

ers with a part of it; she told Clive so," remarks Mr. Pendennis.

"For shame! Why does not Barnes Newcome portion his younger brothers? I have no patience with that—Why! Goodness! There is Clive going away, actually! Clive! Mr. Newcome!" But though my wife ran to the study window and beckoned our friend, he only shook his head, jumped on his horse, and rode away gloomily.

"Ethel had been crying when I went into the room," Laura afterward told me. "I knew she had; but she looked up from some flowers over which she was bending, began to laugh and rattle, would talk about nothing but Lady Hautbois' great breakfast the day before, and the most insufferable May Fair jargon; and then declared it was time to go home to dress for Mrs. Booth's *déjeuner*, which was to take place that afternoon."

And so Miss Newcome rode away—back among the roses and the rogues—back among the fiddling, flirting, flattery, falseness—and Laura's sweet, serene face looked after her departing. Mrs. Booth's was a very grand *déjeuner*. We read in the newspapers a list of the greatest names: a Royal duke and duchess, a German highness, a Hindoo nabob, etc.; and among the marquises, Farintosh; and among the lords, Highgate; and Lady Clara Newcome, and Miss Newcome, who looked killing, our acquaintance Captain Crackthorpe informed us, and who was in perfectly stunning spirits. "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Farintosh is wild about her," the Captain said, "and our poor young friend Clive may just go and hang himself. Dine with us at the Gar and Starter? Jolly party. Oh, I forgot! married man now!" So saying, the Captain entered the hostelry near which I met him, leaving this present chronicler to return to his own home.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

I might open the present chapter, as a contemporary writer of romance is occasionally in the habit of commencing his tales of chivalry, by a description of a November afternoon, with falling leaves, tawny forests, gathering storms, and other

autumnal phenomena, and two horsemen winding up the romantic road which leads from—from Richmond Bridge to the Star and Garter. The one rider is youthful and has a blond mustache; the cheek of the other has been browned by foreign suns; it is easy to see by the manner in which he bestrides his powerful charger that he has followed the profession of arms. He looks as if he had faced his country's enemies on many a field of Eastern battle. The cavaliers alight before the gate of a cottage on Richmond Hill, where a gentleman receives them with eager welcome. Their steeds are accommodated at a neighboring hostelry—I pause in the midst of the description, for the reader has made the acquaintance of our two horsemen long since. It is Clive returned from Malta, from Gibraltar, and Seville, from Cadiz, and with him our dear old friend the Colonel. His campaigns are over, his sword is hung up, he leaves Eastern suns and battles to warm young blood. Welcome back to England, dear Colonel and kind friend! How quickly the years have passed since he has been gone! There is a streak or two more silver in his hair. The wrinkles about his honest eyes are somewhat deeper, but their look is as steadfast and kind as in the early, almost boyish days when we first knew them.

We talk awhile about the Colonel's voyage home, the pleasures of the Spanish journey, the handsome new quarters in which Clive has installed his father and himself, my own altered condition in life, and what not. During the conversation a little querulous voice makes itself audible above stairs, at which noise Mr. Clive begins to laugh and the Colonel to smile. It is for the first time in his life Mr. Clive listens to the little voice; indeed, it is only since about six weeks that that small organ has been heard in the world at all. Laura Pendennis believes its tones to be the sweetest, the most interesting, the most mirth-inspiring, the most pitiful and pathetic, that ever baby uttered; which opinions, of course, are backed by Mrs. Hokey, the confidential nurse. Laura's husband is not so rapturous, but, let us trust, behaves in a way becoming a man and a father. We forego the description of his feelings as not pertaining to the history at present under consideration. A little while before the dinner is served, the lady of the cottage comes down to greet her husband's old friends.

And here I am sorely tempted to a third description, which has nothing to do with the story, to be sure, but which, if properly hit off, might fill half a page very prettily. For is not a

young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? If she had been beautiful before, does not her present pure joy give a character of refinement and sacredness almost to her beauty, touch her sweet cheeks with fairer blushes, and impart I know not what serene brightness to her eyes? I give warning to the artist who designs the pictures for this veracious story to make no attempt at this subject. I never would be satisfied with it were his drawing ever so good.

When Sir Charles Grandison stepped up and made his very beautifullest bow to Miss Byron, I am sure his gracious dignity never exceeded that of Colonel Newcome's first greeting to Mrs. Pendennis. Of course from the moment they beheld one another they became friends. Are not most of our likings thus instantaneous? Before she came down to see him, Laura had put on one of the Colonel's shawls—the crimson one, with red palm leaves and the border of many colors. As for the white one, the priceless, the gossamer, the fairy web, which might pass through a ring, that, every lady must be aware, was already appropriated to cover the cradle, or what I believe is called the bassinet, of Master Pendennis.

