloves, he groped painfully until he came to the third story. A candle was in the passage of one of the two sets of rooms; the doors were open, and the names of Mr. Warrington and Mr. A. Pendennis were very clearly visible to the Major as he went in. An Irish charwoman, with a pail and broom, opened the door for the Major.

' Is that the beer ?' cried out a great voice : 'give us hold of it'

The gentleman who was speaking was seated on a table, unshorn and smoking a short pipe; in a farther chair sate Pen, with a cigar, and his legs near the fire. A little boy, who acted as the clerk of these gentlemen, was grinning in the Major's face, at the idea of his being mistaken for beer. Here, upon the third floor, the rooms were somewhat lighter, and the Major could see the place.

'Pen, my boy, it's I—it's your uncle,' he said, choking with the smoke. But as most young men of fashion used the weed» he pardoned the practice easily enough.

Mr. Warrington got up from the table, and Pen, in a very perturbed manner, from his chair. 'Beg your pardon for mistaking you,' said Warrington, in a frank, loud voice. 'Will you take a cigar, sir? Clear those things off the chair, Pidgeon, and pull it round to the fire,'

Pen flung his cigar into the grate; and was pleased with the cordiality with which his uncle shook him by the hand. As soon as he could speak for the stairs and the smoke, the Major began to ask Pen very kindly about himself and about his mother; for blood is blood, and he was pleased once more to see the boy.

Pen gave his news, and then introduced Mr. Warrington—an old Boniface man—whose chambers he shared.

The Major was quite satisfied when he heard that Mr. Warrington was a younger son of Sir Miles Warrington of Suffolk. He had served with an uncle of his in India and in New South Wales, years ago.

'Took a sheep-farm there, sir, made a fortune—better thing than law or soldiering,' Warrington said. 'Think I shall go there too,' And here the expected beer coming in, in a tankard with a glass bottom, Mr. Warrington, with a laugh, said he supposed the Major would not have any, and took a long, deep draught himself, after which he wiped his wrist across his beard with great satisfaction. The young man was perfectly easy and unembarrassed. He was dressed in a ragged old shooting-jacket, and had a bristly blue beard. He was drinking beer like a coal-heaver, and yet you couldn't but perceive that he was a gentleman.

When he had sate for a minute or two after his draught he went out of the room, leaving it to Pen and his uncle, that they might talk over family affairs were they so inclined.

'Rough and ready, your chum seems,' the Major said. 'Somewhat different from your dandy friends at Oxbridge,'

'Times are altered,' Arthur replied, with a blush. 'Warrington is only just called, and has no business, but he knows law pretty well; and until I can afford to read with a pleader, I use his books, and get his help,'

'Is that one of the books?' the Major asked, with a smile. A French novel was lying at the foot of Pen's chair.

'This is not a working day, sir,' the lad said. 'We were out very late at a party last night—at Lady Whiston's,' Pen added, knowing his uncle's weakness. 'Everybody in town

was there except you, sir; Counts, Ambassadors, Turks, Stars and Garters—I don't know who—it's all in the paper—and my name, too,' said Pen, with great glee. 'I met an old flame of mine there, sir,' he added, with a laugh. ' You know whom I mean, sir,—Lady Mirabel—to whom I was introduced over again. She shook hands, and was gracious enough. I may thank you for being out of that scrape, sir. She presented me to the husband, too—an old beau in a star and a blonde wig. He does not seem very wise. She has asked me to call on her, sir: and I may go now without any fear of losing my heart,'

'What, we have had some new loves, have we?' the Major asked, in high good-humour.

'Some -two or three,' Mr. Pen said, laughing. ' But I don't put on my *grand serieux* any more, sir. That goes off after the firstflame,'

' Very right, my dear boy. Flames and darts and passion, and that sort of thing, do very well for a lad : and you weie but a lad when that affair with the Fotheringill—Fothermgay — (what's her nam?) came off. But a man of the world gives up those follies. You still may do very well. You have been hit, but you may recover. You are heir to a little independence, which everybody fancies is a doosid deal more. You have a good name, good wits, good manners, and a good person—and, begad! I don't see why you shouldn't marry a woman with money—get into Parliament —distinguish yourself, and—and, in fact, that sort of thing. Remember, it's as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman: and a devilish deal pleasanter to sit down to a good dinner, than to a scrag of mutton in lodgings. Make up your mind to that. A woman with a good jointure is a doosid deal easier a profession than the law, let me tell you. Look out; ,' shall be on the watch for you: and I shall die content, my boy, if I can see you with a good ladylike wife, and a good carriage, and a good pair of horses, living in society, and seeing your friends, like a gentleman. Would you like to vegetate like your dear good mother at Fairoaks? Dammy, sir! life, without money and the best society, isn't worth having,' It was thus this affectionate uncle spoke, and expounded to Pen his simple philosophy.

'What would my mother and Laura say to this, I wonder?' thought the lad. Indeed old Pendennis's morals were not their morals, nor was his wisdom theirs.

This affecting conversation between uncle and nephew had scarcely concluded, when Warnngton came out of his bedroom, no longer in rags, but dressed like a gentleman, straight and tall, and perfectly frank and good-humoured.

When he had completed his simple toilette, Mr. Warrington came out of this room, and proceeded to the cupboard to search for his breakfast.

'Might I offer you a mutton-chop, sir? We cook 'em ourselves hoi and hot: and I am teaching Pen the first principles of law, cooking, and morality at the same time. He's a lazy beggar, sir, and too much of a dandy,'

And so saying, Mr. Warrington wiped a gridiron with a piece of paper, put it on the fire, and on it two mutton-chops, and took from the cupboard a couple of plates and some knives and silver forks, and castors.

'Say but a word, Major Pendennis,' he said; 'there's another chop in the cupboard, or Pidgeon shall go out and get you anything you like,'

Major Pendennis sate in wonder and amusement, but he said he had just breakfasted, and wouldn't have any lunch. So Warrington cooked the chops, and popped them hissing hot upon the plates.

Pen fell to at his chop with a good appetite, after looking up at his uncle, and seeing that gentleman was still in good-humour.

Colleges, schools, and inns of court still have some respect for antiquity, and maintain a great number of the customs and institutions of our ancestors, with which those persons who do not particularly regard their forefathers, or perhaps are not very well acquainted with them, have long since done away. A well-ordained workhouse or prison is much better provided with the appliances of health, comfort, and cleanliness, than a respectable Foundation School, a venerable College, or a learned Inn.

Nevertheless, those venerable Inns which have the Lamb and Flag and the Winged Horse for their ensigns, have attractions for persons who inhabit them, and a share of rough comforts and freedom, which men always remember with pleasure.

A long morning's reading, a walk in the park, a pull on the river, a stretch up the hill to Hampstead, and a modest tavern dinner; a bachelor night passed here or there, in joviality, not vice (for Arthur Pendennis admired women so heartily that he never could bear the society of any of them that were not, in his fancy at least, good and pure); a quiet evening at home,

alone with a friend and a pipe or two, and a humble potation of British spirits, whereof Mrs. Flanagan, the laundress, invariably tested the quality;—these were our young gentleman's pursuits, and it must be owned that his life was not unpleasant. In term time, Mr. Pen showed a most praiseworthy regularity in performing one part of the law-student's course of duty, and eating his dinners in Hall.

It was while Pen was taking his share of one of these dinners with his acquaintance Lowton as the captain of his mess, that there came to join them a gentleman in a barrister's gown, who could not find a seat, as it appeared, amongst the persons of his own degree, and who strode over the table and took his place on the bench where Pen sate. He was dressed in old clothes and a faded gown, which hung behind him, and he wore a shirt which, though clean, was extremely ragged, and very different to the magnificent pink raiment of Mr. Molloy Maloney, who occupied a commanding position in the next mess. In order to notify their appearance at dinner, it is the custom of the gentlemen who eat in the Upper Temple Hall to write down their names upon slips of paper, which are provided for that purpose, with a pencil for each mess. Lowton wrote his name first, then came Arthur Pendennis, and the next was that of the gentleman in the old clothes. He smiled when he saw Pen's name, and looked at him. 'We ought to know each other,' he said. 'We're both Boniface men; my name's Warrington.'

'Are you St——Warrington?' Pen said, delighted to see this hero.

Warrington laughed—'Stunning Warrington—yes,' he said. I recollect you in your freshman's term. But you appear to have quite cut me out.'

'The college talks about you still,' said Pen, who had a generous admiration for talent and pluck. 'The bargeman you thrashed, Bill Simes, don't you remember, wants you up again at Oxbridge. The Miss Notleys, the haber-dashers——'

'Hush!' said Warrington—' glad to make your acquaintance, Pendennis. Heard a good deal about you.'

The young men were friends immediately, and at once deep in college-talk. And Pen, who had been acting rather the fine gentleman on a previous day, when he pretended to Lowton that he could not drink port wine at dinner, seeing Warrington take his share with a great deal of gusto, did not scruple about

helping himself any more, rather to the disappointment of honest Lowton. When the dinner was over, Warrington asked Arthur where he was going.

'I thought of going home to dress, and hear Gnsi in Norma,' Pen said.

'Are you going to meet anybody there?' he asked.

Pen said, 'No—only to hear the music,' of which he was very fond.

'You had much better come home and smoke a pipe with me,' said Warrington,—'a very short one. Come, I live close by in Lamb Court, and we'll talk over Boniface and old times,'

They went away; Lowton sighed after them. He knew that Warrington was a baronet's son, and he looked up with simple reverence to all the aristocracy. Pen and Warrington became sworn friends from that night. Warrington's cheerfulness and jovial temper, his good sense, his rough welcome, and his nevertailing pipe ot tobacco, charmed Pen, who found it more pleasant to dive into shilling taverns with him, than to dine in solitary state amongst the silent and polite frequenters of the Polyanthus.

Ere long Pen gave up the lodgings in St. James's, to which he had migrated on quitting his hotel, and found it was much more economical to take up his abode with Warrington in Lamb Court, and furnish and occupy his friend's vacant room there. For it must be said of Pen, that no man was more easily led than he to do a thing, when it was a novelty or when he had a mind to it. And Pidgeon, the youth, and Flanagan, the laundress, divided their allegiance now between Warrington and Pen.

Elated with the idea of seeing life, Pen went into a hundred queer London haunts. He liked to think he was consorting with all sorts of men—so he beheld coalheavers in their taprooms; boxers in their inn-parlours; honest citizens disporting in the suburbs or on the river; and he would have liked to hob and nob with celebrated pickpockets, or drink a pot of ale with a company of burglars and cracksmen, had chance afforded him an opportunity of making the acquaintance of this class of society. It was good to see the gravity with which Warrington listened to the Tutbury Pet or the Brighton Stunner at the Champion's Arms, and behold the interest which he took in the coalheaving company assembled at the Fox-under-the-Hill. His acquaintance with the public-houses

of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, and with the frequenters of their various parlours, was prodigious. He was the personal friend of the landlord and landlady, and welcome to the bar as to the clubroom. He liked their society, he said, better than that of his own class, whose manners annoyed him, and whose conversation bored him. 'In society,' he used to say, 'everybody is the same, wears the same dress, eats and drinks, and says the same things; one young dandy at the club talks and looks just like another, one Miss at a ball exactly resembles another, whereas there's character here,'

Pen followed him then to these various resorts of men with great glee and assiduity. But he was considerably younger, and therefore much more pompous and stately than Warrington; in fact a young prince in disguise, visiting the poor of his father's kingdom. They respected him as a high chap," a fine fellow, a regular young swell. He had somehow about him an air of imperious good-humour, and a royal frankness and majesty, although he was only heir-apparent to twopence-halfpenny, and but one in descent from a gallypot. If these positions are made for us, we acquiesce in them very easily; and are always pretty ready to assume a superiority over those who are as good as ourselves. Pen's condescension at this time of his life was a fine thing to witness. Amongst men of ability this assumption and impertinence passes off with extreme youth: but it is curious to watch the conceit of a generous and clever lad—there is something almost touching in that early exhibition of simplicity and folly.

So, after reading pretty hard of a morning, and, I fear, not law merely, but politics and general history and literature, which were as necessary for trie advancement and instruction of a young man as mere dry law, after applying with tolerable assiduity to letters, to reviews, to elemental books of law, and, above all, to the newspaper, until the hour of dinner was drawing nigh, these young gentlemen would sally out upon the town with great spirits and appetite, and bent upon enjoying a merry night as they had passed a pleasant forenoon. It was a jovial time, that of four-and-twenty, when every muscle of mind and body was in healthy action, when the world was new as yet, and one moved over it spurred onwards by good spirits and the delightful capability to enjoy. If ever we feel young afterwards, it is with the comrades of that time: the tunes we hum in our old age, are those we learned then. Sometimes,

perhaps, the festivity of that period revives in our memory; but how dingy the pleasure-garden has grown, how tattered the garlands look, how scant and old the company, and what a number of the lights have gone out since that day! Grey hairs have come on like daylight streaming in—daylight and a headache with it. Pleasure has gone to bed with the rouge on her cheeks. Well, friend, let us walk through the day, sober and sad, but friendly.

As they sate thus in friendly colloquy, men of all sorts and conditions entered and quitted the house of entertainment; and Pen had the pleasure of seeing as many different persons of his race, as the most eager observer need desire to inspect. Healthy country tradesmen and farmers, in London for their business, came and recreated themselves with the jolly singing and suppers of the Back Kitchen,—squads of young apprentices and assistants, the shutters being closed over the scene of their labours, came hither, for fresh air doubtless,—rakish young medical students, gallant, dashing, what is called 'loudly' dressed, and (must it be owned?) somewhat dirty,—were here smoking and drinking, and vociferously applauding the songs;—young university bucks were to be found here, too, with that indescribable genteel simper which is only learned at the knees of Alma Mater;—and handsome young guardsmen, and florid bucks from the St. James's Street Clubs;—nay, senators English and Irish; and even members of the House of Peers.

The bass singer had made an immense hit with his song of 'The Body Snatcher,' and the town rushed to listen to it. A curtain drew aside, and Mr. Hodgen appeared in the character of the Snatcher, sitting on a coffin, with a flask of gin before him, with a spade, and a candle stuck in a skull. The song was sung with a really admirable terrific humour. The singer's voice went down so low, that its grumbles rumbled into the hearer's awestricken soul; and in the chorus he clamped with his spade, and gave a demoniac 'Ha! ha!' which caused the very glasses to quiver on the table, as with terror. None of the other singers, not even Cutts himself, as that high-minded man owned, could stand up before the Snatcher, and he commonly used to retire to Mrs. Cutts's private apartments, or into the bar, before that fatal song extinguished him. Poor Cos's ditty, 'The Little Doodeen,' which Bows accompanied charmingly on the piano, was sung but to a few admirers, who might choose to remain after the tremendous resurrectionist

chant. The room was commonly emptied after that, or only left in possession of a very few and persevering votaries of pleasure.

Whilst Pen and his friend were sitting here together one night, or rather morning, two habitues of the house entered almost together. 'Mr. Hoolan and Mr. Doolan,' whispered Warrington to Pen, saluting these gentlemen, and in the latter Pen recognised his friend of the Alacrity coach, who could not dine with Pen on the day on which the latter had invited him, being compelled by his professional duties to decline dinner-engagements on Fridays, he had stated, with his compliments to Mr. Pendennis.

Doolan's paper, the Dawn, was lying on the table much bestained by porter, and check-by-jowl with Hoolan's paper, which we shall call the Day; the Dawn was Liberal—the Day was ultra-Conservative. Many of our journals are officered by Irish gentlemen, and their gallant brigade does the penning -among us, as their ancestors used to transact the fighting in Europe; and engage under many a flag, to be good friends when the battle is over.

'They are talking about Doctor Boyne and Captain Shandon,' Warrington said, 'who are the two Irish controversialists of the Dawn and the Day, Dr. Boyne being the Protestant champion, and Captain Shandon the Liberal orator. They are the best friends in the world, I believe, in spite of their newspaper controversies; and though they cry out against the English for abusing their country, by Jove they abuse it themselves more in a single article than we should take the pains to do in a dozen volumes. How are you, Doolan?"

'Your servant, Mr. Warrington—Mr. Pendennis, I am delighted to have the honour of seeing ye again. The night's journey on the top of the Alacrity was one of the most agreeable I ever enjoyed in my life, and it was your liveliness and urbanity that made the trip so charming. I have often thought over that happy night, sir, and talked over it to Mrs. Doolan. I have seen your elegant young friend, Mr. Foker, too, here, sir, not unfrequently. He is an occasional frequenter of this hostelry, and a right good one it is. Mr. Pendennis, when I saw you I was on the Tom and Jerry Weekly Paper; I have now the honour to be sub-editor of the Dawn, one of the best-written papers of the empire'—and he bowed very slightly to Mr. Warrington. His speech was unctuous and measured,

his courtesy oriental, his tone, when talking with the two Englishmen, quite different to that with which he spoke *to* his comrade.

Pen and Warrington went home together.

They were passing through the Strand as they talked, and by a newspaper office, which was all lighted up and bright. Reporters were coming out of the place, or rushing up to it in cabs; there were lamps burning in the editors' rooms, and above where the compositors were at work : the windows of the building were in a blaze of gas.

'Look at that, Pen,' Warrington said. 'There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in. every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent, at this minute, giving bribes at Madrid; and another inspecting the price of potatoes in Covent Garden. Look! here comes the Foreign Express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street to-morrow: funds-will rise or fall, fortunes be made or lost; Lord B. will get up, and, holding the paper in his hand, and seeing the noble marquis in his place, will make a great speech; and—and Mr. Doolan will be called away from his supper at the Back Kitchen; for he is foreign sub-editor, and sees the mail on the newspaper sheet before he goes to his own.'

And so talking, the friends turned into their chambers, as, the dawn was beginning to peep.

CHAPTER XI

PEN, in the midst of his revels and enjoyments, humble as they were, and moderate in cost if not in kind, saw an awful sword hanging over him which must drop down before long and put an end to his frolics and feasting. His money was very nearly spent. His club subscription had carried away a third part of it. He had paid for the chief articles of furniture with which he had supplied his little bedroom: in fine, he was come to the last five-pound note in his pocket-book, and could think of no method of providing a successor: for our friend had been bred up like a young prince as yet, or as a child in arms whom his mother feeds when it cries out.

Warrington did not know what his comrade's means were. An only child, with a mother at her country house, and an old dandy of an uncle who dined with a great man every day, Pen might have a large bank at his command for anything that the other knew. He had gold chains and a dressing-case fit for a lord. His habits were those of an aristocrat,—not that he was expensive upon any particular point, for he dined and laughed over the pint of porter and the plate of beef from the cook's shop with perfect content and good appetite,—but he could not adopt the penny-wise precautions of life. He could not give twopence to a waiter; he could not refrain from taking a cab if he had a mind to do so, or if it rained, and as surely as he took the cab he overpaid the driver. He had a scorn for cleaned gloves and minor economies. Had he been bred to ten thousand a year he could scarcely have been more free-handed; and for a beggar, with a sad story, or a couple of pretty piteous-faced children, he never could resist putting his hand into his pocket. It was a sumptuous nature, perhaps, that could not be brought to regard money; a natural generosity and kindness; and possibly a petty vanity that was pleased with praise, even with the praise of waiters and cabmen. I doubt whether the wisest of us know what our own motives are, and whether some of the actions of which we are the very proudest will not surprise us when we trace them, as we shall one day, to their source.

Warrington then did not know, and Pen had not thought proper to confide to his friend, his pecuniary history. That Pen had been wild and wickedly extravagant at college, the other was aware; everybody at college was extravagant and \vild; but how great the son's expenses had been, and how small the mother's means, were points which had not been as yet submitted to Mr. Warrington's examination.

At last the story came out, while Pen was grimly surveying the change for the last five-pound note, as it lay upon the tray from the public-house by Mr. Warrington's pot of ale.

'It is the last rose of summer,' said Pen, 'its blooming companions have gone long ago; and behold the last one of the garland has shed its leaves;' and he told Warrington the whole story which we know of his mother's means, of his own follies, of Laura's generosity; during which time Warrington smoked his pipe and listened intent.

'Impecuniosity will do you good,' Pen's friend said, knocking

out the ashes at the end of the narration; 'I don't know anything more wholesome for a man—for an honest man, mind you—for another, the medicine loses its effect—than a state of tick,'

'You have certainly spoken; but how is one to live?' said Pen. 'There is beef and bread in plenty in England, but you must pay for it with work or money. And who will take my work? and what work can I do?'

Warrington burst out laughing. 'Suppose we advertise in the Times,' he said, 'for an usher's place at a classical and commercial academy—A gentleman, B. A. of St. Boniface College, Oxbridge, and who was plucked for his degree—'

'Confound you,' cried Pen.

'How do I live, think you?' said the other. 'On my younger-brother's allowance, Pendennis? I have secrets of my own, my boy;' and here Warrington's countenance fell. 'I made away with that allowance five years ago: if I had made away with myself a little time before, it would have been better. I have played off my own bat, ever since. I don't want much money. When my purse is out, I go to work and fill it, and then lie idle like a serpent until I have digested the mass. Look, I begin to feel empty,' Warrington said, and showed Pen a long lean purse, with but a few sovereigns at one end of it.

'But how do you fill it?' said Pen.

'I write,' said Warrington. 'I don't tell the world that I do so,' he added, with a blush. 'I do not choose that questions should be asked: or, perhaps, I am an ass, and don't wish it to be said that George Warrington writes for bread. But I write in the Law Reviews: look here, these articles are mine,' And he turned over some sheets. 'I write in a newspaper now and then, of which a friend of mine is editor,' And Warrington, going with Pendennis to the club one day, called for a file of the Dawn, and pointed with his finger silently to one or two articles, which Pen read with delight. He had no difficulty in recognising the style afterwards—the strong thoughts and curt periods, the sense, the satire, and the scholarship.

'I am not up to this,' said Pen, with a genuine admiration of his friend's powers. 'I know very little about politics or history, Warrington; and have but a smattering of letters. I can't fly upon such a wing as yours,'

'But you can on your own, my boy, which is lighter, and soars higher, perhaps,' the other said, good-naturedly. 'Those little scraps and verses which I have seen of yours show me, what is rare in these days, a natural gift, sir. You needn't blush, you conceited young jackanapes. You have thought so yourself any time these ten years. You have got the sacred flame—a little of the real poetical fire, sir, I think; and all our oil-lamps are nothing compared to that, though ever so well trimmed. You are a poet, Pen, my boy,' and so speaking, Warrington stretched out his broad hand, and clapped Pen on the shoulder.

An opportunity for showing his skill presented itself before very long. That eminent publisher, Mr. Bacon (formerly Bacon and Bungay) of Paternoster Row, besides being the proprietor of the legal Review, in which Mr. Warrington wrote, and ot other periodicals of note and gravity, used to present to the world every year a beautiful gilt volume called the Spring Annual, edited by the Lady Violet Lebas, and numbering amongst its contributors not only the most eminent, but the most fashionable, poets of our time.

One day, just when this volume was on the eve of publication, it chanced that Mr. Warrington called in Paternoster Row to talk with Mr. Hack, Mr. Bacon's reader and general manager of publications—for Mr. Bacon, not having the least taste in poetry or in literature of any kind, wisely employed the services of a professional gentleman. Warrington, then, going into Mr. Hack's room on business of his own, found that gentleman with a bundle of proof plates and sheets of the Spring Annual before him, and glanced at some of them.

'I know a fellow who would do some verses, I think,' said Warrington. 'Let me take the plate home in my pocket: and send to my chambers in the morning for the verses. You'll pay well, of course.'

'Of course,' said Mr. Hack; and Warrington, having despatched his own business, went home to Mr. Pen, plate in hand.

'Now, boy, here's a chance for you. Turn me off a copy of verses to this,'

When Warrington came home that night, at a very late hour, the verses were done. 'There they are,' said Pen. 'I've screwed 'em out at last. I think they'll do,'

'Have you got any more, young fellow X asked Warrington.

'We must make them give you a couple of guineas *a* page; and if the verses are liked, why, you'll get an *entree* into Bacon's magazines, and may turn a decent penny,'

Pen's natural conceit would have swollen immensely if he could but have heard the report which Warrington gave of him. It happened that Mr. Bacon himself had occasion to descend to Mr. Hack's room whilst Warrington was talking there, and Warrington, knowing Bacon's weaknesses, acted upon them with great adroitness in his friend's behalf. In the first place, he put on his hat to speak to Bacon, and addressed him from the table on which he seated himself. Bacon liked to be treated with rudeness by a gentleman, and used to pass it on to his inferiors as boys pass the mark. 'What! not know Mr. Pendennis, Mr. Bacon?' Warrington said. 'You can't live much in the world, or you would know him. A man of property in the West, of one of the most ancient families in England, related to half the nobility in the empire—he's cousin to Lord Pontypool—he was one of the most distinguished men at Oxbridge; he dines at Gaunt House every week.'

'Law bless me, you don't say so, sir. Well—really—Law bless me now,' said Mr. Bacon.

'I have just been showing Mr. Hack some of his verses, which he sat up last night, at my request, to write; and Hack talks about giving him a copy of the book—the what-d'-you-call-'em,'

'Law bless me now, does he? The what-d'-you-call-'em. Indeed!'

'"The Spring Annual" is its name,—as payment for these verses. You don't suppose that such a man as Mr. Arthur Pendennis gives up a dinner at Gaunt House for nothing? You know, as well as anybody, that the men of fashion want to be paid,'

'That they do, Mr. Warrington, sir,' said the publisher.

'I tell you he's a star; he'll make a name, sir. He's a new man, sir,'

'They've said that of so many of those young swells, Mr. Warrington,' the publisher interposed, with a sigh. 'There was Lord Viscount Dodo, now; I gave his Lordship a good bit of money for his poems, and only sold eighty copies. Mr. Popjoy's Hadgincourt, sir, fell dead,'

'Well, then, I'll take my man over to Bungay,' Warrington

said, and rose from the table. This threat was too much for Mr. Bacon, who was instantly ready to accede to any reasonable proposal of Mr. Warrington's, and finally asked his manager what those proposals were? When he heard that the negotiation only related as yet to a couple of ballads, which Mr. Warnngton offered tor the Spring Annual, Mr. Bacon said, 'Law bless you, give him a check directly;' and with this paper Warrington went out to his friend, and placed it, grinning, in Pen's hands. Pen was as elated as if somebody had left him a fortune. He offered Warrington a dinner at Richmond instantly. 'What should he go and buy for Laura and his mother? He must buy something for them.'

'They'll like the book better than anything else,' said Warrington, 'with the young one's name to the verses, printed among the swells.'

'Thank God! thank God!' cried Arthur, 'I needn't be a charge upon the old mother. I can pay off Laura now. I can get my own living. I can make my own way.'

'I can marry the grand vizier's daughter: I can purchase a house in Belgrave Square; I can build a fine castle in the air!' said Warrington, pleased with the other's exultation. 'Well, you may get bread and cheese, Pen: and I own it tastes well, the bread which you earn yourself.'

They had a magnum ot claret at dinner at the club that day, at Pen's charges. It was long since he had indulged in such a luxury, but Warrington would not baulk him: and they drank together to the health of the Spring Annual.

It never rains but it pours, according to the proverb; so very speedily another chance occurred, by which Mr. Pen was to be helped in his scheme of making a livelihood. Warrington one day threw him a letter across the table, which was brought by a printer's boy, 'from Captain Shandon, sir'—the little emissary said: and then went and fell asleep on his accustomed bench in the passage. He paid many a subsequent visit there, and brought many a message to Pen.

'*F. P. Tuesday Morning.*

'MY DEAR SIR,—Bungay will be here to-day, about the Pall Mall Gazette. You would be the very man to help us *with a genuine West-end article,—you* understand—dashing, trenchant, and d——aristocratic. Lady Hipshaw will write; but she's not much you know, and we've two lords; but the

less they do the better. We must have you. We'll give you your own terms, and we'll make a hit with the Gazette.

'Shall B. come and see you, or can you look in upon me here?—Ever yours, C. S.'

'Some more opposition,' Warnngton said, when Pen had read the note. ' Bungay and Bacon are at daggers drawn; each married the sister of the other, and they were for some time the closest friends and partners. Hack says it was Mrs. Bungay who caused all the mischief between the two; whereas Shandon, who reads lor Bungay a good deal, says Mrs. Bacon did the business; but I don't know which is right, Peachum or Lockit. But since they have separated, it is a furious war between the two publishers; and no sooner does one bring out a book of travels, or poems, a magazine or periodical, quarterly, or monthly, or weekly, or annual, but the rival is in the field with something similar. I have heard poor Shandon tell with great glee how he made Bungay give a grand dinner at Blackwall to all his writers, by saying that Bacon had invited his corps to an. entertainment at Greenwich. Let us go and hear about the " Gazette. ' There may be a place for you in it, Pen, my boy. We will go and see Shandon. We are sure to find him at home,'

' Where does he live?' asked Pen.

'In the Fleet Prison,' Warrington said. 'And very much at home he is there, too. He is the king of the place.

Pen had never seen this scene of London life, and walked with no small interest in at the grim gale of that dismal edifice.

They went through a court up a stone staircase, and through passages full of people, and noise, and cross lights, and black doors clapping and banging;—Pen feeling as one does in a feverish morning dream. At last the same little runner who had brought Shandon's note, and had followed them down Fleet Street munching apples, and who showed the way to the two gentlemen through the prison, said, 'This is the Captain's door,' and Mr. Shandon's voice from within bade them enter.

The room, though bare, was not uncheerful. The sun was shining in at the window—near which sate a lady at work, who had been gay and beautiful once, but in whose faded face kindness and tenderness still beamed. Through all his errors and reckless mishaps and misfortunes, this faithful creature adored her husband, and thought him the best and cleveresU

as indeed he was one of the kindest of men. Nothing ever seemed to disturb the sweetness of his temper; not debts: not dun: not misery: not the bottle: not his wife's unhappy position, or his children's ruined chances. He was perfectly fond of wife and children after his fashion: he always had the kindest words and smiles for them, and ruined them with the utmost sweetness of temper. He never could refuse himself or any man any enjoyment which his money could purchase; he would share his last guinea with Jack and Tom, and we may be sure he had a score of such retainers. He would sign his name at the back ot any man's bill, and never pay any debt of his own. He would write on any side, and attack himself or another man with equal indifference. He was one of the wittiest, the most amiable, and the most incorrigible of Irishmen. Nobody could help liking Charley Shandon who saw him once, and those whom he lumed could scarcely be angry with him.

When Pen and Warrington arrived, the Captain (he had been in an Irish militia regiment once, and the title remained with him) was sitting on his bed in a torn dressing-gown, with a desk on his knees, at which he was scribbling as fast as his rapid pen could write. Slip after slip of paper fell off the desk wet on to the ground. A picture of his children was hung up over his bed, and the youngest of them was pattering about the room.

Opposite the Captain sate Mr. Bungay, a portly man of stolid countenance, with whom the little child had been trying a conversation.

'Papa's a very clever man,' said she; 'mamma says so.'

'Oh, very,' said Mr. Bungay.

'And you're a very rich man, Mr. Bundy,' cried the child, who could hardly speak plain.

' Mary !' said Mamma, from her work.

'Oh, never mind,' Bungay roared out with a great laugh; 'no harm in saying I'm rich—he, he—I am pretty well off, my little dear.'

'If you're rich, why don't you take papa out of piz'nX asked the child.

Mamma at this began to wipe her eyes with the work on which she was employed. (The poor lady had hung curtains up in the room, had brought the children's picture and placed it there, and had made one or two attempts to ornament it.) Mamma began to cry; Mr. Bungay turned red, and looked

fiercely out of his bloodshot little eyes; Shandon's pen went on, and Pen and Warrington arrived with their knock.

Captain Shandon looked up from his work. 'How do you do, Mr. Warrington,' he said. 'I'll speak to you in a minute. Please sit down, gentlemen, if you can find places,' and away went the pen again.

Warrington pulled forwaid an old portmanteau—the only available seat- and sate down on it, with a bow to Mrs. Shandon and a nod to Bungay: the child came and looked at Pen solemnly: and in a couple of minutes the swift scribbling ceased; and Shandon, turning the desk over on the bed, stooped and picked up the papers.

'I think this will do,' said he. 'It's the piospeclus for the Pall Mall Gazette,'

' And here's the money lor it,' Mr. Bungay said, laying down a five-pound note. 'I'm as good as my word, I am. When I say I'll pay, I pay,'

' Faith that's more than some of us can say,' said Shandon, and he eagerly clapped the note into his pocket.

The reading of the prospectus concluded, the gentlemen present entered into some details regarding the political and literary management of the paper, and Mr. Bungay sate by listening and nodding his head, as if he understood what was the subject of their conversation, and approved of their opinions. Bungay's opinions, in truth, were pretty simple. He thought the Captain could write the best smashing article in England. He wanted the opposition house of Bacon smashed, and ii was his opinion that the Captain could do that business. If the Captain had written a letter of Junius on a sheet of paper, or copied a part of the Church Catechism, Mr. Bungay would have been perfectly contented, and have considered that the article was a smashing article. And he pocketed the papers with the greatest satisfaction: and he not only paid for the MS., as we have seen, but he called little Mary to him, and gave her a penny as he went away.

The reading of the manuscript over, the party engaged in general conversation, Shandon leading with a jaunty fashionable air in compliment to the two guests who sate with him, and who, by their appearance and manner, he presumed to be persons of the *beau monde.* He knew very little indeed of the great world, but he had seen it, and made the most of what he had seen.

Mr. Bungay presently had enough of this talk and got up to take leave, whereupon Warnngton and Pen rose to depart with the publisher, though the latter would have liked to stay to make a further acquaintance with this family, who interested him and touched him. He said something about hoping for permission to repeat his visit, upon which Shandon, with a rueful grin, said he was always to be found at home, and should be delighted to see Mr. Pennmgton.

'I'll see you to my park-gate, gentlemen,' said Captain Shandon, seizing his hat, in spite of a deprecatory look and a taint cry of 'Charles' from Mrs. Shandon. And the Captain, in shabby slippers, shuffled out before his guests, leading the way through the dismal passages of the prison. His hand was already fiddling with his waistcoat pocket, where Bungay's five-pound note was, as he took leave of the three gentlemen at the wicket; one of them, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, being greatly relieved when he was out of the horrid place, and again freely treading the flags of Farrmgdon Street.

Mrs. Shandcn sadly went on with her work at the window looking into the court. She saw Shandon with a couple of men at his heels run rapidly in the direction of the prison tavern. She had hoped to have had him to dinner herself that day: there was a piece of meat, and some salad in a basin, on the ledge outside of the window of their room, which she had expected that she and little Mary were to share with the child's father. But there was no chance of that now. He would be in that tavern until the hours for closing it; then he would go and play at cards or drink in some other man's room, and come back silent, with glazed eyes, reeling a little in his walk, that his wife might nurse him. Oh, what varieties of pain do we not make our women suffer!

A gentleman with whom we are already slightly acquainted, Mr. Jack Finucane, a townsman of Captain Shandon's, found the Captain's wite and little Mary (for whom Jack always brought a sweetmeat in his pocket) over this meal. Jack thought Shandon the greatest of cieatcd geniuses, had had one or two helps from the good-natured prodigal, who had always a kind word, and sometimes a guinea for any friend in need; and never missed a day in seeing his patron. He was ready to run Shandon's errands and transact his money-business with publishers and newspaper editors, duns, creditors, holders of Shandon's acceptances, gentlemen disposed to speculate m those

securities, and to transact the thousand little affairs of an embarrassed Irish gentleman.

' He won't have that five-pound note very long, ! bet a guinea,' Mr. Bungay said of the Captain, as he and his two companions walked away from the prison; and the publisher judged rightly, for when Mrs. Shandon came to empty her husband's pockets, she found but a couple of shillings, and a few halfpence out of the morning's remittance. Shandon had given a pound to one follower; had sent a leg of mutton and potatoes and beer to an acquaintance in the poor side of the prison; had paid an outstanding bill at the tavern where he had changed his five-pound note; had had a dinner with two friends there, to whom he lost sundry half-crowns at cards afterwards; so that the night left him as poor as the morning had found him.

The publisher and the two gentlemen had had some talk together after quitting Shandon, and Warrington reiterated to Bungay what he had said to his rival, Bacon, viz., that Pen was a high fellow, of great genius, and what was more, well with the great world, and related to ' no end' of the peerage. Bungay replied that he should be happy to have dealings with Mr. Pendennis, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing both gents to cut mutton with him before long, and so, with mutual politeness and protestations, they parted.

The next day, Mr. Pidgeon, their attendant, brought in a large brown-paper parcel, directed to G. Warrington, Esq., with Mr. Trotter's compliments, and a note which Warrington read.

' Pen, you beggar!' roared Warrington to Pen, who *w* as in his own room.

'Hullo!' sung out Pen.

'Come here, you're wanted,' cried the other, aid Pen came out. 'What is it?' said he.

'Catch!' cried Warrington, and flung the paice! at Pen's head, who would have been knocked down had he not caught it.

'It's books tor review ior the Pall Mall Gazette- pitch into 'em,' Warrington said. As for Pen, he never had been so delighted in his life: his hand trembled as he cut the string of the packet, and beheld within a smart set of new aeat calico-bound books—travels, and novels, and poems.

'Sport the oak, Pidgeon,' said he. 'I'm not at home to any-

body to-day,' And he flung into his easy-chair, and hardly gave himself time to drink his tea, so eager was he to begin to read and to review.

CHAPTER XII

FAITHFUL Finucane meanwhile found Mr. Bungay in a severer mood than he had been on the night previous, when two-thirds of a bottle of port, and two large glasses of brandy-and-water, had warmed his soul into enthusiasm, and made him generous in his promises towards Captain Shandon. His impetuous wife had rebuked him on his return home She had ordered that he should give no relief to the Captain; he was a good-for-nothing fellow, whom no money would help; she disapproved of the plan of the Pall Mall Gazette, and expected that Bungay would only lose his money in it as they were losing over the way (she always called her brother's establishment 'over the way') by the Whitehall Journal. Let Shandon stop in prison and do his work; it was the best place lor him. In vain Finucane pleaded and promised and implored, for his friend Bungay had had an hour's lecture m the morning and was inexorable.

But what honest Jack failed to do belo\v-stairs in the counting-house, the pretty faces and manners of the mother and child were effecting in the drawing-room, where they were melting the fierce but really soft Mrs. Bungay. There was an artless sweetness in Mrs. Shandon's voice, and a winning frankness of manner, which made most people fond of her, and pity her: and taking courage by the rugged kindness with which her hostess received her, the Caplam's lady told her story, and described her husband's goodness and virtues, and her child's failing health (she was obliged to part with two of them, she said, and send Ihem to school, lor she could not have them in that horrid place)—that Mrs. Bungay, though as grim as Lady Macbeth, melted under the influence of the simple tale, and said she would go down and speak to Bungay. Now m this household to speak was to command, with Mrs. Bungay; and with Bungay, lo hear was to obey.

