

The history of pendennis..., p.3 *The History of Pendennis, Volume 2, p.3 part #2 of The History of Pendennis Series by William Makepeace Thackeray / Humor.*

His calls were frequent; his attentions to the lady of the house unremitting. Would her ladyship not like to be present at the grand entertainment at Gaunt House? Every body 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. In spite of his present station and fortune, the world persisted in looking rather coldly upon Clavering, and strange suspicious rumors followed him about. He was blackballed at two clubs in succession. In the house of commons, he only conversed with a few of the most disreputable members of that famous body, having a happy knack of choosing bad society, and adapting himself naturally to it, as other people do to the company of their betters. To name all the senators with whom Clavering consorted, would be invidious. We may mention only a few. There was Captain Raff, the honorable member for Epsom, who retired after the last Goodwood races, having accepted, as Mr. Hotspur, the whip of the party, said, a mission to the Levant; there was Hustingson, the patriotic member for Islington, whose voice is never heard now denouncing corruption, since his appointment to the Governorship of Coventry Island; there was Bob Freeny, of the Booterstown Freenys, who is a dead shot, and of whom we therefore wish to speak with every respect; and of all these gentlemen, with whom in the course of his professional duty Mr. Hotspur had to confer, there was none for whom he had a more thorough contempt and dislike than for Sir Francis Clavering, the representative of an ancient race, who had sat for their own borough of Clavering time out of mind in the house. He was educated in the Fleet, and he has not heard the end of Newgate yet, take my word for it. If he chooses to frequent gambling-tables, and lose his money to blacklegs, what matters to me? Why should we try, when the rest of the house is open to us? And a devilish good house, too, as you and I know. And if the man of the family is not all one could wish, the women are excellent. The Begum is not over-refined, but as kind a woman as ever lived, and devilish clever too; and as for the little Blanche, you know my opinion about her, you rogue; you know my belief is that she is sweet on you, and would have you for the asking. I recommend you to ask one of them, and try. 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. 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. He acted at Carlton House when he was page to the prince; he has been mixed up with that sort of thing; he could afford to marry whom he chooses; and Lady Mirabel is a most respectable woman, received every where--every where, mind. You told me to ask him, and I did it to please you. 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 were not so very bad, and that he should make something of that fellow yet. As Master Clavering 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. At length, when the family came to London, Sir Francis gave forth his opinion that "the little beggar had best be sent to school. It is not our intention to follow Master Clavering in his scholastic career; the paths to the Temple of learning were made more easy to him than they were to some of us of earlier generations. He advanced toward that fane in a carriage-and-four, so to speak, and might halt and take refreshments almost whenever he pleased. He wore varnished boots from the earliest period of youth, and had cambric handkerchiefs and lemon-colored kid gloves of the smallest size ever manufactured by Privat. They dressed regularly at Mr. Corporal punishment was altogether dispensed with by the principal, who thought that moral discipline was entirely sufficient to lead youth; and the boys were so rapidly advanced in many branches of learning, that they acquired the art of drinking spirits and smoking cigars, even before they were old enough to enter a public school. 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. 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 any body 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. 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 remembered 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. And as for Amory he was almost worse; he was a spendthrift, when my father was close: We all have our cares, and griefs, and troubles: I was brought up among 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. Three stars in India Stock to her name, begad! 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: I have my eyes open. I keep good counsel. 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. You and mamma have been disagreeing. Mothers and daughters disagree in the best families. It was but last week that I healed up a quarrel between Lady Clapperton and her daughter Lady Claudia. Lady Lear and her eldest daughter have not spoken for fourteen years. Kinder and more worthy people than these I never knew in the whole course of my life; for every body but each other admirable. Your mother committed one fault in early life--or was it Nature, my dear, in your case? You ought not to have been bred up to become the refined and intellectual being you are, surrounded, as I own you are, by those who have not your genius or your refinement. Your place would be to lead in the most brilliant circles, not to follow, and take a second place in any society. I have watched you, Miss Amory: You ought to shine; and you never can in this house, I know it. I hope I shall see you in another and a happier one, some day, and the mistress of it. But there is no romance in the world now, no real affection. Begad, I wish I was a young fellow, like my nephew. A country parson, or a barrister in a street near Russell-square, or a captain in a dragoon-regiment, who will take lodgings for me, and come home from the mess tipsy and smelling of smoke like Sir Francis Clavering. That is how we girls are destined to end life. O Major Pendennis, I am sick of London, and of balls, and of young dandies with their chin-tips, and of the insolent great ladies who know us one day and cut us the next--and of the world altogether. I should like to leave it and to go into a convent, that I should. I shall never find any body to understand me. And I live here as much alone in my family and in the world, as if I were in a cell locked up for ever. I wish there were Sisters of Charity here, and that I could be one, and catch the plague, and die of it--I wish to quit the world. I am not very old: Dora who had but five thousand pounds, Flora who had nothing, and Leonora who had red hair, were going to be married, and nobody had come for Blanche Amory. The young folks of the great families marry into the great families: A girl with your fortune can scarcely hope for a great match: We are grown doosid republican. Talent ranks with birth and wealth now, begad: 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. Good-by, my dear Miss Amory. How this town forms and changes us," he said once to Warrington. 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 honor of a conversation, and patronized me about Walter Lorraine, quite kindly. She told me that she had not read the book as indeed I believe she never read a book in her life, but that Lady Rockminster had, and that the Duchess of Connaught pronounced it to be very clever. In that case, I said I should die happy, for that to please those two ladies was in fact the great aim of my existence, and having their approbation, of course I need look for no other. From the gravity