So we all became the very best of friends; and during the winter months, while we still resided at Richmond, the Colonel was my wife's constant visitor. He often came without Clive. He did not care for the world which the young gentleman frequented, and was more pleased and at home by my wife's fireside than at more noisy and splendid entertainments. And Laura being a sentimental person, interested in pathetic novels and all unhappy attachments, of course she and the Colonel talked a great deal about Mr. Clive's little affair, over which they would have such deep confabulations that even when the master of the house appeared, Paterfamilias, the man whom, in the presence of the Rev. Dr. Portman, Mrs. Laura had sworn to love, honor, etc., these two guilty ones would be silent or change the subject of conversation, not caring to admit such an unsympathizing person as myself into their conspiracy.

From many a talk which they have had together since the Colonel and his son embraced at Malta, Clive's father had been led to see how strongly the passion, which our friend had once fought and mastered, had now taken possession of the young man. The unsatisfied longing left him indifferent to all other objects of previous desire or ambition. The misfortune darkened the sunshine of his spirit, and clouded the world before

his eyes. He passed hours in his painting room, though he tore up what he did there. He forsook his usual haunts, or appeared among his old comrades moody and silent. From cigar smoking, which I own to be a reprehensible practice, he plunged into still deeper and darker dissipation; for I am sorry to say he took to pipes and the strongest tobacco, for which there is no excuse. Our young man was changed. During the last fifteen or twenty months the malady had been increasing on him, of which we have not chosen to describe at length the stages; knowing very well that the reader (the male reader at least) does not care a fig about other people's sentimental perplexities, and is not wrapped up heart and soul in Clive's affairs like his father, whose rest was disturbed if the boy had a headache, or who would have stripped the coat off his back to keep his darling's feet warm.

The object of this hopeless passion had, meantime, returned to the custody of the dark old duenna, from which she had been liberated for awhile. Lady Kew had got her health again by means of the prescriptions of some doctors or by the efficacy of some baths; and was again on foot and in the world, tramping about in her grim pursuit of pleasure. Lady Julia, we are led to believe, had retired upon half pay, and into an inglorious exile at Brussels with her sister, the outlaw's wife, by whose bankrupt fireside she was perfectly happy. Miss Newcome was now her grandmother's companion, and they had been on a tour of visits in Scotland, and were journeying from country house to country house, about the time when our good Colonel returned to his native shores.

The Colonel loved his nephew Barnes no better than before, perhaps, though we must say, that since his return from India, the young baronet's conduct had been particularly friendly. "No doubt marriage had improved him; Lady Clara seemed a good-natured young woman enough; besides," says the Colonel, wagging his good old head knowingly, "Tom Newcome of the Bundelcund Bank is a personage to be conciliated; whereas Tom Newcome of the Bengal Cavalry was not worth Master Barnes' attention. He has been very good and kind on the whole; so have his friends been uncommonly civil. There was Clive's acquaintance, Mr. Belsize that was, Lord Highgate who is now, entertained our whole family sumptuously last week; wants us and Barnes and his wife to go to his country house at Christmas; is as hospitable, my dear Mrs.

Pendennis, as man can be. He met you at Barnes', and as soon as we are alone," says the Colonel, turning round to Laura's husband, "I will tell you in what terms Lady Clara speaks of your wife. Yes, she is a good-natured, kind little woman, that Lady Clara." Here Laura's face assumed that gravity and severeness which it always wore when Lady Clara's name was mentioned, and the conversation took another turn.

Returning home from London one afternoon I met the Colonel, who hailed me on the omnibus and rode on his way toward the city. I knew, of course, that he had been colloquing with my wife; and taxed that young woman with these continued flirtations. "Two or three times a week, Mrs. Laura, you dare to receive a colonel of dragoons. You sit for hours closeted with the young fellow of sixty; you change the conversation when your own injured husband enters the room, and pretend to talk about the weather or the baby. You little arch hypocrite, you know you do—don't try to humbug me, miss; what will Richmond, what will society, what will Mrs. Grundy in general say to such atrocious behavior?"

"O," says my wife, closing my mouth in a way which I do not choose farther to particularize; "that man is the best, the dearest, the kindest creature. I never knew such a good man; you ought to put him into a book. Do you know, sir, that I felt the very greatest desire to give him a kiss when he went away; and that one which you had just now was intended for him."

"Take back thy gift, false girl!" says Mr. Pendennis; and then, finally, we come to the particular circumstance which had occasioned so much enthusiasm on Mrs. Laura's part.