It was just when poor Finucane was in despair about his negotiation, that the majestic Mrs. Bungay descended upon hei spouse, politely requested Mr. Finucane to step up to his friends in her drawing-room, while she held a few minutes'

conversation with Mr. B., and when the pair were alone the publisher's better half informed him of her intentions towards the Captain's lady.

'What's in the wind now, my dear?' Maecenas asked, surprised at his wife s altered tone. ' You wouldn't hear of my doing anything for the Captain this morning: I wonder what has been a changing of you.'

'The Captmg is an Irishman,' Mrs. Bungay replied; 'and those Irish I have always said I couldn't abide. But his wife is a lady, as any one can see; and a good woman, and a clergyman's daughter, and a West of England woman, B., which I am myself, by my mother's side—and, O Marmaduke ! didn't you remark her little gurl ? '

'Yes, Mrs B., I saw the little girl.'

'And didn't you see how like she was to our angel, Bessy, Mr. B. ?'—and Mrs. Bungay's thoughts flew back to a period eighteen years back, when Bacon and Bungay had just set up in business as small booksellers IP a country town, and when she had had a child, named Bessy, something like the little Mary who had just moved her compassion.

' Well, well, my dear,' Mr. Bungay said, seeing the little eyes of his wife begin to twinkle and grow red; 'the Captain ain't in for much. There's only a hundred and thirty pound against him. Half the money will take him out of the Fleet, Fmucane says, and we'll pay him half salaries till he has made the account square. When the little 'un said, "Why don't you take Par out of pizn?" I did feel it, Flora, upon my honour I did, now,' And the upshot of this conversation wa?, that Mr. and Mrs. Bungay both ascended to the drawing-room, and Mr. Bungay made a heavy and clumsy speech, in which he announced to Mrs. Shandon, that, hearing sixty-five pounds would set her husband free, he was ready to advance that sum of money, deducting it from the Captain's salary, and that he would give it to her on condition that she would personally settle with the creditors regarding her husband's liberation.

I think this was the happiest day that Mrs. Shandon and Mr. Fmucane had had for a long time. ' Bedad, Bungay, you re a trump!' roared out Fin, in an overpowering brogue and emotion. 'Give us your fist, old boy: and won't we send the Pall Mall Gazette up to ten thousand a week, that's all!' and he jumped about the room, and tossed up little Mary, with a hundred frantic antics.

'If I could drive you anywhere in my carriage, Mrs. Shandon—I'm sure it's quite at your service,' Mrs. Bungay said, looking out at a one-horsed vehicle which had just driven up, and in which this lady took the air considerably—and the two ladies, with little Mary between them (whose tiny hand Maecenas's wife kept fixed in her great grasp), with the delighted Mr. Fmucane on the back seat, drove away from Paternoster Row, as the owner of the vehicle threw triumphant glances at the opposite windows at Bacon's.

'It won't do the Captain any good,' thought Bungay, going back to his desk and accounts, 'but Mrs. B. becomes reglar upset when she thinks about her misfortune. The child would have been of age yesterday, if she'd lived. Flora told me so:' and he wondered how wemen did remember things.

We are happy to say that Mrs. Shandon sped with very good success upon her errand. She who had had to mollify creditors when she had no money at all, and only tears and entreaties therewith to soothe them, found no difficulty in making them relent by means of a bribe of ten shillings in the pound; and the next Sunday was the last, for some time at least, which the Captain spent in prison.

* * * *

Upon the appointed day our two friends made their appearance at Mr. Bungay's door in Paternoster Row; not the public entrance through which booksellers boys issued with their sacks full ot Bungay's volumes, and around which timid aspirants lingered with their virgin manuscripts ready for sale to Sultan Bungay, but at the private door of the house, whence the splendid Mrs. Bungay would come forth to step into her chaise and take her drive, settling herself on the cushions, and casting looks of defiance at Mrs. Bacon's opposite windows—at Mrs. Bacon, who was as yet a chaiseless woman.

As Pen and Warrington came to Bungay's door, a carriage and a cab drove up to Bacon's. Old Dr. Slocum descended heavily fiom the first; the Doctor's equipage was as ponderous as his style, but both had a fine sonorous effect upon the publishers in the Row. A couple of dazzling white waistcoats stepped out of the cab.

The house porter in an evening coat, and gentlemen with gloves as large as Doolan's, but of the famous Berlin web, were on the passage of Mr. Bungay's house to receive the guests' hats and coats and bawl their names up the stair.

Some of the latter had arrived when the three new visitors made their appearance; but there was only Mrs. Bungay in red satin and a turban to represent her own charming sex. She made curtsies to each new-comer as he entered the drawing-room, but her mind was evidently pre-occupied by extraneous thoughts. The fact is, Mrs. Bacon's dinner-party was disturbing her, and as soon as she had received each individual of her own company, Flora Bungay flew back to the embrasure of the window, whence she could rake the carriages of Emma Bacon's friends as they came rattling up the Row. The sight of Dr. Slocum's large carriage, with the gaunt job-horses, crushed Flora: none but hack cabs had driven up to her own door on that day. They were all literary gentlemen, though unknown as yet to Pen.

Mr. Bungay went about to his guesls as they arrived, and did the honours of his house with much cordiality. ' How are you, sir ? Fine day, sir. Glad to see you year, sir. Flora, my love, let me ave the honour of introducing Mr. Warrington to you. Mr. Warrington, Mrs. Bungay; Mr. Pendennis, Mrs. Bungay. Hope you've brought good appetites with you, gentlemen. *You* Doolan, I know ave, for you've always ad a deuce of a twist.'

'Lor, Bungay!' said Mis. Bungay.

' Faith, a man must be haid to please, Bungay, who can't eat a good dinner in *this* house,' Doolan said, and he winked and stroked his lean chops with his large gloves; and made appeals of friendship to Mrs. Bungay, which thai honest woman refused with scorn from the timid man. 'She couldn't abide that Doolan,' she said in confidence to her friends. Indeed, all his flatteries failed to win her.

The temporary groom of the chambers bawled out, 'The Honourable Percy Popjoy,' much to that gentleman's discomposure at hearing his titles announced.

'what did the man want to take away my hat for, Bungay}' he asked of the publisher. 'Can't do v,'ithout my hat—want it to make my bow to Mrs. Bungay. How well you look, Mrs. Bungay, to-day. Flaven't seen your carriage in the Park: why haven't you been there? I missed you; indeed, I did.'

' I'm afraid you're a sad quiz,' said Mrs. Bungay.

'Quiz! Never made a joke in my—hullo! who's here? How d'ye do, Pendennis? How d'ye do, Warrington? These are old friends of mine, Mrs. Bungay. I say, how the doose

did *you* come here?' he asked of the two young men, turning his lacquered heels upon Mrs. Bungay, who respected her husband's two young guests, now that she found they were intimate with a lord's son.

'What! do *they* know him?' she asked rapidly of Mr. B.

'High fellers, I tell you—the young one related to all the nobility,' said the publisher; and both ran forward, smiling and bowing, to greet almost as great personages as the young lord —no less characters, indeed, than the great Mr. Wenham and the great Mr. Wagg, who were now announced.

And now the bell of Saint Paul's tolled half an hour later than that for which Mr. Bungay had invited his party, and it was complete with the exception ol !wo guests, who at last made their appearance, and in whom Pen was pleased to recognise Captain and Mrs. Shandon.

When these two had made their greetings to the master and mistress of the house, and exchanged nods of more or less recognition with most of the people present, Pen and Warrington went up and shook hands very warmly with Mrs Shandon, who, perhaps, was affected to meet them, and think where it was she had seen them but a few days before. Shandon was brushed up, and looked pretty smart, in a red velvet waistcoat, ant! a frill, into which his wife had stuck her best brooch. In spite of Mrs. Bungay's kindness, perhaps in consequence of it, Mrs. Shandon felt great terror and timidity in approaching her: indeed, she was more awful than ever in her red satin and bud of paradise, and it was not until she had asked in her great voice about the dear little gurl, that the latter was somewhat encouraged, and ventured to speak.

The evening came to a close, and in spite of all the precautions to the contrary, poor Shandon reeled in his walk, and went home to his new lodgings, with his faithful wife by his side, and the cabman on his box jeering at him.

Pen and Warrington walked home together in the moonlight. 'And now,' Warrington said, 'that you have seen the men of letters, tell me, was I far wrong in saying that there are thousands oi people in this town, who don't write books, who are, to the full, as clever and intellectual as people who do?'

Pen was forced to confess that the literary personages with whom he had become acquainted had not said much, in the course of the night's conversation, that was worthy to be

remembered or quoted. In fact, not one word about literature had been said during the whole course of the night:—and it may be whispered to those uninitiated people who are anxious to know the habits and make the acquaintance of men of letters, that there are no race ol people who talk about books, or, perhaps who read books, so little as literary men.

Considerable success at first attended the new journal. It was generally stated, that an influential political party supported the paper; and great names were cited amongst the contributors to its columns.

In the political department of the paper Mr. Pen did not take any share; but he was a most active literary contributor.

Pen took a great deal of pains with the writing of his reviews, and having a pretty fair share of desultory reading, acquired in the early years of his life, an eager fancy and a keen sense of fun, his articles pleased his chief and the public, and he was proud to think that he deserved the money which he earned. We may be sure that the Pall Mall Gazette was taken in regularly at Fairoaks, and read with delight by the two ladies there. It was received at Clavering Park, too, where we know there was a young lady of great literary tastes; and old Doctor Porlman himself, to whom the widow sent her paper after she had got her son's articles by heart, signified his approval of Pen's productions, saying that the lad had spirit, taste, and fancy, and wrote, if not like a scholar, at any rate like a gentleman.

And what was the astonishment and delight of our friend Major Pendennis, on walking into one of his clubs, the Regent, where Wenham, Lord Falconet, and some other gentlemen of good reputation and fashion were assembled, to hear them one day talking over a number of the Pall Mall Gazette, and of an aiticle which appeared in its columns, making some bitter fun of a book recently published by the wife of a celebrated member of the opposition party. The book in question was a Book of Travels in Spain and Italy, by the Countess of Muffborough, in which it was difficult to say which was the most wonderful, the French or the English, in which languages her ladyship wrote indifferently, and upon the blunders of which the critic pounced with delighted mischief. The critic was no other than Pen: he jumped and danced round about his subject with the greatest jocularity and high spirits: he showed up the noble lady's faults with admirable mock gravity and

decorum. There was not a word in the article which was not polite and gentlemanlike; and the unfortunate subject of the criticism was scarified and laughed at during the operation.

When the oracular Wenham praised the boy's production; when Lord Falconet, who had had the news from Percy Popjoy, approved of the genius of young Pen; when the great Lord Steyne himself, to whom the Major referred the article, laughed and sniggered over it, swore it was capital, and that the Muffborough would writhe under it, like a whale under a harpoon, the Major, as in duty bound, began to admire his nephew very much, said, 'By gad, the young rascal had some stuff in him, and would do something; he had always said he would do something;' and with a hand quite tremulous with pleasure, the old gentleman sate down to write to the widow at Fairoaks all that the great folks had said in praise of Pen; and he wrote to the young rascal, too, asking when he would come and eat a chop with his old uncle, and saying that he was commissioned to take him to dinner at Gaunt House, for Lord Steyne liked anybody who could entertain him, whether by his folly, wit, or by his dulness, by his oddity, affectation, good spirits, or any other quality. Pen flung his letter across the table to Warnngton: perhaps he was disappointed that the other did not seem to be much affected by it.

The courage of young critics is prodigious: they clamber up to the judgment-seat, and, with scarce a hesitation, gave their opinion upon works the most intricate or profound.

At that period of his life, Mr. Pen owns that he would not have hesitated, at twenty-foui hours' notice, to pass an opinion upon the greatest scholars, or to give a judgment upon the Encyclopaedia. Luckily he had Warrington to laugh at him and to keep down his impertinence by a constant and wholesome ridicule, or he might have become conceited beyond all sufferance; for Shandon liked the dash and flippancy of his young aide-de-camp, and was, indeed, better pleased with Pen's light and brilliant flashes, than with the heavier metal which his elder coadjutor brought to bear.

But though he might justly be blamed on the score of impertinence and a certain prematurity of judgment, Mr. Pen was a perfectly honest critic; a great deal too candid for Mr. Bungay's purposes, indeed, who grumbled sadly at his impartiality. Pen and his chief, the Captain, had a dispute upon this subject one day. 'In the name of common-sense,

Mr. Pendennis,' Shandon asked, 'what have you been doing-praising one of Mr. Bacon's books? Bungay has been with me in a fury this morning, at seeing a laudatory article upon one of the works of the odious firm over the way,'

Pen's eyes opened with wide astonishment. 'Do you mean to say,' he asked, 'that we are to praise no books that Bacon publishes: or that, if the books are good, we are to say they are bad?'

'My good young friend—for what do you suppose a benevolent publisher undertakes a critical journal, to benefit his rival?' Shandon inquired.

'To benefit himself ceitamly, but to tell the truth too,' Pen said—*'mat coelum,* to tell the truth,'

Let us be allowed to pass over a few months of the history of Mr. Arthur Pendenms's lifetime, during the which, many events may have occurred which were mere interesting and exciting to himself, than they would be likely to prove to the reader of his present memoirs. We left him in his last chapter, regularly entered upon his business as a professional writer, or literary hack, as Mr. Warnngton chooses to style himself and his friend; and we know how the life of any hack, legal or literary, in a curacy, or in a marching regiment, or at a merchant's desk, is duP of routine, and tedious of description.

He furnished Magazines and Reviews with articles of his composition, and is believed to have been (though on this score he never chooses to speak) London correspondent of the Chatteris Champion, which at that time contained some very brilliant and eloquent letters from the metropolis. By these labours the fortunate youth was enabled to earn a sum very nearly equal to four hundred pounds a year; and on the second Christmas after his arrival in London, he actually brought a hundred pounds to his mother, as a dividend upon the debt which he owed to Laura. That Mrs. Pendennis read every word of her son's works, and considered him to be the profoundest thinker and most elegant writer of the day; that she thought his retribution of the hundred pounds an act of angelic virtue; that she feared he was ruining his health by his labours, and was delighted when he told her of the society which he met, and of the great men of letters and fashion whom he saw, will be imagined by all readers who have seen son-worship amongst mothers, and that charming simplicity of

love with which women in the country watch the career of their darlings in London.

He was by this time, by his own merits and his uncle's introductions, pretty well introduced into London, and known both in literary and polite circles. Amongst the former his fashionable reputation stood him in no little stead; he was considered to be a gentleman of good present means and better expectations, who wrote for his pleasure, than which there cannot be a greater recommendation to a young literary aspirant. Bacon, Bungay, and Co. were proud to accept his articles; Mr. Wenham asked him to dinner; Mr. Wagg looked upon him with a favourable eye; and they reported how they met him at the houses of persons of fashion, amongst whom he was pretty welcome, as they did not trouble themselves about his means, present or future, as his appearance and address were good; and as he had got a character for being a clever fellow. Finally, he was asked to one house, because he was seen at anothei house: and thus no small varieties of London life were presented to the young man: he was made familiar with all soits of people Irom Paternoster Row to Pimhco, and was as much at home at Mayfair dimng-table as at those tavern boards where some of his companions of the pen were accustomed to assemble. Full of high spirits and curiosity, easily adapting himself to all whom he met, the young fellow pleased himself in this stiange variety and jumble of men, and made hirnseif welcome, or at ease at least, wherever he went.

The London season was now blooming in its full vigour, and the fashionable newspaper abounded with information regarding the grand banquets, louts, and balls which were enlivening the polite world. Our gracious Sovereign was holding levees and drawing-rooms at St. James's: the bow-windows of the clubs were crowded with the heads of respectable red-faced newspaper-reading gentlemen: along the Serpentine trailed thousands of carnages: squadrons of dandy horsemen trampled over Rotten Row: everybody was in town, in a word; and of course Major Arthui Pendenms, who was somebody, was not absent.

With his head tied up in a smart bandana handkerchief, and his meagre carcass enveloped in a brilliant Iurkish dressing-gown, the worthy gentleman sate on a certain morning by his fireside, letting his feet gently simmer in a bath, whilst he took his early cup of tea, and perused his Morning Post

He could not have faced the day without his two hours' toilet, without his early cup of tea, without his Morning Post. I suppose nobody in the world except Morgan, not even Morgan's master himself, knew how feeble and ancient the Major was growing, and what numberless little comforts he required.

If men sneer, as our habit is, at the artifices of an old beauty, at her paint, perfumes, ringlets; at those innumerable and to us unknown, stratagems with which she is said to remedy the ravages of time and reconstruct the charms whereof years have bereft her; the ladies, it is to be presumed, are not on their side altogether ignorant that men are vain as well as they, and that the toilets of old bucks are to the full as elaborate as their own.

It was during these hours of the toilet that Morgan and his employer had their confidential conversations, for they did not meet much at other times of the day—the Major abhorring the society of his own chairs and tables m -his lodgings; and Morgan, his master's toilet over and letters delivered, had his time very much on his own hands.

So Mr. Morgan and his employer conversed as the latter's toilet proceeded. There had been a drawing-room on the day previous, and the Major read among the presentations that of Lady Clavermg by Lady Rockminster, and of Miss Amory by her mother Lady Clavermg,—and in a further part of the paper their dresses were described, with a precision and in a jargon which will puzzle and amuse the antiquary of future generations. The sight of these names carried Pendennis back to the country. 'How long have the Clavenngs been in London?' he asked; 'pray, Morgan, have you seen any of their people?'

'Sir Francis have sent away his foring man, sir,' Mr. Morgan replied; 'and have took a friend of mine as own man, sir. Indeed he applied on my reckmendation. You may recklect Towler, sir'—tall red-aired man—but dyes his air. Was groom of the chambers in Lord Levant's family till his Lordship broke hup. It's a fall for Towler, sir; but pore men can't be particklar,' said the valet, with a pathetic voice.

Morgan was now operating upon the Major's chin—he continued the theme while strapping the skilful razor. 'They've took a house in Grosvenor Place, and are coming out strong, sir. Her Ladyship's going to give three parties,

besides a dinner a week, sir. Her fortune won't stand it—can't stand it,'

'Gad, she had a devilish good cook when I was at Fairoaks,' the Major said, with very little compassion for the widow Amory's fortune.

'Marobblan was his name, sir;—Marobblan's gone away, sir,' Morgan said,—and the Major, this time, with hearty sympathy, said, ' he was devilish sorry to lose him,'

'There's been a tremenjuous row about that Mosseer Marobblan,' Morgan continued. 'At a ball at Baymouth, sir, bless his impadence, he challenged Mr. Harthur to fight a jewel, sir, which Mr. Arthur was very near knocking him down, and pitchin him outawinder, and serve him right; but Chevalier Strong, sir, came up and stopped the shindy—I beg pardon, the holtercation, sir—them French cooks has as much pride and hinsolence as if they was real gentlemen,'

'I heard something of that quarrel,' said the Major; 'but Mirobolant was not turned off for that?'

'No, sir—that affair, sir, which Mr. Harthur forgave it him and beayved most handsome, was hushed hup: it was about Miss Hamory, sir, that he ad is dismissial. Those French fellers, they fancy everybody is m love with 'em; and he climbed up the large grape vine to her winder, sir, and was a trying to get in, when he was caught, sir; and Mr. Strong came out, and they got the garden-engine and played on him, and there was no end of a row, sir,'

'Confound his impudence! You don't mean to say Miss Amory encouraged him,' cried the Major, amazed at a peculiar expression in Mr. Morgan's countenance.

Morgan resumed his imperturbable demeanour. ' Know nothing about it, sir. Servants don't know them kind of things the least. Most probably there was nothing in it—so many lies is told about families—Marobblan went away, beg and baggage, sauce-pans, and pianna, and all—the feller ad a pianna, and wrote poetry in French, and he took a lodging at Clavermg, and he hankered about the primises, and it was said that Madam Fribsby, the milliner, brought letters to Miss Hamory, though I don't believe a word about it; nor that he tried to pison hisself with charcoal, which it was all a humbug betwigst him and Madam Fribsby; and he was nearly shot by the keeper in the park,'

The Major was in high good-humour. The sun was bright,

the air brisk and invigorating. He had determined upon a visit to Lady Clavering on that day, and bethought him that Arthur would be a good companion for the walk across the Green Park to her ladyship's door. Master Pen was not displeased to accompany his illustrious relative, who pointed out a dozen great men in their brief transit through St. James's Street, and got bows from a Duke, at a crossing, a Bishop (on a cob), and a Cabinet Minister with an umbrella. The Duke gave the elder Pendennis a finger of a pipe-clayed glove to shake, which the Major embraced with great veneration; and all Pen's blood tingled, as he found himself in actual communication, as it were, with this famous man (for Pen had possession of the Major's left arm, whilst that gentleman's other wing was engaged with his Grace's right), and he wished all Grey Friars' School, all Oxbridge University, all Paternoster Row and the Temple, and Laura and his mother at Fairoaks, could be standing on each side of the street, to see the meeting between him and his uncle, and the most famous duke in Christendom.

'How do, Pendennis?—fine day,' were his Grace's remarkable words, and with a nod of his august head he passed on—in a blue frock-coat and spotless white duck trousers, in a white stock, with a shining buckle behind.

The pair made their way into Grosvenor Place, and to the door of the mansion occupied there by Sir Francis and Lady Clavering.

The dining-room shutters of this handsome mansion were freshly gilded; the knockers shone gorgeous upon the newly painted door; the balcony before the drawing-room bloomed with a portable garden cf the most beautiful plants, and with flowers white, and pink, and scarlet; the windows of the upper room (the sacred chamber and dressing-room of my lady, doubtless), and even a pretty little casement of the third story, which keen-sighted Mr. Pen presumed to belong to the virgin bedroom of Miss Blanche Amory, were similarly adorned with floral ornaments, and the whole exterior face of the house presented the most brilliant aspect which fresh new paint, shining plate-glass, newly cleaned bricks, and spotless mortar, could offer to the beholder.

'How Strong must have rejoiced in organising all this splendour,' thought Pen. He recognised the Chevalier's genius in the magnificence before him.

'Lady Clavering is going out for her drive,' the Major said. 'We shall only have to leave oui pasteboards, Arthur,'

One of the leaves of the hall door was opened, and John—one of the largest of his race—was leaning against the door-pillar, with his ambrosial hair powdered, his legs crossed; beautiful silk-stockinged; in his hand his cane, gold-headed, *dolichostyon.* Jeames was invisible, but near at hand, waiting in the hall, with the gentleman who does not wear livery, and ready to fling down the roll of hair-cloth over which her ladyship was to step to her carriage. These things and men, the which to tell of demands time, are seen in tl.e glance of a practised eye: and, in fact, the Major and Pen had scarcely crossed the street, when the second *battant* of the door flew open; the horse-hair carpet tumbled down the door-steps to those of the carriage; John was opening it on one side of the emblazoned door, and Jeames on the other, and two ladies, attired in the highest style of fashion, and accompanied by a third, who carried a Blenheim spaniel, yelping in a light blue ribbon, came forth to ascend the carriage.

Miss Amory was the first to enter, which she did with aerial lightness, and took the place which she liked best. Lady Clavering next followed, but her ladyship was more mature of age and heavy of foot, and one of those feet, attired in a green satin boot, with some part of a stocking, which was very fine, whatever the ankle might be which it encircled, might be seen swaying on the carriage-step, as her ladyship leaned for support on the arm of the unbending Jeames, by the enraptured observer of female beauty who happened to be passing at the time of this imposing ceremonial.

The Pendenmses senior and junior beheld those charms as they came up to the door—the Major looking grave and courtly, and Pen somewhat abashed at the carriage and its owners; for he thought of sundry little passages at Clavering, which made his heart beat rather quick.

At that moment Lady Clavering, looking round, saw the pair—she was on the first carriage-step, and would have been in the vehicle in another second, but she gave a start backwards (which caused some of the powder to fly from the hair of ambrosial Jeames), and crying out, 'Lor, it it isn't Arthur Pendennis and the old Major!' jumped back to *terra firma* directly, and holding out two fat hands, encased in tight orange-

coloured gloves, the good-natured woman warmly greeted the Major and his nephew.

'Come in both of you.—Why haven't you been before?—Get out, Blanche, and come and see your old friends.—O, I'm so glad to see you. We've been waitin and waitm for you ever so long. Come in, luncheon ain't gone down,' cried out this hospitable lady, squeezing Pen's hand in both hers (she had dropped the Major's after a brief wrench of recognition), and Blanche, casting up her eyes towards the chimneys, descended from the carriage presently, with a timid, blushing, appealing look, and gave a little hand to Major Pendennis.

The companion with the spaniel looked about irresolute, and doubting whether she should not take Fido his airing; but she too turned right about face and entered the house, after Lady Clavering, her daughter, and the two gentlemen. And the carriage, with the prancing greys, was left unoccupied, save by the coachman in the silver wig.

CHAPTER XIII

BETTER folks than Morgan, the valet, were not so well instructed as that gentleman, regarding the amount of Lady Clavering's riches; and the legend in London, upon her Ladyship's arrival in the polite metropolis, was, that her fortune was enormous. Indigo factories, opium clippers, banks overflowing with rupees, diamonds and]ewels of native princes, and vast sums of interest paid by them for loans contracted by themselves or their predecessors to Lady Clavering's father, were mentioned as sources of her wealth. Her account at her London banker's was positively known, and the sum embraced so many cyphers as to create as many O's of admiration in the wondering hearer. It was a known fact that an envoy from an Indian Prince, a Colonel Altamont, the Nawaub of Lucknow's prime favourite, an extraordinary man, who had, it was said, embraced Mahometanism, and undergone a thousand wild and perilous adventures, was at present in this country, trying to negotiate with the Begum Clavering, the sale of the Nawaub's celebrated nose-ring diamond,' the light of the Dewan.'

Under the title of the Begum, Lady Clavering's fame began to spread in London before she herself descended upon the Capital.

No man was less curious, or at any rate, more discreet, than Ned Strong, and he did not care to inquire into the

mysterious connexion which, very soon after their first meeting at Baymouth, was established between Sir Francis Clavering and the envoy of the Nawaub. The latter knew some secret regarding the former, which put Clavering into his power, somehow, and Strong, who knew that his patron's early life had been rather irregular, and that his career with his regiment in India had not been brilliant, supposed that the Colonel, who swore he knew Clavering well at Calcutta, had some hold upon Sir Francis, to which the latter was forced to yield. In truth, Strong had long understood Sir Francis Clavering's character, as that of a man utterly weak in purpose, in principle, and intellect, a moral and physical trifler and poltroon.

With poor Clavering, his Excellency had had one or two interviews after their Baymouth meeting, the nature of which conversations the Baronet did not confide to Strong: although he sent letters to Altamont by that gentleman, who was his ambassador in all sorts of affairs. On one of these occasions the Nawaub's envoy must have been in an exceeding ill humour; for he crushed Clavering's letter in his hand, and said with his own particular manner and emphasis:—

'A hundred, be hanged. I'll have no more letters nor no more shilly-shally. Tell Clavering I'll have a thousand, or by Jove I'll split, and burst him all to atoms. Let him give me a thousand and I'll go abroad, and I give you my honour as a gentleman, I'll not ask him for no more for a year. Give him that message from me, Strong, my boy; and tell him if the money ain't here next Friday at twelve o'clock, as sure as my name's what it is, I'll have a paragraph in the newspaper on Saturday, and next week I'll blow up the whole concern.'

Strong carried back these words to his principal, on whom their effect was such that actually on the day and hour appointed, the Chevalier made his appearance once more at Altamont's hotel at Baymouth, with the sum of money required. Altamont was a gentleman, he said, and behaved as such; he paid his bill at the Inn, and the Baymouth paper announced his departure on a foreign tour. Strong saw him embark at Dover. 'It must be forgery at the very least,' he thought, 'that has put Clavering into this fellow's power, and the Colonel has got the bill.'

Before the year was out, however, this happy country saw the Colonel once more upon its shores.

We shall have another opportunity of making acquaintance with these and some other interesting inhabitants o{ Shepherds Inn, and in the meanwhile are keeping Lady Clavering and her friends too long waiting on the door-steps of Grosvenor Place.

First they went into the gorgeous dining-room, fitted up, Lady Clavering couldn't for goodness gracious tell why, in the middle-aged style, 'unless,' said her good-natured ladyship, laughing, ' because me and Clavering are middle-aged people;' —and here they were offered the copious remains of the luncheon of which Lady Clavering and Blanche had just partaken. When nobody was near, our little Sylphide, who scarcely ate at dinner more than the six grains of rice of Amina, the friend of the Ghouls in the Arabian Nights, was most active with her knife and fork, and consumed a very substantial portion of mutton cutlets: in which piece of hypocrisy it is beheved she resembled other young ladies of fashion. Pen and his uncle declined the refection, but they admired the dining-room with fitting compliments, and pronounced it ' very chaste,' that being the proper phrase.

Poor Lady Clavering, meanwhile, knew little regarding these things, and had a sad want of respect for the splendours around her. 'I only know they cost a precious deal of money, Major,' she said to her guest, ' and that I don't advice you to try one of them gossamer gilt chairs: ,' came down on one the night we gave our second dinner-party. Why didn't you come and see us before? We'd have asked you to it.'

' You would have liked to see Mamma break a chair, wouldn't you, Mr. Pendennis ?' dear Blanche said with a sneer. She was angry because Pen was talking and laughing with Mamma, because Mamma had made a number of blunders in describing the house—for a hundred other good reasons.

'I should like to have been by to give Lady Clavering my arm if she had need of it,' Pen answered, with a bow and a blush.

' *Quel preux Chevalier!'* ciied the Sylphide, tossing up her little head.

'I have a fellow-feeling with those who fall, remember,' Pen said. ' I suffered myself very much from doing so once.'

'And you went home to Laura to console you,' said Miss Amory. Pen winced. He did not like the remembrance of

the consolation which Laura had given to him, nor was he very well pleased to find that his rebuff in that quarter was known to the world; so as he had nothing to say in reply, he began to be immensely interested in the furniture round about him, and to praise Lady Clavenng's taste with all his might.

' Me, don t praise me,' said honest Lady Clavering, ' it's all the upholsterer's doings and Captain Strong's, they did it all while we was at the Park—and—and—Lady Rockminster has been here and says the salongs are very well,' said Lady Clavering, with an air and tone of great deference.

' Yes, Lady Rockminster has took us up,' said Lady Clavering.

' Taken us up, Mamma,' cried Blanche, in a shrill voice.

'Well, taken us up, then,' said my lady; 'it's very kind of her, and I dare say we shall like it when we git used to it, only at first one don't fancy being took—well taken up, at all. She is going to give our balls for us; and wants to invite all our dinners. But I won't stand that. I will have my old friends and I won't let her send all the cards out, and sit mum at the head of my own table. You must come to me, Arthur and Major—come, let me see, on the I'th.—It ain't one of our grand dinners, Blanche,' she said, looking round at her daughter, who bit her lips and frowned very savagely for a sylphide.

The Major, with a smile and a bow, said he would much rather come to a quiet meeting than to a grand dinner. He had had enough of those large entertainments, and preferred the simplicity of the home circle.

' I always think a dinner's the best the second day, said Lady Clavering, thinking to mend her first speech. ' On the 14th we'll be quite a snug little party;' at which second blunder, Miss Blanche clasped her hands in despair, and said ' O, mamma, *vous etes incorrigible.'* Major Pendennis vowed that he liked snug dinners of all things in the world, and confounded her ladyship's impudence for daring to ask such a man as *him* to a second day's dinner. But he was a man of an economical turn of mind, and bethinking himself that he could throw over these people if anything better should offer, he accepted with the blandest air. As for Pen, he was not a diner-out of thirty years' standing as yet, and the idea of a fine feast in a fine house was still perfectly welcome to him.

'What was that pretty little quarrel which engaged itself

between your worship and Miss Amory ? ' the Major asked of Pen, as they walked away together. 'I thought you used to be *au mieux* in that quarter,'

'Used to be," answered Pen, with a dandified air, ' is a vague phrase regarding a woman. Was and is are two very different terms, sir, as regards women's hearts especially,'

' Egad, they change as we do,' cried the elder. ' When we took the Cape of Good Hope, I recollect there was a lady who talked of poisoning herself for your humble servant; and, begad, in three months, she ran away from her husband with somebody else. Don't get yourself entangled with that Miss Amory. She is forward, affected, and under-bred; and her character is somewhat—never mind what. But don't think of her; ten thousand pound won't do for you. What, my good fellow, is ten thousand pound? I would scarcely pay that girl's milliner's bill with the interest of the money.'

'No, Arthur, my dear fellow, with your person and expectations, you ought to make a good coup in marriage some day or other; and though I wouldn't have this repeated at Fairoaks, you rogue, ha! ha! a reputation for a little wickedness, and for being an *homme dangereux,* don't hurt a young fellow with the women. They like it, sir—they hate a milksop . . . young men must be young men, you know. But for marriage,' continued the veteran moralist, 'that is a very different matter. Marry a woman with money. I've told you before it is as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one; and a doosed deal more comfortable to sit down to a well-cooked dinner, with your little *entrees* nicely served, than to have nothing but a damned cold leg of mutton between you and your wife. We shall have a good dinner on the I'th, when we dine with Sir Francis Clavering: stick to that, my boy, in your relations with the family. Cultivate 'em, but keep 'em for dining. No more of your youthful follies and nonsense about love in a cottage,'

'It must be a cottage with a double coach-house, a cottage of gentility, sir,' said Pen, quoting the hackneyed ballad of the Devil's Walk: but his Uncle did not know that poem (though, perhaps, he might be leading Pen upon the very promenade in question), and went on with his philosophical remarks, very much pleased with the aptness of the pupil to whom he addressed them. Indeed Arthur Pendennis was a clever

fellow, who took his colour very readily from his neighbour, and found the adaptation only too easy.

On the day appointed, Major Pendennis, who had formed no better engagement, and Arthur who desired none, arrived together to dine with Sir Francis Clavermg. The only tenants of the drawing-room when Pen and his uncle reached it, were Sir Francis and his wife, and our friend Captain Strong.

To these were added other persons of note: the Dowager Lady Rockminster, who had her reasons for being well with the Clavering family, and the Lady Agnes Foker, with her son Mr. Harry, our old acquaintance. Mr. Pynsent could not come, his parliamentary duties keeping him at the House, duties which sate upon the two other senators very lightly. Miss Blanche Amory was the last of the company who made her appearance. She was dressed in a killing white silk dress, which displayed her pearly shoulders to the utmost advantage. Fokei whispered to Pen, who regarded her with eyes of evident admiration, that he considered her 'a stunner.' She chose to be very gracious to Arthur upon this day, and held out her hand most cordially, and talked about dear Fairoaks, and asked for dear Laura and his mother, and said she was longing to go back to the country, and in fact was entirely simple, affectionate, and artless.

Harry Foker thought he had never seen anybody so amiable and delightful. Not accustomed much to the society of ladies, and ordinarily being dumb in their presence, he found that he could speak before Miss Amory, and became uncommonly lively and talkative, even before the dinner was announced and the party descended to the lower rooms.

Foker's mamma, from her place, surveying her darling boy, was surprised at his vivacity. Harry talked constantly to his fair neighbour about the topics of the day.

'Seen Taglioni in the Sylphide, Miss Amory? Bring me that souprame of Volile again, if you please (this was addressed to the attendant near him), very good: can't think where the souprames come from; what becomes of the legs of the fowls, I wonder? She's clipping in the Sylphide, ain't she?' and he began very kindly to hum the pretty air which pervades that prettiest of all ballets, now faded into the past' with that most beautiful and gracious of all dancers. Will the young folks ever see anything so charming, anything so classic, anything like Taglioni?

'Miss Amory is a sylph herself,' said Mr. Pen.

'What a delightful tenor voice you have, Mr. Foker,' said the young lady. 'I am sure you have been well taught. I sing a little myselh I should like to sing with you,'

Pen remembered that words very similar had been addressed to himself by the young lady, and that she had liked to sing with him in former days. And sneering within himself, he wondered with how many other gentlemen she had sung duets since his time? But he did not think fit to put this awkward question aloud: and only said, with the very tenderest air which he could assume, 'I should like to hear you sing again, Miss Blanche. I never heard a voice I liked so well as yours, I think,'

As the dinner at which Pen and his uncle took their places was not one of our grand parties, it had been served at a considerably earlier hour than those ceremonial banquets of the London season, which custom has ordained shall scarcely take place beiore nine o'clock; and, the company being small, and Miss Blanche, anxious to betake herself to her piano in the drawing-room, giving constant hints to her mother to retreat,—Lady Claveiing made that signal very speedily, so that it was quite daylight yet when the ladies reached the upper apartments.

The windows of the dining-room were opened to let in the fresh air, and afforded to the passers-by in the street a pleasant or, perhaps, tantalising view of six gentlemen in white waistcoats, with a quantity of decanters and a variety of fruits before them—little boys, as they passed and jumped up at the area-railings, and took a peep, said to one another, 'Mi hi, Jim, shouldn't you like to be there, and have a cut of that there pineappe?'

Jeames, with folded legs, leaning against the door-pillar of his master's abode, looked forth musingly upon the latter tranquil sight: whilst a spectator clinging to the railings examined the former scene. Policeman X passing, gave his attention to neither, but fixed it upon the individual holding by the railings, and gazing into Sir Francis Clavenng's dining-room, where Strong was laughing and talking away, making the conversation for the party.

The man at the railing was very gorgeously attired with chains, jewellery, and waistcoats, which the illumination from the house lighted up to great advantage; his boots were shiny;

he had brass buttons to his coat, and large white wristbands over his knuckles; and indeed looked so grand, that X imagined he beheld a member of parliament, or a person of consideration before him. Whatever his rank, however, the M.P., or person of consideration, was considerably excited by wine; for he lurched and reeled somewhat in his gait, and his hat was cocked over his wild and bloodshot eyes in a manner which no sober hat ever could assume. His copious black hair was evidently surreptitious, and his whiskers of the Tyrian purple.

Jeames's attention had been gradually drawn from the moon in the heavens to this sublunary scene; and he was puzzled and alarmed by the appearance of the man in shiny boots.

X marched up resolute, with one Berlin glove stuck in his beltside, and Jeames simply pointed with his index finger to the individual who was laughing against the railings. Not one single word more than 'Pleaceman' did he say, but stood there in the calm summer evening, pointing calmly: a grand sight.

X advanced to the individual and said, 'Now, sir, will you have the kindness to move hon?'

The individual, who was in perfect good-humour, did not appear to hear one word which Policeman X uttered, but nodded and wagged his grinning head at Strong, until his hat almost fell from his head ovei the area railings.

'Now, sir, move on, do you hear?' cries X, in a much more peremptory tone, and he touched the stranger gently with one of the fingers enclosed in the gauntlets of the Berlin woof.

'Move on out of this,' said X, 'and don't be a blocking up the pavement, staring into gentlemen's dining-rooms.'