of that woman you would have fancied she had been born in a palace, and lived all the seasons of her life in Belgrave-square. The remains of the banquet were distributed among the poor of the village, and the entrance to the park was illuminated until old John put the candle out on retiring to rest at his usual hour. George; and if you will come to Fair Oaks Castle you shall judge for yourself of her and of my cousin too. They are not so witty as the London women, but they certainly are as well bred. The thoughts of women in the country are turned to other objects than those which occupy your London ladies. In the country a woman has her household and her poor, her long calm days and long calm evenings. The loneliness of women in the country makes them of necessity soft and sentimental. Leading a life of calm duty, constant routine, mystic reverie--a sort of nuns at large--too much gayety or laughter would jar upon their almost sacred quiet, and would be as out of place there as in a church. Pen continued, with an air of considerable self-complacency. The pace of London life is enormous: Take a woman of the world: She goes into the world every night, and sits watching her marriageable daughters dancing till long after dawn.

Chapter 2 : Read The History Of Pendennis Light Novel Online

Although The History of Pendennis is well written and a good read, it is long and a bit of a challenge to get through at times. I would recommend reading it, but there is nothing fast paced throughout the novel. It is a good example of a literary Bildungsroman.

Chapter 2 A Pedigree and other Family Matters 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. 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 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: 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: Pendennis remarked, "and, if you please, I wish you would not call me Johnny before the young man--before Mr. He had his night-bell altered and placed in the room in which the good old lady had grumbled for many a long year, and he slept in the great large bed there. He was upwards of forty years old when these events befell; before the war was over; before George the Magnificent came to the throne; before this history indeed: Pendennis, by this time, had his handsomely framed and glazed, and hanging up in his drawing-room between the pictures of Codlingbury House in Somersetshire, and St. About the time of Mrs. 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. 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 life which he had to strangle--perhaps all early love affairs ought to be strangled or drowned, like so many blind kittens: 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: 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. They were married in the dull Bath season, which was the height of the season in London. And Pendennis having previously, through a professional friend, M. Bareacres took no notice of the cards. Pontypool called, admired Mrs. Pendennis, and said Lady Pontypool would come and see her, which her ladyship did, per proxy of John her footman, who brought her card, and an invitation to a concert five weeks off. Pendennis was back in his little one-horse carriage, dispensing draughts and pills at that time: Pendennis to an entertainment, of which Mr. Pendennis bragged to the last day of his life. 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: He laid out some money very advantageously in the purchase of a house and small estate close upon the village of Clavering 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. A lucky purchase which he had made of shares in a copper-mine added very considerably to his wealth, and he realised with great prudence while this mine was still at its full vogue. 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. The old man never spoke about the shop himself, never alluded to it; called in the medical practitioner of Clavering to attend his family when occasion arrived; sunk the black breeches and stockings altogether; attended market and sessions, and wore a bottle-green coat and brass buttons with drab gaiters, just as if he had been an English gentleman all his life. He used to stand at his lodge-gate, and see the coaches come in, and bow gravely to the guards and coachmen as they touched their hats and drove by. It was he who founded the Clavering Book Club: It was he who brought the mail, which used to run through Cacklefield before, away from that village and through Clavering. At church he was equally active as a vestryman and a worshipper. At market every Thursday, he went from pen to stall, looked at samples of oats, and munched corn, felt beasts, punched geese in the breast, and weighed them with a knowing air, and did business with the farmers at the Clavering Arms, as well as the oldest frequenter of that house of call. It was now his shame, as it formerly was his pride, to be called Doctor, and those who wished to please him always gave him the title of Squire. But his little boy believed them to their fullest extent, 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? If they were not the roses, they lived near the roses, as it were, and had a good deal of the odour of genteel life. They had out their plate, and dined each other round in the moonlight nights twice a year, coming a dozen miles to these festivals; and besides the county, the Pendennises had the society of the town of Clavering, as much as, nay, more than they liked: Wapshot of Clavering Grammar School, for overflogging his son, Anglesea Glanders,--with all the village in fine. And Pendennis and his wife often blessed themselves, that their house of Fair Oaks 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. Fair Oaks 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 Fair Oaks. 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. At sunset, from the lawn of Fair Oaks, there was a pretty sight: The upper windows of the great house flamed so as to make your eyes wink; the little river ran off noisily westward, and was lost in a sombre wood, behind which the towers of the old abbey church of Clavering whereby that town is called Clavering St. As for John Pendennis, as the father of the family, and that sort of thing, everybody had the greatest respect for him: His hat was as well brushed, perhaps, as that of any man in this empire. His meals were served at the same minute every day, and woe to those who came late, as little Pen, a disorderly little rascal, sometimes did. Prayers were recited, his letters were read, his business dispatched, his stables and garden inspected, his hen-houses and kennel, his barn and pigstye visited, always at regular hours. After dinner he always had a nap with the Globe newspaper on his knee, and his yellow bandanna handkerchief on his face Major Pendennis sent the yellow handkerchiefs from India, and his brother had helped in the purchase of his majority, so that they were good friends now. They seldom occurred in his presence. However frisky they were before, mother and child were hushed and quiet when Mr. Pendennis walked into the drawing-room, his newspaper under his arm. Pendennis, or an occasional friend from the village. 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 Fair Oaks. 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 Fair Oaks; the fame of his fashion as a man about town was established throughout the county. I have the happiness to live with people who are so highly placed in the world, that a few hundreds or thousands a year more or less can make no difference in the estimation in which they are pleased to hold me. Miss Hunkle, though a most respectable lady, is not in possession of either the birth or the manners, which would entitle her to be received into the sphere in which I have the honour to move. I shall live and die an old bachelor, John: The Major was a great favourite with almost all the little establishment of Fair Oaks. 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. In whom else do you see so much grace, and so much virtue; so much faith, and so much tenderness; with such a perfect refinement and chastity? Be they ever so high in station, they can be but ladies, and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons amongst his circle of acquaintance--women, in whose angelical natures, there is something awful, as well as beautiful, to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves;--in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or to think wrong. 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? Miss Pybus said she was cold and haughty; Miss Pierce, that she was too proud for her station; Mrs. In the meanwhile, this lady moved through the world quite regardless of all the comments that were made in her praise or disfavour. She did not seem to know that she was admired or hated for being so perfect: That even a woman should be faultless, however, is an arrangement not permitted by nature, which assigns to us mental defects, as it awards to us headaches, illnesses, or death; without which the scheme of the world could not be carried on,--nay, some of the best qualities of mankind could not be brought into exercise. As pain produces or elicits fortitude and endurance; difficulty, perseverance; poverty, industry and ingenuity; danger, courage and what not; so the very virtues, on the other hand, will generate some vices: 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: 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.