Colonel Newcome had summoned heart of grace, and in Clive's behalf had regularly proposed him to Barnes as a suitor to Ethel; taking an artful advantage of his nephew Barnes Newcome, and inviting that baronet to a private meeting, where they were to talk about the affairs of the Bundelcund Banking Company.

Now this Bundelcund Banking Company, in the Colonel's eyes, was in reality his son Clive. But for Clive there might have been a hundred banking companies established, yielding a hundred per cent in as many districts of India, and Thomas Newcome, who had plenty of money for his own wants, would never have thought of speculation. His desire was to see his

boy endowed with all the possible gifts of fortune. Had he built a palace for Clive, and been informed that a roc's egg was required to complete the decoration of the edifice, Tom Newcome would have traveled to the world's end in search of the wanting article. To see Prince Clive ride in a gold coach with a princess beside him was the kind old Colonel's ambition; that done, he would be content to retire to a garret in the Prince's castle, and smoke his cheroot there in peace. So the world is made. The strong and eager covet honor and enjoyment for themselves; the gentle and disappointed (once they may have been strong and eager too) desire these gifts for their children. I think Clive's father never liked or understood the lad's choice of a profession. He acquiesced in it, as he would in any of his son's wishes. But, not being a poet himself, he could not see the nobility of that calling; and felt secretly that his son was demeaning himself by pursuing the art of painting. "Had he been a soldier, now," thought Thomas Newcome, "(though I prevented that) had he been richer than he is, he might have married Ethel, instead of being unhappy as he now is, God help him! I remember my own time of grief well enough, and what years it took before my wound was scarred over."

So, with these things occupying his brain, Thomas Newcome artfully invited Barnes, his nephew, to dinner, under pretense of talking of the affairs of the great B. B. C. With the first glass of wine at dessert, and according to the Colonel's good old-fashioned custom of proposing toasts, they drank the health of the B. B. C. Barnes drank the toast with all his generous heart. The B. B. C. sent to Hobson Brothers & Newcome a great deal of business, was in a most prosperous condition, kept a great balance at the bank—a balance that would not be overdrawn, as Sir Barnes Newcome very well knew. Barnes was for having more of these bills, providing there were remittances to meet the same. Barnes was ready to do any amount of business with the Indian bank, or with any bank, or with any individual, Christian or heathen, white or black, who could do good to the firm of Hobson Brothers & Newcome. He spoke upon this subject with great archness and candor. Of course as a City man he would be glad to do a profitable business anywhere, and the B. B. C.'s business was profitable. But the interested motive, which he admitted frankly as a man of the world, did not prevent other sentiments more agreeable.

"My dear Colonel," says Barnes, "I am happy, most happy, to think that our house and our name should have been useful, as I know they have been, in the establishment of a concern in which one of our family is interested; one whom we all so sincerely respect and regard." And he touched his glass with his lips and blushed a little, as he bowed toward his uncle. He found himself making a little speech, indeed; and to do so before one single person seems rather odd. Had there been a large company present, Barnes would not have blushed at all, but have tossed off his glass, struck his waistcoat possibly, and looked straight in the face of his uncle as the chairman; well, he did very likely believe that he respected and regarded the Colonel.

The Colonel said, "Thank you, Barnes, with all my heart. It is always good for men to be friends, much more for blood relations, as we are."

"A relationship which honors me, I'm sure!" says Barnes, with a tone of infinite affability. You see he believed that Heaven had made him the Colonel's superior.

"And I am very glad," the elder went on, "that you and my boy are good friends."

"Friends! of course. It would be unnatural if such near relatives were otherwise than good friends."

"You have been hospitable to him, and Lady Clara very kind, and he wrote to me telling me of your kindness. Ahem! this is tolerable claret. I wonder where Clive gets it?"

"You were speaking of that indigo, Colonel," here Barnes interposes. "Our house has done very little in that way, to be sure; but I suppose that our credit is about as good as Baines & Jolly's, and if—"

But the Colonel is in a brown study.

"Clive will have a good bit of money when I die," resumes Clive's father.

"Why, you are a hale man—upon my word, quite a young man, and may marry again, Colonel," replies the nephew fascinatingly.

"I shall never do that," replies the other. "Ere many years are gone, I shall be seventy years old, Barnes."

"Nothing in this country, my dear sir! positively nothing. Why, there was Titus, my neighbor in the country—when will you come down to Newcome?—who married a devilish pretty girl, of very good family, too, Miss Burgeon, one of the Devon-

shire Burgeons. He looks, I am sure, twenty years older than you do. Why should not you do likewise?"

"Because I like to remain single, and want to leave Clive a rich man. Look here, Barnes, you know the value of our bank shares now?"