'Not stare—ho, ho,—not stare—that *is a* good one,' replied the other with a satiric laugh and sneer—'Who's to prevent me from staring, looking at my friends, if I like? not you, old highlows.'

'Friends! I dessay. Move on,' answered X.

'If you touch me, I'll pitch into you, I will,' roared the other. 'I tell you I know 'em all—That's Sir Francis Clavering, Baronet, M.P.—I know him, and he knows me—and that's Strong, and that's the young chap that made the row at the ball. I say, Strong, Strong!'

'It's that d——Altamont,' cried Sir Francis within, with a

start and a guilty look; and Strong also, with a look of annoyance, got up from the table, and ran out to the intruder.

Colonel Altamont, for the intelligent reader has doubtless long ere this discovered in the stranger His Excellency the Ambassador of the Nav,'aub of Lucknow, reeled into the dining-room, with a triumphant look towards Jeames, the footman, which seemed to say, 'There, sir, what do you think of that? *Now,* am I a gentleman or no?' and sank down into the first vacant chair.

'Very singular man. Has resided long in a native court ini India,' Strong said, with great gravity, the Chevalier's presence of mind never deserting him—'in those Indian courts they get very singular habits,'

'Very,' said Major Pendennis, drily, and wondering what in goodness' name was the company into which he had got.

Mr. Foker was pleased with the new-comer. 'It's the man who would sing the Malay song at the Back Kitchen,' he whispered to Pen. 'Try this pine, sir,' he then said to Colonel Altamont, 'it's uncommonly fine,'

'Pines—I've seen 'em feed pigs on pines,' said the Colonel.

Then the Colonel, seeing Pen's honest face, regarded it for a while with as much steadiness as became his condition; and said, 'I know you, too, young fellow. I remember you. Baymouth ball, by Jingo. Wanted to fight the Frenchman. ,' remember you,' and he laughed, and he squared with his fists, and seemed hugely amused in the drunken depths of his mind, as these recollections passed, or, rather, reeled across it.

'Mr. Pendennis, you remember Colonel Altamont, at Baymouth?' Strong said: upon which Pen, bowing rather stiffly, said, 'he had the pleasure of remembering that circumstance perfectly,'

'What's his name?' cried the Colonel. Strong named Mr. Pendennis again.

'Pendennis!—Pendennis be hanged!' Altamont roared out to the surprise of every one, and thumping with his fist on the table.

'My name is also Pendennis, sir,' said the Major, whose dignity was exceedingly mortified by the evening's events—that he, Major Pendennis, should have been asked to such a party, and that a drunken man should have been introduced to it. 'My name is Pendennis, and I will be obliged to you not to curse it too loudly,'

The tipsy man turned round to look at him, and as he looked, it appeared as if Colonel Altamont suddenly grew sober. He put his hand across his forehead, and, in doing so, displaced somewhat the black wig which he wore; and his eyes stared fiercely at the Major, who, in his turn, like a resolute old warrior as he was, looked at his opponent very keenly and steadily. At the end of the mutual inspection, Altamonl began to button up his brass-buttoned coat, and rising up from his chair, suddenly, and to the company's astonishment, reeled towards the door, and issued from it, followed by Strong: all that the latter heard him utter was—'Captain Beak! Captain Beak, by jingo!'

There had not passed above a quarter of an hour from his strange appearance to his equally sudden departure. The two young men and the baronet's other guest wondered at the scene, and could find no explanation for it. Clavering seemed •exceedingly pale and agitated, and turned with looks of almost terror towards Major Pendennis. The latter had been eyeing his host keenly for a moment or two. ' Do you know him?' asked Sir Francis of the Major.

'I am sure I have seen the fellow,' the Major replied, looking as if he, too, was puzzled. 'Yes, I have it. He was a deserter from the Horse Artillery who got into the Nawaub's service. I remember his face quite well.'

'Oh!' said Clavering, with a sigh which indicated immense relief of mind, and the Major looked at him with a twinkle of his sharp old eyes. The cab which Strong had desired to be called, drove away with the Chevalier and Colonel Altamont; coffee was brought to the remaining gentlemen, and they went upstairs to the ladies in the drawing-room, Foker declaring confidentially to Pen that 'this was the rummest go he ever saw,' which decision Pen said, laughing, 'showed great discrimination on Mr. Foker's part.'

Then, according to her promise, Miss Amory made music for the young men. Foker was enraptured with her performance, and kindly joined in the airs which she sang, when he happened to be acquainted with them. Pen affected to talk aside with others of the party, but Blanche brought him quickly to the piano, by singing some of his own words, those which we have given in a previous number, indeed, and which the Sylphide had herself, she said, set to music.

The hour of departure having arrived, the Major rose,

regretting that so delightful an evening should have passed away so quietly, and addressed a particularly fine compliment to Miss Amory, upon her splendid talents as a singer. 'Your daughter, Lady Clavering,' he said to that lady, 'is a perfect nightingale—a perfect nightingale, begad! I have scarcely ever heard anything equal to her, and her pronunciation of every language begad, of every language—seems to me to be perfect; and the best houses in London must open before a young lady who has such talents and, allow an old fellow to say, Miss Amory, such a face,'

Blanche was as much astonished by these compliments as Pen was, to whom his uncle, a little time since, had been speaking in very disparaging terms of the Sylph. The Major and the two young men walked home together, after Mr. Foker and placed his mother in her carriage and procured a light for an enormous cigar.

The young gentleman's company or his tobacco did not appear to be agreeable to Major Pendenms, who eyed him askance several times, and with a look which plainly indicated that he wished Mr. Foker would take his leave; but Foker hung on resolutely to the uncle and nephew, even until they came to the former's door in Bury Street, where the Major wished the lads good night.

'And I say. Pen,' he said in a confidential whisper, calling his nephew back, 'mind you make a point of calling in Grosvenor Place to-morrow. They've been uncommonly civil; mons'ously civil and kind,'

Pen promised and wondered, and the Major's door having been closed upon him by Morgan, Foker took Pen's arm, and walked with him for some time silently puffing his cigar. At last, when they had reached Charing Cross on Arthur's way home to the Temple, Harry Foker relieved himself, and broke out with that eulogium upon poetry, and those regrets regarding a misspent youth which have just been mentioned. And all the way along the Strand, and up to the door of Pen's very staircase, in Lamb Court, Temple, young Harry Fokei did not cease to speak about singing and Blanche Amory.

CHAPTER XIV

SINCE that fatal but delightful night in Grosvenor Place, Mr. Harry Foker's heart had been in such a state of agitation as

you would hardly have thought so great a philosopher could endure. When we remember what good advice he had giver' to Pen in former days, how an eaily wisdom and knowledge of the world had manifested itself in the gifted youth; how a constant course ot self-indulgence, such as becomes a gentleman of his means and expectations, ought by right to have increased his cynicism, and made him, with every succeeding day of his life, care less and less for every individual in the world, with the single exception ct Mr. Harry Foker, one may wonder that he should fall into the mishap to which most of us are subject once or twice in our lives, and disquiet his great mind about a woman. But Foker, though early wise, was still a man. He could no more escape the common lot than Achilles, or Ajax, or Lord Nelson, or Adam our first father, and now, his time being come, young Harry became a victim to Love, the All-conqueror.

His mother, though good and tender, did not amuse her boy; his cousins, the daughters of his maternal uncle, the respectable Earl of Rosherville, wearied him beyond measure. One was blue, and a geologist; one was a horsewoman, and smoked cigars; one was exceedingly Low Church, and had the most heterodox views on religious matters; at least, so the other said, who was herself of the very Highest Church faction, and made the cupboard in hei room into an oratory, and tasted on every Friday in the year. Their paternal house of Drummingtcn, Foker could very seldom be got to visit. He swore he had rather go on the treadmill than stay there. He was not much beloved by the inhabitants. Lord Erith, Lord Rosherville's heir, considered his cousin a low person, of deplorably vulgar habits and manners ; while Foker, and with equal reason, voted Erith a prig and a dullard, the nightcap of the House of Commons, the Speaker's opprobrium, the dreariest of philanthropic spouters. Nor could George Robert, Earl of Gravesend and Rosherville, ever forget that on one evening when he condescended to play at billiards with his nephew, that young gentleman poked his lordship in the side with his cue, and said, ' Well, old cock, I've seen many a bad stroke in my life, but I never saw such a bad one as that there.' He played the game out with angelic sweetness of temper, for Harry was his guest as well as his nephew; but he was nearly having a fit in the night; and he kept to his own rooms until young Harry quitted Drummington on his return to Oxbridge, where the interesting youth was finishing his education

at the time when the occurrence took place. It was an awful Jblow to the venerable earl; the circumstance was never alluded to in the family; he shunned Foker whenever he came to see them in London or in the country, r.nd could hardly be brought to gasp out a 'How d'ye do? to the young blasphemer. But he would not break his sister Agnes's heart, by banishing Harry from the family altogether; nor, indeed, could he afford to break with Mr. Foker, senior, between whom and his lordship there had been many private transactions, producing an exchange of bank-cheques from Mr. Foker, and autographs from the earl himself, with the letters I O U written over his illustrious signature.

Besides the four daughters of Lord Gravesend whose various qualities have been enumerated in the former paragraph, his lordship was blessed with a fifth girl, the Lady Ann Milton, who, from her earliest years and nursery, had been destined to a peculiar position in life. It was ordained between her parents and her aunt, that when Mr. Harry Foker attained a proper age, Lady Ann should become his wife. The idea had been familiar to her mind when she yet wore pinafores, and when Harry, the dirtiest of little boys, used to come back with black eyes from school to Drummington, or to his father's house of Logwood, where Lady Ann lived much with her aunt. Both of the young people coincided with the arrangement proposed by the elders, without any protests or difficulty. It no more entered Lady Ann's mind to question the order of her father, than it would have entered Esther's to dispute the commands of Ahasuerus. The heir-apparent of the house of Foker was also obedient, for when the old gentleman said, 'Harry, your uncle and I have agreed that when you're of a proper age, you'll marry Lady Ann. She won't have any money, but she's good blood, and a good one to look at, and I shall make you comfortable. If you refuse, you'll have your mother's jointure, and two hundred a year during my life'— Harry, who knew that his sire, though a man of few words, v,'as yet implicitly to be trusted, acquiesced al once in the parental decree, and said, 'Well, sir, if Ann's agreeable, I say ditto. She's not a bad-looking girl.'

'And she has the best blood in England, sir. Your mother's blood, your own blood, sir,' said the Brewer. 'There's nothing like it, sir,'

'Well, sir, as you like it,' Harry replied. 'When you want

me, please ring the bell. Only there's no hurry, and I hope you'll give us a long day. I should like to have my fling out before I marry.'

'Fling away, Harry,' answered the benevolent father. 'Nobody prevents you, do they?' And so very little more was said upon this subject, and Mr. Harry pursued those amusements in life which suited him best; and hung up a little picture of his cousin in his sitting-room, amidst the French prints, the favourite actresses and dancers, the racing and coaching works of art, which suited his taste and formed his gallery. It was an insignificant little picture, representing a simple round face with ringlets; and it made, as it must be confessed, a very poor figure by the side of Mademoiselle Petitot, dancing over a rainbow, or Mademoiselle Redowa, grinning in red boots and a lancer's cap.

Well, the instant Foker awoke on the day after Lady Clavering's dinner, there was Blanche's image glaring upon him with its clear grey eyes, and winning smile.

When his fond mamma beheld her boy that morning, she remarked on the pallor of his cheek, and the general gloom of his aspect. 'Why do you go on playing billiards at that wicked Spratt's?' Lady Agnes asked. 'My dearest child, those billiards will kill you, I'm sure they will,'

'It isn't the billiards,' Harry said, gloomily.

'That was an uncommon good dinner we had yesterday, ma'am,' the artful Harry broke out. 'Their clear soup's better than ours. Moufflet will put too much taragon into everything. The supreme de volaille was very good—uncommon, and the sweets were better than Moufflet's sweets. Did you taste the plombiere, ma am, and the maraschino jelly? Stunningly good that maraschino jelly!'

Lady Agnes expressed her agreement in these, as in almost all other sentiments of her son, who continued the artful conversation, saying—

'Very handsome house that of the Claverings. Furniture, I should say, got up regardless of expense. Magnificent display of plate, ma'am,' The lady assented to all these propositions.

'Very nice people the Claverings,'

'H'm!' said Lady Agnes.

'I know what you mean. Lady C. ain't distangy exactly, but she is very good-natured,'

'Oh, very,' mamma said, who was herself one of the most good-natured of women.

'And Sir Francis, he don't talk much before ladies; but after dinner he comes out uncommon strong, ma'am—a highly agreeable well-informed man. When will you ask them to dinner? Look out for an early day, ma'am;' and looking into Lady Agnes's pocket-book, he chose a day only a fortnight hence (an age that fortnight seemed to the young gentleman), when the Claverings were to be invited to Grosvenor-street.

The obedient Lady Agnes wrote the required invitation. She was accustomed to do so without consulting her husband, who had his own society and habits, and who left his wile to see her own friends alone. Harry looked at the card; but there was an omission in the invitation which did not please him.

'You have not asked Miss Whatdyecallem—Miss Emery, Lady Clavering's daughter.'

'Oh, that little creature!' Lady Agnes cried. 'No, I think not, Harry,'

'We must ask Miss Amory,' Foker said. 'I—I want to ask Pendennis; and—and he's very sweet upon her. Don't you think she sings very well, ma'am?'

'I thought her rathei forward, and didn't listen to her singing. She only sang at you and Mr. Pendennis, it seemed to me. But I will ask her if you wish, Harry,' and so Miss Amory's name was written on the card with her mother's.

This piece of diplomacy being triumphantly executed, Harry embraced his fond parent with the utmost affection, and retired to his own apartments, where he stretched himself on his ottoman, and lay brooding silently, sighing for the day which was to bring the fair Miss Amory under his paternal roof, and devising a hundred wild schemes for meeting her.

What?—If any young ladies read this page, I have only to inform them that when the same mishap befalls them, which now had for more than twelve hours befallen Harry Foker, people will grow interesting to them for whom they did not care sixpence on the day before; as on the other hand persons of whom they fancied themselves fond will be found to have become insipid and disagreeable. Now, then, if you ask why Henry Foker, Esquire, was in such a hurry to see Arthur

Pendennis, and felt such a sudden value and esteem for him, there is no difficulty in saying it was because Pen had become really valuable in Mr. Foker's eyes: because if Pen was not the rose, he yet had been near that fragrant flower of love. Was not he in the habit ot going to her house in London? Did he not live near her in the country?—know all about the enchantress? What, I wonder, would Lady Ann Milton, Mr. Foker's cousin and *pretendue*, have said, if her ladyship had known all that was going on in the bosom of that funny little gentleman?

And now with that perspicuity and ingenuity and enterprise which only belongs to a certain passion, Mr. Foker began to dodge Miss Amory through London, and to appear wherever he could meet her. It Lady Clavering went to the French play, where her ladyship had a box, Mr. Foker, whose knowledge of the language, as we have heard, was not conspicuous, appeared in a stall.

Old Pendennis seldom missed going to church. He considered it to be his duty as a gentleman to patronise the institution of public worship, and that it was quite a correct thing to be seen at church of a Sunday. One day it chanced that he and Arthur went thither together: the latter, who was now in high favour, had been to breakfast with his uncle, from whose lodging they walked across the park to a church not far from Belgrave Square. There was a charity sermon at Saint James's as the Major knew by the bills posted on the pillars of his parish church, which probably caused him, for he was a thrifty man, to forsake it for that day: besides he had other views for himself and Pen. 'We will go to church, sir, across the Park; and then, begad, \ve will go to the Coverings' house, and ask them for lunch in a friendly way. Lady Clavering likes to be asked for lunch, and is uncommonly kind, and monstrous hospitable.'

'I met them at dinner last week, at Lady Agnes Foker's, sir,' Pen said, 'and the Begum was very kind indeed. So she was in the country: so she is everywhere. But I share your opinion about Miss Amory; one of your opinions, that is, uncle, for you were changing, the last time we spoke about her.'

'And what do you think of her now?' the elder said.

'I think her the most confounded little flirt in London,' Pen answered, laughing. 'She made a tremendous assault upon

Harry Foker, who sat next to her; and to whom she gave all the talk, though I took her down,'

'Bah! Henry Foker is engaged to his cousin, all the world knows it: not a bad *coup* ol Lady Rosherville's, that. I should say, that the young man at his father's death, and old Mr. Foker's life's devilish bad: you know he had a fit, at Arthur's, last year: I should say, that young Foker won't have less than fourteen thousand a year from the brewery, besides Logwood and the Norfolk property. I've no pride about me, Pen. I like a man of birth certainly, but dammy, I like a brewery which brings in a man fourteen thousand a year; hey, Pen? Ha, ha, that's the sort of man for me. And I recommend you now that you are *lanced* in the world, to stick to fellows ot that sort; to fellows who have a stake in the country, begad.'

'Foker sticks to me, sir,' Arthur answered. 'He has been at our chambers several times lately. He has asked me to dinner. We are almost as great friends, as we used to be in our youth: and his talk is about Blanche Amory from morning till night. I'm sure he's sweet upon her.'

'I'm sure he is engaged to his cousin, and that they will keep the young man to his bargain,' said the Major. 'The marriages in these families are affairs of state.

'Blanche is a dangerous girl, sir,' Pen said. 'I was smitten with her myself once, and very far gone, too,' he added; 'but that is years ago.'

'Were you? How far did it go? Did she return it?' asked the Major, looking hard at Pen.

Pen, with a laugh, said 'that at one time he did think he was pretty well in Miss Amory's good graces. But my mother did not like her, and the affair went off.' Pen did not think it fit to tell his uncle all the particulars of that courtship which had passed between himself and the young lady.

'A man might go farther and fare worse, Arthur,' the Major said, still looking queerly at his nephew.

'Her birth, sir; her father was the mate of a ship, they say: and she has not money enough,' objected Pen, in a dandified manner. 'What's ten thousand pound and a girl bred up like her?'

'You use my own words, and it is all very well. But, I tell you in confidence, Pen,—in strict honour, mind,—that it's my belief she has a devilish deal more than ten thousand pound: and from what I saw of her the other day, and—and have

heard of her—I should say she was a devilish accomplished, clever girl: and would make a good wife with a sensible husband,'

'How do you know about her money?' Pen asked, smiling. 'You seem to have information about everybody, and to know about all the town,'

'I do know a few things, sir, and I don't tell all I know. Mark that,' the uncle replied. 'And as for that charming Miss Amory,—lor charming, begad! she is,—if I saw her Mrs. Arthur Pendennis, I should neither be sorry nor surprised, begad! and if you object to ten thousand pound, what would you say, sir, to thirty, or forty, or fifty X and the Major looked sti!! more knowingly, and still harder at Pen.

'Well, sir,' he said to his godfather and namesake, 'make her Mrs. Arthur Pendennis. You can do it as well as I,'

'Psha! you are laughing at me, sir,' the other replied, rather peevishly, 'and you ought not to laugh so near a church gate. Here we are at St. Benedict's. They say Mr. Oriel is a beautiful preacher,'

When the two ladies came out, they found together the Pendennises, uncle and nephew, and Harry Foker, Esquire, sucking the crook of his stick, standing there in the sunshine. To see and to ask to eat were simultaneous with the good-natured Begum, and she invited the three gentlemen to luncheon straightway.

Blanche was, too, particularly gracious. 'O! do come,' she said to Arthur, 'if you are not too great a man. I want so to talk to you about—but we mustn't say what, Acre, you know. What would Mr. Oriel say?' And the young devotee jumped into the carriage after her mamma.—'I've read every word of it. It's *adorable,'* she added, still addressing herself to Pen.

'I know *who* is,' said Mr. Arthur, making rather a pert bow.

'What's the row about?' asked Mr. Foker, rather puzzled.

'I suppose Miss Clavering means "Walter Lorraine,"' said the Major, looking knowing, and nodding at Pen.

'I suppose so, sir. There was a famous review in the Pall Mall this morning. It was Warrington's doing though, and I must not be too proud,'

'A review in Pall Mall?-Walter Lorraine? What the doose do you mean?' Foker asked. 'Walter Lorraine died of the measles, poor little beggar, when we were at Grey Friars. I remember his mother coming up,'

'You are not a literary man, Foker,' Pen said, laughing, and hooking his arm into his friend's. 'You must know I have been writing a novel, and some of the papers have spoken very well of it. Perhaps you don't read the Sunday papers?'

'I read Bell's Life regular, old boy,' Mr. Foker answered: at which Pen laughed again, and the three gentlemen proceeded in great good-humour to Lady Clavering's house.

The subject of the novel was resumed after luncheon by Miss Amory, who indeed loved poets and men of letters if she loved anything, and was sincerely an artist in feeling. 'Some of the passages in the book made me cry, positively they did,' she said.

Pen said, with some fatuity, 'I am happy to think I have a part of *vos larmes,* Miss Blanche,'—and the Major (who had not read more than six pages of Pen's book) put on his sanctified look, saying, 'Yes, there are some passages quite affecting, mons'ous affecting:' and,—'Oh, if it makes you cry,' —Lady Amory declared she would not read it, 'that she wouldn't.'

If the Major thought that by telling Miss Amory of Mr. Foker's engagement to his cousin, Lady Ann Milton (which information the old gentleman neatly conveyed to the girl as he sate by her side at luncheon below-stairs),—if, we say, the Major thought that the knowledge of this fact would prevent Blanche from paying any further attention to the young heir of Foker's Entire, he was entirely mistaken. She became only the more gracious to Foker: she praised him, and everything belonging to him; she praised his mamma; she praised the pony which he rode in the Park; she praised the lovely breloques or gimcracks which the young gentleman wore at his watch-chain, and that dear little darling of a cane, and those dear little delicious monkeys' heads with ruby eyes, which ornamented Harry's shirt, and formed the buttons of his waistcoat. And then, having praised and coaxed the weak youth until he blushed and tingled with pleasure, and until Pen thought she really had gone quite far enough, she took another theme.

Some account has been given, in a former part of this story, how Mr. Pen, during his residence at home, after his defeat at Oxbridge, had occupied himself with various literary compositions, and amongst other works, had written the greater part of a novel. This book, written under the influence of his

youthful embarrassments, amatory and pecuniary, was of a very fierce, gloomy, and passionate sort,—the Byronic despair, the Wertherian despondency, the mocking bitterness of Mephistopheles of Faust, were all reproduced and developed in the character of the hero; for our youth had just been learning the German language, and imitated, as almost all clever lads do, his favourite poets and writers.

Many a bitter smile passed over Pen's face as he read his novel, and recalled the time and feelings which gave it birth. How pompous some of the grand passages appeared; and how weak others were in which he thought he had expressed his full heart.

'That's the way of poets,' said Warnngton. 'They fall in love, jilt, or are jilted; they suffer and they cry out that they suffer more than any other mortals: and when they have experienced feelings enough they note them down in a book, and take the book to market. All poets are humbugs, all literary men are humbugs; directly a man begins to sell his feelings for money he's a humbug. If a poet gets a pain in his side from too good a dinner, he bellows Ai, Ai, louder than Prometheus.'

'I suppose a poet has a greater sensibility than another man,' said Pen, with some spirit. 'That is what makes him a poet. I suppose that he sees and feels more keenly: it is that which makes him speak, of what he feels and sees.'

Now Pen had never any notion, even in the time of his youthful inexperience and fervour of imagination, that the story he was writing was a masterpiece of composition, or that he was the equal of the great authors whom he admired; and when he now reviewed his little performance, he was keenly enough alive to its faults, and pretty modest regarding its merits. It was not very good, he thought; but it was as good as most books of the kind that had the run of circulating libraries and the career of the season.

Whilst he was at work upon this performance, the good-natured Warrington artfully inspired the two gentlemen who 'read' for Messrs. Bacon and Bungay with the greatest curiosity regarding 'Walter Lorraine,' and pointed out the peculiar merits of its distinguished author. It was at the period when the novel, called 'The Fashionable,' was in vogue among us; and Warrington did not fail to point out, as before, how Pen was a man of the very first fashion himself, and received at the

houses of some of the greatest personages in the land. The simple and kind-hearted Percy Popjoy was brought to bear upon Mrs. Bungay, whom he informed that his friend Pendennis was occupied upon a work of the most exciting nature; a work that the whole town would run after, full of wit, genius, satire, pathos, and every conceivable good quality. We have said before, that Bungay knew no more about novels than he did about Hebrew or Algebra, and neither read nor understood any of the books which he published and paid for; but he took his opinions from his professional advisers and from Mrs. B., and, evidently with a view to a commercial transaction, asked Pendennis and Warringtcn to dinner again.

Bacon, when he found that Bungay was about to treat, of course, began to be anxious and curious, and desired to outbid his rival. Was anything settled between Mr. Pendennis and the odious house 'over the way' about the new book? Mr. Hack, the confidential reader, was told to make inquiries, and see if anything was to be done, and the result of the inquiries of that diplomatist was, that one morning, Bacon himself toiled up the staircase of Lamb Court, and to the door on which the names of Mr. Warrington, and Mr. Pendennis, were painted.

It is very possible that Mr. Bacon would have set the two gentlemen down as impostors altogether, but that there chanced to be on the breakfast-table certain cards of invitation which the post of the morning had brought in for Pen, and which happened to come trom some very exalted personage of the *beau-monde,* into which our young man had his introduction. Looking down upon these, Bacon saw that the Marchioness of Steyne would be at home to Mr. Arthur Pendennis upon a given day, and that another lady of distinction proposed to have dancing at her house upon a certain future evening. Warrington saw the admiring publisher eyeing these documents. 'Ah,' said he, with an air of simplicity, 'Pendennis is one of the most affable young men I ever knew, Mr. Bacon. Here is a young fellow that dines with all the great men in London, and yet he'll take his mutton-chop with you and me quite contentedly. There's nothing like the affability of the old English gentleman,'

Oh no, nothing,' said Mr. Bacon.

Then Mr. Bacon began to speak upon the subject of his visit; said he heard that Mr. Pendennis had a manuscript novel; professed himself anxious to have a sight of that work,

and had no doubt that they could come to terms respecting it. What would be his price for it? would he give Bacon the refusal of it? he would find our house a liberal house, and so forth. The delighted Pen assumed an air of indifference, and said that he was already in treaty with Bungay, and could give no definite answer. This piqued the other into such liberal, though vague offers, that Pen began to fancy Eldorado was opening to him, and that his fortune was made from that day.

I shall not mention what was the sum of money which Mr. Arthur Pendennis finally received tor the first edition of his novel of 'Walter Lorraine,' lest other young literary aspirants should expect to be as lucky as he was, and unprofessional persons forsake their own callings, whatever they may be, for the sake of supplying the world with novels, whereof there is already a sufficiency.

We may be sure that the widow and Laura walked out lo meet the mail which brought them their copy of Pen's precious noxel, as soon as that work was printed and ready for delivery lo the public: and that they read it lo each other: and that they also read it privately and separately, for when the widow came out of her room in her dressing-room at one o'clock in the morning with volume two, which she had finished, she found Laura devouring volume three m bed. Laura did not say much about the book, but Helen pronounced that it was a happ> mixture of Shakespeare, and Byron, and Walter Scott, and was quite certain that her son was the greatest genius, as he was the best son, in the world.

These thoughts may have passed in Miss Laura's mind, though she did not, she could not, confide them to Helen. She had one more secret, too, from that lady, which she could not divulge, perhaps because she knew how the widow would have rejoiced to know it. This regarded an event which had occurred during that visit to Lady Rockminster, which Laura had paid in the last Christmas holidays: when Pen was at home with his mother, and when Mr. Pynsent, supposed to be so cold and so ambitious, had formally offered his hand to Miss Bell. No one except herself and her admirer knew of this proposal: or that Pynsent had been rejected by her, and probably the reasons she gave to the mortified young man himself were not those which actuated her refusal, or those which she chose to acknowledge to herself. 'I never,' she told Pynsent, 'can accept such an offer as that which you make

me, which you own is unknown to your family as I am sure it would be unwelcome to them. The difference of rank between us is too great. You are very kind to me here—too good and kind, dear Mr, Pynsent—but I am little better than a dependant,'

'A dependant! who ever so thought of you? You are the equal of all the world,' Pynsent broke out.

' I am a dependant at home, too,' Laura said, sweetly, ' and indeed I would not be otherwise. Lett early a poor orphan, I have found the kindest and tenderest of mothers, and I have vowed never to leave her—never. Pray do not speak of this again- here, under your relative's roof, or elsewhere. It is impossible,'

'If Lady Rockminster asks you herseli, will you listen to her ? ' Pynsent cried, eagerly.

' No,' Laura said. ' I beg you never to speak of this any more. I must go away if you do'—and with this she left him.

Pynsent never asked for Lady Rockminster's intercession: he knew how vain it was to look for that: and he never spoke again on that subject to Laura or to any person.

When at length the famous novel appeared, it not only met with applause from more impartial critics than Mrs. Pendennis, but, luckily for Pen, it suited the taste of the public, and obtained a quick and considerable popularity. Before two months were over, Pen had the satisfaction and surprise of seeing the second edition of ' Walter Lorraine ' advertised in the newspapers; and enjoyed the pleasure of reading and sending home the critiques of various literary journals and reviewers upon his book. There are some natures, and perhaps, as we have said, Pendeanis's was one, which arc improved and softened by prosperity and kindness, as there are men of other dispositions, who become arrogant and graceless under good fortune. Happy he who can endure one or the other with modesty and good-humour! Lucky he who has been educated to bear his fate, whatsoever it may be, by an early example of uprightness, and a childish training in honour!

CHAPTER XV

EVERY day, after the entertainments at Grosvenor Place and Greenwich, of which we have seen Major Pendennis

partake, the worthy gentleman's friendship and cordiality for the Clavering family seemed to increase. His calls were frequent; his attentions to the lady of the house unremitting. An old man about town, he had the good fortune to be received in many houses, at which a lady of Lady Clavering's distinction ought also to be seen. Would her ladyship not like to be present at the grand entertainment at Gaunt House? There was to be a very pretty breakfast ball at Viscount Marrowfat's, at Fulham. Everybody was to be there (including august personages of the highest rank), and there was to be a Watteau quadrille, in which Miss Amory would surely look charming. To these and other amusements the obsequious old gentleman kindly offered to conduct Lady Clavering, and was also ready to make himself useful to the Baronet in any way agreeable to the latter.

Perhaps Pen was somewhat intoxicated by his success in the world ; and it may also have entered into the young man's mind (his uncle's perpetual hints serving not a little to encourage the notion) that Miss Amory was tolerably well disposed to renew the little flirtation which had been carried on in the early days of both of them, by the banks of the rural Brawl. But he was little disposed to marriage, he said, at that moment, and, adopting some of his uncle's worldly tone, spoke rather contemptuously of the institution, and in favour of a bachelor life.

'You are very happy, sir,' said he, 'and you get on very well alone, and so do I. With a wife at my side, I should lose my place in society; and I don't, for my part, much fancy retiring into the country with a Mrs. Pendennis; or taking my wife into lodgings to be waited upon by the servant-of-all-work. The period of my little illusions is over. You cured me of my first love, who certainly was a fool, and would have had a fool for her husband, and a very sulky discontented husband too if she had taken me. We young fellows live fast, sir; and I feel as old at five-and-twenty as many of the old fo——the old bachelors——whom I see in the bow-window at Bays's. Don't look offended, I only mean that I am *blase* about love matters, and that I could no more fan myself into a flame for Miss Amory now, than I could adore Lady Mirabel over again. I wish I could; I rather like old Mirabel for his infatuation about her, and think his passion is the most respectable part of his life.'

The Major began to think that Pen was growing exceedingly pert and conceited, and that the world made a great deal too much of him.

The Major's anger amused Pen. He studied his uncle's peculiarities with a constant relish, and was always in a good humour with his worldly old Mentor. 'I am a youngster of fifteen years' standing, sir,' he said, adroitly, 'and if you think that *we* are disrespectful, you should see those of the present generation. A *protege* of yours came to breakfast with me the other day. You told me to ask him, and I did it to please you. We had a day's sights together, and dined at the club, and went to the play. He said the wine at the Polyanthus was not so good as Ellis's wine at Richmond, smoked Warrington's cavendish after breakfast, and when I gave him a sovereign as a farewell token, said he had plenty of them, but would take it to show he wasn't proud.'

'Did he?—did you ask young Clavermg?' cried the Major, appeased at once—'fine boy, rather wild, but a fine boy—parents like that sort of attention, and you can't do better than pay it to our worthy friends of Grosvenor Place. And so you took him to the play and tipped him? That was right, sir, that was right:' with which Mentor quitted Telemachus, thinking that the young men weie not so very bad, and that he should make something of that fellow yet.

As master Clavermg grew into years and stature, he became too strong for the authority of his fond parents and governess; and rather governed them than permitted himself to be led by their orders. With his papa he was silent and sulky, seldom making his appearance, however, in the neighbourhood of that gentleman; with his mamma he roared and fought when any contest between them arose as to the gratification of his appetite, or other wish of his heart; and in his disputes with his governess over his book, he kicked that quiet creature's shins so fiercely, that she was entirely overmastered and subdued by him. And he would have so treated his sister Blanche, too, and did on one or two occasions attempt to prevail over her, but she showed an immense resolution and spirit on her part, and boxed his ears so soundly, that he forbore from molesting Miss Amory, as he did the governess and his mamma, and his mamma's maid.

As the Major rightly predicted, Lady Clavering was very grateful for Arthur's attention to the boy; more grateful than

the lad himself, who took attentions as a matter of course, and very likely had more sovereigns in his pocket than poor Fen, who generously gave him one of his own slender stock of those coins.

The Major, with the sharp eyes with which Nature endowed him, and with the glasses of age and experience, watched this boy, and surveyed his position in the family without seeming to be rudely curious about their affairs. But, as a country neighbour, one who had many family obligations to the Claverings, an old man of the world, he took occasion to find out what Lady Clavering's means were, how her capital was disposed, and what the boy was to inherit. And setting himself to work,—for what purposes will appear, no doubt, ulteriorly, —he soon had got a pretty accurate knowledge of Lady Clavering's affairs and fortune, and of the prospects of her daughter and son. The daughter was to have but a slender provision; the bulk of the property was, as before has been said, to go to the son,— his father did not care for him or anybody else,—his mother was dotingly fond of him as the child of her latter days,—his sister disliked him. Such may be stated, in round numbers, to be the result of the information which Major Pendennis got. 'Ah! my dear madam,' he would say, patting the head of the boy, this boy may wear a baron's coronet on his head on some future coronation, it matters are but managed rightly, and if Sir Francis Clavering would but play his cards well,'

At this the widow Amory heaved a deep sigh. ' He plays only too much of his cards, Major, I'm afraid,' she said. The Major owned that he knew as much; did not disguise that he had heard of Sir Francis Clavering's unfortunate propensity to play; pitied Lady Clavering sincerely; but spoke with such genuine sentiment and sense, that her ladyship, glad to find a person of experience to whom she could confide her grief and her condition, talked about them pretty unreservedly to Major Pendennis, and was eager to have his advice and consolation. Major Pendennis became the Begum's confidante and house-friend, and as a mother, a wife, and a capitalist, she consulted him.

He gave her to understand (showing at the same time a great deal of respectful sympathy) that he was acquainted with some of the circumstances of her first unfortunate marriage, and with even the person of her late husband, whom he remem-

bered in Calcutta—when she was living in seclusion with her father. The poor lady, with tears of shame more than of grief in her eyes, told her version of her story. Going back a child to India after two years at a European school, she had met Amory, and foolishly married him. 'Oh, you don't know how miserable that man made me,' she said, 'or what a life I passed betwixt him and my father. Before I saw him I had never seen a man except my father's clerks and native servants. You know we didn't go into society in India on account of——' ('I know,' said Major Pendennis, with a bow). 'I was a wild romantic child, my head was full of novels which I'd read at school—I listened to his wild stories and adventures, for he was a daring fellow, and I thought he talked beautifully of those calm nights on the passage out, when he used to ... Well, I married him, and I was wretched from that day—wretched with my father, whose character you know, Major Pendennis, and I won't speak of: but he wasn't a good man, sir,—neither to my poor mother nor to me, except that he left me his money,—nor to no one else that I ever heard of: and he didn't do many kind actions in his lifetime, I'm afraid. And as for Amory, he was almost worse; he was a spendthrift when my father was close: he drank dreadfully, and was furious when in that way. He wasn't in any way a good or a faithful husband to me, Major Pendennis; and if he'd died in the gaol before this trial, instead of afterwards, he would have saved me a deal of shame and of unhappmess since, sir,' Lady Clavermg added: 'For perhaps I should not have married at all if I had not been so anxious to change his horrid name, and I have not been happy in my second husband, as I suppose you know, sir. Ah, Major Pendennis, I've got money to be sure, and I'm a lady, and people fancy I'm very happy, but I ain't. We all have our cares, and griefs, and troubles: and many's the day that I sit down to one of my grand dinners with an aching heart, and many a night do I he awake on my fine bed, a great deal more unhappy than the maid that makes it. For I'm not a happy woman, Major, for all the world says; and envies the Begum her diamonds, and carriages, and the great company that comes to my house. I'm not happy in my husband; I'm not happy in my daughter. She ain't a good girl like that dear Laura Bell at Fairoaks. She's cost me many a tear though you don't see 'em; and she sneers at her mother because I haven't had learning and that.

How should I? I was brought up amongst natives till I was twelve, and went back to India when I was fourteen. Ah, Major, I should have been a good woman if I had had a good husband. And now I must go upstairs and wipe my eyes, lor they're red with cryin. And Lady Rockminster's a comin, and we're goin to ave a drive in the Park,' And when Lady Rockminster made her appearance, there was not a trace of tears or vexation on Lady Clavermg's face, but she was full of spirits, and bounced out with her blunders and talk, and murdered the king's English with the utmost liveliness and good-humour.

'Begad, she is not such a bad woman!' the Major thought within himself. 'She is not refined, certainly, and calls "Apollo" "Apoller;" but she has some heart, and I like that sort of thing, and a devilish deal of money, too. Three stars in India Stock to her name, begad! which that young cub is to have—is he?' And he thought how he should like to see a little of the money transferred to Miss Blanche, and, better still, one of those stars shining in the name of Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

Still bent upon pursuing his schemes, whatsoever they might be, the old negotiator took the privilege of his intimacy and age, to talk in a kindly and fatherly manner to Miss Blanche, when he found occasion to see her alone. He came in so frequently at luncheon-time, and became so familiar with the ladies, that they did not even hesitate to quarrel before him; and Lady Clavering, whose tongue was loud, and temper brusque, had many a battle with the Sylphide in the family friend's presence. Blanche's wit seldom failed to have the mastery in these encounters, and the keen barbs of her arrows drove her adversary discomfited away. 'I am an old fellow,' the Major said; 'I have nothing to do in life. I have my eyes open. I keep good counsel. I am the friend of both of you; and if you choose to quarrel before me, why, I shan't tell any one. But you are two good people, and I intend to make it up between you. I have between lots of people—husbands and wives, fathers and sons, daughters and mammas, before this. I like it; I've nothing else to do.'