Chapter 3 : The History of Pendennis, Vol. 2 by William Makepeace Thackeray - Full Text Free Book (Part

The History of Pendennis His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy by William Makepeace Thackeray Vol. 2 of 2 The History of Pendennis His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends, and His Greatest Enemy by William Makepeace Thackeray Vol. 1 of 3.

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â€” fast â€” latest novel. Part 52 "Her birth, sir; her father was the mate of a s. Mark that," the uncle replied. Arthur Pendennis, I should neither be sorry nor surprised, begad! You can do it as well as I. Here we are at St. Oriel is a beautiful preacher. I do not know whether other people carry their worldly affairs to the church door. Arthur, who, from habitual reverence and feeling, was always more than respectful in a place of wors. His hat was brushed: He looked at every soul in the congregation, it is true: 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 suns. 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. Arthur, making rather a pert bow. There was a famous review in the Pall Mall this morning. What the doose do you mean? I remember his mother coming up. 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. How much of your life have you pa. I promoted all my characters at the request of the publisher. The young Duke was only a young Baron when the novel was first written; his false friend, the Viscount, was a simple commoner and so on with all the characters of the story. Comme vous voila forme! I think I like Arthur Pendennis of the country best, though! Pen of course protested that he had not changed in the least, to which the young lady replied by a tender sigh; and thinking that she had done quite enough to make Arthur happy or miserable as the case might be , she proceeded to cajole his companion, Mr. Harry Foker, who during the literary conversation had sate silently imbibing the head of his cane, and wis. If the Major thought that by telling Miss Amory of Mr. She became only the more gracious to Foker: 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. Foker is a very sad young man," she said, turning round to Pen. Poyntz saying here, the other day, about that party at Richmond? O you naughty creature! I know you would: I never saw an actress in my life. I would give anything to know one; for I adore talent. Is Lady Clavering to go on for ever being hospitable to us, and may we make no return? Speak for yourselves, young men,--eh, begad! Here is my nephew, with his pockets full of money--his pockets full, begad! Henry Foker, who, as I have heard say, is pretty well to do in the world,--how is your lovely cousin, Lady Ann, Mr. Lady Clavering, will you do me the favour to be my guest? The dinner was ordered at Greenwich, and Foker, though he did not invite Miss Amory, had some delicious opportunities of conversation with her during the repast, and afterwards on the balcony of their room at the hotel, and again during the drive home in her ladys. Contains a novel Incident 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 embarra. Tears fell upon the leaf of the book, perhaps, or blistered the pages of his ma. If he took up the books afterwards he had no ability or wish to sprinkle the leaves with that early dew of former times: Many a bitter smile pa. How pompous some of the grand pa. This page was imitated from a then favourite author, as he could now clearly see and confess, though he had believed himself to be writing originally then. As he mused over certain lines he recollected the place and hour where he wrote them: And what meant those blots on the page? He used this simile one morning to Warrington, as the latter sate over his pipe and book, and Pen, with much gesticulation according to his wont when excited, and with a bitter laugh, thumped his ma. On the previous night he had taken the ma. He read in the volume in bed until he fell asleep, for the commencement of the tale was somewhat dull, and he had come home tired from a London evening party. I wrote this when I believed myself

be eternally in love with that little coquette, Miss Amory. It showed proof of scholars. Let us hear a bit of the rubbish. She asked me to a party at her house, and said that, as old friends, we ought to meet oftener. She has been seeing me any time these two years in town, and never thought of inviting me before; but seeing Wenham talking to me, and Monsieur Dubois, the French literary man, who had a dozen orders on, and might have pa. The Claverings are to be there on the same evening.

Chapter 4 : The History Of Pendennis by Thackeray, William Makepeace

PENDENNIS CHAPTER I. Shows how First Love may interrupt Breakfast 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.