"Indeed I do; rather speculative; but of course I know what some sold for last week," says Barnes.

"Suppose I realize now. I think I am worth six lacs. I had nearly two from my poor father. I saved some before and since I invested in this affair; and could sell out to-morrow with sixty thousand pounds."

"A very pretty sum of money, Colonel," says Barnes.

"I have a pension of a thousand a year."

"My dear Colonel, you are a capitalist! we know it very well," remarks Sir Barnes.

"And two hundred a year is as much as I want for myself," continues the capitalist, looking into the fire, and jingling his money in his pockets. "A hundred a year for a horse; a hundred a year for pocket money, for I calculate, you know, that Clive will give me a bedroom and my dinner."

"He—he! If your son won't, your nephew will, my dear Colonel!" says the affable Barnes, smiling sweetly.

"I can give the boy a handsome allowance, you see," resumes Thomas Newcome.

"You can make him a handsome allowance now, and leave him a good fortune when you die!" says the nephew, in a noble and courageous manner—and as if he said, "Twelve times twelve are a hundred and forty-four, and you have Sir Barnes Newcome's authority—Sir Barnes Newcome's, mind you—to say so."

"Not when I die, Barnes," the uncle goes on. "I will give him every shilling I am worth to-morrow morning, if he marries as I wish him."

"Tant mieux pour lui!" cries the nephew; and thought to himself, "Lady Clara must ask Clive to dinner instantly. Confound the fellow! I hate him—always have; but what luck he has."

"A man with that property may pretend to a good wife, as the French say; hey, Barnes?" asks the Colonel rather eagerly, looking up in his nephew's face.

That countenance was lighted up with a generous enthusiasm. "To any woman, in any rank—to a nobleman's daughter, my dear sir!" exclaims Sir Barnes.

"I want your sister; I want my dear Ethel for him, Barnes," cries Thomas Newcome, with a trembling voice and a twinkle in his eyes. "That was the hope I always had till my talk with your poor father stopped it. Your sister was engaged to my Lord Kew then; and my wishes of course were impossible. The poor boy is very much cut up, and his whole heart is bent upon possessing her. She is not, she can't be, indifferent to him. I am sure she would not be, if her family in the least encouraged him. Can either of these young folks have a better chance of happiness again offered to them in life? There's youth, there's mutual liking, there's wealth for them almost—only saddled with the incumbrance of an old dragoon, who won't be much in their way. Give us your good word, Barnes, and let them come together; and upon my word the rest of my days will be made happy if I can eat my meal at their table."

While the poor Colonel was making his appeal Barnes had time to collect his answer; which, since in our character of historian we take leave to explain gentlemen's motives as well as record their speeches and actions, we may thus interpret: "Confound the young beggar!" thinks Barnes then. "He will have three or four thousand a year, will he? Hang him, but it's a good sum of money. What a fool his father is to give it away! Is he joking? No, he was always half crazy—the Colonel. Highgate seemed uncommonly sweet on her, and was always hanging about our house. Farintosh has not been brought to book yet; and perhaps neither of them will propose for her. My grandmother, I should think, won't hear of her making a low marriage, as this certainly is; but it's a pity to throw away four thousand a year, ain't it?" All these natural calculations passed briskly through Barnes Newcome's mind, as his uncle, from the opposite side of the fireplace, implored him in the above little speech.

"My dear Colonel," said Barnes, "my dear, kind Colonel! I needn't tell you that your proposal flatters us, as much as your extraordinary generosity surprises me. I never heard anything like it—never. Could I consult my own wishes, I would at once—I would, permit me to say, from sheer admiration of your noble character, say yes, with all my heart, to your proposal. But, alas, I haven't that power."

"Is—is she engaged?" asks the Colonel, looking as blank and sad as Clive himself when Ethel had conversed with him.

"No, I cannot say engaged—though a person of the very highest rank has paid her the most marked attention. But my sister has, in a way, gone from our family, and from my influence as the head of it—an influence which I, I am sure, had most gladly exercised in your favor. My grandmother, Lady Kew, has adopted her; purposes, I believe, to leave Ethel the greater part of her fortune, upon certain conditions; and, of course, expects the—the obedience, and so forth, which is customary in such cases. By the way, Colonel, is our young *soupirant* aware that papa is pleading his cause for him?"

The Colonel said no; and Barnes lauded the caution which his uncle had displayed. It was quite as well for the young man's interests (which Sir Barnes had most tenderly at heart) that Clive Newcome should not himself move in the affair, or present himself to Lady Kew. Barnes would take the matter in hand at the proper season; the Colonel might be sure it would be most eagerly, most ardently pressed. Clive came home at this juncture, whom Barnes saluted affectionately. He and the Colonel had talked over their money business; their conversation had been most satisfactory, thank you. "Has it not, Colonel?" The three parted the very best of friends.