'You judge wisely about the world, and about your position, my dear Miss Blanche,' the Major said. 'The Prince don't marry nowadays, as you say: unless the Princess has a doosid deal of money in the funds, or is a lady of his own rank.—

The young folks of the great families marry into the great families: if they haven't fortune they have each other's shoulders, to push on in the world, which is pretty nearly as good.—A girl with your fortune can scarcely hope for a great match: but a girl with your genius and your admirable tact and fine manners, with a clever husband by her side, may make *any* place for herself in the world.—We are grown doosid republican. Talent ranks with birth and wealth now, begad: and a clever man with a clever wiie, may take any place they please,'

Miss Amory did not of course in the least understand what Major Pendennis meant.—Perhaps she thought over circumstances in her mind and asked herself, could he be a negotiator for a former suitor of hers, and could he mean Pen? No, it was impossible—He had been civil, but nothing more.—So she said, laughing, 'Who is the clever man, and when will you bring him to me, Major Pendennis? I am dying to see him,'

At this moment a servant threw open the door, and announced Mr. Henry Foker: at which name, and at the appearance of our friend, both the lady and the gentleman burst out laughing.

'That is not the man,' Major Pendennis said 'He is engaged to his cousin, Lord Gravesend's daughter.—Goodbye, my dear Miss Amory,'

Was Pen growing worldly, and should a man not get the experience of the world and lay it to his account? 'He felt, for his part,' as he said, 'that he was growing very old very soon. How this town forms and changes us,' he said once to Warrington. Each had come in from his night's amusement; and Pen was smoking his pipe, and recounting, as his habit was, to his friend the observations and adventures of the evening just past. 'How I am changed,' he said, 'from the simpleton boy at Fairoaks, who was fit to break his heart about his first love! Lady Mirabel had a reception to-night, and was as grave and collected as if she had been born a Duchess, and had never seen a trap-door in her life. She gave me the honour of a conversation, and patronised me about "Walter Lorraine," quite kindly,'

Was Pendennis becoming worldly, or only seeing the world, or both? and is a man very wrong for being after all only a man? Which is the most reasonable, and does his duty best; he who stands aloof from the struggle of life, calmly contemplating

it, or he who descends to the ground, and takes his part in the contest?

The noble Henry Foker, of whom we have lost sight for a few pages, has been in the meanwhile occupied, as we might suppose a man of his constancy would be, in the pursuit and indulgence of his all-absorbing passion of love.

Henry Foker, Esquire, longed after his love, and cursed the fate which separated him from her. When Lord Gravesend's family retired to the country (his lordship leaving his proxy with the venerable Lord Bigwig), Harry still remained lingering on in London, certainly not much to the sorrow of Lady Ann, to whom he was affianced, and who did not in the least miss him. Wherever Miss Clavering went, this infatuated young fellow continued to follow her; and being aware that his engagement to his cousin was known in the world, he was forced to make a mystery of his passion, and confine it to his own breast, so that it was so pent in there and pressed down, that it is a wonder he did not explode some day with the stormy secret, and perish collapsed after the outburst.

There had been a grand entertainment at Gaunt House on one beautiful evening in June, and the next day's journals contained almost two columns of the names of the most closely printed nobility and gentry who had been honoured with invitations to the ball. Among the guests were Sir Francis and Lady Clavering and Miss Amory, for whom the indefatigable Major Pendennis had procured an invitation, and our two young friends Arthur and Harry. Each exerted himself, and danced a great deal with Miss Blanche. As for the worthy Major, he assumed the charge of Lady Clavering, and took care to introduce her to that department of the mansion where her ladyship specially distinguished herself, namely, the refreshment-room, where, amongst pictures of Titian and Giorgione, and regal portraits of Vandyke and Reynolds, and enormous salvers of gold and silver, and pyramids of large flowers, and constellations of wax candles—in a manner perfectly regardless of expense, in a word—a supper was going on all night. Of how many creams, jellies, salads, peaches, white soups, grapes, pates, galantines, cups of tea, champagne, and so forth, Lady Clavering partook, it does not become us to say. How much the Major suffered as he followed the honest woman about, calling to the solemn male attendants and lovely servantmaids, and administering to Lady Clavering's

various wants with admirable patience, nobody knows;—he never confessed. He never allowed his agony to appear on his countenance in the least; but with a constant kindness brought plale after plate to the Begum.

My Lord Steyne, with garter and ribbon, with a bald head and shining eyes, and a collar of red whiskers round his face, always looked grand upon an occasion of state; and made a great effect upon Lady Clavering, when he introduced himself to her at the request of the obsequious Major Pendennis. \Yith his own white and royal hand, he handed to her ladyship a glass of wine, said he had heard of her charming daughter, and begged to be presented to her; and, at this very juncture, Mr. Arthur Pendennis came up with the young lady on his arm.

The peer made a profound bow, and Blanche the deepest curtsey that ever was seen. His lordship gave Mr. Arthur Pendennis his hand to shake; said he had read his book, which was very wicked and clever, asked Miss Blanche if she had read it,—at which Pen blushed and winced. Why, Blanche was one of the heroines of the novel. Blanche, in black ringlets and a little altered, was the Neaeia of 'Walter Lorraine.'

Blanche had read it: the language of the eyes expressed hei admiration and rapture at the performance. This little piav being achieved, the Marquis of Steyne made other two profound bows to Lady Clavering and her daughter, and passed on to some other of his guests at the splendid entertainment.

Mamma and daughter were loud in their expressions of admiration of the noble Marquis so soon as his broad back was turned upon them. 'He said they make a very nice couple,' whispered Major Pendennis to Lady Clavering. Did he now, really? Mamma thought they would; Mamma was so flusteied with the honour which had just been shown to her, and with other intoxicating events of the evening, that her good-humoui knew no bounds. She laughed, she winked, and nodded knowingly at Pen; she tapped him on the arm with her fan; she tapped Blanche; she tapped the Major;—her contentment was boundless, and her method of showing her joy equally expansive.

The Pendennises, the elder and the younger, waited with Lady Ctavering and her daughter until her ladyship's carriage was announced, when the elder's martyrdom may be said to

have come to an end, for the good-natured Begum insisted upon leaving him at his door in Bury Street; so he took the back seat of the carriage, after a feeble bow or two, and speech of thanks, polite to the last, and resolute in doing his duty. The Begum waved her dumpy little hand by way of farewell to Arthur and Foker, and Blanche smiled languidly out upon the young men, thinking whether she looked very wan and green under her rose-coloured hood, and whether it was the mirrors at Gaunt House, or the fatigue and fever of her own eyes, which made her fancy herself so pale.

They were walking down Grosvenor Street, as they talked, or rather as Pen talked, in the selfish fulness of his heart; and Mr. Pen must have been too much occupied with his own affairs to remark the concern and agitation of his neighbour, for he continued: 'We are no longer children, you know, you and I, Harry. Bah! the time of our romance has passed away. We don't marry for passion, but for prudence and for establishment. What do you take your cousin for? Because she is a nice girl, and an Earl's daughter, and the old folks wish it, and that sort of thing,'

'And you, Pendennis,' asked Foker, 'you ain't very fond of the girl—you're going to marry X

Pen shrugged his shoulders. '*Comme ca,* said he; 'I like her well enough. She's pretty enough; she's clever enough. I think she'll do very well. And she has got money enough—that's the great point. Psha! you know who she is, don't you? I thought you were sweet on her yourself one night when we dined with her mamma. It's little Amory.'

'I—I thought so,' Foker said; 'and has she accepted you}'

'Not quite,' Arthur replied, with a confident smile, which seemed to say, I have but to ask, and she comes to me that instant.

'Oh, not quite,' said Foker; and he broke out with such a dreadful laugh, that Pen, for the first time, turned his thoughts from himself towards his companion, and was struck by the other's ghastly pale face-

'My dear fellow, Fo! what's the matter? You're ill,' Pen said, in a tone of real concern.

'You think it was the champagne at Gaunt House, don't you? It ain't that. Come in; let me talk to you for a minute. I'll tell you what it is. D—it, let me tell somebody,' Foker said.

'Look here! I can't help telling you, Pen,' he said. 'Ever since the night we dined there, I'm so fond of that girl, that I think I shall die if I don't get her. I feel as if I should go mad sometimes. I can't stand it, Pen. I couldn't bear to hear you talking about her, just now, about marrying her only because she's money. Ah, Pen! *that* ain't the question in marrying. I'd bet anything it ain't. Talking about money and such a girl as that, it's—it's—what-d'ye-call-'em—i,'ou know what I mean—I ain't good at talking—sacrilege, then. If she'd have me, I'd take and sweep a crossing that I would!'

'Poor Fo! I don't think that would tempt her,' Pen said, eyeing his friend with a great deal of real good-nature and pity. 'She is not a girl for love and a cottage.'

'Poor old fellow!' Pen said, with rather a cheap magnanimity, 'I wish I could help you. I had no idea of this, and that you were so wild about the girl. Do you think she would have you without your money? No. Do you think your father would agree to break off your engagement with your cousin? You know him very well, and that he would cast you off rather than do so.'

The unhappy Foker only groaned a reply, flinging himself prostrate on a sofa, face forwards, his head in his hands.

'As for my affair,' Pen went on—'my dear fellow, if I had thought matters were so critical with you, at least I would not have pained you by choosing you as my confidant. And my business is not serious, at least not as yet. I have not spoken a word about it to Miss Amory. Very likely she would not have me if I asked her. Only I have had a great deal of talk about it with my uncle, who says that the match might be an eligible one for me. I'm ambitious and I'm poor. And it appears Lady Clavering will give her a good deal of money, and Sir Francis might be got to—never mind the rest. Nothing is settled, Harry. They are going out of town directly. I promise you I won t ask her before she goes. There's no hurry: there's time for everybody. But, suppose you got her, Foker. Remember what you said about marriages just now, and the misery of a man who doesn't care for his wife; and what sort of a wife would you have who didn't care for her husband ?'

'And so Foker wants her too, does he ?' thought Pen as he marched along—and noted within himself with a fatal keenness of perception and almost an infernal mischief, that the very

pains and tortures which that honest heart of Foker's was suffering gave a zest and an impetus to his own pursuit of Blanche.

When Pen was gone away, poor Harry Foker got up from the sofa, and taking out from his waistcoat—the splendidly buttoned, the gorgeously embroidered, the work of his mamma —a little white rosebud, he drew from his dressing-case, also the maternal present, a pair of scissors, with which he nipped carefully the stalk of the flower, and placing it in a glass of water opposite his bed, he sought refuge there from care and bitter remembrances.

It is to be presumed that Miss Blanche Amory had more than one rose in her bouquet, and why should not the kind young creature give out of her superfluity, and make as many partners as possible happy?

CHAPTER XVI

IT was in the dull season of the year, then, of a shining Friday night in autumn, that Mr. Pendennis, having completed at his newspaper office a brilliant leading article—such as Captain Shandon himself might have written, had the Captain been in good-humour, and inclined to work, which he never would do except under compulsion—that Mr. Arthur Pendennis having written his article, and reviewed it approvingly as it lay before him in its wet proof-sheet at the office of the paper, bethought him that he would cross the water, and regale himself with the fire-works and othex amusements of Vauxhall. So he affably put in his pocket the order which admitted 'Editor of Pall Mall Gazette and friend' to that place of recreation, and paid with the coin of the realm a sufficient sum to enable him to cross Waterloo Bridge. The walk thence to the Gardens was pleasant, the stars were shining in the skies above, looking down upon the royal property, whence the rockets and Roman candles had not yet ascended to outshine the stars.

Before you enter the enchanted ground, where twenty thousand additional lamps are burned every night as usual, most of us have passed through the black and dreary passage and wickets which hide the splendours of Vauxhall from uninitiated men. In the walls of this passage are two holes

strongly illuminated, in the midst of which you see two gentlemen at desks, where they will take either your money as a private individual, or your order of admission if you are provided with that passport to the Gardens. Pen went to exhibit his ticket at the last-named orifice, where, however, a gentleman and two ladies were already in parley before him.

'It ain't no use, Captain. I can't go about your business,' the check-taker said; on which the Captain swore an oath, and the elder lady said, 'Lor, ow provokin!'

As for the young one, she looked up at the Captain and said, 'Never mind, Captain Costigan, I'm sure I don't want to go at all. Come away, mamma.' And with this, although she did not want to go at all, her feelings overcame her, and she began to cry.

Me poor child!' the Captain said. 'Can ye see that, sir, and will ye not let this innocent creature in?'

'It ain't my business,' cried the doorkeeper, peevishly, out of the illuminated box. And at this minute Arthur came up, and recognising Costigan, said, 'Don't you know me, Captain? Pendennis!' And he took off his hat and made a bow to the two ladies. 'Me dear boy! Me dear friend!' cried the Captain, extending towards Pendennis the grasp of friendship; and he rapidly explained to the other what he called 'a most unluckee conthratong.' He had an order for Vauxhall, admitting two, from Mr. Hodgen, then within the Gardens, and singing (as he did at the Back Kitchen and the nobility's concerts, the 'Body Snatcher,' the 'Death of General Wolfe,' the 'Banner of Blood,' and other favourite melodies); and, having this order for the admission of two persons, he thought that it would admit three, and had come accordingly to the Gardens with his friends. But, on his way, Captain Costigan had lost the paper of admission—it was not forthcoming at all; and the leedies must go back again, to the great disappointment of one of them, as Pendennis saw.

Arthur had a great deal of good-nature for everybody, and sympathised with the misfortunes of all sorts of people: how could he refuse his sympathy in such a case as this? He had seen the innocent face as it looked up to the Captain, the appealing look of the girl, the piteous quiver of the mouth, and the' final outburst of tears. If it had been his last guinea in the world, he must have paid it to have given the poor little thing pleasure. She turned the sad imploring eyes away directly

they lighted upon a stranger, and began to wipe them with her handkerchief. Arthur looked very handsome and kind as he stood before the women, with his hat off, blushing, bowing, generous, a gentleman. 'Who are they?' he asked of himself. He thought he had seen the elder lady before.

'If I can be of any service to you, Captain Costigan,' the young man said, 'I hope you will command me; is there any difficulty about taking these ladies into the garden? Will you kindly make use of my purse? And—and I have a ticket myself which will admit two—I hope, ma'am, you will permit me ?'

'Fanny, take the gentleman's arm,' the elder said; 'since you will be so very kind—I've seen you often come in at our gate, sir, and go in to Captain Strongs at No. 3.'

Fanny made a little curtsey, and put her hand under Arthur's arm. It had on a shabby little glove, but it was pretty and small. She was not a child, but she was scarcely a woman as yet; her tears had dried up, and her cheek mantled with youthful blushes, and her eyes glistened with pleasure and gratitude, as she looked up into Arthur's kind face.

'How dy do, Mr. Pendennisf—a voice broke in here—it was that of a young man in a large white coat with a red neckcloth, over which a dingy shirt-collar was turned so as to exhibit a dubious neck—with a large pin of bullion or other metal, and an imaginative waistcoat with exceedingly fanciful glass buttons, and trousers that cried with a loud voice, 'Come look at me and see how cheap and tawdry I am; my master, what a dirty buck!' and a little stick m one pocket of his coat, and a lady in pink satin on the other arm—'How dy do—Forget me, I dare say? Huxter,—Clavering.'

'How do you do, Mr. Huxter,' the Prince of Fairoaks said in his most princely manner—'I hope you are very well.'

'Pretty bobbish, thanky.'—And Mr. Huxter wagged his head.

Well, the truth is, that however you may suspect him, and whatever you would have done under the circumstances, or Mr. Pen would have liked to do, he behaved honestly, and like a man. 'I will not play with this little girl's heart,' he said within himself, 'and target my own or her honour. She seems to have a great deal of dangerous and rather contagious sensibility, and I am very glad the fireworks are over, and that I can take her back to her mother. Come along, Fanny; mind

the steps, and lean on me. Don't stumble, you heedless little thing; this is the way, and there is your mamma at the door,'

'What a nice little artless creature that was,' Mr. Pen thought at the very instant of waking after the Vauxhall affair; 'what a pretty natural manner she has; how much pleasanter than the minaudenes of the young ladies in the ballrooms' (and here he recalled to himself some instances of what he could not help seeing was the artful simplicity of Miss Blanche, and some of the stupid graces of other young ladies in the polite world); 'who could have thought that such a pretty rose could grow in a porter's lodge, or bloom in that dismal eld flower-pot of a Shepherd's Inn? So she learns to sing from old Bows? If her singing voice is as sweet as her speaking voice, it must be pretty. I like those low *voilees* voices. "What would you like me to call you?" indeed. Poor little Fanny! It went to my heart to adopt the grand air with her and tell her to call me, "sir." But we'll have .I0 nonsense of that sort —no Faust and Margaret business for me That old Bows! So he teaches her to sing, does he? He's a dear old fellow, old Bows: a gentleman in those old clothes: a philosopher, and with a kind heart, too. How good he was to me in the Fotheringay business. He, too, has had his griefs and his sorrows. I must cultivate old Bows. A man ought to see people of all sorts. I am getting tired of genteel society. Besides, there's nobody in town. Yes, I'll go and see Bows, and Costigan too; what a rich character! begad, I'll study him, and put him into a book,' In this way our young anthropologist talked with himself; and as Saturday was the holiday of the week, the Pall Mall Gazette making its appearance upon that day, and the contributors to that journal having no further calls upon their brains or ink-bottles, Mr. Pendennis determined he would take advantage of his leisure, and pay a visit to Shepherd's Inn—of course to see old Bows.

The truth is, that if Arthur had been the most determined *roue* and artful Lovelace who ever set about deceiving a young girl, he could hardly have adopted better means for fascinating and overcoming poor little Fanny Bolton than those which he had employed on the previous night. His dandified protecting air, his conceit, generosity, and good-humour, the very sense of good and honesty which had enabled him to check the tremulous advances of the young creature, and not to take advantage of that little fluttering sensibility,—his faults and his

virtues at once contributed to make her admire him; and if we could peep into Fanny's bed (which she shared in a cupboard, along with those two little sisters to whom we have seen Mr. Costigan administering gingerbread and apples), we should find the poor little maid tossing upon her mattress, to the great disturbance of its other two occupants, and thinking over all the delights and events of that delightful, eventful night, and all the words, looks, and actions of Arthur, its splendid hero. Many novels had Fanny read, in secret and at home, in three volumes and in numbers.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon- the Bolton family having concluded their dinner (and Mr. B., who besides his place of porter of the Inn, was in the employ of Messrs. Tressler, the eminent undertakers of the Strand, being about in the country with the Countess of EstricrTs hearse), when a gentleman in a white hat and white trousers made his appearance under the Inn archway, and stopped at the porter's wicket, Fanny was not in the least surprised, only delighted, only happy, and blushing beyond all measure. She knew it could be no other than He. She knew He'd come. There he was ; there was His Royal Highness beaming upon her from the gate. She called to her mother, who was busy in the upper apartment, ' Mamma, mamma,' and ran to the wicket at once, and opened it, pushing aside the other children. How she blushed as she gave her hand to him ! How affably he took off his white hat as he came in; the children staring up at him! He asked Mrs. Boltori if she had slept well, after the fatigues of the night, and hoped she had no headache; and he said that as he 'vas going that way, he could not pass the door without asking news of his little partner.

Mrs. Bolton was perhaps rather shy and suspicious about these advances; but Mr. Pen's good-humour was inexhaustible, he could not see that he was unwelcome. He looked about the premises for a seat, and none being disengaged, for a dish-cover was on one, a workbox on the other, and so forth, he took one of the children's chairs, and perched himself upon that uncomfortable eminence. At this, the children began laughing, the child Fanny louder than all—at least, she was more amused than any of them, and amazed at His Royal Highness's condescension. *He* to sit down in that chair—that little child's chair!—Many and many a time after, she regarded it: haven't we almost all, such furniture in our rooms, that our fancy

peoples with dear figures, that our memory fills with sweet smiling faces, which may never look on us more?

Pen looked very grave, pompous, and dandified. He was unusually smart and brilliant in his costume. His white duck trousers and white hat, his neckcloth of many colours, his light waistcoat, gold chains, and shirt-studs, gave him the air of a prince of the blood at least. How his splendour became his figure! Was anybody ever like him? some one thought. He blushed—how his blushes became him! the same individual said to herself. The children, on seeing him the day before, had been so stiuck with him, that after he had gone away they had been playing at him. And Ameliar-Ann, sticking her little chubby fingers into the arm-holes of her pinafore, as Pen was wont to do with his waistcoat, had said, 'Now, Bessy-Jane, I'll be Missa Pendennis.' Fanny had laughed till she cried, and smothered her sister with kisses for that feat. How happy, too, she was to see Arthur embracing the child!

If Arthur was red, Fanny, on the contrary, was very worn and pale. Arthur remarked it, and asked kindly why she looked so fatigued.

'I was awake all night,' said Fanny, and began to blush a little.

'I put out her candle, and *hordered* her to go to sleep and leave off readm,' interposed the fond mother.

'You were reading! And what was it that interested you so?' asked Pen, amused.

'Oh, it's so beautiful!' said Fanny.

'What?'

'"Walter Lorraine,"' Fanny sighed out. 'How I do *hate* that Neara—Naera—I don't know the pronunciation. And how I love Leonora, and Walter, oh, how dear he is!'

How had Fanny discovered the novel of 'Walter Lorraine,' and that Pen was the author? This little person remembered every single word which Mr. Pendennis had spoken on the night previous, and how he wrote in books and newspapers. What books? She was so eager to know, that she had almost a mind to be civil to old Bows, who was suffering under her displeasure since yesterday, but she determined first to make application to Costigan.

Captain Costigan, as he said, was not a litherary cyarkter, nor had he as yet found time to peruse his young friend's ellygant perfaurumance, though he intended to teak an early

opporchunitee of purchasing a cawpee of his work. But he knew the name of Pen's novel from the fact that Messrs. Finucane, Bludyer, and other frequenters of the Back Kitchen, spoke of Mr. Pendennis (and not all of them with great friendship; for Bludyer called him a confounded coxcomb, and Hoolan wondered that Doolan did not kick him, etc.) by the sobriquet of Walter Lorraine,—and was hence enabled to give Fanny the information which she required.

'And she went and asl for it at the libery,' Mrs. Bolton said,—'several libenes—and some ad it and it was hout, and some adn't it. And one of the liberies as ad it wouldn't let er ave it without a sovering: and she adn't one, and she came back a-cryin to me—didn't you, Fanny?—and I gave her a sovering.'

'And, oh, I was in such a fright lest any one should have come to the libery and took it while I was away,' Fanny said, her cheeks and eyes glowing. 'And' oh, I do like it so!'

Arthur was touched by this artless sympathy, immensely flattered and moved by it. 'Do you like it?' he said. 'If you will come up to my chambers I will—No, I will bring you one—no, I will send you one. Good night. Thank you, Fanny. God bless you. I mustn't stay with you. Good-bye, good-bye,' And, pressing her hand once, and nodding to her mother and the other children, he strode out of the gardens.

He quickened his pace as he went from them, and ran out of the gate talking to himself. 'Dear, dear little thing,' he said,—'darling little Fanny! You are worth them all. I wish to heaven Shandon was back. I'd go home to my mother. I mustn't see her. I won't. I won't, so help me——'

As he was talking thus, and running, the passers-by turning to look at him, he ran against a little old man, and perceived it was Mr. Bows.

CHAPTER XVII

AS ill-luck would have it, Pen again fell in with Mr. Fluxter, only three days after the *rencontre* at Vauxhall. Faithful to his vow, he had not been to see little Fanny. He was trying to drive her from his mind by occupation, or other mental excitement. He laboured, though not to much profit, incessantly in his rooms; and, in his capacity of critic for the Pall Mall Gazette, made woful and savage onslaught on a poem and a

romance which came before him for judgment. These authors slain, he went to dine alone at the lonely club of the Polyanthus, where the vast solitudes frightened him, and made him only the more moody.

Pen shook hands with his fellow-townsman. He thought he had been needlessly savage to him on the last night when they had met. As for Huxter, perfectly at good-humour with himself and the world, it never entered his mind that he could be disagreeable to anybody, and the little dispute, or 'chaff,' as he styled it, of Vauxhall, was a trifle which he did not in the least regard.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Sam Huxter wrote home a letter to Mr. Hobnell in the country, of which Mr. Arthur Pendennis formed the principal subject. Sam described Arthur's pursuits in London, and his confounded insolence of behaviour to his old friends from home. He said he was an abandoned criminal, a regular Don Juan, a fellow who, when he *did* come into the country, ought to be kept out of *honest people's houses.* He had seen him at Vauxhali, dancing with an innocent girl in the lower ranks of life, of whom he was making a victim.

The next day Mrs. Pendennis, alone and almost fainting with emotion and fatigue, walked or rather ran to Dr. Portman's house, to consult the good Doctor. She had had an anonymous letter;—some Christian had thought it his or her duty to stab the good soul who had never done mortal a wrong—an anonymous letter with references to Scripture, pointing out the doom of such sinners, and a detailed account of Pen's crime. She was in a state of terror and excitement pitiable to witness. Two or three hours of this pain had aged her already. In her first moment of agitation she had dropped the letter, and Laura had read it. Laura blushed when she read it; her whole frame trembled, but it was with anger. 'The cowards,' she said.—'It isn't true.—No mother, it isn't true.'

'It is true, and you've done it, Laura,' cried out Helen fiercely. 'Why did you refuse him when he asked you? Why did you break my heart and refuse him? It is you who led him into crime. It is you who flung him into the arms of this—this woman.—Don't speak to me.—Don't answer me. I will never forgive you, never. Martha, bring me my bonnet and shawl. I'll go out. I won't have you come with me. Go away. Leave me, cruel girl; why have you brought this

shame on me?' And bidding her daughter and her servants keep away from her, she ran down the road to Clavermg.

Doctor Portman, glancing over the letter, thought he knew the handwriting, and, of course, was already acquainted with the charge made against poor Pen. Against his own conscience, perhaps (for the worthy Doctor, like most of us, had a considerable natural aptitude for receiving any report unfavourable to his neighbours), he strove to console Helen; he pointed out that the slander came from an anonymous quarter, and therefore must be the work of a rascal; that the charge might not be true—was not true, most likely—at least, that Pen must be heard before he was condemned; that the son of such a mother was not likely to commit such a crime etc. etc.

Doctor Portman's letter was sent off to its destination in London, and the woithy clergyman endeavoured to soothe down Mrs. Pendennis into some state of composure until an answer should arrive, which the Doctor tried to think, or at any rate persisted in saying, would be satisfactory as regarded the morality of Mr. Pen.

Unluckily for himself and all parties, Pen never read that homily which Doctor Portman addressed to him, until many weeks after the epistle had been composed.

One night he went to bed ill, and the next day awoke worse. His only visitor that day, besides the laundress, was the Printer's Devil, from the Pall Mall Gazette office, whom the writer endeavoured, as best he could, to satisfy. His exertions to complete his work rendered his fever the greater: he could only furnish a part of the quantity of 'copy' usually supplied by him; and Shandon being absent, and Wamngton not in London to give a help, the political and editorial columns of the Gazette looked very blank indeed; nor did the sub-editor know how to fill them.

Taking his supper at the Back Kitchen on the Friday night, after having achieved the work of the paper, Fmucane informed Captain Costigan of the illness of their young friend in the Temple; and remembering the fact two days afterwards, the Captain went to Lamb Court and paid a visit to the invalid on Sunday afternoon. He found Mrs. Flanagan, the laundress, in tears in the sitting-room, and got a bad report of the poor dear young gentleman within. Pen's condition had so much alarmed her, that she was obliged to have recourse

to the stimulus of brandy to enable her to support the grief which his illness occasioned.' As she hung about his bed, and endeavoured to minister to him, her attentions became intolerable to the invalid, and he begged her peevishly not to come near him. Hence the laundress's tears and redoubled grief, and renewed application to the bottle, which she was accustomed to use as an anodyne. The Captain rated the woman soundly for her intemperance, and pointed out to her the fatal consequences which must ensue if she persisted in her imprudent courses.

Pen, who was by this time in a very fevered state, was yet greatly pleased to receive Costigan's visit. He heard the well-known voice in his sitting-loom, as he lay in the bedroom within, and called the Captain eagerly to him, and thanked him for coming, and begged him to take a chair and talk to him. The Captain felt the young man's pulse with great gravity—(his own tremulous and clammy hand growing steady lor the instant while his finger pressed Arthur's throbbing vein)—the pulse was beating very fiercely—Pen's face was haggard and hot—his eyes were bloodshot and gloomy; his 'bird,' as the Captain pronounced the word, afterwards giving a description of his condition, had not been shaved for nearly a week. Pen made his visitor sit down, and, tossing and turning in his comfortless bed, began to try and talk to the Captain m a h\ely manner, about the Back Kitchen, about Vauxhall and when they should go again, and about Fanny-how was little Fanny?

It chanced on that very evening after Costigan had visited Pen, that Arthur's uncle the excellent Major arrived in town from Buxton, where his health had been mended, and sent his valet Morgan to make inquiries for Arthur, and to request that gentleman to breakfast with the Major the next morning. The Major was merely passing through London on his way to the Marquis of Steyne's house of Stlllbrook, where he was engaged to shoot partridges.

Morgan came back to his master with a very long face. He had seen Mr. Arthur; Mr. Arthur was very bad indeed; Mr. Arthur was in bed with a fever. A doctor ought to be sent to him; and Morgan thought his case most alarming.

Gracious goodness! this was sad news indeed. He had hoped that Arthur could come down to Stillbrook: he had arranged that he should go, and procured an invitation for his

nephew from Lord Steyne. He must go himself; he couldn't throw Lord Steyne over: the fever might be catching: it might be measles: he had never himself had the measles; they were dangerous when contracted at his age. Was anybody with Mr. Arthur?

Morgan said there was somebody a-nussing of Mr. Arthur.

The Major then asked, had his nephew taken any advice? Morgan said he had asked that question, and had been told that Mr. Pendennis had had no doctor.

Morgan's master was sincerely vexed at hearing of Arthur's calamity. He would have gone to him, but what good could it do Arthm that he, the Major, should catch a fever? His own ailments rendered it absolutely impossible that he should attend to anybody but himself. But the young man must have advice—the best advice; and Morgan was straightway despatched with a note from Major Pendennis to his friend Doctor Goodenough, who by good luck happened to be m London and at home, and who quitted his dinner instantly, and whose carriage was in half an hour in Upper Temple Lane, near Pen's chambers.

The Major had asked the kind-hearted physician to bring him news of his nephew at the Club where he himself was dining, and in the course of the night the Doctor made his appearance. The affair was very serious: the patient was in a high fever • he had had Pen bled instantly: and would see him the fust thing in the morning. The Major went disconsolate to bed with this unfortunate news. When Goodenough came to see him according to his promise the next day, the Doctor had to listen for a quarter of an hour to an account of the Major's own maladies, before the latter had leisure to hear about Arthur.

He had had a very bad night—his—his nurse said; at one hour he had been delirious. It might end badly; his mother had better be sent for immediately. The Major wrote the letter to Mrs. Pendennis with the greatest alacrity, and at the same time with the most polite precautions. As for going himself to the lad, in his state it was impossible. 'Could I be of any use to him, my dear Doctor?' he asked.

The Doctor, with a peculiar laugh, said, No: he didn't think the Major could be of any use: that his own precious health required the most delicate treatment, and that he had best go into the country and stay: that he himself would

take care to see the patient twice a day, and do all in his power for him.

The Major declared upon his honour, that if he could be of any use he would rush to Pen's chambers. As it was, Morgan should go and see that everything was right. The Doctor must write to him by every post to Stillbrook: it was but forty miles distant from London, and if anything happened he would come up at any sacrifice.

Major Pendennis transacted his benevolence by deputy and by post. 'What else could he do,' as he said? 'Gad, you know, in these cases, it's best not disturbing a fellow. If a poor fellow goes to the bad, why, Cad, you know he's disposed of. But in order to get well (and in this, my dear Doctor, I'm sure that you will agree with me), the best way is to keep him quiet—perfectly quiet.'

Thus it was the old gentleman tried to satisfy his conscience: and he went his way that day to Stillbrook by railway (for railways have sprung up in the course of this narrative, though they have not quite penetrated into Pen's country yet), and made his appearance in his usual trim order and curly wig, at the dinner-table of the Marquis of Steyne. But we must do the Major the justice to say, that he was very unhappy and gloomy in demeanour. Wagg and Wenham rallied him about his low spirits, asked whether he was crossed in love? and otherwise diverted themselves at his expense. He lost his money at whist after dinner, and actually trumped his partner's highest spade. And the thoughts of the suffering boy, of whom he was proud, and whom he loved after his manner, kept the old fellow awake half through the night, and made him feverish and uneasy.

On the morrow he received a note in a handwriting which he did not know: it was that of Mr. Bows, indeed, saying that Mr. Arthur Pendennis had had a tolerable night; and that as Dr. Goodenough had stated that the Major desired to be informed of his nephew's health, he, R. B., had sent him the news per rail.

The next day he was going out shooting, about noon, with some of the gentlemen staying at Lord Steyne's house ; and the company, waiting for the carriages, were assembled on the terrace in front of the house, when a fly drove up from the neighbouring station, and a grey-headed, rather shabby old gentleman jumped out, and asked for Major Pendennis. It was

Mr. Bows. He took the Major aside and spoke to him; rnosi of the gentlemen round about saw that something serious had happened, from the alarmed look of the Major's face.

Wagg said, 'It's a bailiff come down to nab the Major;' buc nobody laughed at the pleasantry.

'Hullo! What's the matter, Pendennis?' cried Lord Steyne, with his strident voice;—'anything wrong?'

'It's—it's—my boy that's *dead,'* said the Major, and buis^ into a sob—the old man was quite overcome.

'Not dead, my Lord; but very ill when I left London,' Mi. Bows said, in a low voice.

A britzka came up at this moment as the three men \veie speaking. The Peer looked at his watch. 'You've twenty minutes to catch the mail-train. Jump in, Pendennis; and drive like h—, sir, do you hear"

The carriage drove off swiftly with Pendennis and his companions, and let us trust that the oath will be pardoned to the Marquis of Steyne.

The Major drove rapidly from the station to the Temple, and found a travelling carriage already before him, and blocking up the narrow Temple Lane. Two ladies got out of it, and were asking their way of the porters; the Major looked by chance at the panel of the carriage, and saw the worn-out crest of the Eagle looking at the Sun, and the motto, 'Nee tenui penna,' painted beneath. It was his brother's old carriage, built many, many years ago. It was Helen and Laura thai were asking their way to poor Pen's room.

He ran up to them; hastily clasped his sister's arm and kissed her hand; and the three entered into Lamb Court, and mounted the long gloomy stair.

They knocked very gently at the door, on which Arthur's name was written, and it was opened by Fanny Bolton.

As Fanny saw the two ladies and the anxious countenance of the elder, who regarded her with a look of inscrutable alarm and terror, the poor girl at once knew that Pen's mother was before her; there was a resemblance between the widow's haggard eyes and Arthur's as he tossed in his bed in fever. Fanny looked wistfully at Mrs. Pendennis and at Laura afterwards, there was no more expression in the latter's face than if it had been a mass of stone. Hard-heartedness and gloom dwelt on the figures of both the new-comers; neither showed any the faintest gleam of mercy or sympathy for Fanny. She

looked desperately from them to the Major behind them. Old Pendennis dropped his eyelids, looking up ever so stealthily from under them at Arthur's poor little nurse.

'I—I wrote to you yesterday, if you please, ma'am,' Fanny said, trembling in every limb as she spoke; and as pale as Laura, whose sad menacing face looked over Mrs. Pendenms's shoulder.

'Did you, madam?' Mrs. Pendennis said. 'I suppose I may now relieve you from nursing my son. I am his mother, you understand,'

'Yes, ma'am. I—this is the way to his—Oh, wait a minute,' cried out Fanny. 'I must prepare you for his——'

The widow, whose face had been hopelessly cruel and ruthless, here started back with a gasp and a little cry, which she speedily stifled.

'He's been so since yesterday,' Fanny said trembling very much, and with chattering teeth.

A horrid shriek of laughter came out of Pen's room, whereof the door was open; and, after several shouts, the poor wretch began to sing a college drinking-song, and then to hurray and to shout as if he was in the midst of a wine-party, and to thump with his fist against the wainscot. He was quite delirious.

'He does not know me, ma'am,' Fanny said.

'Indeed. Perhaps he will know his mother, let me pass, if you please, and go in to him,' And the widow hastily pushed by little Fanny, and through the dark passage which led into Pen's sitting-room. Laura sailed by Fanny too, without a word; and Major Pendennis followed them. Fanny sat down on a bench in the passage, and cried, and prayed as well as she could. She would have died for him; and they hated her. They had not a word of thanks or kindness for her, the fine ladies. She sate there in the passage, she did not know how long. They never came out to speak to her. She sate there until Doctor Goodenough came to pay his second visit that day; he found the poor little thing at the door.

'What, nurse? How's your patient?' asked the good-natured Doctor. 'Has he had any rest?'

'Go and ask them. They're inside,' Fanny answered.

'Who? his mother?'

Fanny nodded her head and didn't speak.

'You must go to bed yourself, my poor little maid,' said the Doctor. 'You will be ill, too, if you don't,'

'Gh, mayn't I come and see him: mayn't I come and see him! I—I—love him so,' the little girl said; and as she spoke she fell down on her knees and clasped hold of the Doctor's hand in such an agony that to see her melted the kind physician's heart, and caused a mist to come over his spectacles.

'Pooh, pooh! Nonsense! Nurse, has he taken his draught? Has he had any rest? Of course you must come and see him. So must I.'

'They'll let me sit here, won't they, sir? I'll never make no noise. I only ask to stop here,' Fanny said. On which the Doctor called her a stupid little thing; put her down upon the bench where Pen's printer's devil used to sit so many hours; tapped her pale cheek with his finger, and bustled into the farther room.

Mrs. Pendennis was ensconced pale and solemn in a great chair by Pen's bedside. Her watch was on the bed-table by Pen's medicines. Her bonnet and cloaks were laid in the window. She had her Bible in her lap, without which she never'travelled. Her first movement, after seeing her son, had been to take Fanny's shawl and bonnet which were on his drawers, and bring them out and drop them down upon his study-table. She had closed the door upon Major Pendennis, and Laura too; and taken possession of her son.

She had had a great doubt and terror lest Arthur should not know her; but that pang was spared to her in part at least. Pen knew his mother quite well, and familiarly smiled and nodded at her.