John Montgomery Wright was elected at the latter meeting. The new clubhouse opened to members on August 1, On that same day, the Southern Exposition was also opened in Louisville by U. That evening, President Arthur was a guest at the Pendennis Club where he and some of his cabinet members, including Robert Todd Lincoln, enjoyed a lavish dinner. Taft , and Woodrow Wilson. Club member and Park Commissioner Andrew Cowan was instrumental in making this project a reality. That same year, Alexander Lewis composed the Pendennis 2-Step. He retired in and died just months before the opening of the new clubhouse in , in which he was to have played a major part. He sold the recipe to the Club, and the Club holds the trademark to it. A reputed nephew of Henry Bain, Roland Hayes , made his debut at the Club as a classical lyric tenor. The term came into use for those who wanted the simple original cocktailâ€”liquor with bitters, sugar and waterâ€”rather than more elaborate versions that had come into being by the mid-nineteenth century. Club records confirm that Col. Pepper, a Lexington, Kentucky resident, became a member in , and Club oral tradition among bartenders back to Craig Talley, who started at the Club in , confirmed Col. In , George J. This source, thus, documents that the Old Fashioned was a specific separate drink by this point, and this time-line is consistent with Col. A native of Switzerland, Straub was a wine and spirits expert. The other known candidate, Tom Bullock , was a Louisville native who went to work at the Club as a bartender in about and, by , had become the head bartender at the St. While there, he published *The Ideal Bartender* in â€”with an Old Fashioned recipe that does call for the use of Bourbon. Bush and George W. In addition, fine Bourbon whisky is required and so also are one or more fruits: On August 9, , the Club was raided, and six car-loads of the very best beverages were taken away.

Chapter 5 : 2 Vol. Set HISTORY OF PENDENNIS by Thackeray | eBay

The History of Pendennis: His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy () is a novel by the English author William Makepeace Thackeray. It is set in 19th-century England, particularly in London.

Jump to navigation Jump to search This article is about the novel. This article needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. August Learn how and when to remove this template message First edition title-page with an illustration drawn by Thackeray himself The History of Pendennis: The main hero is a young English gentleman Arthur Pendennis, who is born in the country and sets out for London to seek his place in life and society. The characters include the snobbish social hanger-on Major Pendennis and the tipsy Captain Costigan. He and his foster sister Laura are raised in the village of Fairoaks by his indulgent mother, Mrs. The family has risen to gentility in the past generation or two but is not wealthy: Pendennis left only a house and investments producing about pounds a year. As Pen and Laura grow up, Mrs. Pendennis tells them she hopes they will marry someday. At age 18, however, Pen falls in love with an actress, Emily Fotheringay a stage name , who is about ten years his senior. She summons Major Pendennis from London, and the Major derails the marriage simply by telling Costigan his nephew is not rich. There he lives extravagantly, unwittingly causing his mother and Laura to live in near poverty. He soon returns to Oxbridge, retakes the exam, and obtains a degree, but returns to Fairoaks as his mother thinks earning a living is both beneath her son and harmful to his health. Pen then sets out for London, where he meets George Warrington, a journalist, with whom Pen takes cheap lodgings and who helps Pen get started as a writer. The Clavering family also comes up to London, where they live very well, and Blanche continues to flirt with Pen and many other men. Foker leaves England for a year or two, unable to marry Blanche but unwilling to marry his cousin. A new character, Colonel Altamont, is introduced at this point: He is an escaped convict and a murderer as well. In addition to being blackmailed, Sir Francis Clavering loses a tremendous sum of money at the races and hides from his wife and creditors in an obscure part of London. They fall in love a little, but after a very short and innocent relationship, Pen decides not to see her any more for the good of both. Brooding and keeping to his comfortless room to avoid seeing Fanny, Pen falls very ill. When malicious gossip reaches Helen and Laura that Pen is "entangled" with a girl of low station, they rush to his side: Pen, unconscious, is unable to defend Fanny and himself. Recovering after several weeks of illness, Pen takes a journey with his mother, Laura, and Warrington, who falls in love with Laura but cannot marry her because of his own catastrophic early marriage. He is separated from his venal wife and her childrenâ€”of whom he is only legally, not biologically, the father. He supports them but does not see them, and has no ambition because if he earns more money, his wife will demand it. Pen finally discovers how Helen treated Fanny; he is very angry at his mother and tells her he and Fanny are innocent. She is overjoyed to hear it, and soon mother and son forgive each other. Pen thus comes into possession of the family property of pounds a year. He leases his house at Fairoaks to tenants and returns to London, while Laura goes to live as companion to a Lady Rockminster. Pen does send a small amount of money to Fanny Bolton with his thanks; she eventually marries a Mr. Huxter who had started the gossip about her and Pen. Major Pendennis, still hoping to arrange a profitable marriage between Pen and Blanche Amory, meets Sir Francis and threatens to divulge his secretâ€”that he is not really married to Lady Claveringâ€”if Sir Francis will not retire and turn over his seat in Parliament to Pen. At this point, Pen has finally become engaged to Blanche though they do not love each other. Then he learns, through Morgan, of the scandal concerning the Claverings. Pen does what he considers the honourable thing: Now Henry Foker comes back into the picture: He returns to England and immediately proposes to Blanche. She accepts because he is richer than Pen. On learning that Blanche has broken their engagement, Pen proposes to Laura, whom he has come to love, and is accepted, because she has long loved himâ€”even when she refused his first marriage proposal. There is one final surprise: Blanche leaves for Paris, where she apparently marries a con man. Pen and Laura marry; soon their income increases, and he enters Parliament through his own honest efforts.