As Barnes Newcome professed that extreme interest for his cousin and uncle, it is odd he did not tell them that Lady Kew and Miss Ethel Newcome were at that moment within a mile of them at her ladyship's house in Queen Street, May Fair. In the hearing of Clive's servant, Barnes did not order his brougham to drive to Queen Street, but waited until he was in Bond Street before he gave the order.

And, of course, when he entered Lady Kew's house he straightway asked for his sister, and communicated to her the generous offer which the good Colonel had made!

You see Lady Kew was in town, and not in town. Her ladyship was but passing through, on her way from a tour of visits in the North to another tour of visits somewhere else. The newspapers were not even off the blinds. The proprietor of the house covered over a bed candle and a furtive teapot in the back drawing room. Lady Kew's *gens* were not here. The tall canary ones with white polls only showed their plumage and sang in spring. The solitary wretch who takes charge of London houses, and the two servants specially affected to Lady Kew's person, were the only people in at-

tendance. In fact her ladyship was not in town. And that is why, no doubt, Barnes Newcome said nothing about her being there.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAMILY SECRETS.

The figure cowering over the furtive teapot glowered grimly at Barnes as he entered; and an old voice said, "Ho, it's you."

"I have brought you the notes, ma'am," says Barnes, taking a packet of those documents from his pocketbook. "I could not come sooner; I have been engaged upon bank business until now."

"I dare say! You smell of smoke like a courier."

"A foreign capitalist; he would smoke. They will, ma'am. I didn't smoke, upon my word."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, if you like it. You will never get anything out of me, whether you do or don't. How is Clara? Is she gone to the country with the children? Newcome is the best place for her."

"Dr Bambury thinks she can move in a fortnight. The boy has had a little——"

"A little fiddlestick! I tell you it is she who likes to stay, and makes that fool, Bambury, advise her not going away. I tell you to send her to Newcome; the air is good for her."

"By that confounded smoky town, my dear Lady Kew!"

"And invite your mother and little brothers and sisters to stay Christmas there. The way in which you neglect them is shameful, it is, Barnes."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I propose to manage my own affairs without your ladyship's assistance," cries Barnes, starting up; "and did not come at this time of night to hear this kind of——"

"Of good advice. I sent for you to give it you. When I wrote to you to bring me the money I wanted, it was but a pretext; Barkins might have fetched it from the City in the morning. I want you to send Clara and the children to Newcome. They ought to go, sir, that is why I sent for you; to tell you that. Have you been quarreling as much as usual?"

"Pretty much as usual," says Barnes, drumming on his hat.

"Don't beat that devil's tattoo; you *agacez* my poor old nerves. When Clara was given to you she was as well broke a girl as any in London."

Sir Barnes responded by a groan.

"She was as gentle and amenable to reason, as good-natured a girl as could be; a little vacant and silly, but you men like dolls for your wives; and now in three years you have utterly spoiled her. She is restive, she is artful, she flies into rages, she fights you and beats you. He! he! and that comes of your beating her!"

"I didn't come to hear this, ma'am," says Barnes, livid with rage.

"You struck her, you know you did, Sir Barnes Newcome. She rushed over to me last year on the night you did it, you know she did."

"Great God, ma'am! You know the provocation," screams Barnes.

"Provocation or not, I don't say. But from that moment she has beat you. You fool, to write her a letter and ask her pardon! If I had been a man, I would rather have strangled my wife than have humiliated myself so before her. She will never forgive that blow."

"I was mad when I did it; and she drove me mad," says Barnes. "She has the temper of a fiend and the ingenuity of the devil. In two years an entire change has come over her. If I had used a knife to her I should not have been surprised. But it is not with you to reproach me about Clara. Your ladyship found her for me."

"And you spoilt her after she was found, sir! She told me part of her story that night she came to me. I know it is true, Barnes. You have treated her dreadfully, sir."

"I know that she makes my life miserable, and there is no help for it," says Barnes, grinding a curse between his teeth. "Well, well, no more about this. How is Ethel? Gone to sleep after her journey? What do you think, ma'am, I have brought for her? A proposal?"

"Bon Dieu! You don't mean to say Charles Belsize was in earnest!" cries the dowager. "I always thought it was a——"

"It is not from Lord Highgate, ma'am," Sir Barnes said gloomily. "It is some time since I have known that he was not in earnest; and he knows that I am now."

"Gracious goodness! come to blows with him, too? You