During the remainder of Aithur's illness, poor Fanny never made her appearance in the quality of nurse at his chambers any more. But for that day and the next, a little figure might be seen lurking about Pen's staircase,—a sad, sad little face looked at and interrogated the apothecary, and the apothecary's boy, and the laundress, and the kind physician himself, as they passed out of the chambers ot the sick man. And on the third day, the kind Doctor's chariot stopped at Shepherd's Inn, and the good, and honest, and benevolent man went into the porter's lodge, and tended a little patient he had there, for whom the best remedy he found was on the day when he was enabled to tell Fanny Bolton that the crisis was over, and that there was at length every hope for Arthur Pendennis.

. The widow's gratitude to the physician knew no bounds—or scarcely any bounds, at least. The kind gentleman laughed at

the idea ol taking a fee from a literary man, or the widow of a brother practitioner; and she determined when she got back to Fairoaks that she would send Goodenough the silver-gilt vase, the jewel of the house, and the glory of the late John Pendennis.

It is true that eie that day a great and delightful alteration in Pen's condition had taken place. The fever, subjugated by Dr. Goodenough's blisters, potions, and lancet, had left the young man, or only returned at intervals of feeble intermittence; his wandering senses had settled in his weakened brain: he had had time to kiss and bless his mother for coming to him, and calling for Laura and his uncle (who were both affected: according to their different natures by his wan appearance, his lean shrunken hands, his hollow eyes and voice, his thin bearded face) to press their hands and thank them affectionately; and after this greeting, and after they had been turned out of the room by his affectionate nurse, he had sunk into a fine sleep which had lasted for about sixteen hours, at the end of which period he awoke calling out that he was very hungry. If it BS hard to be ill and to loathe food, oh, how pleasant to be getting well and to be feeling hungry—*how* hungry! Alas, the joys of convalescence become feebler with increasing years, as other joys do—and then—and then comes that illness when one does not convalesce at all.

On the day of this happy event, too, came another arrival in Lamb Court. This was introduced into the Pen-Warrington sitting-room by large puffs of tobacco smoke—the puffs ofr smoke were followed by an individual with a cigar in his mouth, and a carpet-bag under his arm—this was Warrington, who had run back from Norfolk, when Mr. Bows thoughtfully wrote to inform him of his friend's calamity.

He blushed, he flung the cigar into the passage: he took off his hat, and dropped that too, and going up to the Major, seized that old gentleman's hand, and asked questions about Arthur.

The Major answered in a tremulous, though cheery voice—it was curious how emotion seemed to olden him—and returning Warrington's pressure with a shaking hand, told him the news—of Arthurs happy crisis, of his mother's arrival—with her young charge—with Miss——

'You need not tell me her name,' Mr. Warrington said with great animation, for he was affected and elated with the

ihcught of his friends' recovery — 'you need not tell me your name. I knew at once it was Laura,' And he held out his hand and took hers. Immense kindness and tenderness gleamed irom under his rough eyebrows, and shook his voice as he gazed at her and spoke to her. 'And this is Laura!' his looks seemed to say. ' And this is Warrington !' the generous girls' heart beat back. 'Arthur's hero-the brave and the kind—he has come hundreds of miles to succour him, when he heard of his friend's misfortune "

' Thank you, Mr. Warrington,' was all that Laura said, however; and as she returned the pressure of his kind hand, she blushed so, that she was glad the lamp was behind her to conceal her flushing face.

Our duty now is to record a fact concerning Pendennis, which, however shameful and disgraceful, when told regarding the chief personage and godfather of a novel, must, nevertheless, be made known to the public who reads his veritable memoirs. Having gone to bed ill with fever, and suffering to a certain degree under the passion of love, after he had gone through his physical malady, and had been bled and had been blistered, and had had his head shaved, and had been treated and medicamented as the doctor ordained:—it is a fact, that, when he rallied up from his bodily ailment, his mental malady had likewise quitted him, and he was no more in love with Fanny Bolton than you or I, who are much too wise, or loo moral, Jo allow our hearts to go gadding after porters' daughters.

He laughed at himself as he lay on his pillow, thinking of this second cure which had been effected upon him. He did not care the least about Fanny now: he wondered how he ever should have cared: and according to his custom made an autopsy of that dead passion, and anatomised his own defunct sensation for his poor little nurse. What could have made him so hot and eager about her but a few weeks back? Not her wit, not her breeding, not her beauty—there were hundreds of women better-looking than she. It was out of himself that the passion had gone: it did not reside in her. She was the same; but the eyes which saw her were changed; and, alas, that it should be so! were not particularly eager to see her any more.

Seeing Miss Bolton installed as nurse and tender to Pen, I am sorry to say Mrs. Pendennis had put the worst construction on the fact of the intimacy of these two unlucky young persons,

and had settled in her own mind that the accusations against Arthur were true. Why not have stopped to inquire?—There are stories to a man's disadvantage that the women who are fondest of him are always the most eager to believe.

Well, it was a happy time for almost all parties concerned. Pen mended daily. Sleeping and eating were his constant occupations. His appetite was something frightful. He was ashamed of exhibiting it before Laura, and almost before his mother who laughed and applauded him. As the roast chicken of his dinner went away he eyed the departing friend with sad longing, and began to long for jelly, or tea, or what not. Fie was like an ogre in devouring. The Doctor cried stop, but Pen would not. Nature called out to him more loudly than the Doctor, and that kind and fuendly physician handed him over with a very good grace to the other healer.

At last, after about ten days of this life, one evening when the little spy of the court came out to take her usual post of observation at the lamp, there was no music from the second-floor window, there were no lights m the third-story chambers, the windows of each were open, and the occupants were gone. Mrs. Flanagan, the laundress, told Fanny what had happened. The ladies and all the party had gone to Richmond for change of air. The antique travelling chariot was brought out again and cushioned with many pillows for Pen and his mother; and Miss Laura went in the most affable manner in the omnibus under the guardianship of Mr. George Warrington. He came back and took possession of his old bed that night in the vacant and cheerless chambers, and to his old books and his old pipes, but not perhaps to his old sleep.

When the plan of going abroad was proposed to Arthur, it was received by that gentleman with the greatest alacrity and enthusiasm. He longed to be off at once. He let his mustachios grow from that very moment, in order, I suppose, that he might get his mouth into training for a perfect French and German pronunciation; and he was seriously disquieted in his mind because the mustachios, when they came, were of a decidedly red colour. He had looked forward to an autumn at Fairoaks; and perhaps the idea of passing two or three months there did not amuse the young man. 'There is not a soul to speak to in the place,' he said to Warrington. 'I can't stand old Portman's sermons, and pompous after-dinner conversation. I know all old Glander's stories about the

Peninsular War. The Claverings are the only Christian people in the neighbourhood, and they are not to be at home before Christmas, my uncle says: besides, Warrington, I want to get out of the country.

CHAPTER XVIII

COULD Helen have suspected that, with Pen's returning strength, his unhappy partiality for little Fanny would also reawaken? Though she never spoke a word regarding that young person, after her conversation with the Major, and though, to all appearance, she utterly ignored Fanny's existence, yet Mrs. Pendennis kept a particularly close watch upon all Master Arthur's actions, on the plea of ill-health, would scarcely let him out of her sight; and was especially anxious that he should be spared the trouble of all correspondence for the present at least.

Thus Huxter, whose affable manners and social turn made him quickly intimate with persons in whose society he fell, and whose over-refinement did not lead them to repulse the familiarities of this young gentleman, became pretty soon intimate in Shepherd's Inn, both with our acquaintances in the garrets and those in the porter's lodge. He thought he had seen Fanny somewhere: he felt certain that he had: but it is no wonder that he should not accurately remember her, for the poor little thing never chose to tell him where she had met him: he himself had seen her at a period, when his own viewb both of persons and of right and wrong were clouded by the excitement of drinking and dancing, and also little Fanny was very much changed and worn by the fever and agitation, and passion and despair, which the past three weeks had poured upon the head of that little victim. Borne down was the head now, and very pale and wan the face; and many and many a time the sad eyes had looked into the postman's, as he came to the Inn, and the sickened heart had sunk as he passed away When Mr. Costigan's accident occurred, Fanny was rather glad to have an opportunity of being useful and doing something kind—something that would make her forget her own little sorrows perhaps: she felt she bore them better whilst she did her duty, though I dare say many a tear dropped into the old Irishman's gruel. Ah, me! stir the gruel well, and have

courage, little Fanny! If everybody who has suffered from your complaint were to die of it straightway, what a fine year the undertakers would have!

Whether from compassion for his only patient, or delight in his society, Mr. Huxter found now occasion to visit Costigan two or three times in the day at least, and if any of the members of the porter's lodge family were not in attendance on the General, the young doctor was sure to have some particular directions to address to those at their own place of habitation. He was a kind fellow; he made or purchased toys ior the children; he brought them apples and brandy-balls; he brought a mask and frightened them with it, and caused a smile upon the face of pale Fanny. He called Mrs. Boltcn Mrs. B., and was very intimate, familiar, and facetious with lhat lady, quite different from that 'aughty, artless beast,' as Mrs. Bolton now denominated a certain young gentleman of our acquaintance, and whom she now vowed she never could abear.

It was from this lady, who was very free in her conversation, that Huxter presently learnt what was the illness which was evidently preying upon little Fan, and what had been Pen's behaviour regarding her.

Worthy Major Pendennis fulfilled his promise to Wamngton so far as to satisfy his own conscience, and in so far to ease poor Helen with regard to her son, as to make her understand that all connexion between Arthur and the odious little gate-keeper was at an end, and that she need have no further anxiety with respect to an imprudent attachment or a degrading marriage on Pen's part. And that young fellow's mind was also relieved (after he had recovered the shock to his vanity) by thinking that Miss Fanny was not going to die of love for him, and that no unpleasant consequence were to be apprehended from the luckless and brief connexion.

So the whole party were free to carry into effect their projected Continental trip, and Arthur Pendennis, rentier, voyageant avec Madame Pendennis and Mademoiselle Bell, and George Wamngton, particuher, age de 32 ans, taille 6 pieds (Anglais), etc., procured passport from the consul of H. M. the King of the Belgians at Dover, and passed over from that port to Ostend, whence the party took their way leisurely, visiting Bruges and Ghent on their way to Brussels and the Rhine.

Old Pendennis had only accompanied our friends to the water's edge, and left them on board the boat, giving the chief charge of the little expedition to Warrington. He himself was bound on a brief visit to the house of a great man, a friend of his, after which sojourn he proposed to join his sister-in-law at the German watering-place, whither the party was bound.

After they had passed some fifteen days at their place of rest and refreshment, a letter came from Majoi Pendennis announcing his speedy arrival at Rosenbad, and, soon after the letter, the Major himself made his appearance accompanied by Morgan, his faithful valet, without whom the old gentleman could not move. When the Major tra\elled he wore a jaunty and juvenile travelling costume; to see his back still you would have taken him for one of the young fellows whose slim waist and youthful appearance Warrington was beginning to envy.

When the Major arrived, his presence somehow cast a damp upon at least three of the persons of our little party—upon Laura, who had anything but respect for him; upon Warrington, whose manner towards him showed an involuntary haughtiness and contempt; and upon the timid and alarmed widow, who dreaded lest he should interfere with her darling, though almost desperate, projects for her boy.

Our poor widow (with the assistance of her faithful Martha of Fairoaks, who laughed and wondered at the German ways, and superintended the affairs of the simple household) had made a little feast in honour of Major Pendenms's arrival, of which, however, only the Major and his two younger friends partook, for Helen sent to say that she was too unwell to dine at their table, and Laura bore her company. The Major talked for the party, and did not perceive, or choose to perceive, what a gloom and silence pervaded the other two sharers of the modest dinner. It was evening before Helen and Laura came into the sitting-room to join the company there. She came in leaning on Laura, with her back to the waning light, so that Arthur could not see how pallid and woe-stricken her face was, and as she went up to Pen, whom she had not seen during the day, and placed her fond arms on his shoulder and kissed him tenderly, Laura left her, and moved away to another part of the room. Pen remarked that his mother's voice and her whole frame trembled, her hand was clammy cold as she put it up to his forehead, piteously embracing him.

'I have had letters from London,' Arthur continued, 'and one that has given me more pain than I ever had in my life. It tells me that former letters of mine have been intercepted and purloined away from me;-that—that a young creature who has shown the greatest love and care for me, has been most cruelly used by—by you, mother.'

'For God's sake stop,' cried out Warrington. 'She's ill-don'! you see she is ill?'

'Let him go on,' said the widow, faintly.

'Let him go on and kill her,' said Laura, rushing up to her mother's side. 'Speak on, sir, and see her die.'

'It is you who are cruel,' cried Pen, more exasperated and more savage, because his own heart, naturally soft and weak, revolted indignantly at the injustice of the very suffering which was laid at his door. 'It is you that are cruel, who attribute all this pain to me: it is you who are cruel with your wicked reproaches, your wicked doubts of me, your wicked persecutions of those who love me,—yes, those who love me, and who brave everything for me, and whom you despise and trample upon because they are of lower degree than you. Shall I tell you what I will do,—what I am resolved to do, now that I know what your conduct has been?—I will go back to this poor girl whom you turned out of my doors, and ask her to come back and share my home with me. I'll defy the pride which persecutes her, and the pitiless suspicion which insults her and me.'

'Do you mean, Pen, that you—' here the widow, with eager eyes and outstretched hands, was breaking out, but Laura stopped her: 'Silence, hush, dear mother,' she cried, and the widow hushed. Savagely as Pen spoke, she was only too eager to hear what more he had to say. 'Go on, Arthur, go on, Arthur,' was all she said, almost swooning away as she spoke.

'By Gad, I say he shan't go on, or I won't hear him, by Gad,' the Major said, trembling too in his wrath. 'If you choose, sir, after all we've done for you, after all I've done for you myself, to insult your mother and disgrace your name, by allying yourself with a low-born kitchen-girl, go and do it, by Gad,—but let us, ma'am, have no more to do with him. I wash my hands of you, sir,—I wash my hands of you. I'm an old fellow,—I ain't long for this world. I come of as ancient and honourable a family as any in England, by Gad, and I

did hope, before I went off the hooks, by Gad, that the fellow-thai I'd liked, and brought up, and nursed through life, by Jove, would do something to show me that our name—yes, the name of Pendennis, by Gad, was left undishonoured behind us, but if he won't, dammy, I say, amen. By G~~, both my father and my brother Jack were the proudest men in England, and I never would have thought that there would come this disgrace to my name,—never—and—and I'm ashamed that it's Arthur Pendennis.' The old fellow's voice here broke off into a sob: it was the second time that Arthur had brought tears from those wrinkled lids.

The sound of his breaking voice stayed Pen's anger instantly, and he stopped pacing the room, as he had been doing until that moment. Laura was by Helen's sofa; and Warrington had remained hitherto an almost silent, but not uninterested spectator of the family storm. As the parties were talking, it had grown almost dark; and after the lull which succeeded the passionate outbreak of the Major, George's deep voice, as it here broke trembling into the twilight room, was heard with no small emotion by all.

'Will you let me tell you something about myself, my kind friends?' he said,—'you have been so good to me, ma'am—you have been so kind to me, Laura—I hope I may call you so sometimes—my dear Pen and I have been such friends that that I have long wanted to tell you my story such as it is, and would have told it to you earlier but that it is a sad one and contains another's secret. However, it may do good for Arthur to know it—it is right that every one here should. It will divert you from thinking about a subject, which, out of a fatal misconception, has caused a great deal of pain to all of you. May I please tell you, Mrs. Pendennis?'

'Pray speak,' was all Helen said; and indeed she was not much heeding; her mind was full of another idea with which Pen's words had supplied her, and she was in a terror of hope that what he had hinted might be as she wished.

George filled himself a bumper of wine and emptied it, and began to speak. 'You all of you know how you see me,' he said,—'a man without a desire to make an advance in the world: careless about reputation; and living in a garret and from hand to mouth, though I have friends and a name, and I dare say capabilities of my own, that would serve me if I had a mind. But mind I have none. I shall die in that garret most

iikely, and alone. I nailed myself to that doom in early life. Shall I tell you what it was that interested me about Arthur years ago, and made me inclined towards him when first I saw him? The men from our college at Oxbridge brought up accounts of that early affair with the Chattens actress, about whom Pen has often talked to me since; and who, but for the Major's generalship, might have been your daughter-in-law, ma'am- I can't see Pen in the dark, but he blushes, I'm sure; and I dare say Miss Bell does; and my friend Major Pendennis, I dare say, laughs as he ought to do—for he won. What would have been Arthur's lot now had he been tied at nineteen to an illiterate woman older than himself, with no qualities in common between them to make one a companion Jor the other, no equality, no confidence, and no love speedily? What could he have been but most miserable? And when he spoke just now and threatened a similar union, be sure it was but a threat occasioned by anger, which you must give me leave to say, ma'am, was very natural on his part, for after a generous and manly conduct—let me say who know the circumstances well—most generous and manly and self-denying (which is rare with him),—he has met from some friends of his with a most unkind suspicion, and has had to complain of the unfair treatment of another innocent person, towards whom he and you all are under much obligation.'

The widow was going to get up here, and Warrington, seeing her attempt to rise, said, 'Do I tire you, ma'am?'

'Oh no—go on—go on,' said Helen, delighted, and he continued.

'I liked him, you see, because of that early history of his, which had come to my ears in college gossip, and because I like a man, if you will pardon me for saying so, Miss Laura, who shows that he can have a great unreasonable attachment lor a woman. That was why we became friends—and are all friends here—for always, aren't we?' he added, in a lower voice, leaning over to her, 'and Pen has been a great comfort and companion to a lonely and unfortunate man.

'I am not complaining of my lot, you see; for no man's is what he would have it; and up in my garret, where you left the flowers, and with my old books and my pipe for a wife, I am pretty contented, and only occasionally envy other men, whose careers in life are more brilliant, or who can solace their ill fortune by what Fate and my own fault has deprived

me of—the affection of a woman or a child.' Here there came a sigh from somewhere near Warrmgton in the dark, and a hand was held out in his direction, which, however, was instantly withdrawn, for the prudery of our females is such, that before all expression of feeling, or natural kindness and regard, a woman is taught to think of herself and the proprieties, and to be ready to blush at the very slightest notice; and checking, as, of course, it ought, thij? spontaneous motion, modesty drew up again, kindly friendship shrank back ashamed of itself, and Warrington resumed his history. 'My fate is such as I made it, and not lucky for me 0I for others involved in it.

'I, too, had an adventure before I went to college; and there was no one to save me as Major Pendennis saved Pen. Pardon me, Miss Laura, if I tell this story before you. It is as well that you all of you should hear my confession. Before I went to college, as a boy of eighteen, I was at a private tutor's, and there, like Arthur, I became attached, or fancied I was attached, to a woman of a much lower degree and a greater age than my own. You shrink from me—'

'No, I don't,' Laura said, and here the hand went out resolutely, and laid itself in Warrington's. She had divined his story from some previous hints let fall by him, and his first words at its commencement.

'She was a yeoman's daughter in the neighbourhood,' Warrington said, with rather a faltering voice, 'and I fancied—what all young men fancy. Her parents knew who my father was, and encouraged me, with all sorts of coarse artifices and scoundrel flatteries, which I see now, about their house. To do her justice, I own she never cared for me, but was forced into what happened by the threats and compulsion of her family. Would to God that I had not been deceived: but in these matters we are deceived because we wish to be so, and I thought I loved that poor woman.

'What could come of such a marriage? I found, before long, that I was married to a boor. She could not comprehend one subject that interested me. Her dulness palled upon me till I grew to loathe it. And after some time of a wretched, furtive union—I must tell you all—I found letters somewhere (and such letters they were!) which showed me that her heart, such as it was, had never been mine, but had always belonged to a person of her own degree.

'At my father's death, I paid what debts I had contracted at college, and settled every shilling which remained to me in an annuity upon—upon those who bore my name, on condition that they should hide themselves away, and not assume it. They have kept that condition, as they would break it, for more money. If I had earned fame or reputation, that woman would have come to claim it: if I had made a name for myself, those who had no right to it would have borne it; and I entered life at twenty, God help me—hopeless and ruined beyond remission. I was the boyish victim of vulgar cheats, and, perhaps, it is only of late I have found out how haid—ah, how hard- it is to forgive them. I told you the moral before, Pen; and now I have told you the fable. Beware how you marry out of ycur degree. I was made for a better lot than this, I think: but God has awarded me this one—and so, you see, it is for me to look on, and see others successful and others happy, with a heart that shall be as little bitter as possible,'

'By Gad, sir,' cried the Major, in high good-humour, 'I intended you to marry Miss Laura here.'

As for Helen, she was so delighted, that she started up, and said, 'Gcd bless you—God for ever bless you, Mr. Warrington;' and kissed both his hands, and ran up to Pen, and fell into his arms.

'Yes, dearest mother,' he said as he held her to him, and with a noble tenderness and emotion, embraced and forgave her. 'I am innocent, and my dear, dear mother has done me a wrong.'

'Oh yes, my child, I have wronged you, thank God, I have wronged you!' Helen whispered. 'Come away, Arthur—not here—I want to ask my child to forgive me—and—and my God, to forgive me; and to bless you, and love you, my son.'

He led her, tottering into her room, and closed the door, as the three touched spectators of the reconciliation looked on in pleased silence. Ever after, ever after, the tender accents of that voice faltering sweetly at his ear—the look of the sacred eyes beaming with an affection unutterable- the quiver of the fond lips smiling mournfully—were remembered by the young man. And at his best moments, and at his hours of trial and grief, and at his times of success or well-doing, the mother's face looked down upon him, and blessed him with its gaze of pity and purity, as he saw it in that night when

she yet lingered with him; and when she seemed, ere she quite left him, an angel, transfigured and glorified with love—{or which love, as for the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us, let us knee! and thank Our Father.

As they were talking the clock struck nine, and Helen reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bedroom at that hour, and hear him say Our Father. And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees, and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions ol sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words 'for ever and ever,' and 'Amen.'

A little time after, it might have been a quarter of an hour, Laura heard Arthur's voice calling from within, 'Laura! Laura!' She rushed into the room instantly, and found the young man still on his knees, and holding his mother's hand. Helen's head had sunk back and was quite pale in the moon. Pen looked round, scared with a ghastly terror. ' Help, Laura, help!' he said—'she's fainted—she's—'

Laura screamed, and fell by the side of Helen. The shriek brought Wairmgton and Major Pendennis and the servants to the room. The sainted woman was dead. The last emotion of her soul here was joy, to be henceforth unchequered and eternal. I he tender heart beat no more ; it was to have no more pangs, no more doubts, no more griefs and trials. Its last throb was love ; and Helen's last breath was a benediction.

The melancholy party bent their way speedily homewards, and Helen was laid by her husband's side at Clavering, in the old church where she had prayed so often. For a while Laura went to stay with Dr. Portman, who read the service over his dear sister departed, amidst his own sobs and those of the little congregation which assembled round Helen's tomb.

All the lady's affairs were found in perfect order, and her little property ready for transmission to her son, in trust for whom she held it. Papers in her desk showed that she had long been aware of the complaint, one of the heart, under which she laboured, and knew that it would suddenly remove

her: and a prayer was found in her handwriting, asking that her end might be, as it was, in the arms of her son.

Among the widow's papers was found a packet, marked by the widow, 'Letters from Laura's father,' and which Arthur gave to her. They were the letters which had passed between the cousins in the early days before the marriage of either of them. The ink was faded in which they were written: the tears dried out that both perhaps had shed over them: the grief healed now whose bitterness they chronicled: the friends doubtless united whose parting on earth had caused to both pangs so cruel. And Laura learned fully now for the first time what the tie was which had bound her so tenderly to Helen: how faithfully her more than mother had cherished her father's memory, how truly she had loved him, how meekly resigned him.

One legacy of his mother's Pen remembered, of which Laura could have no cognisance. It was that wish of Helen's to make some present to Fanny Bolton; and Pen wrote to her, putting his letter under an envelope to Mr. Bows, and requesting that gentleman to read it before he delivered it to Fanny. 'Dear Fanny,' Pen said, 'I have to acknowledge two letters from you, one of which was delayed in my illness' (Pen found the first letter in his mother's desk after her decease, and the reading it gave him a strange pang), 'and to thank you, my kind nurse and friend, who watched me so tenderly during my lever. And I have to tell you that the last words of my dear mother, who is no more, were words of goodwill and gratitude to you for nursing me: and she said she would have written to you, had she had time—that she would like to ask your pardon if she had harshly treated you—and that she would beg you to show your forgiveness by accepting some token of friendship and regard from her,' Pen concluded by saying that his friend, George Warrington, Esq., of Lamb Court, Temple, was trustee of a little sum of money, of which the interest would be paid to her until she became of age, or changed her name, which would always be affectionately remembered by her grateful friend, A. Pendennis. The sum was in truth but small, although enough to make a little heiress of Fanny Bolton, whose parents were appeased, and whose father said Mr. P. had acted quite as the gentleman—though Bows growled out that to plaster a wounded heart with a banknote was an easy kind of sympathy; and poor

Fanny felt only too clearly that Pen's letter was one of farewell.

'Sending hundred-pound notes to porters' daughters is all dev'lish well,' old Major Pendennis said to his nephew (whom, as the proprietor of Fairoaks and the head of the family, he now treated with marked deference and civility), 'and as there was a little ready money at the bank, and your poor mother wished it, there's perhaps no harm done. But, my good lad, I'd have you to remember that you've not above five hundred a year, though, thanks to me, the world gives you credit for being a doosid deal better off; and, on my knees, I beg you, my boy, don't break into your capital. Stick to it, sir; don't speculate with it, sir; keep your land, and don't borrow on it. Tatham tells me that the Chatteris branch of the railway may —will almost certainly pass through Chatteris, and if it can be brought on this side of the Brawl, sir, and through your fields, they'll be worth a dev'lish deal of money, and your five hundred a year will jump up to eight or nine. Whatever it is, keep it, I implore you keep it. And I say, Pen, I think you should give up living in those dirty chambers in the Temple and get a decent lodging. And I should have a man, sir, to wait upon me; and a horse or two in town in the season. All this will pretty well swallow up your income, and I know you must live close. But remember you have a certain place in society, and you can't afford to cut a poor figure in the world. What are you going to do in the winter? You don't intend to stay down here, or, I suppose, to go on writing for that— what-d'ye-call-'em—that newspaper?'

'Warrington and I are going abroad again, sir, for a little, and then we shall see what is to be done,' Arthur replied.

CHAPTER XIX

IT chanced at that great English festival, at which all London takes a holiday upon Epsom Downs, that a great number of the personages to whom we have been introduced in the course of this history were assembled to see the Derby. In a comfortable open carriage, which had been brought to the ground by a pair of horses, might be seen Mrs. Bungay, of Paternoster Row, attired like Solomon in all his glory, and having by her side modest Mrs. Shandon, for whom, since the commencement of their acquaintance, the worthy publisher's

lady had maintained a steady friendship. Bungay, having recreated himself with a copious luncheon, was madly shying at the sticks hard by, till the perspiration ran off his bald pate. Shandon was shambling about among the drinking-tents and gipsies: Finucane constant in attendance on the two ladies, to whom gentlemen of their acquaintance, and connected with the publishing house, came up to pay a visit.

'And who is that yellow carriage, with the pink and yellow parasols, that Mr. Pendennis is talking to, and ever so many gentlemen X asked Mrs. Bungay.

'That is Lady Clavering, of Clavering Park, next estate to my friend Pendennis. That is the young son and heir upon the box; he's awfully tipsy, the little scamp! and the young lady is Miss Amory, Lady Clavering's daughter by a first marriage, and uncommonly sweet upon my friend Pendennis; but I've reason to think he has his heart fixed elsewhere. You ha\e heard of young Mr. Foker—the great brewer, Foker, you know—he was going to hang himself in consequence of a fatal passion for Miss Amory, who refused him, but was cut down just in time by his valet, and is now abroad, under a keeper.'

'How happy that young fellow is!' sighed Mrs. Bungay. ' Who'd have thought when he came so quiet and demure to dine with us, three or four years ago, he would turn out such a grand character! Why, I saw his name at Court the other day, and presented by the Marquis of Steyne and all; and in every party of the nobility his name's down as sure as a gun,'

' I introduced him a good deal when he first came up to town,' Mr. Archer said, ' and his uncle, Major Pendennis, did the rest. Hallo! There's Cobden here, of all men in the world! I must go and speak to him. Good-bye, Mrs. Bungay. Good morning, Mrs. Shandon.'

At another part of the course you might have seen a vehicle, certainly more modest, if not more shabby than that battered coach which had brought down the choice spirits from the Harlequin's Head; this was cab No. 2002, which had conveyed a gentleman and two ladies from the cabstand in the Strand: whereof one of the ladies, as she sate on the box of the cab enjoying with her mamma and their companion a repast of lobster salad and bitter ale, looked so fresh and pretty that many of the splendid young dandies who were strolling

about the course, and enjoying themselves at the noble diversion of Sticks, and talking to the beautifully dressed ladies in the beautiful carriages on the hill, forsook these fascinations to have a glance at the smiling and rosy-cheeked lass on the cab. The blushes of youth and good-humour mantled on the girl's cheeks, and played over that fair countenance like the pretty shining cloudlets on the serene sky overhead; the elder lady's cheek was red too; but that was a permanent mottled rose, deepening only as it received fresh draughts of pale ale and brandy-and-water, until her face emulated the rich shell of the lobster which she devoured.

Arthur, looked dark and suspicious on perceiving Mr. Samuel Huxter in company with his old acquaintances: but his suspicion was that of alarmed morality, and, I dare say, highly creditable to Mr. Arthur.

Fanny's heart began to patter violently: Huxter's fists, plunged into the pockets of his paletot, clenched themselves involuntarily, and armed themselves, as it were, in ambush: Mrs. Bolton began to talk with all her might, and with a wonderful volubility: and Lor! she was so 'appy to see Mr. Pendennis, and how well he was a-lookin', and we'd been talkin' about Mr. P. only jest before; hadn't we, Fanny? and if this was the famous Hepsom races that they talked so much about, she didn't care, for her part, if she never saw them again. And how was Major Pendennis, and that kind Mr. Warrington, who brought Mr. P.'s great kindness to Fanny? and she never would forget it, never: and Mr. Warrington was so tall, he almost broke his 'ead up against their lodge door. You recollect Mr. Warrington a-knockin' of his head—don't you, Fanny?

AH Fanny could find to say was,—'This is Mr. Samuel Huxter whom you knew formerly, I believe, sir; Mr. Samuel, you know you knew Mr. Pendennis formerly—and—and, will you take a little refreshment?'

These little words, tremulous and uncoloured as they were, yet were understood by Pendennis in such a manner as to take a great load of suspicion from off his mind—of remorse, perhaps, from his heart. The frown on the countenance of the Prince of Fairoaks disappeared, and a good-natured smile and a knowing twinkle of the eyes illuminated his highness's countenance. ' I am very thirsty,' he said, ' and I will be glad to drink your health, Fanny; and I hope Mr. Huxter will

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pardon me for having been very rude to him the last time we met, and when I was so ill and out of spirits, that indeed I scarcely knew -what I said.' And herewith the lavender-coloured dexter kid-glove was handed out, in token of amity, to Huxter.

The dirty fist in the young surgeon's pocket was obliged to undouble itself, and come out of its ambush disarmed. The poor fellow himself felt, as he laid it in Pen's hand, how hot his own was, and how black—it left black marks on Pen's gloves; he saw them,—he would have liked to have clenched it again and dashed it into the other's good-humoured face; and have seen, there upon that ground, with Fanny, with all England looking on, which was the best man—he Sam Huxter of Bartholomew's, or that grinning dandy.

When Arthur left No. 2002, he went to pay his respects to the carriage to which, and to the side of her mamma, the dove-coloured author of *Mes Larmes* had by this time returned. Indefatigable old Major Pendennis was in waiting upon Lady Clavering, and had occupied the back seat in her carriage; the box being in possession of young Hopeful, under the care of Captain Strong.

The Major remarked that some of the visitors to the carriage appeared to look with rather queer and meaning glances towards its owner. 'How easily she takes it!' one man whispered to another. 'The Begum's made of money,' the friend replied. 'How easily she takes what,' thought old Pendennis. 'Has anybody lost any money?' Lady Clavering said she was happy in the morning because Sir Francis had promised her not to bet.

The Major was revolving in his mind meanwhile the news the receipt of which had made him so grave. ' If Sir Francis Clavering goes on in this way,' Pendennis the elder thought, 'this little tipsy rascal will be as bankrupt as his father and grandfather before him. The Begum's fortune can't stand such drains upon it: no fortune can stand them: she has paid his debts half a dozen times already. A few years more of the turf, and a few coups like this, will ruin her.'

Almost a year, as the reader will perceive, has passed since an event described a few pages back. Arthur's black coat is about to be exchanged for a blue one. His person has undergone other more pleasing and remarkable changes. His wig has been laid aside, and his hair, though somewhat thinner,

has returned to public view. And he has had the honour of appearing at Court in the uniform of a Cornet of the Clavering troop of the———shire Yeomanry Cavalry, being presented to the Sovereign by the Marquis of Steyne.

This was a measure strongly and pathetically urged by Arthur's uncle. The Major would not hear of a year passing before this ceremony of gentlemanhood was gone through. The old gentleman thought that his nephew should belong to some rather more select Club than the Megatherium; and has announced everywhere in the world his disappointment that the young man's property has turned out not by any means as well as he could have hoped, and is under fifteen hundred a year.

That is the amount at which Pendennis's property is set down in the world—where his publishers begin to respect him much more than formerly, and where even mammas are by no means uncivil to him. For if the pretty daughters are, naturally, to marry people of very different expectations—at any rate, he will be eligible for the plain ones.

We have lost sight of the Claverings, too, until their reappearance upon the Epsom race-ground, and must give a brief account of them in the interval. During the past year, the world has not treated any member of the Clavering family very kindly. Lady Clavering, one of the best-natured women that ever enjoyed a good dinner, or made a slip in grammar, has had her appetite and good-nature sadly tried by constant family grievances, and disputes such as make the efforts of the best French cook unpalatable, and the most delicately-stuffed sofa-cushion hard to lie on. 'I'd rather have a turnip, Strong, for dessert, than that pineapple, and all them Muscatel grapes, from Clavering,' says poor Lady Clavering, looking at her dinner-table, and confiding her griefs to her faithful friend, 'if I could but have a little quiet to eat it with. Oh, how much happier I was when I was a widow and before all this money fell in to me f

The Clavering family had indeed made a false start in life, and had got neither comfort, nor position, nor thanks for the hospitalities which they administered, nor a return of kindness from the people whom they entertained. The success of their first London season was doubtful; and their failure afterwards notorious. 'Human patience was not great enough to put up with Sir Francis Clavering,' people said. 'He was too hopelessly low, dull, and disreputable. You could not say

what, but there was a taint about the house and its *entourages.* Who was the Begum, with her money, and without her h's, and where did she come from? What an extraordinary little piece of conceit the daughter was, with her Gallicised graces and daring affectations, not fit for well-bred English girls to associate with! What strange people were those they assembled round about them! Sir Francis Clavering was a gambler, living notoriously in the society of blacklegs and profligates. Hely Clinker, who was in his regiment, said that he not only cheated at cards, but showed the white feather. What could Lady Rockminster have meant by taking her up?' After the first season, indeed, Lady Rockminster, who had taken up Lady Clavering, put her down; the great ladies would not take their daughters to her parties; the young men who attended them behaved with the most odious freedom and scornful familiarity; and poor Lady Clavering herself avowed that she was obliged to take what she called 'the canal' into her parlour, because the tiptops wouldn't come.

One young man of fashion we have mentioned, who at least it might have been expected would have been found faithful amongst the faithless, and Harry Foker, Esq., was indeed that young man. But he had not managed matters with prudence, and the unhappy passion at first confided to Pen became notorious and ridiculous to the town, was carried to the ears of his weak and fond mother, and finally brought under the cognisance of the bald-headed and inflexible Foker senior.

When Mr. Foker learned this disagreeable news, there took place between him and his son a violent and painful scene, which ended in the poor little gentleman's banishment from England for a year, with a positive order to return at the expiration of that time and complete his marriage with his cousin, or to retire into private life and three hundred a year altogether, and never see parent or brewery more. Mr. Henry Foker went away then, carrying with him that grief and care which passes free at the strictest Custom-houses, and which proverbially accompanies the exile; and with this crape over his eyes, even the Parisian Boulevard looked melancholy to him, and the sky of Italy black.

It has been described in former pages how the eider Pendennis had become the adviser of the Clavering family, and, in his quality of intimate friend of the house, had gone over every room of it, and even seen that ugly closet which

we all of us have, and in which, according to the proverb, the family skeleton is locked up. About the Baronet's pecuniary matters, if the Major did not know, it was because Clavering himself did not know them, and hid them from himself and others in such a hopeless entanglement of lies that it was impossible for advisei or attorney or principal to get an accurate knowledge of his affairs. But, concerning Lady Clavering, the Major was much better informed; and when the unlucky mishap of the Derby arose, he took upon himself to become completely and thoroughly acquainted with all her means, whatsoever they were; and was now accurately informed of the vast and repeated sacrifices which the widow Amory had made in behalf of her present husband.

He did not conceal—and he had won no small favour from Miss Blanche by avowing it—his opinion, that Lady Clavering's daughter had been hardly treated at the expense of her son, by her second marriage; and in his conversations with Lady Clavering had fairly hinted that he thought Miss Blanche ought to have a better provision.

'Interested motives, my dear Lady Clavering,' he said, 'of course I may have had. We all have interested motives, and mine, I don't conceal from you, was to make a marriage between my nephew and your daughter,' To which Lady Clavering, perhaps with some surprise that the Major should choose her family for a union with his own, said she was quite willing to consent.

But frankly he said, 'My dear lady, my boy has but five hundred a year, and a wife with ten thousand pounds to her fortune would scarcely better him. We could do better for him than that, permit me to say, and he is a shrewd, cautious young fellow who has sown his wild oats now—who has very good parts and plenty of ambition—and whose object in marrying is to better himself. If you and Sir Francis chose—and Sir Francis, take my word for it, will refuse you nothing—you could put Arthur in a way to advance very considerably in the world, and show the stuff which he has in him. Of what use is that seat in Parliament to Clavering, who scarcely ever shows his face in the House, or speaks a word there? I'm told by gentlemen who heard my boy at Oxbridge, that he was famous as an orator, begad!—and once put his foot into the stirrup and mount him, I've no doubt he won't be the last of the field, .ma'am. I've tested the chap, and know him

pretty well, I think. He is much too lazy, and careless, and flighty a fellow, to make a jog-trot journey, and arrive, as your lawyers do, at the end of their lives! but give him a start and good friends, and an opportunity, and take my word for it, he'll make himself a name that his sons shall be proud of. I don't see any way for a fellow like him to *parvenir,* but by making a prudent marriage—not with a beggarly heiress—to sit down for life upon a miserable fifteen hundred a year—but with somebody whom he can help, and who can help him forward in the world, and whom he can give a good name and a station in the country, begad, in return for the advantages which she brings him. It would be better for you to have a distinguished son-in-law, than to keep your husband on in Parliament, who's of no good to himself or to anybody else there, and that's, I say, why I've been interested about you, and offer you what I think a good bargain for both.'