Chapter 6 : THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS 2 VOLUME SET BY THACKERAY | eBay

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The silence of course departed at Mr. Pendennis tried to describe, in a jocular manner, the transactions of the night previous, and attempted to give an imitation of Costigan vainly expostulating with the check-taker at Vauxhall. It was not a good imitation. What stranger can imitate that perfection? Bolton did not in the least understand what part Mr. Pendennis was performing, and whether it was the check-taker or the captain he was taking off. Fanny wore an alarmed face, and tried a timid giggle; old Mr. Bows looked as glum as when he fiddled in the orchestra, or played a difficult piece upon the old piano at the Back-Kitchen. Pen felt that his story was a failure; his voice sank and dwindled away dismally at the end of it--flickered, and went out; and it was all dark again. You do them a great honor, I am sure. They are rather high up; but--" "O! Bows said, with a sad voice. Pendennis and I are old friends, Mrs. Bolton--very old acquaintances; and at the earliest dawn of his life we crossed each other. Bolton, I wish you a good day. Good-by, Miss Fanny; I shall always think of our night at Vauxhall with pleasure; and be sure I will remember the theatre-tickets. When I was at the Wells with Mrs. Bolton continued, looking through the window curtain after Pen, as he went up the court with Bows; "there was a young gentleman from the city, that used to come in a tilbury, in a white at, the very image of him, only his whiskers was black, and Mr. Bolton spoke, now peeping through the window-curtain, now cleaning the mugs and plates, and consigning them to their place in the corner cupboard; and finishing her speech as she and Fanny shook out and folded up the dinner-cloth between them, and restored it to its drawer in the table. He had described Fair Oaks Park in the most glowing terms to Mrs. Bolton, in her wisdom, had speculated upon these matters during the night; and had had visions of Fanny driving in her carriage, like Mrs. What did it mean? It was not alarm this time. It was pleasure which caused the poor little Fanny to blush so. After the embrace, Mrs. Bolton thought proper to say that she was a-going out upon business, and that Fanny must keep the lodge; which Fanny, after a very faint objection indeed, consented to do. Betsy-Jane and Amelias-Ann were buzzing in one corner of the place, and making believe to read out of a picture-book, which one of them held topsy-turvy. It was a grave and dreadful tract, of Mr. Fanny did not hear her sisters prattling over it. At last she gave a little shake, and her eyes lighted up. He had come out. He would pass the door again. But her poor little countenance fell in an instant more. Pendennis, indeed, came out; but Bows followed after him. They passed under the archway together. He only took off his hat, and bowed as he looked in. He did not stop to speak. Meanwhile Fanny took out some work, and pretended to busy herself with it, her mind being in great excitement and anger, as she plied her needle, Bows sat so that he could command the entrance from the lodge to the street. But the person whom, perhaps, he expected to see, never made his appearance again. Bolton came in from market, and found Mr. The reader perhaps can guess what was his name? The interview between Bows and his guest, when those two mounted to the apartment occupied by the former in common with the descendant of the Milesian kings, was not particularly satisfactory to either party. It would seem that the captain, before issuing from his bedroom, scented himself with otto of whisky. A rich odor of that delicious perfume breathed from out him, as he held out the grasp of cordiality to his visitor. The hand which performed that grasp shook woefully: His humble wardrobe hung behind a curtain. His books and manuscript music were trimly arranged upon shelves. A lithographed portrait of Miss Fotheringay, as Mrs. Lady Mirabel wrote much better than Miss Fotheringay had been able to do. Her ladyship had labored assiduously to acquire the art of penmanship since her marriage; and, in a common note of invitation or acceptance, acquitted herself very genteelly. He had but one specimen of the new style, a note in reply to a song composed and dedicated to Lady Mirabel, by her most humble servant Robert Bows; and which document was treasured in his desk among his other state papers. He was teaching Fanny Bolton now to sing and to write, as he had taught Emily in former days. It was the nature of the man to attach himself to something. When Emily was torn from him he took a substitute: Latude had given his heart to a woman, no doubt, before he grew to be so fond of a mouse in the Bastille. There are people who in their youth have felt