'You know I look upon Arthur as one of the family almost now,' said the good-natured Begum; 'he comes and goes when he likes; and the more I think of his dear mother, the more I see there's few people so good—none so good to me. And I'm sure I cried when I heard of her death, and would have gone into mourning for her myself, only black don't become me. And I know who his mother wanted him to marry—Laura, I mean—whom old Lady Rockminster has taken such a fancy to, and no wonder. She's a better girl than my girl. I know both. And my Betsy—Blanche, I mean—ain't been a comfort to me, Major. It's Laura Pen ought to marry.'

'Marry on five hundred a year! My dear good soul, you are mad!' Major Pendennis said. 'Think over what I have said to you. Do nothing in your affairs with that unhappy husband of yours without consulting me; and remember that old Pendennis is always your friend.'

As for Miss Amory, she was contented enough with Pen as long as there was nobody better. And how many other young ladies are like her?—and how many love-marriages carry on well to the last?—and how many sentimental firms do not finish in bankruptcy?—and how many heroic passions don't dwindle down into despicable indifference, or end in shameful defeat?

These views of life and philosophy the Major was constantly, according to his custom, inculcating to Pen, whose mind was such that he could see the right on both sides of many questions,

and, comprehending the sentimental life which was quite out of the reach of the honest Major's intelligence, could understand the practical life too, and accommodate himself, or think he could accommodate himself, to it. So it came to pass that during the spring succeeding his mother's death he became a good deal under the influence of his uncle's advice, and domesticated in Lady Clavering's house; and in a measure was accepted by Miss Amory without being a suitor, and was received without being engaged.

In the afternoon of the day after the Derby, when Strong (after a colloquy with his principal at Short's Hotel, whom he tound crying and drinking Curaroa) called to transact business according to his custom at Grosvenor Place, he found all these suspicious documents ranged in the Baronet's study; and began to open them and examine them with a rueful countenance.

Mrs. Bonner, my lady's maid and housekeeper, came down upon him whilst engaged in this occupation. Mrs. Bonner, a part of the family and as necessary to her mistress as the Chevalier was to Sir Francis, was of course on Lady Clavering's side in the dispute between her and her husband, and as by duty bound even more angry than her ladyship herself.

' She won't pay, if she takes my advice,' Mrs. Bonner said. 'You'll please to go back to Sir Francis, Captain—and he lurking about in a low public-house and don't dare to face his wife like a man!-and say that we won't pay his debts no longer. We made a man of him, we took him out of gaol (and other folks too perhaps), we've paid his debts over and over again—we set him up in Parliament and gave him a house in town and country, and where he don't dare show his face, the shabby sneak! We've given him the horse he rides and the dinner he eats and the very clothes he has on his back; and we will give him no more. Our fortune, such as is left of it, is left to ourselves, and we won't waste any more of it on this ungrateful man. We'll give him enough to live upon and leave him, that's what we'll do: and that's what you may tell him from Susan Bonner.'

Susan Bonner's mistress hearing of Strong's arrival sent for him at this juncture, and the Chevalier went up to her ladyship not without hopes that he should find her more tractable than her factotum Mrs. Bonner. Many a time before had he pleaded his client's cause with Lady Clavering and caused her

good-nature to relent. He tried again once more. He painted in dismal colours the situation in which he 'had found Sir Francis: and would not answer for any consequences which might ensue if he could not find means of meeting his engagements.

'Kill hisself,' laughed Mrs. Bonner, 'kill hisself, will he? Dying's the best thing he could do.' Strong vowed that he had found him with the razors on the table; but at this, in her turn, Lady Clavering laughed bitterly. 'He'll do himself no harm, as long as there's a shilling lett of which he can rob a poor woman. His life's quite safe, Captain: you may depend upon that. Ah! it was a bad day that ever I set eyes on him.'

'He's worse than the first man,' cried out my lady's *aide-de-camp.* 'He was a man, he was—a wild devil, but he had the courage of a man—whereas this fellow—what's the use of my lady paying his bills, and selling her diamonds, and forgiving him? He'll be as bad again next year. The very next chance he has he'll be a-cheating of her, and robbing of her; and her money will go to keep a pack of rogues and swindlers—I don't mean you, Captain- you've been a good friend to us enough bating we wish we'd never set eyes on you.'

The Chevalier saw from the words which Mrs. Bonner had let slip regarding the diamonds, that the kind Begum was disposed to relent once more at least, and that there were hopes still for his principal.

'If you've the soul of a man, Clavering,' Strong said to his principal, when he recounted this scene to him, 'you'll keep your promise this time: and, so help me Heaven! if you break word with her, I'll turn against you, and tell all.'

'What all?' cried Mr. Francis, to whom his ambassador brought the news back at Short's Hotel, where Strong found the Baronet crying and drinking curaçoa.

'Psha! Do you suppose I am a fool?' burst out Strong. 'Do you suppose I could have lived so long in the world, Frank Clavering, without having my eyes about me? You know I have but to speak and you are a beggar to-morrow. And I am not the only man who knows your secret.'

'Who else does?' gasped Clavering.

'Old Pendennis does, or I am very much mistaken. He recognised the man the first night he saw him, when he came drunk into your house.'

'He knows it, does he?' shrieked out Clavering. 'Damn him—kill him.'

'You'd like to kill us all, wouldn't you, old boy?' said Strong, with a sneer, puffing his cigar.

The Baronet dashed his weak hand against his forehead; perhaps the other had interpreted his wish rightly. 'Oh, Strong!' he cried, 'if I dared, I'd put an end to myself, for I'm the d——est miserable dog in all England. It's that that makes me so wild and reckless. It's that which makes me take to drink' (and he drank, with a trembling hand, a bumper of his fortifier—the curacoa), 'and to live about with these thieves. I know they're thieves, every one of 'em, d——d thieves. And—and how can I help it?—and I didn't know it, you know—and, by Gad, I'm innocent—and until I saw the d——d scoundrel first, I knew no more about it than the dead—and I'll fly, and I'll go abroad out of the reach of the confounded hells, and I'll bury myself in a forest, by Gad! and hang myself up to a tree—and, oh—I'm the most miserable beggar in all England!' And so with more tears, shrieks, and curses, the impotent wretch vented his grief and deplored his unhappy fate; and, in the midst of groans and despair and blasphemy, vowed his miserable repentance.

The honoured proverb which declares that to be an ill wind which blows good to nobody, was verified in the case of Sir Francis Clavering, and another of the occupants of Mr. Strong's chambers in Shepherd's Inn. The man was 'good,' by a lucky hap, with whom Colonel Altamont made his bet; and on the settling day of the Derby—as Captain Clinker, who was appointed to settle Sir Francis Clavenng's book for him (for Lady Clavering, by the advice of Major Pendennis, would not allow the Baronet to liquidate his own money transactions), paid over the notes to the Baronet's many creditors—Colonel Altamont had the satisfaction of receiving the odds of thirty to one in fifties, which he had taken against the winning horse of the day.

'Leave him alone, I know what he's a-commg to,' Altamont said, laughing to Strong, who remonstrated with him, 'and leave me alone; I know what I'm a-telling, very well. I was officer on board an Indiaman, so I was; I traded to New South Wales, so I did, in a ship of my own, and lost her. I became officer to the Nawaub, so I did; only me and my royal master have had a difference, Strong—that's it. Who's the better or the worse for what I tell? or knows anything about me? The other chap is dead—shot in the bush, and his body

reckonised at Sydney. If I thought anybody would split, do you think I wouldn't wring his neck? I've done as good before now, Strong—I told you how I did for the overseer before I took leave—but in fair fight, I mean—in fair fight; or, raythe r, he had the best of it. He had his gun and bay'net, and I had only an axe. Fifty of 'em saw it—ay, and cheered me when I did it—and I'd do it again,——him, wouldn't I? I ain't afraid of anybody; and I'd have the life of the man who split upon me. That's my maxim, and pass me the liquor.—*You* wouldn't turn on a man. I know you. You're an honest feller, and will stand by a feller, and have looked death in the face like a man. But as for that lily-livered sneak—that poor lyin' swindlin' cringin' cur of a Clavering--who stands in my shoes—stands m my shoes, hang him! I'll make him pull my boots off and clean 'em, I will. Ha, ha!' Here he burst out into a wild laugh, at which Strong got up and put away the brandy-bottle. The other still laughed good-humouredly. 'You're right, old boy,' he said; 'you always keep your head cool, you do—and when I begin to talk too much—I say, when I begin to *pitch*, I authorise you, and order you, and command you, to put away the rum-bottle.'

'Take my counsel, Altamont,' Strong said, gravely, 'and mind how you deal with that man. Don't make it too much his interest to get rid of you; or who knows what he may do?'

A short time after the piece of good fortune which befell Colonel Altamont at Epsom, that gentleman put into execution his projected foreign tour, and the chronicler ot the polite world who goes down to London Bridge for the purpose ol taking leave of the people of fashion who quit this country, announced that among the company on board the Soho to Antwerp last Saturday, were 'Sir Robert, Lady, and the Misses Hodge; Mr. Serjeant Kewsy, and Mrs. and Miss Kewsy; Colonel Altamont, Major Coddy, etc.' The Colonel travelled in state, and as became a gentleman: he appeared in a rich travelling costume; he drank brandy-and-water freely during the passage, and was not sick, as some of the other passengers were; and he was attended by his body-servant, the faithful Irish legionary who had been for some time in waiting upon himself and Captain Strong in their chambers of Shepherd's Inn.

The information regarding the affairs oi the Clavering family, which Major Pendennis had acquired through Strong,

and by his own personal interference as the friend of the house, was such as almost made the old gentleman pause in any plans which he might have once entertained for his nephew's benefit. To bestow upon Arthur a wife with two such fathers-in-law, as the two worthies whom the guileless and unfortunate Lady Clavering had drawn in her marriage ventures, was to benefit no man. And though the one, in a manner, neutralised the other, and the appearance of Amory or Altamont in public would be the signal for his instantaneous withdrawal and condign punishment,—for the fugitive convict had cut down the officer in charge of him,—and a rope would be inevitably his end, if he came again under British authorities; yet, no guardian would like to secure for his ward a wife, whose parent was to be got rid oi in such a way; and the old gentleman's notion always had been that Altamont, with the gallows before his eyes, would assuredly avoid recognition; while, at the same time, by holding the threat of his discovery over Clavering, the latter, who would lose everything by Amory's appearance, would be a slave in the hands of the person who knew so fatal a secret.

But if the Begum paid Clavering's debts many times more, her wealth would be expended altogether upon this irreclaimable reprobate; and her heirs, whoever they might be, would succeed but to an emptied treasury; and Miss Amory, instead of bringing her husband a good income and a seat in Parliament, would bring to that individual her person only, and her pedigree with that lamentable note of *sus.* per *coll.* at the name of the last male of her line.

There was, however, to the old schemer revolving these things in his mind, another course yet open; the which will appear to the reader who may take the trouble to peruse a conversation, which presently ensued, between Major Pendennis and the honourable Baronet, the Member for Clavering.

When a man is tempted to do a tempting thing, he can find a hundred ingenious reasons for gratifying his liking; and Arthur thought very much that he would like to be in Parliament, and that he would like to distinguish himself there, and that he need not care much what side he took, as there was falsehood and truth on every side. And on this and on other matters he thought he would compromise with his

conscience, and that Sadduceeism was a very convenient and good-humoured profession of faith.

On a picturesque common in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, Lady Clavering had found a pretty villa, whither she retired after her conjugal disputes at the end of that unlucky London season. Miss Amory, of course, accompanied her mother, and Master Clavering came home for the holidays, with whom Blanche's chief occupation was to fight and quarrel.

Arthur went down to pass a few days at Tunbridge Wells with the Begum.

Blanche was very glad to see Arthur; as one is glad to see an agreeable man in the country, who brings down the last news and stories from the great city; who can talk better than most country-folks, at least can talk that darling London jargon, so dear and indispensable to London people, so little understood by persons out of the world. The first day Pen came down, he kept Blanche laughing for hours after dinner. She sang her songs with redoubled spirit. She did not scold her mother; she fondled and kissed her, to the honest Begum's surprise. When it came to be bedtime, she said, '*Deja!*' with the prettiest air of regret possible; and was really quite sorry to go to bed, and squeezed Arthur's hand quite fondly. He on his side gave her pretty palm a very cordial pressure. Our young gentleman was ol that turn, that eyes very moderately bright dazzled him.

'She is very much improved,' thought Pen, looking out into the night, 'very much. I suppose the Begum won't mind my smoking with the window open. She's a jolly good old woman, and Blanche is immensely improved.'

The next day they were walking in the fields together, laughing and chattering—the gayest pair of friends. They talked about the days of their youth, and Blanche was prettily sentimental. They talked about Laura, dearest Laura—Blanche had loved her as a sister: was she happy with that old Lady Rockminster? Wouldn't she come and stay with them at Tunbridge? Oh, what walks they would take together! What songs they would sing—the old, old songs! Laura's voice was splendid. Did Arthur—she must call him Arthur—remember the songs they sang in the happy old days, now he was grown such a great man, and had such a succes P etc. etc.

And the day after, which was enlivened with a happy ramble

through the woods to Penshurst, and a sight of that pleasant park and hall, came that conversation with the curate which we have narrated, and which made our young friend think more and more.

'Is she all this perfection?' he asked himself. 'Has she become serious and religious? Does she tend schools, and visit the poor? Is she kind to her mother and brother? Yes, I am sure of that, I have seen her.' And walking with his old tutor over his little parish, and going to visit his school, it was with inexpressible delight that Pen found Blanche seated instructing the children, and fancied to himself how patient she must be, how good-natured, how ingenuous, how really simple in her tastes, and unspoiled by the world.

'And do you really like the country?' he asked her, as they walked together.

'I should like never to see that odious city again. O Arthur —that is, Mr.—well, Arthur, then—one's good thoughts grow up in these sweet woods and calm solitudes, like those flowers which won't bloom in London, you know. The gardener comes and changes our balconies once a week. I don't think I shall bear to look London in the face again—its odious, smoky, brazen face! But, heigho!'

'Why that sigh, Blanche?'

'Never mind why.'

'Yes, I do mind why. Tell me, tell me everything,'

'I wish you hadn't come down;' and a second edition of 'Mes Soupirs' came out.

'You don't want me, Blanche?'

'I don't want you to go away. I don't think this house will be very happy without you, and that's why I wish that you never had come.'

'Mes Soupirs' were here laid aside, and 'Mes Larmes' had begun.

Ah! What answer is given to those in the eyes of a young woman? What is the method employed for drying them? What took place? O ringdoves and roses, O dews and wild-flowers, O waving greenwoods and balmy airs of summer! Here were two battered London rakes, taking themselves in for a moment, and fancying that they were in love with each other, like Phillis and Corydon!

When one thinks of country houses and country walks, one wonders that any man is left unmarried.

CHAPTER XX

EASY and frank-spoken as Pendennis commonly was with Warrington, how came it that Arthur did not inform the friend and depository of all his secrets, of the little circumstances which had taken place at the villa near Tunbridge Wells? He talked about the discovery of his old tutor Smirke, freely enough, and of his wife, and of his Anglo-Norman church, and of his departure from Clapham to Rome; but, when asked about Blanche, his answers were evasive or general; he said she was a good-natured clever little thing, that rightly guided she might make no such bad wife after all, but that he had for the moment no intention of marriage, that his days of romance were over, that he was contented with his present lot, and so tarth.

Colonel Altamont had not been for many weeks absent on his foreign tour, Sir Francis Clavering having retired meanwhile into the country pursuant to his agreement with Major Pendennis, when the ills of fate began to fall rather suddenly and heavily upon the sole remaining partner of the little firm of Shepherd's Inn. When Strong, at parting with Altamont, refused the loan proffered by the latter in the fulness of his purse and the generosity of his heart, he made such a sacrifice to conscience and delicacy as caused him many an after twinge and pang; and he felt—it was not very many hours in his life he had experienced the feeling—that in this juncture of his affairs he had been too delicate and too scrupulous. Why should a fellow in want refuse a kind offer kindly made? Why should a thirsty man decline a pitcher of water from a friendly hand, because it was a little soiled? Strong's conscience smote him for refusing what the other had fairly come by, and generously proffered: and he thought ruefully, now it was too late, that Altamont's cash would have been as well in his pocket as in that of the gambling-house proprietor at Baden or Ems, with whom his Excellency would infallibly leave his Derby winnings.

But better days were in store for the Chevalier, and in the midst of his despondency and perplexities there came to him a most welcome aid. 'Yes, if it hadn't been for this good fellow here,' said Strong,—'for a good fellow you are, Altamont, my boy, and hang me if I don't stand by you as long as I live,- I think, Pendennis, it would have been all up with Ned Strong.

I was the fifth week of my being kept a prisoner, for I couldn't be always risking my neck across that water-pipe, and taking my walks abroad through poor old Cos's window, and my spirit was quite broken, sir—dammy, quite beat, and I was thinking of putting an end to myself, and should have done it in another week, when who should drop down from heaven but Altamont!'

'Heaven ain't exactly the place, Ned,' said Altamont. 'I came from Baden-Baden,' said he, 'and I'd had a deuced lucky month there, that's all,'

'Well, sir, he took up Marks's bill, and he paid the other fellows that were upon me, like a man, sir, that he did,' said Strong, enthusiastically.

'And I shall be very happy to stand a bottle of claret tor this company, and as many more as the company chooses,' said Mr. Altamont, with a blush. 'Hallo! waiter, bring us a magnum of the right sort, do you hear? And we'll drink our healths all round, sir—and may every good fellow like Strong find another good fellow to stand by him at a pinch. That's *my* sentiment, Mr. Pendennis, though I don't like your name,'

'No! And why?' asked Arthur.

Strong pressed the Colonel's foot under the table here; and Altamont, rather excited, filled up another bumper, nodded to Pen, drank off his wine, and said, '*He* was a gentleman, and that was sufficient, and they were all gentlemen,'

The meeting between these 'all gentlemen' took place at Richmond, whither Pendennis had gone to dinner, and where he found the Chevalier and his friend at table in the coffee-room. Both of the latter were exceedingly hilarious, talkative, and excited by wine; and Strong, who was an admirable story-teller, told the story of his own siege, and adventures, and escapes with great liveliness and humour, and described the talk of the sheriff's officers at his door, the pretty little signals of Fanny, the grotesque exclamations of Costigan when the Chevalier burst in at his window, and his final rescue by Altamont, in a most graphic manner, and so as greatly to interest his hearers.

'As for me, it's nothing,' Altamont said. 'When a ship's paid off, a chap spends his money, you know And it's the fellers at the black and red at Baden-Baden that did it. I won a good bit of money there, and intend to win a good bit more, don't I, Strong? I'm going to take him with me. I've

got a system. I'll make his fortune, I tell you. I'll make your fortune, if you like—dammy, everybody's fortune. But what I'll do, and no mistake, boys, I promise you. I'll put in for that little Fanny. Dammy, sir, what do you think she did? She had two pound, and I'm blest if she didn't go and lend it to Ned Strong! Didn't she, Ned? Let's drink her health.'

'With all my heart,' said Arthur, and pledged this toast with the greatest cordiality.

'I met that queer fellow Altamont the other day,' Pen said to his uncle, a day or two afterwards.

'Altamont? What Altamont? There's Lord Westport's son,' said the Major.

'No, no; the fellow who came tipsy into Clavering's dining-room one day when we were there,' said the nephew, laughing; 'and he said he did not like the name of Pendennis, though he did me the honour to think that I was a good fellow.'

'I don't know any man of the name of Altamont, I give you my honour,' said the impenetrable Major; 'and as for your acquaintance, I think the less you have to do with him the better, Arthur,'

Arthur laughed again 'He is going to quit the country, and make his fortune by a gambling system. He and my amiable college acquaintance, Bloundell, are partners, and the Colonel takes out Strong with him as *aide-de-camp.* What is it that binds the Chevalier and Clavering, I wonder?'

'I should think, mind you, Pen, I should think, but of course I have only the idea, that there has been something in Clavering's previous life which gives these fellows and some others a certain power over him; and if there should be such a secret, which is no affair of ours, my boy, dammy, I say, it ought to be a lesson to a man to keep himself straight in life, and not to give any man a chance over him.'

'Why, I think *you* have some means of persuasion over Clavering, uncle, or why should he give me that seat m. Parliament?'

'Clavering thinks he ain't fit for Parliament,' the Major answered. 'No more he is. What's to prevent him from putting you or anybody else into his place if he likes? Do you think that the Government or the Opposition would make any bones about accepting the seat if he offered it to them? Why should you be more squeamish than the first men, and the most

honourable men, and men of the highest birth and position in the country, begad?' The Major had an answer of this kind to most of Pen's objections, and Pen accepted his uncle's replies, not so much because he believed them, but because he wished to believe them. We do a thing—which of us has not?—not because 'everybody does it,' but because we like it; and our acquiescence, alas! proves not that everybody is right, but that we and the rest of the world are poor creatures alike.

At his next visit to Tunbridge, Mr. Pen did not forget to amuse Miss Blanche with the history which he had learned at Richmond of the Chevalier's imprisonment, and of Altamont's gallant rescue. And after he had told his tale in his usual satirical way, he mentioned with praise and emotion little Fanny's generous behaviour to the Chevalier, and Altamont's enthusiasm in her behalf.

When Pen went to London, he sent Blanche a box of bonbons, each sugar-plum of which was wrapped up in ready-made French verses, of the most tender kind; and, besides, despatched to her some poems of his own manufacture, quite as artless and authentic; and it was no wonder that he did not tell Warrington what his conversations with Miss Amory had been, of so delicate a sentiment were they, and of a nature so necessarily private.

And if, like many a worse and better man, Arthur Pendennis, the widow's son, was meditating an apostasy, and going to sell himself to—we all know whom,—at least the renegade did not pretend to be a believer in the creed to which he was ready to swear. And if every woman and man in this kingdom, who has sold her or himself for money or position, as Mr. Pendennis was about to do, would but purchase a copy of his memoirs, what tons of volumes Messrs. Bradbury and Evans would sell!

Melancholy as the great house at Clavering Park had been in the days before his marriage, when its bankrupt proprietor was a refugee in foreign lands, it was not much more cheerful now when Sir Francis Clavering came to inhabit it. The greater part of the mansion was shut up, and the Baronet only occupied a few of the rooms on the ground floor, where his housekeeper and her assistant from the lodge-gate waited upon, the luckness gentleman in his forced retreat, and cooked a part of the game which he spent the dreary mornings in shooting.

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Pen graciously promised that he would give his election dinner there, when the Baronet should vacate his seat in the young man's favour; and, as it had been agreed by his uncle, to whom Clavering seemed to be able to refuse nothing, Arthur came down in September on a visit to Clavering Park, the owner of which was very glad to have a companion who would relieve his loneliness, and perhaps would lend him a little ready money.

Pen furnished his host with these desirable supplies a couple of days after he had made his appearance at Clavering: and no sooner were these small funds in Sir Francis's pocket, than the latter found he had business at Chatteris and at the neighbouring watering-places, of which——shire boasts many, and went off to see to his affairs, which were transacted, as might be supposed, at the country race-grounds and billiard-rooms.

Besides, our ingenious friend had to ingratiate himself with the townspeople of Clavering, and with the voters of the borough which he hoped to represent, and he set himself to this task with only the more eagerness, remembering how unpopular he had before been in Clavering, and determined to vanquish the odium which he had inspired amongst the simple people there. His sense of humour made him delight in this task. Naturally rather reserved and silent in public, he became on a sudden as frank, easy, and jovial as Captain Strong. He laughed with everybody who would exchange a laugh with him, shook hands right and left, with what may be certainly called a dexterous cordiality; made his appearance at the market-day and the farmer's ordinary; and, in fine, acted like a consummate hypocrite, and as gentlemen of the highest birth and most t spotless integrity act when they wish to make themselvei agreeable to their constituents, and have some end to gain of the country-folks. How is it that we allow ourselves not to be deceived, but to be ingratiated so readily by a glib tongue, a ready laugh, and a frank manner ' We know, for the most part, that it is false coin, and we take it: we know that it is flattery, which it costs nothing to distribute to every-body, and we had rather have it than be without it. Friend Pen went about at Clavering, laboriously simple and adroitly pleased, and quite a different being from the scornful and rather sulky young dandy whom the inhabitants remembered ten years ago.

The Rectory was shut up. Doctor Portman was gone, with his gout and his family, to Harrogate,—an event which Pen deplored very much in a letter to the Doctor, in which, in a few kind and simple words, he expressed his regret at not seeing his old friend, whose advice he wanted and whose aid he might require some day: but Pen consoled himself for the Doctor's absence by making acquaintance with Mr. Simcoe, the opposition preacher, and with the two partners of the cloth-factory at Chatteris, and with the Independent preacher there, all of whom he met at the Clavering Athenaeum, which the Liberal party had set up in accordance with the advanced spirit of the age, and perhaps in opposition to the aristocratic old reading-room, into which the Edinburgh Review had once scarcely got an admission, and where no tradesmen were allowed an entarnce. He propitiated the younger partner of the cloth-factory, by asking him to dine in a friendly way at the Park; he complimented the Honourable Mrs. Simcoe with hares and partridges from the same quarter, and a request to read her husband's last sermon; and being a little unwell one day, the rascal took advantage ol the circumstance to show his tongue to Mr. Huxter, who sent him medicines and called the next morning. How delighted old Pendennis would have been with his pupil! Pen himself was amused with the sport in which he was engaged, and his success inspired him with a wicked good-humour.

And yet, as he walked out of Clavering of a night, after 'presiding' at a meeting of the Athenaeum, or working through an evening with Mrs. Simcoe, who, with her husband, was awed by the young Londoner's reputation, and had heard of his social successes; as he passed over the old familiar bridge of the rushing Brawl, and heard that well-remembered sound of waters beneath, and saw his own cottage of Fairoaks among the trees, their darkling outlines clear against the starlit sky, different thoughts no doubt came to the young man's mind, and awakened pangs of grief and shame there. There still used to be a light in the windows of the room which he remembered so well, and in which the Saint who loved him had passed so many hours of care and yearning and prayer. He turned away his gaze from the faint light which seemed to pursue him with its wan reproachful gaze, as though it was his mother's spirit watching and warning. How clear the night was! How keen the stars shone! how ceaseless the rush of

the flowing waters! the old home trees whispered, and waved gently their dark heads and branches over the cottage roof. Yonder, in the faint starlight glimmer, was the terrace where, as a boy, he walked of summer evenings, ardent and trustful, unspotted, untried, ignorant of doubts or passions; sheltered as yet from the world's contamination in the pure and anxious bosom of love. . . . The clock of the near town tolling midnight, with a clang, disturbs our wanderer's reverie, and sends him onwards towards his night's resting-place, through the lodge into Clavering avenue, and under the dark arcades of the rustling limes.

While Mr. Pen was engaged in the country in the above schemes, it happened that the lady of his choice, if not of his affections, came up to London from the Tunbridge villa bound upon shopping expeditions or important business, and in company of old Mrs. Bonner, her mother's maid, who had lived and quarrelled with Blanche many times since she was an infant, and who now being about to quit Lady Clavering's service for the hymeneal state, was anxious like a good soul to bestow some token of respectful kindness upon her old and young mistress before she quitted them altogether, to take her post as the wife of Lightfoot, and landlady of the Clavering Arms.

The honest woman took the benefit of Miss Amory's taste to make the purchase which she intended to offer her ladyship; and requested the fair Blanche to choose something for herself that should be to her liking, and remind her of her old nurse who had attended her through many a wakeful night, and eventful teething, and childish fever, and who loved her like a child of her own almost These purchases were made, and as the nurse insisted on buying an immense Bible for Blanche, the young lady suggested that Bonner should purchase a large Johnson's Dictionary for her mamma. Each of the two women might certainly profit by the present made to her.

It was in the Strand that Mrs. Bonner made her purchases, aided by Miss Blanche, who liked the fun very well; and when the old lady had bought everything that she desired, and was leaving the shop, Blanche, with a smiling face, and a sweet bow to one of the shopmen, said, ' Pray, sir, will you have the kindness to show us the way to Shepherd's Inn?'

Shepherd's Inn was but a few score of yards off, Old Castle Street was close by, the elegant young shopman pointed out the turning which the young lady was to take, and she and her companion walked off together.

'Shepherd's Inn! what can you want in Shepherd's Inn, Miss Blanche?' Bonner inquired. 'Mr. Strong lives there. Do you want to go and see the Captain?'

'I should like to see the Captain very well. I like the Captain; but it is not him I want. I want to see a dear little good girl, who was very kind to—to Mr. Arthur when he was so ill last year, and saved his life almost; and I want to thank her, and ask her if she would like anything. I looked out several of my dresses on purpose this morning, Bonner!' and she looked at Bonner as if she had a right to admiration, and had performed an act of remarkable virtue. Blanche, indeed, was very fond of sugar-plums; she would have fed the poor upon them, when she had had enough, and given a country girl a ball-dress, when she had worn it and was tired of it.

Blanche, with pink and blue, and feathers, and flowers, and trinkets (that wondrous invention, a chatelaine, was not extant yet, or she would have had one, we may be sure), and a shot-silk dress, and a wonderful mantle, and a charming parasol, presented a vision of elegance and beauty such as bewildered the eyes of Mrs. Bolton, who was scrubbing the lodge-floor of Shepherd's Inn, and caused Betsy-Jane and Ameliar Ann to look with delight.

Blanche looked on them with a smile of ineffable sweetness and protection; like Rowena going to see Rebecca; like Marie Antoinette visiting the poor in the famine; like the Marchioness of Carabas alighting from her carriage-and-four at a pauper-tenant's door, and taking from John No. II. the packet of Epsom salts for the invalid's benefit, carrying it with her own imperial hand into the sick-room—Blanche felt a queen stepping down from her throne to visit a subject, and enjoyed all the bland consciousness of doing a good action.

Now it chanced that on the day when Blanche and Mrs. Bonner ascended the staircase to Strong's room in Shepherd's Inn, the Colonel had invited Miss Delaval of the——Theatre Royal, and her mother, Mrs. Hodge, to a little party down the river, and it had been agreed that they were to meet at Chambers, and thence walk down to a port in the neighbouring Strand to take water. So that when Mrs. Bonner

and Mes Larmes came to the door, where Grady, Altamont's servant, was standing, the domestic said, 'Walk in, ladies,' with the utmost affability, and led them into the room, which was arranged as i[they had been expected there.

'Grady,' bawled out a voice from the chamber within:—a voice that made Mrs. Bonner start.

Grady did not answer: his song was heard from afar off, from the kitchen, his upper room, where Grady was singing at his work.

'Grady, my coat!' again roared the voice from within.

'Why, that is not Mr. Strong's voice,' said the Sylphide, still half laughing. 'Grady my coat!—Bonner, who is Grady my coat? We ought to go away.'

Bonner still looked quite puzzled at the sound of the voice which she had heard.

The bedroom door here opened and the individual who had called out 'Grady, my coat,' appeared without the garment in question.

He nodded to the women, and walked across the room.' I beg your pardon, ladies. Grady, bring my coat down, sir! Well, my dears, it's a fine day, and we'll have a jolly lark at——'

He said no more; for here Mrs. Bonner, who had been looking at him with scared eyes, suddenly shrieked out, 'Amory! Amory! and fell back screaming and fainting in her chair.

The man, so apostrophised, looked at the woman an instant, and, rushing up to Blanche, seized her and kissed her. 'Yes, Betsy,' he said, 'by G—it is me. Mary Bonner knew me. What a fine gal we've grown! But it's a secret, mind. I'm dead, though I'm your father. Your poor mother don't know it. What a pretty gal we've grown! Kiss me—kiss me close, my Betsy! D—it, I love you: I'm your old father.'

Betsy or Blanche looked quite bewildered, and began to scream too—once, twice, thrice; and it was her piercing shrieks which Captain Costigan heard as he walked the court below.

At the sound of these shrieks the perplexed parent clasped his hands (his wristbands were open, and on one brawny arm you could see letters tattooed in blue), and, rushing to his apartment, came back with an eau-de-Cologne bottle from his grand silver dressing-case, with the fragrant contents of which he began liberally to sprinkle Bonner and Blanche.

The screams of these women brought the other occupants of the chambers into the room; Grady from his kitchen, and Strong from his apartment in the upper story. The latter at once saw from the aspect of the two women what had occurred.

'Grady, go and wait in the court,' he said, 'and if anybody comes—you understand me,'

'Is it the play-actress and her mother?' said Grady.

'Yes—confound you— say that there's nobody in chambers, and the party's off for to-day.'

'Shall I say that, sir? and after I bought them bokays?' asked Grady of his master.

'Yes,' said Amory, with a stamp of his foot; and Strong going to the door, too, reached it just in time to prevent the entrance of Captain Costigan, who had mounted the stair.

The ladies from the theatre did not have their treat to Greenwich, nor did Blanche pay her visit to Fanny Bolton on that day. And Cos, who took occasion majestically to inquire of Grady what the mischief was, and who was crying?—had for answer that 'twas a woman, another of them, and that they were, in Grady's opinion, the cause of 'most all the mischief in the world.

Whilst Pen, in his own country, was thus carrying, on his selfish plans and parliamentary schemes, news came to him that Lady Rockminster had arrived at Baymouth, and had brought with her our friend Laura. At the announcement that Laura his sister was near him, Pen felt rather guilty. His wish was to stand higher in her esteem, perhaps, than in that of any other person in the world. She was his mother's legacy to him. He was to be her patron and protector in some sort. How would she brave the news which he had to tell her; and how should he explain the plans which he was meditating?

Under the charge of her kind, though somewhat wayward and absolute patroness, Lady Rockminster, Laura had seen somewhat of the world in the last year, had gathered some accomplishments, and profited by the lessons of society.

On the one or two occasions when he had seen Lady Rockminster, the old lady, who did not admire him, had been very pitiless and abrupt with our young friend, and perhaps Pen expected when he came to Baymouth to find Laura installed in her house in the quality of humble companion, and treated

no better than himself. When she heard of his arrival she came running downstairs, and I am not sure that she did not embrace him in the presence of Calverley and Coldstream: not that those gentlemen ever told: if the *fractus orbis* had come to a smash, if Laura, instead of kissing Pen, had taken her scissors and snipped off his head—Calverley and Coldstream would have looked on impavidly, without allowing a grain of powder to be disturbed by the calamity.

Laura had so much improved in health and looks that Pen could not but admire her. The trank and kind eyes which met his, beamed with good-health; the cheek which he kissed blushed with beauty. As he looked at her, artless and graceful, pure and candid, he thought he had never seen her so beautiful. Why should he remark her beauty now so much, and remark too to himself that he had not remarked it sooner? He took her fair trustful hand and kissed it fondly: he looked in her bright clear eyes, and read in them that kindling welcome which he was always sure to find there. He was affected and touched by the tender tone and the pure sparkling glance; their innocence smote him somehow and moved him.

'How good you are to me, Laura—sister!' said Pen; 'I don't deserve that you should—that you should be so kind to me,'

'Mamma left you to me,' she said, stooping down and brushing his forehead with her lips hastily. 'You know you were to come to me when you were in trouble, or to tell me when you were very happy: that was our compact, Arthur, last year, before we parted. Are you very happy now, or are you in trouble—which is it?' and she looked at him with an arch glance of kindness. 'Do you like going into Parliament? Do you intend to distinguish yourself there? How I shall tremble for your first speech!'

'Do you know about the Parliament plan, then?' Pen asked.

'Know?—all the world knows! I have heard it talked about many times. Lady Rockminster's doctor talked about it to-diy. I daresay it will be in the Chatteris paper to-morrow. It is all over the country that Sir Francis Clavering, of Clavering, is going to retire, in behalf of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, of Fairoaks; and that the young and beautiful Miss Blanche Amory is—'

'What! that too?, asked Pendennis.

'That, too, dear Arthur. *Tout se sail,* as somebody would say, whom I intend to be very fond of; and who I am sure is very clever and pretty. I have had a letter from Blanche. The kindest of letters. She speaks so warmly of you, Arthur! I hope—I know she feels what she writes.—When is it to be, Arthur? Why did you not tell me? I may come and live with you then, mayn't I?'

'My home is yours, dear Laura, and everything I have,' Pen said. 'If I did not tell you, it was because—because—I do not know: nothing is decided as yet. No words have passed between us. But you think Blanche could be happy with me—don't you? Not a romantic fondness, you know. I have no heart, I think; I've told her so: only a sober-sided attachment:—and want my wife on one side of the fire and my sister on the other,—Parliament in the session and Fairoaks in the holidays, and my Laura never to leave me until somebody who has a right comes to take her away.'

Somebody who has a right—somebody with a right! Why did Pen, as he looked at the girl and slowly uttered the words, begin to feel angry and jealous of the invisible somebody with the right to take her away? Anxious, but a minute ago, how she would take the news regarding his probable arrangements with Blanche, Pen was hurt somehow that she received the intelligence so easily, and took his happiness for granted.

Lady Rockminster came in whilst this curtsey was being performed, and gave to Arthur one finger to shake; which he took, and over which he bowed as well as he could, which, in truth, was very clumsily.

'So you are going to be married, sir,' said the old lady.

'Scold him, Lady Rockminster, for not telling us,' Laura said, going away: which, in truth, the old lady began instantly to do. 'So you are going to marry, and to go into Parliament in place of that good-for-nothing Sir Francis Clavering. I wanted him to give my grandson his seat—why did he not give my grandson his seat? I hope you are to have a great deal of money with Miss Amory. ,' wouldn't take her without a great deal.'

'Sir Francis Clavering is tired of Parliament,' Pen said, wincing, 'and—and I rather wish to attempt that career. The rest of the story is at least premature.'

'I wonder, when you had Laura at home, you could take up with such an affected little creature as that,' the old lady continued.

'I am very sorry Miss Amory does not please your ladyship,' said Pen, smiling.

'You mean—that it is no affair of mine, and that I am not going to marry her. Well, I'm not, and I'm very glad I am not—a little odious thing—when I think that a man could prefer her to my Laura, I've no patience with him, and so I tell you, Mr. Arthur Pendennis,'

'I am very glad you see Laura with such favourable eyes,' Pen said.

'You are very glad, and you are very sorry. What does it matter, sir, whether you are very glad or very sorry? A young man who prefers Miss Amory to Miss Bell has no business to be sorry or glad. A young man who takes up with such a crooked lump of affectation as that little Amory,—for she is crooked, I tell you she is,—after seeing my Laura, has no right to hold up his head again. Where is your friend Bluebeard? The tall young man, I mean,—Warrington, isn't his name? Why does he not come down, and marry Laura? What do the young men mean by not marrying such a girl as that? They all marry for money now. You are all selfish and cowards. We ran away with each other, and made foolish matches in my time. I have no patience with the young men! When I was at Paris in the winter, I asked all the three attaches at the Embassy why they did not fall in love with Miss Bell? They laughed—they said they wanted money. You are all selfish—you are all cowards.'

'I hope before you offered Miss Bell to the attaches,' said Pen, with some heat, 'you did her the favour to consult her?'

'Miss Bell has only a little money. Miss Bell must marry soon. Somebody must make a match for her, sir; and a girl can't offer herself,' said the old dowager, with great state. 'Laura, my dear, I've been telling your cousin that all the young men are selfish; and that there is not a pennyworth of romance left among them. He is as bad as the rest'

'Have you been asking Arthur why he won't marry me?' said Laura, with a kindling smile, coming back and taking her cousin's hand. (She had been away, perhaps, to hide some traces of emotion, which she did not wish others to see.) 'He is going to marry somebody else; and I intend to be very fond

of her, and to go and live with them, provided he then does not ask every bachelor who comes to his house, why he does not marry me? '

The terrors of Pen's conscience being thus appeased, and his examination before Laura over without any reproaches on the part of the latter, Pen began to find that his duty and inclination led him constantly to Baymouth, where Lady Rockminster informed him that a place was always reserved for him at her table. 'And I recommend you to come often,' the old lady said, 'for Grandjean is an excellent cook, and to be with Laura and me will do your manners good. It is easy to see that you are always thinking about yourself. Don't blush and stammer—almost all young men are always thinking about themselves. My sons and grandsons always were until I cured them. Come here, and let us teach you to behave properly; you will not have to carve, that is done at the side-table. Hecker will give you as much wine as is good for you; and on days when you are very good and amusing you shall have some champagne. Hecker, mind what I say. Mr. Pendennis is Miss Laura's brother; and you will make him comfortable, and see that he does not have too much wine, or disturb me whilst I am taking my nap after dinner. You are selfish: I intend to cure you of being selfish. You will dine here when you have no other engagements; and if it rams you had better put up at the hotel.' As long as the good lady could order everybody round about her, she was not hard to please; and all the slaves and subjects of her little dowager court trembled before her, but loved her.

She did not receive a very numerous or brilliant society. The doctor of course, was admitted as a constant and faithful visitor; the vicar and his curate; and on public days the vicar's wife and daughters, and some of the season visitors at Baymouth, were received at the old lady's entertainments: but generally the company was a small one, and Mr. Arthur drank his wine by himself, when Lady Rockminster retired to take her doze, and to be played and sung to sleep by Laura after dinner.

Their talk was often about the departed mother. And it was from a thousand stories which Laura told him that Arthur was made aware how constant and absorbing that silent maternal devotion had been; which had accompanied him present and absent through life, and had only ended with the fond widow's last breath.

CHAPTER XXI

ANY gentleman who has frequented the Wheel of Fortune public-house, where it may be remembered that Mr. James Morgan's Club was held, and where Sir Francis Clavering had an interview with Major Pendennis, is aware that there are three rooms for guests upon the ground floor, besides the bar where the landlady sits. One is a parlour frequented by the public at large; to another room gentlemen in livery resort; and the third apartment, on the door of which 'Private' is painted, is that hired by the Club of 'The Confidentials,' of which Messrs. Morgan and Lightfoot were members.

The noiseless Morgan had listened to the conversation between Strong and Major Pendennis at the latter's own lodgings, and had carried away from it matter for much private speculation; and a desire of knowledge had led him to follow his master when the Major came to the Wheel of Fortune, and to take his place quietly in the Confidential room, whilst Pendennis and Clavering had their discourse in the parlour. There was a particular corner in the Confidential room from which you could hear almost all that passed in the next apartment; and as the conversation between the two gentlemen there was rather angry, and carried on in a high key, Morgan had the benefit of overhearing almost the whole of it: and what he heard, strengthened the conclusions which his mind had previously formed.

'He knew Altamont at once, did he, when he saw him in Sydney? Clavering ain't no more married to my Lady than I am! Altamont's the man: Altamont's a convict; young Harthur comes into Parlyment, and the Gov'nor promises not to split. By Jove, what a sly old rogue it is, that old Gov'nor! No wonder he's anxious to make the match between Blanche and Harthur: why, she'll have a hundred thousand if she's a penny, and bring her man a seat in Parlyment into the bargain.' Nobody saw, but a physiognomist would have liked to behold, the expression of Mr. Morgan's countenance, when this astounding intelligence was made clear to him. 'But for my hage, and the confounded prejudices of society,' he said, surveying himself in the glass, 'clammy, James Morgan, you might marry her yourself,' But if he could not marry Miss Blanche and her fortune, Morgan thought he could mend his

own by the possession of this information, and that it might be productive of benefit to him from very many sources.

One of the persons whom the story chiefly concerned, Colonel Altamont, was absent from London when Morgan was thus made acquainted with his history.

In the profession Mr. Morgan was greatly respected and admired, and his reputation for wealth and wisdom got him much renown at most supper-tables: the younger gentlemen voted him stoopid, a feller of no idears, and a fogey, in a word: but not one of them would not say amen to the heart-felt prayer which some of the most serious-minded among the gentlemen uttered, 'When I die may I cut up as well as Morgan Pendennis!'

As became a man of fashion, Major Pendennis spent the autumn passing from house to house of such country friends as were at home to receive him; and if the Duke happened to be abroad, or the Marquis in Scotland, condescending to sojourn with Sir John or the plain Squire.

After a rather unsuccessful autumn season, then, during which he was faithfully followed by Mr. Morgan, his nephew Arthur being engaged, as we have seen, at Clavering, it happened that Major Pendennis came back for a while to London, at the dismal end of October, when the fogs and the lawyers come to town.

Old Pendennis had no special labours or bills to encounter on the morrow, as he had no affection at home to soothe him. He had always money in his desk sufficient for his wants; and being by nature and habit tolerably indifferent to the wants of other people, these latter were not likely to disturb him. But a gentleman may be out of temper though he does not owe a shilling; and though he may be ever so selfish, he must occasionally feel dispirited and lonely. In all his dealings with Morgan, his valet, he had been exceedingly sulky and discontented. He had sworn at him and abused him for many days past. He had scalded his mouth with bad soup at Swindon. He had left his umbrella in the railroad carriage: at which piece of forgetfulness, he was in such a rage, that he cursed Morgan more freely than ever. Both the chimneys smoked furiously in his lodgings; and when he caused the windows to be flung open, he swore so acrimoniously, that Morgan was inclined to fling him out of window too, through that opened casement. The valet swore after his master, as

Pendennis went down the street on his way to the Club.

Bays's was not at all pleasant. The house had been new painted, and smelt of varnish and turpentine, and a large streak of white paint inflicted itself on the back of the old boy's fur-collared surtout.

Whilst the Major was absent from his lodgings, Morgan had been seated in the landlady's parlour, drinking freely of hot brandy-and-water, and pouring out on Mrs. Brixham some of the abuse which he had received from his master upstairs.

He had eaten his supper and was drinking a third tumbler, when old Pendennis returned from the Club, and went upstairs to his rooms. Mr. Morgan swore very savagely at him and his bell, when he heard the latter, and finished his tumbler of brandy before he went up to answer the summons.

Me received the abuse consequent on this delay in silence, nor did the Major condescend to read in the flushed face and glaring eyes of the man, the anger under which he was labouring. The old gentleman's foot-bath was at the fire ; his gown and slippers awaiting him there. Morgan knelt down to take his boots off with due subordination: and as the Major abused him from above, kept up a growl of maledictions below as his feet Thus, when Pendennis was crying ' Conlound you, sir, mind that strap—curse you, don't wrench my foot off,' Morgan *sotto voce* below was expressing a wish to strangle him, drown him, and punch his head off.

The boots removed, it became necessary to divest Mr. Pendennis of his coat: and for this purpose the valet had necessarily to approach very near to his employer: so near that Pendennis could not but perceive what Mr. Morgan's late occupation had been; to which he adverted m that simple and forcible phraseology which men are sometimes in the habit of using to their domestics; informing Morgan that he was a drunken beast, and that he smelt of brandy.

At this the man broke out, losing patience, and flinging up all subordination, 'I'm drunk, am I? I'm a beast, am I? I'm d—d, am I? you infernal old miscreant. Shall I wring your old head off, and drownd yer in that pail of water? Do you think I'am a-goin' to bear your confounded old harrogance, you old Wigsby! Chatter your old hivories at me, do you, you grinning old baboon! Come on, if you are a man, and can stand to a man. Ha! you coward, knives, knives!'

'If you advance a step, I'll send it into you,' said the Major, seizing up a knife that was on the table near him. 'Go downstairs, you drunken brute, and leave the house; send for your book and your wages in the morning, and never let me see your insolent face again. This d—d impertinence of yours has been growing for some months past. You have been growing too rich. You are not fit for service. Get out of it, and out of the house,'

'And where would you wish me to go, pray, out of the 'ouse?' asked the man, 'and won't it be equal convenient to-morrow mornin'?—*tootyfay marne shose, sivtiaplay, munseer* P'

'Silence, you beast, and go!' cried out the Major.

Morgan began to laugh, with rather a sinister laugh. 'Look yere, Pendennis,' he said, seating himself; 'since I've been in this room you've called me beast, brute, dog: and d—d me, haven't you? How do you suppose one man likes that sort of talk from another? How many years have I waited on you, and how many damns and cusses have you given me, along with my wages? Do you think a man's a dog, that you can talk to him in this way? If I choose to drink a little, why shouldn't I? I've seen many a gentleman drunk form'ly, and perhaps have the abit from them. I ain't a-goin' to leave this house, old feller, and shall I tell you why? The house is my house, every stick of furnitur' in it is mine, excep, *your* old traps, and your shower-bath, and your wig-box. I've bought the place, I tell you, with my own industry and perseverance. I can show a hundred pound, where you can show a fifty, or your damned supersellous nephew either. I've served you honourable, done everythink for you these dozen years, and I'm a dog, am I? I'm a beast, am I? That's the language for gentlemen, not for our rank. But I'll bear it no more. I throw up your service; I'm tired on it; I've combed your old wig and buckled your old girths and waistbands long enough, I tell you. Don't look savage at me, I'm sitting in my own chair, in my own room, a-telling the truth to you. I'll be your beast, and your brute, and your dog, no more, Major Pendennis Alf Pay.'

The fury of the old gentlemen, met by the servant's abrupt revolt, had been shocked and cooled by the concussion, as much as if a sudden shower-bath or a pail of cold water had been flung upon him. That effect produced, and his anger

calmed, Morgan's speech had interested him, and he rather respected his adversary, and his courage in facing him; as of old days, in the fencing-room, he would have admired the opponent who hit him.

'You are no longer my servant,' the Major said, 'and the house may be yours; but the lodgings are mine, and you will have the goodness to leave them. To-morrow morning, when we have settled our accounts, I shall remove into other quarters. In the meantime, I desire to go to bed, and have not the slightest wish for your further company.'

'*Well* have a settlement, don't you be airaid,' Morgan said, getting up from his chair. 'I ain't done with you yet; nor with your family, nor with the Clavering family, Major Pendennis; and that you shall know,'

'Have the goodness to leave the room, sir;—I'm tired,' said the Major.

'Hah! you'll be more tired of me afore you've done,' answered the man, with a sneer, and walked out of the room; leaving the Major to compose himself as best he might, after the agitation of this extraordinary scene.

He sate and mused by his fireside over the past events, and the confounded impudence and ingratitude of servants; and thought how he should get a new man: how devilish unpleasant it was for a man of his age, and with his habits, to part with a fellow to whom he had been accustomed: how Morgan had a receipt for boot-varnish, which was incomparably better and more comfortable to the feet than any he had ever tried: how very well he made mutton-broth, and tended him when he was unwell. 'Gad, it s a hard thing to lose a fellow of that sort; but he must go,' thought the Major. 'He has grown rich, and impudent since he has grown rich. He was horribly tipsy and abusive to-night. We must part, and I must go out of the lodgings. Dammy, I like the lodgings; I'm used to 'em. it's very unpleasant, at my time of life, to change my quarters.' And so on, mused the old gentleman. The shower-bath had done him good: the testiness was gone: the loss of the umbrella, the smell of paint at the Club, were forgotten under the superior excitement. 'Confound the insolent villain!" thought the old gentleman. 'He understood my wants to a nicety: he was the best servant in England,' He thought about his servant as a man thinks of a horse that has carried him long and well, and that has come down with

him, and is safe no longer. How the deuce to replace him? Where can he get such another animal?

Early next morning Pendennis's shutters were opened by Morgan, who appeared as usual, with a face perfectly grave and respectful, bearing with him the old gentleman's clothes, cans ot water, and elaborate toilet requisites.

'It's you, is it?' said the old fellow from his bed. 'I shan't take you back again, you understand.'

'I ave not the least wish to be took back agin, Major Pendennis,' Mr. Morgan said, with grave dignity, 'nor to serve you nor hany man. But as I wish you to be comftable as long as you stay in my house, I came up to do what's nessary.' And once more, and for the last time, Mr. James Morgan laid out the silver dressing-case, and strapped the shining razor.

These offices concluded, he addressed himself to the Major with an indescribable solemnity, and said: 'Thinkin' that you would most likely be in want of a respectable pusson, until you suited yourself, I spoke to a young man last night, who is 'ere.'

'Indeed,' said the warrior in the tent-bed.

'He ave lived in the fust famlies, and I can wouch for his respectability.'

'You are monstrous polite,' grinned the old Major. And the truth is, that after the occurrences of the previous evening, Morgan had gone out to his own Club at the Wheel of Fortune, and there finding Frosch, a courier and valet just returned from a foreign tour with young Lord Cubley, and for the present disposable, had represented to Mr. Frosch, that he, Morgan, had 'a devil of a blow hup with his own Gov'nor, and was goin' to retire from the business haltogether, and that if Frosch wanted a tempory job, he might probbly have it by applying in Bury Street'

'You are very polite,' said the Major, 'and your recommendation, I am sure, will have every weight.'

Morgan blushed; he felt his master was 'a-chaffin' of him.' 'The man have awaited on you before, sir,' he said with great dignity. 'Lord De la Pole, sir, gave him to his nephew young Lord Cubley, and he have been with him on his foring tour, and not wishing to go to Fitzurse Castle, which Frosch's chest is delicate, and he cannot bear the cold in Scotland, he is free to serve you or not, as you choose,'

'I repeat, sir, that you are exceedingly polite,' said the

Major. 'Come in, Frosch—you will do very well—Mr. Morgan, will you have the great kindness to—'

'I shall show him what is nessary, sir, and what is customry for you to wish to ave done. Will you please to take breakfast 'ere or at the Club, Major Pendennis?'

'With your kind permission, I will breakfast here, and afterwards we will make our little arrangements,'

' If you please, sir.'

'Will you now oblige me by leaving the room?'

Morgan withdrew; the excessive politeness of his ex-employer made him almost as angry as the Major's bitterest words. And whilst the old gentleman is making his mysterious toilet, we will also modestly retire.

After breakfast, Major Pendennis and his new *aide-de-camp* occupied themselves in preparing for their departure. The establishentm of the old bachelor was not very complicated. He encumbered himself with no useless wardrobe. A bible (his mother's), a road book, Pen's novel (calf elegant), and the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, with a few prints, maps, and portraits of that illustrious general, and of various sovereigns and consorts of this country, and of the General under whom Major Pendennis had served in India formed his literary and artistical collection: he was always ready to march at a few hours' notice, and the cases in which he had brought his property into his lodgings some fifteen years before, were still in the lofts amply sufficient to receive all his goods. These, the young woman who did the work of the house, and who was known by the name oi Betty to her mistress, and of 'Slavey' to Mr. Morgan, brought down from their resting-place, and obediently dusted and cleaned under the eyes of the terrible Morgan. His demeanour was guarded and solemn; he had spoken no word as yet to Mrs. Brixham respecting his threats of the past night, but he looked as if he would execute them, and the poor widow tremblingly awaited her fate.

Old Pendennis, armed with his cane, superintended the package of his goods and chattels, under the hands of Mr. Frosch, and the Slavey burned such of his papers as he did not care to keep; flung open doors and closets until they were all empty; and now all boxes and chests were closed, except his desk, which was ready to receive the final accounts of Mr. Morgan.

That individual now made his appearance, and brought his books. 'As I wish to speak to you in privick, peraps you will ave the kindness to request Frosch to step downstairs,' he said, on entering.

'Bring a couple of cabs, Frosch, if you please—and wait downstairs until I ring for you,' said the Major. Morgan saw Frosch downstairs, watched him go along the street upon his errand, and produced his books and accounts, which were simple -and very easily settled.

And now, sir,' said he, having pocketed the cheque which his ex-employer gave him, and signed his name to his book with a flourish, ' and now that accounts is closed between us, sir,' he said, 'I porpose to speak to you as one man to another'—(Morgan liked the sound of his own voice; and, as an individual, indulged in public speaking whenever he could gel an opportunity, at the Club, or the housekeeper's room)—' and I must tell you, that I'm in possussfon *of certing infamation.'*

'And may I inquire of what nature, pray?' asked the Major.

' It's valuble information, Major Pendennis, as you know very well. I know of a marriage as is no marriage—of a honourable Baronet as is no more married than I am; and which his wife is married to somebody else, as you know too, sir.'

Pendennis at once understood all. 'Ha! this accounts for your behaviour. You have been listening at the door, sir, I suppose,' said the Major, looking very haughty; 'I forgot to look at the keyhole when I went to that public-house, or I might have suspected what sort of a person was behind it,'

'I may have my schemes as you may have yours, I suppose, answered Morgan. ' I may get my information, and I may act on that information, and I may find that information valuable as anybody else may. A poor servant may have a bit of luck as well as a gentleman, mayn't he? Don't you be putting on your aughty looks, sir, and comin' the aristocrat over me. That's all gammon with me. I'm an Englishman, I am, and as good as you,'

'To what the devil does this tend, sir? and how does the secret which you have surprised concern me, I should like to know?' asked Major Pendennis, with great majesty.

'How does it concern me, indeed? how grand we are! How does it concern my nephew, I wonder? How does it concern my nephew's seat in Parlyment: and to subornation of bigamy? How does it concern that? What, are you to be the only man to have a secret, and to trade on it? Why shouldn't I go halves, Major Pendennis? I've found it out too. Look here! I ain't goin' to be unreasonable with you. Make it worth my while, and I'll keep the thing close Let Mr. Arthur take his seat, and his rich wite, if you like; I don't want to marry her. But I will have my share, as sure as my name's James Morgan. And if I don't—'

'If I don't, I split, and tell all. I smash Clavering, and have him and his wife up for bigamy—so help me, I will! I smash young Hopeful's marriage, and I show up you and him as makin' use of this secret, in order to squeeze a seat in Parlyment out of Sir Francis, and a fortune out of his wife,'

'Mr. Pendennis knows no more of this business than the babe unborn, sir,' cried the Major, aghast. 'No more than Lady Clavering, than Miss Amory does.'

'Tell that to the marines, Major,' replied the valet; 'that cock won't fight with me.'

'Do you doubt my word, you villain?'

'No bad language. I don't care one twopence'a'p'ny whether your word's true or not. I tell you, I intend this to be a nice little annuity to me, Major: for I have every one of you; and I ain't such a fool as to let you go. I should say that you might make it five hundred a year to me among you, easy. Pay me down the first quarter now, and I'm as mum as a mouse. Just give me a note for one twenty-five There's your cheque-book on your desk.'

'And there's this too, you villain,' cried the old gentleman. In the desk to which the valet pointed was a little double-barrelled pistol, which had belonged to Pendennis's old patron, the Indian commander-in-chief, and which had accompanied him in many a campaign. 'One more word, you scoundrel, and I'll shoot you, like a mad dog. Stop—by Jove, I'll do it now. You'll assault me, will you? You'll strike at an old man, will you, you lying coward? Kneel down and say your prayers, sir, for by the Lord you shall die.'

The Major's face glared with rage at his adversary, who looked terrified before him for a moment, and at the next, with a shriek of 'Murder!' sprang towards the open window, under

which a policeman happened to be on his beat. 'Murder! Police!' bellowed Mr. Morgan.

To his surprise, Major Pendennis wheeled away the table and walked to the other window, which was also open. He beckoned the policeman. 'Come up here, policeman,' he said, and then went and placed himself against the door.

'You miserable sneak,' he said to Morgan; 'the pistol hasn't been loaded these fifteen years, as you would have known very well, if you had not been such a coward. That policeman is coming, and I will have him up, and have your trunks searched; I have reason to believe that you are a thief, sir. I know you are. I'II swear to the things,'

'You gave 'em to me- you gave 'em to me! cried Morgan.

The Major laughed. 'We'll see,' he said; and the guilty valet remembered some fine lawn-fronted shirts—a certain gold-headed cane—an opera-glass, which he had forgotten to bring down, and of which he had assumed the use along with certain articles of his master's clothes, which the old dandy neither wore nor asked for.

Policeman X entered; followed by the scared Mrs. Brixham and her maid-of-all-work, who had been at the door and found some difficulty in closing it against the street amateurs, who wished to see the row. The Major began instantly to speak.

'I have had occasion to discharge this drunken scoundrel,' he said. 'Both last night and this morning he insulted and assaulted me. I am an old man and took up a pistol. You see it is not loaded, and this coward cried out before he was hurt. I am glad you are come. I Was charging him with taking my property, and desired to examine his trunks and his room,'

'The velvet cloak you ain't worn these three years, nor the weskits, and I thought I might take the shirts, and I—I take my hoath I intended to put back the hopera-glass,' roared Morgan, writhing with rage and terror.

'The man acknowledges that he is a thief,' the Major said, calmly. 'He has been in my service for years, and I have treated him with every kindness and confidence. We will go upstairs and examine his trunks,'

In those trunks Mr. Morgan had things which he would fain keep from public eyes. Mr. Morgan, the bill-discounter, gave goods as well as money to his customers. He provided

young spendthrifts with snuff-boxes and pins and jewels and pictures and cigars, and of a very doubtful quality those cigars and jewels and pictures were. Their display at a police-office, the discovery of his occult profession, and the exposure of the Major's property, which he had appropriated, indeed, rather than stolen,—would not have added to the reputation of Mr. Morgan. He looked a piteous image of terror and discomfiture.

'He'll smash me, will he?' thought the Major. 'Til crush him now, and finish with him.'

But he paused. He looked at poor Mrs. Brixham's scared face; and he thought for a moment to himself that the man brought to bay and in prison might make disclosures which had best be kept secret, and that it was best not to deal too fiercely with a desperate man.

Stop,' he said, 'policeman. I'll speak with this man by himself,'

'Do you give Mr. Morgan in charge?' said the policeman.

'I have brought no charge as yet,' the Major said, with a significant look at his man.

'Thank you, sir,' whispered Morgan, very low.

'Go outside the door, and wait there, policeman, if you please.—Now, Morgan, you have played one game with me, and you have not had the best of it, my good man. No, begad, you've not had the best oi it, though you had the best hand; and you've got to pay, too, now, you scoundrel,'

'Yes, sir,' said the man.

'I've only found out, within the last week, the game which you have been driving, you villain. Young De Boots, of the Blues, recognised you as the man who came to barracks, and did business one-third in money, one-third in eau-de-Cologne, and one-third in French prints, you confounded demure old sinner! I didn't miss anything, or care a straw what you'd taken, you booby; but I took the shot, and it hit—hit the bull's-eye, begad. Dammy, sir, I'm an old campaigner,'

'What do you -want with me, sir?'

TH tell you. Your bills, I suppose, you keep about you in that dem'd great leather pocket-book, don't you? You'll burn Mrs. Brixham's bill?'

'Sir, I ain't a-goin' to part with my property,' growled the man.

'You lent her sixty pounds five years ago. She and that

poor devil of an insurance clerk, her son, have paid you fifty pounds a year ever since; and you have got a bill of sale of her furniture, and her note of hand for a hundred and fifty pounds. She told me so last night. By Jove, sir, you've bled that poor woman enough,'

'I won't give it up,' said Morgan;—'If I do I'm—'

'Policeman!' cried the Major.

'You shall have the bill,' said Morgan. 'You're not going to take money of me, and you a gentleman?'

'I shall want you directly,' said the Major to X, who here entered, and who again withdrew.

'No, my good sir,' the old gentleman continued; 'I have not any desire to have further pecuniary transactions with you; but we will draw out a little paper, which you will have the kindness to sign. No, stop!—you shall write it: you have improved immensely in writing of late, and have now a very good hand. You shall sit down and write, if you please—there, at that table—so—let me see—we may as well have the date. Write "Bury Street, St. James's, October 2I, IS-,"'

And Morgan wrote as he was instructed, and as the pitiless old Major continued:—

'"I, James Morgan, having come in extreme poverty into the service of Arthur Pendennis, Esquire, of Bury Street, St. James's, a Major in her Majesty's service, acknowledge that I received liberal wages and board wages from my employer, during fifteen years."—You can't object to that, I am sure,' said the Major.

'During fifteen years,' wrote Morgan.

"In which time, by my own care and prudence,"' the dictator resumed, '"I have managed to amass sufficient money to purchase the house in which my master resides, and, besides, to effect other savings. Amongst other persons from whom I have had money, I may mention my present tenant, Mrs. Brixham, who, in consideration of sixty pounds advanced by me five years since, has paid back to me the sum of two-hundred and fifty pounds sterling, besides giving me a note of hand for one hundred and twenty pounds, which I restore to-her at the desire of my late master, Major Arthur Pendennis, and therewith free her furniture, of which I had a bill of sale."—Have you written?'

"I think if this pistol was loaded, I'd blow your brains out,' said Morgan.

'No, you wouldn't. You have too great a respect for your valuable life, my good man,' the Major answered. 'Let us go on and begin a new sentence.

"'And having, in return for my master's kindness, stolen his property from him, which I acknowledge to be now upstairs in my trunks; and having uttered falsehoods regarding his and other honourable families, I do hereby, in consideration of his clemency to me, express my regret for uttering these falsehoods, and for stealing his property; and declare that I am not worthy of belief, and that I hope"—yes, begad—"that I hope to amend for the future. Signed, James Morgan,'"

'I'm d--d if I sign it,' said Morgan.

'My good man, it will happen to you, whether you sign or no, begad,' said the old fellow, chuckling at his own wit. 'There, I shall not use this, you understand, unless—unless I am compelled to do so. Mrs. Brixham, and our friend the policeman, will witness it, I dare say, without reading it: and I will give the old lady back her note of hand, and say, which you will confirm, that she and you are quits. I see there is Frosch come back with the cab for my trunks, I shall go to an hotel.—You may come in now, policeman; Mr. Morgan and I have arranged our little dispute. If Mrs. Brixham will sign this paper, and you, policeman, will do so, I shall be very much obliged to you both. Mrs. Brixham, you and your worthy landlord, Mr. Morgan, are quits. I wish you joy of him. Let Frosch come and pack the rest of the things.'

Major Pendennis had not quitted his house of Bury Street many hours, and Mr. Morgan was enjoying his *otium* in a dignified manner, surveying the evening fog, and smoking a cigar, on the door-steps, when Arthur Pendennis, Esq., the hero of this history, made his appearance at the well-known door.

'My uncle out, I suppose, Morgan?' he said to the functionary; knowing full well that to smoke was treason, in the presence of the Major.

'Major Pendennis is hout, sir,' said Morgan, with gravity, bowing, but not touching the elegant cap which he wore. 'Major Pendennis have left this ouse to-day, sir, and I have no longer the honour of being in his service, sir.'

'Indeed, and where is he?'

'I believe he ave taken tempory lodgings at Cox's otel, in Jummin Street,' said Mr. Morgan; and added, after a pause,

"Are you in town for some time, pray, sir? Are you in Chambers? I should lik^ to have the honour of waiting on you there: and would be thankful if you would favour me with a quarter of an hour,'

'Do you want my uncle to take you back?' asked Arthur, insolent and good-natured.

'I want no such thing; I'd see him—' The man glared at him for a minute, but he stopped. 'No, sir, thank you,' he said in a softer voice; 'it's only with you that I wish to speak, on some business which concerns you; and perhaps you would favour me by walking into my house.'

'If it is but for a minute or two, I will listen to you, Morgan,' said Arthur; and thought to himself, 'I suppose the fellow wants me to patronise him;' and he entered the house. A card was already in the front windows, proclaiming that apartments were to be let; and having introduced Mr. Pendennis into the dining-room, and offered him a chair, Mr. Morgan took one himself, and proceeded to convey some information to him, of which the reader has already had cognisance.

Our friend had arrived in London on that day only, though but for a brief visit; and having left some fellow-travellers at an hotel to which he had conveyed them from the West, he hastened to the Chambers in Lamb Court, which were basking in as much sun as chose to visit that dreary but not altogether comfortless building. Freedom stands in lieu of sunshine in chambers; and Templars grumble, but take their ease in their Inn. Pen's domestic announced to him that Warrington was in Chambers too, and, of course, Arthur ran up to his friend's room straightway, and found it, as of old, perfumed with the pipe, and George once more at work with his newspapers and reviews. The pair greeted each other with the rough cordiality which young Englishmen use one to another: and which carries a great deal of warmth and kindness under its rude exterior. Warrington smiled and took his pipe out of his mouth, and said, 'Well, young one!' Pen advanced and held out his hand, and said, 'How are you, old boy?' And so this greeting passed between two friends who had not seen each other for months. Alphonse and Frederic would have rushed into each other's arms and shrieked *Ce bon coeur! ce •cher Alphonse!* over each other's shoulders. Max and Wilhelm would have bestowed half a dozen kisses, scented with

Havannah, upon each other's mustachios. 'Well, young one!' 'How are you, old boy?' is what two Britons say: after saving each other's lives, possibly, the day before. To-morrow they will leave off snaking hands, and only wag their heads at one another as they come to breakfast. Each has for the other the very warmest confidence and regard: each would share his purse with the other: and hearing him attacked would break out in the loudest and most enthusiastic praise of his friend; but they part with a mere Good-bye, they meet with a mere How-d'you-do? and they don't write to each other in the interval. Curious modesty, strange stoical decorum of English friendship! 'Yes, we are not demonstrative like those confounded foreigners,' says Hardman: who not only shows no friendship, but never felt any all his life long.

The two friends sate in silence a while, each occupied with his own thoughts and aware of the other's. Pen broke it presently, by saying that he must go and seek for his uncle, and report progress to the old gentleman. The Major had written in a very bad humour; the Major was getting old. 'I should like to see you in Parliament, and snugly settled with a comfortable house and an heir to the name before I make my bow. Show me these,' the Major wrote, ' and then, let old Arthur Pendennis make room for the younger fellows; he has walked the Pall Mall *pave* long enough.'

'There is a kindness about the old heathen,' said Warrington. 'He cares for somebody besides himself, at least for some other part of himself besides that which is buttoned into his own coat;—for you and your race. He would like to see the progeny of the Pendennises multiplying and increasing, and hopes that they may inherit the land. The old patriarch blesses you from the Club window of Bays's, and is carried off and buried under the flags of St. James's Church, in sight of Piccadilly, and the cabstand, and the carriages going to the *levee.* It is an edifying ending.'

'The new blood I bring into the family,' mused Pen, 'is rather tainted. If I had chosen, I think my father-in-law Amory would not have been the progenitor I should have desired for my race; nor my grandfather-in-law Snell; nor our Oriental ancestors. By the way, who was Amory? Amory was lieutenant of an Indiaman. Blanche wrote some verses about him, about the storm, the mountain wave, the seaman's grave, the

gallant father, and that sort of thing. Arnory was drowned commanding a country ship between Calcutta and Sydney; Amory and the Begum weren't happy together. She has been unlucky in her selection of husbands, the good old lady, for, between ourselves, a more despicable creature than Sir Francis Clavering, of Clavering Park, Baronet, never—' 'Never legislated for his country,' broke in Warrington; at which Pen blushed rather.

'By the way, at Baden,' said Warrington, 'I found our friend the Chevalier Strong in great state, and wearing his orders. He told me that he had quarrelled with Clavering, of whom he seemed to have almost as bad an opinion as you have, and in fact, I think, though I will not be certain, confided to me his opinion, that Clavering was an utter scoundrel. That fellow Bloundell, who taught you card-playing at Oxbridge, was with Strong; and time, I think, has brought out his valuable qualities, and rendered him a more accomplished rascal than he was during your undergraduate-ship. But the king of the place was the famous Colonel Altamont, who was carrying all before him, giving *fetes* to the whole society, and breaking the bank, it was said.'

'My uncle knows something about that fellow—Clavering knows something about him. There's something *louche* regarding him. But come! I must go to Bury Street, like a dutiful nephew.' And, taking his hat, Pen prepared to go.

'I will walk, too,' said Warrington. And they descended the stairs, stopping, however, at Pen's chambers, which, as the reader has been informed, were now on the lower story.

Here Pen began sprinkling himself with eau-de-Cologne, and carefully scenting his hair and whiskers with that odoriferous water.

'What is the matter? You've nol been smoking. Is it my pipe that has poisoned you ?' growled Warrington.

'I am going to call upon some women,' said Pen. 'I'm—I'm going to dine with 'em. They are passing through town, and are at an hotel in Jermyn Street.'

Warrington looked with good-natured interest at the young fellow dandifying himself up to a pitch of completeness; and appearing at length in a gorgeous shirt-front and neckcloth, fresh gloves, and glistening boots. George had a pair of thick high-lows, and his old shirt was torn about the breast, and ragged at the collar, where his blue beard had worn it.

'Well, young un,' said he, simply, 'I like you to be a buck, somehow. When I walk about with you, it is as if I had a rose in my button-hole. And you are still affable. I don't think there is any young fellow in the Temple turns out like you; and I don't believe you were ever ashamed of walking with me yet,'

'Don't laugh at me, George,' said Pen.

'I say, Pen,' continued the other, sadly, 'if you write—if you write to Laura, I wish you would say "God bless her" from me.'

Pen blushed; and then looked at Warrington; and then—and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughing.

'I'm going to dine with her,' he said. 'I brought her and Lady Rockminster up from the country to-day—made two days of it—slept last night at Bath—I say, George, come and dine, too. I may ask any one I please, and the old lady is constantly talking about you.'

George refused George had an article to write. George hesitated; and oh, strange to say! at last he agreed to go. It was agreed that they should go and call upon the ladies; and they marched away in high spirits to the hotel in Jermyn Street. Once more the dear face shone upon him; once more the sweet voice spoke to him, and the tender hand pressed a welcome.

There still wanted half an hour to dinner. 'You will go and see your uncle now, Mr. Pendennis,' old Lady Rockminster said. 'You will not bring him to dinner—no—his old stories are intolerable; and I want to talk to Mr. Warrington; I daresay he will amuse us. I think we have heard all your stories. We have been together for two whole days, and I think we are getting tired of each other.'

So, obeying her ladyship's orders, Arthur went downstairs and walked to his uncle's lodgings.

CHAPTER XXII

THE dinner was served when Arthur returned, and Lady Rockminster began to scold him for arriving late. But Laura, looking at her cousin, saw that his face was so pale and scared, that she interrupted her imperious patroness; and

asked, with tender alarm, what had happened? Was Arthur ill ?

Arthur drank a large bumper of sherry. 'I have heard the most extraordinary news; I will tell you afterwards,' he said, looking at the servants. He was very nervous and agitated during the dinner. ' Don't tramp and beat so with your feet under the table,' Lady Rockminster said. 'You have trodden on Fido, and upset his saucer. You see Mr. Warrington keeps his boots quiet.'

At the dessert—it seemed as if the unlucky dinner would never be over—Lady Rockminster said, 'This dinner has been exceedingly stupid. I suppose something has happened, and that you want to speak to Laura. I will go and have my nap. I am not sure that I shall have any tea—no. Good night, Mr. Warrington. You must come again, and when there is no business to talk about.' And the old lady, tossing up her head, walked away from the room with great dignity.

George and the others had risen with her, and Warrington was about to go away, and was saying ' Good night' to Laura, who, of course, was looking much alarmed about her cousin, when Arthur said, ' Pray, stay, George. You should hear my news too, and give me your counsel in this case. I hardly know how to act in it.'

'It's something about Blanche, Arthur,' said Laura, her heart beating, and her cheek blushing as she thought it had never blushed in her life.

'Yes—and the most extraordinary story,' said Pen. 'When I left you to go to my uncle's lodgings, I found his servant, Morgan, who has been with him so long, at the door, and he said that he and his master had parted that morning; that my uncle had quitted the house, and had gone to an hotel—this hotel. I asked for him when I came in; but he was gone out to dinner. Morgan then said that he had something oi a most important nature to communicate to me, and begged me to step into the house; his house it is now. It appears the scoundrel has saved a great deal of money whilst in my uncle's service, and is now a capitalist and a millionaire, for what I know. Well, I went into the house, and what do you think he told me? This must be a secret between us all—at least if we can keep it, now that it is in possession of that villain. Blanche's father is not dead. He has come to life again. The marriage between Clavering and the Begum is no marriage."

'And Blanche, I suppose, is her grandfather's heir,' said Warrington.

'Perhaps: but the child of what a father! Amory is an escaped convict—Clavering knows it; my uncle knows it—and *it* was with this piece of information held over Clavering *in tcrrorem* that the wretched old man got him to give up his borough to me,'

'Blanche doesn't know it,' said Laura, 'nor poor Lady Clavering?'

'No,' said Pen; 'Blanche does not even know the history of her father. She knew that he and her mother had separated, and had heard as a child, from Bonner, her nurse, that Mr. Amory was drowned in New South Wales. He was there as a convict, not as a ship's-captain, as the poor girl thought. Lady Clavering has told me that they were not happy, and that her husband was a bad character. She would tell me all, she said, some day: and I remember her saying to me, with tears in her eyes, that it was hard for a woman to be forced to own that she was glad to hear her husband was dead: and that twice in her life she should have chosen so badly. What is to be done now? The man can't show and claim his wife: death is probably over him if he discovers himself: return to transportation certainly. But the rascal has held the threat of discovery over Clavering for some time past, and has extorted money from him time after time,'

'It is our friend Colonel Altamont, of course,' said Warrington: 'I see all now,'

'Her father's shame is not Blanche's fault, dear Arthur, is it?' Laura said, very pale, and speaking very quickly. 'Suppose you had been married, would you desert her because she had done no wrong? Are you not pledged to her? Would you leave her because she is in misfortune? And if she is unhappy, wouldn't you console her? Our mother would, had she been here,' And, as she spoke, the kind girl folded her arms round him, and buried her face upon his heart.

'Our mother is an angel with God,' Pen sobbed out. 'And you are the dearest and best of women—the dearest, the dearest and the best. Teach me my duty. Pray for me that I may do it—pure heart. God bless you—God bless you, my sister!'

'Amen,' groaned out Warrington, with his head in his hands. 'She is right,' he murmured to himself. 'She can't do any wrong, I think—that girl,' Indeed, she looked and smiled

like an angel. Many a day after he saw that smile—saw her radiant (ace as she looked up at Pen—saw her putting back her curls, blushing and smiling, and still looking fondly towards him.