and inspired an heroic passion, and end by being happy in the caresses, or agitated by the illness of a poodle. But it was hard upon Bows, and grating to his feelings as a man and a sentimentalist, that he should find Pen again upon his track, and in pursuit of this little Fanny. Meanwhile, Costigan had not the least idea but that his company was perfectly welcome to Messrs. Pendennis and Bows, and that the visit of the former was intended for himself. He expressed himself greatly pleased with that mark of poloightness, and promised, in his own mind, that he would repay that obligation at least--which was not the only debt which the captain owed in life--by several visits to his young friend. He stated that Sir Charles and Lady Mirabel were gone to Baden-Baden, and were most pressing in their invitations that he should join them there. Pen replied with great gravity, that he had heard that Baden was very pleasant, and the Grand Duke exceedingly hospitable to English. Costigan answered, that the laws of hospitalitee bekeam a Grand Juke; that he sariously would think about visiting him; and made some remarks upon the splendid festivities at Dublin Castle, when his Excellency the Earl of Portansherry held the Viceraygal Coort there, and of which he Costigan had been an humble but pleased spectator. And Pen--as he heard these oft-told, well-remembered legends--recollected the time when he had given a sort of credence to them, and had a certain respect for the captain. Emily and first love, and the little room at Chatteris; and the kind talk with Bows on the bridge came back to him. He felt quite kindly disposed toward his two old friends; and cordially shook the hands of both of them when he rose to go away. The wrath of Mr. Confound him, what does he mean by dogging me? It was not an honest laugh, Arthur Pendennis. Perhaps the thought struck Arthur himself, and he blushed at his own sense of humor. He went off to endeavor to banish the thoughts which occupied him, whatever those thoughts might be, and tried various places of amusement with but indifferent success. He struggled up the highest stairs of the Panorama; but when he had arrived, panting, at the height of the eminence, Care had come up with him, and was bearing him company. He went to the Club, and wrote a long letter home, exceedingly witty and sarcastic, and in which, if he did not say a single word about Vauxhall and Fanny Bolton, it was because he thought that subject, however interesting to himself, would not be very interesting to his mother and Laura. Nor could the novels on the library table fix his attention, nor the grave and respectable Jawkins the only man in town , who wished to engage him in conversation; nor any of the amusements which he tried, after flying from Jawkins. He went into the pit, and saw the lovely Mrs. He laughed again, and bitterly, to himself, as he thought of the effect which she had produced upon him, on the first night of his arrival in London, a short time--what a long, long time ago. Fashion has long deserted the green and pretty Temple Garden, in which Shakspeare makes York and Lancaster to pluck the innocent white and red roses which became the badges of their bloody wars; and the learned and pleasant writer of the Handbook of London tells us that "the commonest and hardiest kind of rose has long ceased to put forth a bud" in that smoky air. Not many of the present occupiers of the buildings round about the quarter know, or care, very likely, whether or not roses grow there, or pass the old gate, except on their way to chambers. Only antiquarians and literary amateurs care to look at the gardens with much interest, and fancy good Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator with his short face pacing up and down the road; or dear Oliver Goldsmith in the summer-house, perhaps meditating about the next "Citizen of the World," or the new suit that Mr. Filby, the tailor, is fashioning for him, or the dunning letter that Mr. Goldsmith to come home and take a dish of tea with Miss Williams. Kind faith of Fancy! Sir Hoger and Mr. Spectator are as real to us now as the two doctors and the boozy and faithful Scotchman. The poetical figures live in our memory just as much as the real personages--and as Mr. Arthur Pendennis was of a romantic and literary turn, by no means addicted to the legal pursuits common in the neighborhood of the place, we may presume that he was cherishing some such poetical reflections as these, when, upon the evening after the events recorded in the last chapter the young gentleman chose the Temple Gardens as a place for exercise and meditation. On the Sunday evening the Temple is commonly calm. The chambers are for the most part vacant; the great lawyers are giving grand dinner parties at their houses in the Belgravian or Tyburnian districts: Nobody is in chambers at all, except poor Mr. Cockle, who is ill, and whose laundress is making him gruel; or Mr. Toodle, who is an amateur of the flute, and whom you may hear piping solitary from his chambers in the second floor: Whither does Fancy lead us? It is vacation time; and with the exception of Pendennis, nobody is in chambers at all. Perhaps it was solitude, then, which drove Pen into the Garden; for although he had never

before passed the gate, and had looked rather carelessly at the pretty flower-beds, and the groups of pleased citizens sauntering over the trim lawn and the broad gravel-walks by the river, on this evening it happened, as we have said, that the young gentleman, who had dined alone at a tavern in the neighborhood of the Temple, took a fancy, as he was returning home to his chambers, to take a little walk in the gardens, and enjoy the fresh evening air, and the sight of the shining Thames. After walking for a brief space, and looking at the many peaceful and happy groups round about him, he grew tired of the exercise, and betook himself to one of the summer-houses which flank either end of the main walk, and there modestly seated himself. What were his cogitations? The evening was delightfully bright and calm; the sky was cloudless; the chimneys on the opposite bank were not smoking; the wharves and warehouses looked rosy in the sunshine, and as clear as if they too, had washed for the holiday. The steamers rushed rapidly up and down the stream, laden with holiday passengers.

Chapter 7 : The History of Pendennis by William Makepeace Thackeray: Chapter 2

*The History of Pendennis, Vol. 2 of 2: His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy (Classic Reprint) [William Makepeace Thackeray] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

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 among 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 favorite poets and writers. Passages in the volumes once so loved, and now read so seldom, still bear the mark of the pencil with which he noted them in those days. Tears fell upon the leaf of the book, perhaps, or blistered the pages of his manuscript as the passionate young man dashed his thoughts down. If he took up the books afterward, he had no ability or wish to sprinkle the leaves with that early dew of former times: How pompous some of the grand passages appeared; and how weak others were in which he thought he had expressed his full heart! This page was imitated from a then favorite author, as he could now clearly see and confess, though he had believed himself to be writing originally then. As he mused over certain lines he recollected the place and hour where he wrote them: And what meant those blots on the page? He used this simile one morning to Warrington, as the latter sat over his pipe and book, and Pen, with much gesticulation, according to his wont when excited, and with a bitter laugh, thumped his manuscript down on the table, making the tea-things rattle, and the blue milk dance in the jug. On the previous night he had taken the manuscript out of a long neglected chest, containing old shooting jackets, old Oxbridge scribbling books, his old surplice, and battered cap and gown, and other memorials of youth, school, and home. He read in the volume in bed until he fell asleep, for the commencement of the tale was somewhat dull, and he had come home tired from a London evening party. I wrote this when I believed myself to be eternally in love with that little coquette, Miss Amory. It showed profound scholarship. Let us hear a bit of the rubbish. Thus, in possession of the volume, he began to read out from the "Leaves from the Life-book of Walter Lorraine. She asked me to a party at her house, and said, that, as old friends, we ought to meet oftener. She has been seeing me any time these two years in town, and never thought of inviting me before; but seeing Wenham talking to me, and Monsieur Dubois, the French literary man, who had a dozen or more, and might have passed for a Marshal of France, she condescended to invite me. The Claverings are to be there on the same evening. By gad, Warrington, I did love that first woman! And when I got home I pulled out the story which I wrote about her and the other three years ago: If a poet gets again in his side from too good a dinner, he bellows Ai, Ai, louder than Prometheus. I suppose that he sees and feels more keenly: You speak eagerly enough in your leading articles when you espy a false argument in an opponent, or detect a quack in the House. Paley, who does not care for any thing else in the world, will talk for an hour about a question of law. Give another the privilege which you take yourself, and the free use of his faculty, and let him be what nature has made him. Why should not a man sell his sentimental thoughts as well as you your political ideas, or Paley his legal knowledge? Each alike is a matter of experience and practice. It is not money which causes you to perceive a fallacy, or Paley to argue a point; but a natural or acquired aptitude for that kind of truth: If ever I think I have the stuff in me to write an epic, by Jove, I will try. If I only feel that I am good enough to crack a joke or tell a story, I will do that. Warrington said; "there are men and men, sir. As we have become acquainted with these in the first volume of his biography, it will not be necessary to make large extracts from the novel of "Walter Lorraine," in which the young gentleman had depicted such of them as he thought were likely to interest the reader, or were suitable for the purposes of his story. Now, though he had kept it in his box for nearly half of the period during which, according to the Horatian maxim, a work of art ought to be ripening a maxim, the truth of which may, by the way, be questioned altogether, Mr. Pen had not buried his novel for this time, in order that the work might improve, but because he did not know where else to bestow it, or had no