She leaned for a moment her little fair hand on the table, playing on it. 'And now, and now,' she said, looking at the two gentlemen—

'And what now?' asked George.

'And now we will have some tea,' said Miss Laura, with her smile.

But before this unrotnantic conclusion to a rather sentimental scene could be suffered to take place, a servant brought word that Major Pendennis had returned to the hotel, and was waiting to see his nephew. Upon this announcement, Laura, not without some alarm, and an appealing look to Pen, which said, 'Behave yourself well—hold to the right, and do your duty—be gentle, but firm with your uncle'—Laura, we say, with these warnings written in her face, took leave of the two gentlemen, and retreated to her dormitory.

Arthur, as he traversed the passages of the hotel, felt his anger rousing up within him. He was indignant to think that yonder old gentleman whom he was about to meet, should have made him such a tool and puppet, and so compromised his honour and good name. The old fellow's hand was very cold and shaky when Arthur took it. He was coughing; he M as grumbling over the fire; Frosch could not bring his dressing-gown or arrange his papers as that d—d confounded impudent scoundrel of a Morgan. The old gentleman bemoaned himself, and cursed Morgan's ingratitude with peevish pathos.

'The confounded impudent scoundrel! He was drunk last night, and challenged me to fight him, Pen; and, begad, at one time I was so excited that I thought I should have driven a knife into him; and the infernal rascal has made ten thousand pound, I believe—and deserves to be hanged, and will be; but, curse him, I wish he could have lasted out my time. He knew all my ways, and, dammy, when I rang the bell, the confounded thief brought the thing I wanted—not like that stupid German lout. And what sort of time have you had in the country? Been a good deal with Lady Rockminster? You can't do better. She is one of the old school—*vieille* ecole, *bonne* ecole, hey? Dammy, they don't make gentleman

and ladies now; and in fifty years you'll hardly know one man from another. But they'll last my time. I ain't long for this business: I am getting very old, Pen, my boy; and, gad, I was thinking to-day, as I was packing up my little library, there's a bible amongst the books that belonged to my poor mother; I would like you to keep that, Pen. I was thinking, sir, that you would most likely open the box when it was your property, and the old fellow was laid under the sod, sir,' and the Major coughed and wagged his old head over the fire.

His age—his kindness, disarmed Pen's anger somewhat, and made Arthur feel no little compunction for the deed which he was about to do. He knew that the announcement which he was about to make would destroy the darling hope of the old gentleman' s life, and create in his breast a woful anger and commotion.

'Hey—hey—I'm off, sir,' nodded the Elder; 'but I'd like to read a speech of yours in the Times before I go—"Mr. Pendennis said, Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking' — hey, sir? hey, Arthur? Begad, you look dev'hsh well and healthy, sir. I always said my brother Jack would bring the family right. You must go down into the west, and buy the old estate, sir. *Nee tenui penna,* hey? We'll rise again, sir-rise again on the wing—and, begad, I shouldn't be surprised that you will be a Baronet before you die.'

His words smote Pen. 'And it is I,' he thought, 'that am going to fling down the poor old fellow's air-castle. Well, it must be. Here goes.—I—I went into your lodgings at Bury Street, though I did not find you,' Pen slowly began—'and I talked with Morgan, uncle.'

'Indeed!' The old gentleman's cheek began to flush involuntarily, and he muttered, 'The cat's out of the bag now, begad!'

'He told me a story, sir, which gave me the deepest surprise and pain,' said Pen.

The Major tried to look unconcerned. 'What—that story about—about—What-d'-you-call-'em, hey>'

'About Miss Amory's father—about Lady Clavenng's first husband, and who he is, and what.'

'Hem—a dev'lish awkward affair!' said the old man, rubbing his nose. 'I—I've been aware of that—eh—confounded circumstance for some time.'

'I wish I had known it sooner, or not at all,' said Arthur, gloomily.

'He is all safe,' thought the Senior, greatly relieved. 'Gad! I should have liked to keep it from you altogether—and from those two poor women, who are as innocent as unborn babes in the transaction,'

'You are right. There is no reason why the two women should hear it; and I shall never tell them—though that villain, Morgan, perhaps may,' Arthur said, gloomily. 'He seems disposed to trade upon his secret, and has already proposed terms of ransom to me. I wish I had known of the matter earlier, sir. It is not a very pleasant thought to me that I am engaged to a convict's daughter,'

'The very reason why I kept it from you—my dear boy. But Miss Amory'is not a convict's daughter, don't you see? Miss Amory is the daughter of Lady Clavering, with fifty or sixty thousand pounds for a fortune; and her father-in-law, a Baronet and country gentleman, of high reputation, approves of the match, and gives up his seat in Parliament to his son-in-law. What can be more simple?'

'Is it true, sir?'

'Begad, yes, it is true, of course it's true. Amory's dead. I tell you he *is* dead. The first sign of life he shows, he is dead. He can't appear. We have him at a deadlock, like the fellow in the play—the "Critic," hey?—dev'lish amusing play, that "Critic." Monstrous witty man, Sheridan; and so was his son. By Gad, sir, when I was at the Cape, I remember—'

The old gentleman's garrulity, and wish to conduct Arthur to the Cape, perhaps arose from a desire to avoid the subject which was nearest his nephew's heart; but Arthur broke out, interrupting him—'If you had told me this tale sooner, I believe you would have spared me and yourself a great deal of pain and disappointment; and I should not have found myself tied to an engagement from which I can't, in honour, recede,'

'No, begad, we've fixed you—and a man who's fixed to a seat in Parliament, and a pretty girl, with a couple of thousand a year, is fixed to no bad thing, let me tell you,' said the old man.

'Great Heavens, sir!' said Arthur, 'are you blind? Can't you see?'

'See what, young gentleman?' asked the other.

'See, that rather than trade upon this secret of Amory's,' Arthur cried out, 'I would go and join my father-in-law at the hulks! See, that rather than take a seat in Parliament as a bribe from Clavering for silence, I would take the spoons off the table! See, that you have given me a felon's daughter for a wife; doomed me to poverty and shame; cursed my career when it might have been—when it might have been so different but for you! Don't you see that we have been playing a guilty game, and have been overreached;—that in offering to marry this poor girl, for the sake of her money, and the advancement she would bring, I was degrading myself, and prostituting my honour?'

'What in Heaven's name do you mean, sir?' cried the old man.

'I mean to say that there is a measure of baseness which I can't pass,' Arthur said. 'I have no other words for it, and am sorry if they hurt you. I have felt, for months past, that my conduct in this affair has been wicked, sordid, and worldly. I am rightly punished by the event, and having sold myself for money and a seat in Parliament, by losing both.'

'How do you mean that you lose either?' shrieked the old gentleman. 'Who the devil's to take your fortune or your seat away from you? By G—, Clavering *shall* give 'em to you. You shall have every shilling of eighty thousand pounds.'

'I'll keep my promise to Miss Amory, sir,' said Arthur.

'And, begad, her parents shall keep theirs to you.'

'Not so, please God,' Arthur answered. 'I have sinned, but, Heaven help me, I will sin no more. I will let Clavering off from that bargain which was made without my knowledge. I will take no money with Blanche but that which was originally settled upon her; and I will try to make her happy. You have done it. You have brought this on me, sir. But you knew no better: and I forgive—'

'Arthur—in God's name—in your father's, who, by Heavens, was the proudest man alive, and had the honour of the family always at heart—in mine—for the sake of a poor broken-down old fellow, who has always been dev'Iish fond of you—don't fling this chance away—I pray you, I beg you, I implore you, my dear, dear boy, don't fling this chance away. It's the making of you. You re sure to get on. You'll be a Baronet; it's three thousand a year: dammy, on my knees, there, I beg of you, don't do this.'

And the old man actually sank down on his knees, and, seizing one of Arthur's hands, looked up piteously at him. It was cruel to remark the shaking hands, the wrinkled and quivering face, the old eyes weeping and winking, the broken voice. 'Ah, sir,' said Arthur, with a groan, 'you have brought pain enough on me, spare me this. You have wished me to marry Blanche. I marry her. For God's sake, sir, rise! I can't bear it.'

'You—you mean to say that you will take her as a beggar, and be one yourself?' said the old gentleman, rising up and coughing violently.

'I look at her as a person to whom a great calamity has befallen, and to whom I am promised. She cannot help the misfortune; and as she had my word when she was prosperous, I shall not withdraw it now she is poor. I will not take Clavering's seat, unless afterwards it should be given of his free will. I will not have a shilling more than her original fortune.'

'Have the kindness to ring the bell,' said the old gentleman. 'I have done my best, and said my say: and I'm a dev'lish old fellow. And—and—it don't matter. And—and Shakspeare was right—and Cardinal Wolsey—begad—" and had I but served my God as I've served you"—yes on my knees, by Jove, to my own nephew—I mightn't have been—Good night, sir, you needn't trouble yourself to call again.'

Arthur took his hand, which the old man left to him; it was quite passive and clammy. He looked very much oldened; and it seemed as if the contest and defeat had quite broken him.

On the next day he kept his bed, and refused to see his nephew.

Pen of course had to go and see his uncle on the day after their colloquy, and not being admitted, he naturally went to Lady Rockminster's apartments, where the old lady instantly asked for Bluebeard, and insisted that he should come to dinner.

As Mr. Pendennis was passing in Waterloo Place, in one of his many walks to the hotel where Laura lived, and whither duty to his uncle carried Arthur every day, Arthur saw issuing from Messrs. Gimcrack's celebrated shop an old friend, who was followed to his brougham by an obsequious shopman bearing parcels. The gentleman was in the deepest mourning:

the brougham, the driver and the horse were in mourning. Grief in easy circumstances and supported by the comfortablest springs and cushions, was typified in the equipage and the little gentleman, its proprietor.

'What, Foker! Hail, Poker!' cried out Pen—the reader, no doubt, has likewise recognised Arthur's old schoolfellow—and he held out his hand to the heir of the late lamented John Henry Foker, Esq., the master of Logwood and other houses, the principal partner in the great brewery of Foker and Co.: the greater portion of Foker's Entire.

A little hand, covered with a glove of the deepest ebony, and set off by three inches of a snowy wristband, was put forth to meet Arthur's salutation. The other little hand held a little morocco case, containing, no doubt, something precious, of which Mr. Foker had just become proprietor in Messrs. Gimcrack's shop. Pen's keen eyes and satiric turn showed him at once upon what errand Mr. Foker had been employed; and he thought of the heir in Horace pouring forth the gathered wine of his father's vats; and that human nature is pretty much the same in Regent Street as in the Via Sacra.

'Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!' said Arthur.

'Ah!' said the other. 'Yes. Thank you—very much obliged. How do you do, Pen?—very busy—good-bye!' and he jumped into the black brougham, and sate like a little black Care behind the black coachman. He had blushed on seeing Pen, and shown other signs of guilt and perturbation, which Pen attributed to the novelty of his situation; and on which he began to speculate in his usual sardonic manner.

As a good thing when it is to be done cannot be done too quickly, Laura was anxious that Pen's marriage intentions should be put into execution as speedily as possible, and pressed on his arrangements with rather a feverish anxiety. Why could she not wait? Pen could afford to do so with perfect equanimity, but Laura would hear of no delay. She wrote to Pen: she implored Pen: she used every means to urge expedition. It seemed as if she could have no rest until Arthur's happiness was complete.

The train carried Arthur only too quickly to Tunbridge, though he had time to review all the circumstances of his life as he made the brief journey; and to acknowledge to what sad conclusions his selfishness and waywardness had led him.

A fly carried him rapidly to Lady Clavering's house from

the station; and, as he was transported thither, Arthur composed a little speech, which he intended to address to Blanche, and which was really as virtuous, honest, and well-minded an oration as any man of his turn of mind, and under his circumstances, could have uttered.

From the fly Arthur sprang out then to the hall-door, where he was met by a domestic whom he did not know. The man seemed to be surprised at the approach of the gentleman with the carpet-bag, which he made no attempt to take from Arthur's hands. 'Her Ladyship's not at home, sir,' the man remarked.

'I am Mr. Pendennis,' Arthur said. 'Where is Lightfoot?'

'Lightfoot is gone,' answered the man. 'My Lady is out, and my orders was—'

'I hear Miss Amory's voice in the drawing-room,' said Arthur. 'Take the bag to a dressing-room, if you please;' and, passing by the porter, he walked straight towards that apartment, from which, as the door opened, a warble of melodious notes issued.

Our little Siren was at her piano singing with all her might and fascinations. Master Clavering was asleep on the sofa, indifferent to the music; but near Blanche sat a gentleman who was perfectly enraptured with her strain, which was of a passionate and melancholy nature.

As the door opened, the gentleman started up with a Hullo! the music stopped, with a little shriek from the singer; Frank Clavering woke up from the sofa, and Arthur came forward and said, 'What, Foker! how do you do, Foker?' He looked at the piano, and there, by Miss Amory's side, was just such another purple-leather box as he had seen in Harry's hand three days before, when the heir of Logwood was coming out of a jeweller's shop in Waterloo Place. It was open, and curled round the white satin cushion within was, oh, such a magnificent serpentine bracelet, with such a blazing ruby head and diamond tail!

'How de-do, Pendennis?' said Foker. Blanche made many motions of the shoulders, and gave signs of unrest and agitation. And she put her handkerchief over the bracelet, and then she advanced, with a hand which trembled very much, to greet Pen.

'How is dearest LauraX she said The face of Foker looking up from his profound mourning—that face, so piteous

and puzzled, was one which the reader's imagination must depict for himself; also that of Master Frank Clavering, who, looking at the three interesting individuals with an expression of the utmost knowingness, had only time to ejaculate the words, 'Here's a jolly go!' and to disappear sniggering.

Pen, too, had restrained himself up to that minute; but looking still at Foker, whose ears and cheeks tingled with blushes, Arthur burst out into a fit of laughter, so wild and loud, that it frightened Blanche much more than any the most serious exhibition.

'And this was the secret, was it? Don't blush and turn away, Foker, my boy. Why, man, you are a pattern of fidelity. Could I stand between Blanche and such constancy-could I stand between Miss Amory and fifteen thousand a year?'

'It is not that, Mr. Pendennis,' Blanche said, with great dignity. 'It is not money, it is not rank, it is not gold that moves *me;* but it is constancy, it is fidelity, it is a whole trustful loving heart offered to me, that I treasure—yes, that I treasure!' And she made for her handkerchief, but, reflecting what was underneath it, she paused. 'I do not disown, I do not disguise—my life is above disguise—to him on whom it is bestowed, my heart must be for ever bare—that I once thought I loved you,—yes, thought I was beloved by you, I own! How I clung to that faith! How I strove, I prayed, I longed to believe it! But your conduct always—your own words so cold, so heartless, so unkind, have undeceived me. You trifled with the heart of the poor maiden! You flung me back with scorn the troth which I had plighted! I have explained all-all to Mr. Foker.'

'That you have,' said Foker, with devotion, and conviction in his looks.

'What, all?' said Pen, with a meaning look at Blanche. 'It is I am in fault, is it? Well, well, Blanche, be it so. I won't appeal against your sentence, and bear it in silence. I came down here looking to very different things, Heaven knows, and with a heart most truly and kindly disposed towards you. I hope you may be happy with another, as, on my word, it was my wish to make you so; and I hope my honest old friend here will have a wife worthy of his loyalty, his constancy, and affection. Indeed they deserve the regard of any woman—even Miss Blanche Amory. Shake hands, Harry;

don't look askance at me. Has anybody told you that I was a false and heartless character ? '

'I think you're a—'' Foker was beginning, in his wrath, when Blanche interposed.

'Henry, not a word!—I pray you let there be forgiveness!'

' You're an angel, by Jove, you're an angel f said Foker, at which Blanche looked seraphically up to the chandelier.

'In spite of what has passed, for the sake of what has passed, I must always regard Arthur as a brother,' the seraph continued; ' we have known each other years, we have trodden the same fields, and plucked the same flowers together. Arthur! Henry! I beseech you to take hands and to be friends! Forgive you!— ,' forgive you, Arthur, with my heart I do. Should I not do so for making me so happy?'

'There is only one person of us three whom I pity, Blanche,' Arthur said, gravely, ' and I say to you again, that I hope you will make this good fellow, this honest and loyal creature, happy.'

'Happy! O Heavens!' said Harry. He could not speak. His happiness gushed out at his eyes. 'She don't know—she can't know how fond I am of her, and—and who am I? a poor little beggar, and she takes me up and says she'll try and I—I—love me. I ain't worthy of so much happiness. Give us your hand, old boy, since she forgives you after your heartless conduct, and says she loves you. I'll make you welcome. I tell you I'll love everybody who loves her. By—, if she tells me to kiss the ground I'll kiss it. Tell me to kiss the ground! I say, tell me. I love you so. You see I love you so.'

Blanche looked up seraphically again. Her gentle bosom heaved. She held out one hand as if to bless Harry, and then royally permitted him to kiss it. She took up the pocket-handkerchief and hid her own eyes, as the other fair hand was abandoned to poor Harry's tearful embrace.

'I swear that is a villain who deceives such a loving creature as that,' said Pen.

Blanche laid down the handkerchief, and put hand No. 2 softly on Foker's head, which was bent down kissing and weeping over hand No. I. 'Foolish boy!' she said, 'it shall be loved as it deserves: who could help loving such a silly creature!'

And at this moment Frank Clavering broke in upon the sentimental trio.

'I say, Pendennis!' he said.

'Well, Frank!'

'The man wants to be paid, and go back. He's had some beer,'

Til go back with him,' cried Pen. 'Good-bye, Blanche. God bless you, Foker, old friend. You know, neither of you want me here,' He longed to be off that instant.

'Stay—I must say one word to you. One word in private, if you please,' Blanche said. ' You can trust us together, can't you, —Henry?' The tone in which the word Henry was spoken, and the appeal, ravished Foker with delight. 'Trust you!' said he. 'Oh, who wouldn't trust you! Come along, Franky, my boy,'

' Let's have a cigar,' said Frank, as they went into the hall. ^

'She don't like it,' said Foker, gently.

'Law bless you — *she* don't mind. Pendennis used to smoke regular,' said the candid youth.

Pen had never seen her or known so much about her in all the years of their intimacy as he saw and knew now: though he saw more than existed in reality. For this young lady was not able to carry out any emotion to the full; but had a sham enthusiasm, a sham hatred, a sham love, a sham taste, a sham grief, each of which flared and shcne very vehemently for an instant, but subsided and gave place to the next sham emotion.

Upon the platform at Tunbridge, Pen fumed and fretted until the arrival of the evening train to London, a full half-hour,—six hours it seemed to him; but even this immense interval was passed, the train arrived, the train sped on, the London lights came in view—a gentleman who forgot his carpet-bag in the train rushed at a cab, and said to the man, ' Drive as hard as you can go to Jermyn Street,' Laura was alone in the drawing-room, reading, with a pale face, by the lamp. The pale face looked up when Pen opened the door. May we follow him ? The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes; a mere pressure of the hand may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

When Lady Rockminster, who has had her after-dinner nap, gets up and goes into her sitting-room, we may enter with her ladyship.

'Upon my word, young people!' are the first words she says, and her attendant makes wondering eyes over her shoulder. And well may she say so; and well may the attendant cast wondering eyes, for the young people are in an attitude; and Pen in such a position as every young lady who reads this has heard tell of, or has seen, or hopes, or at any rate deserves to see.

In a word, directly he entered the room, Pen went up to Laura of the pale face, who had not time even to say, What, back so soon? and seizing her outstretched and trembling hand just as she was rising from her chair, fell down on his knees before her, and said quickly, 'I have seen her. She has engaged herself to Harry Foker—and—and now, Laura?'

The hand gives a pressure—the eyes beam a reply—the quivering lips answer, though speechless. Pen's head sinks down in the girl's lap, as he sobs out, 'Come and bless us, dear mother,' and arms as tender as Helen's once more enfold him.

'Hm!' grumbled the old lady; 'I should have preferred Bluebeard.'

'The past is broken away. The morrow is before us. I will do my best to make your morrow happy, dear Laura,' Pen said. His heart was humbled by the prospect of his happiness: it stood awestricken in the contemplation of her sweet goodness and purity. He liked his wife better that she had owned to that passing feeling for Warrington, and laid bare her generous heart to him. And she—very likely she was thinking, 'How strange it is that I ever should have cared for another! I am vexed almost to think I care for him so little, am so little sorry that he is gone away. Oh, in these past two months how I have learned to love Arthur! I care about nothing but Arthur: my waking and sleeping thoughts are about him; he is never absent from me. And to think that he is to be mine, mine! and that I am to marry him, and not to be his servant as I expected to be only this morning; for I would have gone down on my knees to Blanche to beg her to let me live with him. And now—Oh, it is too much. Oh, mother! mother, that you were here!' Indeed, she felt as if Helen were there—by her actually, though invisibly. A halo

of happiness beamed from her. She moved with a different step, and bloomed with a new beauty. Arthur saw the change; and the old Lady Rockminster remarked it with her shrewd eyes.

Our characters are all a month older than they were when the last-described adventures and conversations occurred, and a great number of the personages of our story have chanced to reassemble at the little country town where we were first introduced to them.

The ingenious reader will be enabled, by the help of the above announcement, to understand what has taken place during the little break which has occurred in our narrative. Although Lady Rockminster grumbled a little at Laura's preference for Pendennis over Bluebeard, those who are aware of the latter's secret will understand that the young girl could make no other choice, and the kind old lady who had constituted herself Miss Bell's guardian was not ill pleased that she was to fulfil the great purpose in life of young ladies and marry. She informed her maid of the interesting event that very night, and of course Mrs Beck, who was perfectly aware of every single circumstance, and kept by Martha, of Fairoaks, in the fullest knowledge of what was passing, was immensely surprised and delighted. 'Mr. Pendennis's income is so much; the railroad will give him so much more, he states; Miss Bell has so much, and may probably have a little more one day. For persons in their degree, they will be able to manage very well.

At one o'clock, the Dowager Lady Rockminster appeared at Major Pendennis's, who was delighted, as may be imagined, to receive so noble a visitor. The Major had been prepared, if not for the news which her Ladyship was about to give him, at least with the intelligence that Pen's marriage with Miss Amory was broken off. The young gentleman bethinking him of his uncle, for the first time that day it must be owned, and meeting his new servant in the hall of the hotel, asked after the Major's health from Mr. Frosch; and then went into the coffee-room of the hotel, where he wrote a half-dozen lines to acquaint his guardian with what had occurred. 'Dear uncle,' he said, 'if there has been any question between us, it is over now. I went to Tunbridge Wells yesterday, and found that somebody else had carried off the prize about which we were hesitating. Miss A., without any compunction

for me, has bestowed herself upon Harry Foker, with his fifteen thousand a year. I came in suddenly upon their loves, and found and left him in possession.

'And you'll be glad to hear, Tatham writes me, that he has sold three of my fields at Fairoaks to the Railroad Company, at a great figure. I will tell you this, and more when we meet; and am always your affectionate,—A. P.'

'I think I am aware of what you were about to tell me,' the Major said, with a most courtly smile and bow to Pen's ambassadress. 'It was a very great kindness of your Ladyship to think of bringing me the news. How well you look! How very good you are! How very kind you have always been to that young man!'

'It was for the sake of his uncle,' said Lady Rockminster, most politely.

'He has informed me of the state of affairs, and written me a nice note,—yes, a nice note,' continued the old gentleman; 'and I find he has had an increase to his fortune,—yes; and, all things considered, I don't much regret that this affair with Miss Amory is *manquee*, though I wished for it once,—in fact, all things considered, I am very glad of it.'

'We must console him, Major Pendennis,' continued the lady; 'we must get him a wife,' The truth then came across the Major's mind, and he saw for what purpose Lady Rockminster had chosen to assume the office of ambassadress.

It is not necessary to enter into the conversation which ensued, or to tell at any length how her Ladyship concluded a negotiation which, in truth, was tolerably easy. There could be no reason why Pen should not marry according to his own and his mother's wish; and as for Lady Rockminster, she supported the marriage by intimations which had very great weight with the Major, but of which we shall say nothing, as her ladyship (now, of course, much advanced in years) is still alive, and the family might be angry; and, in fine, the old gentleman was quite overcome by the determined graciousness of the lady, and her fondness for Laura.

Herr Frosch was requested to walk upstairs to Lady Rockminster's apartments, and inform Miss Bell and Mr. Arthur Pendennis that the Major would receive them, and Laura appeared blushing and happy as she hung on Pen's arm, the Major gave a shaky hand to one and the other, with unaffected emotion and cordiality, and then went through another

salutation to Laura, which caused her to blush still more. Happy blushes! bright eyes beaming with the light of love! The story-teller turns from this group to his young audience, and hopes that one day their eyes may all shine so.

Pen having retreated in the most friendly manner, and the lovely Blanche having bestowed her young affections upon a blushing bridegroom with fifteen thousand a year, there was such an outbreak of happiness in Lady Clavering's heart and family as the good Begum had not known tor many a year, and she and Blanche were on the most delightful terms of cordiality and affection. The ardent Foker pressed onwards the happy day, and was as anxious as might be expected to abridge the period of mourning which had put him in possession of so many charms and amiable qualities, of which he had been only, as it were, the heir-apparent, not the actual owner, until then.

It wanted but very, very few days before that blissful one when Foker should call Blanche his own; the Clavering folks had all pressed to see the most splendid new carriage in the whole world, which was standing in the coach-house at the Clavering Arms; and shown, in grateful return for drink, commonly, by Mr. Foker's head-coachman. Madame Fribsby was occupied in making some lovely dresses for the tenants' daughters, who were to figure as a sort of bridesmaids' chorus at the breakfast and marriage ceremony. And immense festivities were to take place at the Park upon this delightful occasion.

It had been arranged on the previous day that the young people should ride; and at the appointed hour in the afternoon, Mr. Foker's horses arrived from the Clavering Arms. But Miss Blanche did not accompany him on this occasion. Pen came out and shook hands with him on the door-steps; and Harry Foker rode away, followed by his groom in mourning. The whole transactions which have occupied the most active part of our history were debated by the parties concerned during those two or three hours. Many counsels had been given, stories told, and compromises suggested; and at the end, Harry Foker rode away, with a sad 'God bless you!' from Pen. There was a dreary dinner at Clavering Park, at which the lately installed butler did not attend; and the ladies were both absent. After dinner, Pen said, 'I will walk down to Clavering and see if he is come,' And he walked through the

dark avenue, across the bridge and road by his own cottage,—the once quiet and familiar fields of which were flaming with the kilns and forges of the artificers employed on the new railroad works; and so he entered the town, and made for the Clavering Arms.

We have to chronicle the events of but one day more, and that was a day when Mr. Arthur, attired in a new hat, a new blue frock-coat and blue handkerchief, in a new fancy waistcoat, new boots, and new shirt-studs (presented by the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of Rockminster), made his appearance at a solitary breakfast-table, in Clavering Park, where he could scarce eat a single morsel of food.

There was only one marriage on that day at Clavering Church; for in spite of Blanche's sacrifices for her dearest mother, honest Harry Foker could not pardon the woman who had deceived her intended husband, and justly argued that she would deceive him again. He went to the Pyramids and Syria, and there left his malady behind him, and returned with a fine beard, and a supply of tarbooshes and nargilhes, with which he regales all his friends. He lives splendidly, and, through Pen's mediation, gets his wine from the celebrated vintages of the Duke of Garbanzos.

Blanche Amory, it is well known, married at Paris, and the saloons of Madame la Comtesse de Montmorenci de Valentinois were amongst the mos' *suivis* of that capital. The duel between the Count and the young and fiery Representative of the Mountain, Alcide de Mirobo, arose solely from the latter questioning at the Club the titles borne by the former nobleman. Madame de Montmorenci de Valentinois travelled after the adventure: and Burigay bought her poems, and published them, with the Countess's coronet emblazoned on the Countess's work. •

Major Pendennis became very serious in his last days, and was never so happy as when Laura vvas reading to him with her sweet voice, or listening to his stories. For this sweet lady is the friend of the young and the old: and her life is always passed in making other lives happy.

'And what sort of a husband would this Pendennis be?' many a reader will ask, doubting the happiness of such a marriage and the fortune of Laura. The querists, if they meet her, are referred to that lady herself, who, seeing his faults and wayward moods—seeing and owning that there are men

tetter than he—loves him always v,'ith the most constant affection. His children or their mother have never heard a harsh word from him; and when his fits of moodiness and solitude are over, welcome him back with a never-failing regard and confidence. His friend is his friend still,—entirely heart-whole. That malady is never fatal to a sound organ. And George goes through his part of godpapa perfectly, and Jives alone. If Mr. Pen's works have procured him more reputation than has been acquired by his abler friend, whom no one knows, George lives contented without the fame. If the best men do not draw the great prizes in life, we know it has been so settled by the Ordainer of the lottery. We own, and see daily, how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are called away, and the dear and young perish untimely,—we perceive in every man's life the maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavour, the struggle of Right and Wrong, in which the strong often succumb and the swift fail: we see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as, in the most lofty and splendid fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil; and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendenms. with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother.

THE END

NOTES TO "PENDENNIS"

CHAPTER I

En retraile — Fr. meaning "In retirement".

Qui *Mores . . . urbes.* — Latin, meaning "Who has seen the customs and cities of many men".

Cauda virilis — A joke on "toga virilis". the dress of a full-grown Roman citizen. "Cauda" means "tail" and refers to the long tails of frock-coats worn only by adults in Europe.

Juvenal — The great Roman satirist of the second century A. D.

CHAPTER II

Aristophanes — The greatest Greek comic dramatist ('25-385 B. C.).

A corsair — The name for a Mediterranean pirate.

Lalla Rookh — A poem by the Romantic poet Thomas Moore (I779-I852).

Aura, veni — Lat. meaning "Come, O wind. "

Dulcinea — The beloved of Don Quixote, the hero of the great I6th century romance and satire by the Spaniard Cervantes.

Quondam. — Lat. meaning "once upon a time", here, as an adjective, means " former".

En goguette — Fr. meaning "in a merry mood".

Bonnes gens — Fr. meaning " good people ".

A stomatic — A medicine for diseases of the mouth.

Polonies — A kind of sausages.

CHAPTER III

Koizebue — A German Romantic dramatist (I76I-I8I9).

A chapter — The governing body of a cathedral, presided over by a dean.

Esther — A Jewess in the Old Testament who rose to be queen of Ahasuerus, known to Greek history as Xerxes ('85-'65 B. C).

Qween *Vashti* — The reigning queen whom Esther displaced.

Lettres de cachet — Sealed letters by which, before the Revolution, the King of France and his favouiites could imprison whom they liked without trial.

Bastille — The great fortress in Paris, used later as a prison and destroyed by the mob on the I4th July I789, the first great act of the Revolution.

CHAPTER IV

Cap-a-pie — Fr. meaning "head to foot", applied originally to full armour, then to any full dress.

Entre nous — Fr. " between ourselves".

"O *Moses and green spectacles I* " — A reference to an adventure in Goldsmith's novel "The Vicar of Wakefield" (I766) in which the

vicar's young son thought he had made a great bargain when he sold his parents' old horse and bought a gross of green spectacles with the money.

Guffaw A coarse laugh.

Debrett The famous "Peerage", or dictionary of aristocratic personages.

Sur ses ierres Fr. meaning "on his own ground "

Soupirant Fr, meaning a "signer", that is, a suitor.

CHAPTER V

Madara Madeira, a nch wine.

Croesus An ancient King of Lydia in Asia Minor, famous for his immense wealth

Soiree Fr. word meaning " an evening party ".

Stilton cheese A famous English cheese, which is partially moulded before it is eaten.

Nunc vino . . . . aeq Lat., meaning " Expel now thy cares with wine, to-morrow we shall embark again upon the great sea ".

CHAPTER VI

Exeat Lat. for ' he may go out ', a blip, with this woid on it and his name, was formerly issued to a schoolboy who was allowed out for a special occasion.

Stucco hallb Stucco is a plastei of lime and fine sand used for wall-decoration, it was a great fa\ounte m Renascence and 'classical' European aichitecture for its often splendid effects,

Lord of the vats A wealthy beer merchant and brewer.

Soins Fr. meaning ' cares '.

Strange A Scotch engraver (I72I-I792).

Rembrandt The greatest Flemish painter (I607-I669).

Wilkie A Scotch painter and etcher (I785-I8'I).

Dantonist A follower of Danton (I759-I79'), a leader in the French Revolution.

Protege Fr. meaning a person undei the legal or social protection of another.

Tandems Vehicles diawn by two horses harnessed one in front of the other.

Diversions of Parley A book by I. Home Tooke (I736-I8I2). Wit. politics, metaphysics, etymology and grammai are curiously mingled in the work.

Little-go A preliminary examination at Cambridge.

Grampus Originally a large voracious fish of the dolphin family.

Écarte A game of cards for two in which certain cards can be 'thrown out' for others (Fr. 'ecarte' means ' set aside, thrown out'.)

Premier pas Fr., meaning ' first step.'

Oriel windoic A window built out from a wall, to be distinguished, however, from a bay window.

Roubilliac — A French sculptor (I695-I762), settled in London about I730.

Genlteman-pensioner. — A student at Cambridge who pays out of his own income for his commons, chamber, etc.

Ale his commons — 'Commons' are rations of food served out at the universities of Cambridge and Oxford or the Inns of Court from the College or Inn buttery.

Fureur . . . . — Fr. meaning ' fury, madness '.

Blind tooling . . — A design imprinted on the cover of a book and not filled in with gold or colour.

CHAPTER VIII

Prison of the Fleet — A London prison down to I8'2, used for confinement of debtors.

Castle of Otranto . . Mysteries of Udolpho — Novels of mystery and terror, the former (I76') by Horace Walpole, the latter (I79') by Mrs. Ann Radchffe.

Imgo Jones — An English architect (I573-I652).

Femme incomprise — Fr. meaning ' an unappreciated woman-'

Philoprogenitive-ness — Love of children.

Pellisses — Coats, made of fur, silk or cloth and formerly worn by ladies.

Je t' ai cue . . . O mon ange — Fr. meaning " I have seen thee, I bless thee, my sylph, my angel !".

Vestal cirgin — A Roman priestess consecrated to perpetual virginity.

Mzringues a la ere,'we — A French sweet.

De sa personne — Fr. meaning ' by himself, on his own account ".

Passée — Fr. meaning ' passed, withered ', applied to a Society belle grown old or to a custom out of date.

Gantte — Fr. meaning ' gloved '.

Mcs Larmes — Fr. meaning ' My Tears '.

She raffoled of Laura — A Gallicism or imitation of a French word or construction, here meaning ' she was infatuated with Laura'.

Alcides — A name of Hercules, meaning ' the son of Alceus '.

Fanfaronnade — Vain boasting, blustering. (Orig. a French word.)

Braggadocio — A boaster, (Ital. word).

CHAPTER IX

Vis-a vis — One's opposite neighbour at table or elsewhere (Fr. word).

ll *m'a appele cuisinier* — Fr. meaning 'he called me a cook'.

Hair-triggers — Triggers of pistols or guns discharged by a hair-spring, hence very finely balanced and suddenly released.

CHAPTER X

Gallypol A small glazed pot for containing medicine.

CHAPTER XII

Quiz To make fun of a person. Here used as a noun, meaning a funny fellow.

'Ruatcoelum' Part of a Latin phrase ' Fiat justitia, ruat coelum', meaning ' Let justice be done, even though the sky should fall'.

Dolichoskion Gk. meaning ' long-shafted.'

CHAPTER XIII

Opium clippers Fast sailing-ships employed in the opium trade

Qu e I p r e u x chevalier! Fr. meaning 'what a gallant knight!'.

CHAPTER XIV

One was blue i. e. a bluestocking, or studious girl.

Opprobrium Disgrace. (Orig. a Latin word.)

Achilles The chief Greek hero at the siege of Troy.

Ajax Another Greek hero of the Trojan War, noted for his physical courage but lack of wisdom.

Pretendue Fr. meaning ' future wife'.

Breloques Fr. meaning 'trinkets, gew-gaws'.

CHAPTER XV

Watieau quadrille A square dance for four couples, named after the famous French painter of the I8th century.

Mentor An intellectual or social guide and instructor. The name is taken from Mentor, the Greek whom Ulysses left at his home in Ithaca to take care of his son during his own absence before Troy.

Telemachus The son of Ulysses.

Vandyke A Flemish portrait-painter (I599-I6'I).

Reynolds English portrait-painter (I723-I792) and first President of the Royal Academy.

Titian A painter of the Viennese school (I'77-I576).

Giorgione A Venetian painter (I''8-I5II).

CHAPTER XVI

Vauxhall A once famous and fashionable public garden at Lambeth, London, opened in I660 and existed till I859.

Faust and Margaret The principal characters in the First Part of the great play "Faust" by the German Goethe (I7'8-I832)'

CHAPTER XVII

"Nectenuipenna" Lat. meaning 'with no weak wing'.

Autopsy The examination of a body aftei death.

CHAPTER XVIII

Rentier coyageant Fr. meaning "A traveller of private means "•

Age. de 32 ans
. pieds Fr. meaning " thirty-two years old, height six feet ".

CHAPTER XIX

Parvenu Fr. meaning " an upstart ".
Factitum Maid of all work (Lat.).
Lily-livered A Shakespearian word meaning ' cowardly'. In medieval physiology the liver was> supposed to be the seat of courage ; hence, to have a white or ' lily ' liver was to be devoid of courage.
Sus.-per coll. Lat., abbreviated for "suspensus per collum ", meaning [1] hanged by the neck'.

CHAPTER XX

Apostasy Abandonment of one's religion, principles or party.
Chatelaine Originally, a female castellan or governor of a castle , then an attachment to the waist-belt, suitable to a woman-castellan, carrying keys, scissors, etc., finally, a similar miniature appendage foi the watch-chain
Rebecca and Rowena The chief women characters in Scott's " Ivanhoe ", the former being a Jewess, the latter a Christian. Both loved Ivanhoe.
A,'archioness of Carabas A character in the children's story of "Puss in Boots" is the supposed Marquis of Carabas.
Fractus orbis Lai. meaning ' broken world '.

CHAPTER XXI

Tooty ,'a … etc. Badly pronounced French, meaning ' just the same thing, if you please, sir '.
Tell thai to the marines, Major. An expression of disbelief.
That cock won't fight An expression from the old sport of cock-fighting meaning now ' that answer won't do '.
Ce *bon coeur, etc. .* Fr. meaning ' O you good heart, dear Alphonse!'
Pave Fr. meaning ' pavement'.
Louche Fr. meaning 'squint-eyed, ambiguous, suspicious'.
High-lows High shoes fastened with a leather thong in front.

CHAPTER XXII

In terrorem Lat. meaning ' for the purpose of frightening '.
Vieille ecole, bonne ecole Fr. meaning ' old school, good school ',
Tarbooshes and nargillies Taibooshes are Mohammedan hats, betlei known as ' feles'. are Persian water-pipes for smoking.