particular desire to see it. Aman who thinks of putting away a composition for ten years before heshall give it to the world, or exercise his own maturer judgment uponit, had best be very sure of the original strength and durability ofthe work; otherwise, on withdrawing it from its crypt, he may findthat, like small wine, it has lost what flavor it once had, and isonly tasteless when opened. Now Pen had never any notion, even in the time of his youthfulness and fervor of imagination, that the story he was writingwas a masterpiece of composition, or that he was the equal of thegreat authors whom he admired; and when he now reviewed his littleperformance, he was keenly enough alive to its faults, and pretty modest regarding its merits. It was not very good, he thought; but itwas as good as most books of the kind that had the run of circulatinglibraries and the career of the season. He had critically examinedmore than one fashionable novel by the authors of the day thenpopular, and he thought that his intellect was as good as theirs, andthat he could write the English language as well as those ladies orgentlemen; and as he now ran over his early performance, he waspleased to find here and there passages exhibiting both fancy andvigor, and traits, if not of genius, of genuine passion and feeling. The bloom disappears off the face of poetry after you begin to shave. Your cheeks are pale, and have got faded by exposure to eveningparties, and you are obliged to take curling-irons, and macassar, andthe deuce knows what to your whiskers; they curl ambrosially, and youare very grand and genteel, and so forth; but, ah! Pen, the springtime was the best. Shall I burn him indeed? You have muchtoo great a value for him to hurt a hair of his head. Here goes," said Pen, and "Walter Lorraine" went off thetable, and was flung on to the coals. We willexchange him away for money, yea, for silver and gold, and for beefand for liquors, and for tobacco and for raiment. This youth willfetch some price in the market; for he is a comely lad, though notover strong; but we will fatten him up, and give him the bath, andcurl his hair, and we will sell him for a hundred piastres to Bacon orto Bungay. The rubbish is salable enough, sir; and my advice to you isthis: The book is not a wonder of wonders, butit will do very well. While he was at work upon this performance, the good-naturedWarrington artfully inspired the two gentlemen who "read" for Messrs. Bacon and Bungay with the greatest curiosity regarding, "WalterLorraine," and pointed out the peculiar merits of its distinguishedauthor. It was at the period when the novel, called "The Fashionable,"was in vogue among us; and Warrington did not fail to point out, asbefore, how Pen was a man of the very first fashion himself, andreceived at the houses of some of the greatest personages in the land. The simple and kind-hearted Percy Popjoy was brought to bear uponMrs. Bungay, whom he informed that his friend Pendennis was occupiedupon a work of the most exciting nature; a work that the whole townwould run after, full of wit, genius, satire, pathos, and everyconceivable good quality. We have said before, that Bungay knew nomore about novels than he did about Hebrew or Algebra, and neitherread nor understood any of the books which he published and paid for;but he took his opinions from his professional advisers and from Mrs. Bacon, when he found thatBungay was about to treat, of course, began to be anxious and curious,and desired to out-bid his rival. Was any thing settled between Mr. Pendennis and the odious house "over the way" about the new book? Hack, the confidential reader, was told to make inquiries, and see ifany thing was to be done, and the result of the inquiries of thatdiplomatist, was, that one morning, Bacon himself toiled up thestaircase of Lamb-court, and to the door on which the names of Mr. For a gentleman of fashion as poor Pen was represented to be, it mustbe confessed, that the apartments he and his friend occupied, were notvery suitable. The ragged carpet had grown only more ragged during thetwo years of joint occupancy: Warrington burst out laughing, said that Bacon had got the game chair,and bawled out to Pen to fetch a sound one from his bedroom. Looking down upon these, Bacon saw that theMarchioness of Steyne would be at home to Mr. Arthur Pendennis upon agiven day, and that another lady of distinction proposed to havedancing at her house upon a certain future evening. Warrington saw theadmiring publisher eying these documents. Bacon; and theobject of these praises presently entered the room from his adjacentsleeping apartment. Bacon began to speak upon the subject of his visit; said heheard that Mr. Pendennis had a manuscript novel; professed himselfanxious to have a sight of that work, and had no doubt that they couldcome to terms respecting it. What would be his price for it? The delighted Pen assumed an air of indifference, andsaid that he was already in treaty with Bungay, and could give nodefinite answer. This piqued the other into such liberal, though vagueoffers, that Pen began to fancy Eldorado was opening to him, and thathis fortune was made from that day. I shall not mention what was the

sum of money which Mr. Arthur Pendennis finally received for 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. Let no young people be misled and rush fatally into romance-writing: As for those who have already written novels, this warning is not addressed, of course, to them. Let them take their wares to market; let them apply to Bacon and Bungay, and all the publishers in the Row, or the metropolis, and may they be happy in their ventures. This world is so wide, and the tastes of mankind happily so various, that there is always a chance for every man, and he may win the prize by his genius or by his good fortune. But what is the chance of success or failure; of obtaining popularity, or of holding it, when achieved? One man goes over the ice, which bears him, and a score who follow flounder in. Major Pendennis advised the latter move strongly; he opened his eyes with wonder when he heard of the good luck that had befallen Pen; and which the latter, as soon as it occurred, hastened eagerly to communicate to his uncle. The major was almost angry that Pen should have earned so much money. Dammy, he may go on spinning this nonsense for the next four or five years, and make a fortune. In the mean time, I should wish him to live properly, take respectable apartments, and keep a brougham. The widow and Laura herself might well be affected by the letter. It was written with genuine tenderness and modesty; and old Dr. Portman, when he read a passage in the letter, in which Pen, with an honest heart full of gratitude, humbly thanked Heaven for his present prosperity, and for sending him such dear and kind friends to support him in his ill-fortune,--when Doctor Portman read this portion of the letter, his voice faltered, and his eyes twinkled behind his spectacles. And when he had quite finished reading the same, and had taken his glasses off his nose, and had folded up the paper and given it back to the widow, I am constrained to say, that after holding Mrs. I need not tell you in what quarter, my dear, for you are a sainted woman: Laura did not say much about the book, but Helen pronounced that it was a happy mixture of Shakspeare, 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. Did Laura not think about the book and the author, although she said so little? At least she thought about Arthur Pendennis. Kind as his tone was, it vexed her. She did not like his eagerness to repay that money. She would rather that her brother had taken her gift as she intended it; and was pained that there should be money calculations between them. His letters from London, written with the good-natured wish to amuse his mother, were full of descriptions of the famous people and the entertainments, and magnificence of the great city. Every body was flattering him and spoiling him, she was sure. Was he not looking to some great marriage, with that cunning uncle for a Mentor between whom and Laura there was always an antipathy, that in veteranate worldling, whose whole thoughts were bent upon pleasure, and rank, and fortune? He never alluded to--to old times, when he spoke of her.

Chapter 8 : German addresses are blocked - calendrierdelascience.com

Read "The History Of Pendennis, Vol. 2" by William Makepeace Thackeray with Rakuten Kobo. Thackeray, an only child, was born in Calcutta, India, where his father, Richmond Thackeray (1 September - 13 Sept.

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? Arthur drank a large bumper of sherry. He was very nervous and agitated during the dinner. Warrington keeps his boots quiet. 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. You must come again, and when there is no business to talk about. 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. I asked for him when I came in; but he was gone out to dinner. Morgan then said that he had something of a most important nature to communicate to me, and begged me to step into the house; his house it is now. 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. He has come to life again. The marriage between Clavering and the Begum is no marriage. 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. 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: What is to be done now? But the rascal has held the threat of discovery over Clavering for some time past, and has extorted money from him time after time. You must wash your hands of the whole affair, Pen. You must break off. You must give no explanations of why and wherefore, but state that family reasons render a match impossible. It is better that those poor women should fancy you false to your word than that they should know the truth. Besides, you can get from that dog Clavering--I can fetch that for you easily enough--an acknowledgement that the reasons which you have given to him as the head of the family are amply sufficient for breaking off the union. Any lingering hope that he might have--any feeble hold that he might feel upon the last spar of his wrecked fortune, he knew he was casting away; and he let the wave of his calamity close over him. Pen had started up while he was speaking, looking eagerly at him. He turned his head away. He saw Laura rise up also and go to Pen, and once more take his hand and kiss it. Are you not pledged to her? Would you leave her because she is in misfortune? Our mother would, had she been here. Teach me my duty. Pray for me that I may do it--pure heart. God bless you--God bless you, my sister. Many a day after he saw that smile--saw her radiant face as she looked up at Pen--saw her putting back her curls, blushing and smiling, and still looking fondly toward him. She leaned for a moment her little fair hand on the table, playing on it. But before this unromantic 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. Warrington, who was not generally fond of tea, yet grudged that expected cup very much. Why could not old Pendennis have come in an hour later? Well, an hour sooner or later, what matter? The hour strikes at last? The inevitable moment comes to say Farewell. The hand is shaken, the door closed, and the friend gone; and, the brief joy over, you are alone. He strides away to the smoking-room of a neighboring club, and there applies himself to his usual solace of a cigar. Men are brawling and talking loud about politics, opera-girls, horse-racing, the atrocious tyranny of the committee; bearing this sacred secret about him, he enters into this brawl. Talk away, each louder than the other. Rattle and crack jokes. Laugh and tell your wild stories. 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 honor and good name. He was

coughing; he was 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. He was drunk last night, and challenged me to fight him, Pen; and, bedad, 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? 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. I always said my brother Jack would bring the family right. You must go down into the west, and buy the old estate, sir. Well, it must be. I--I went into your lodgings at Bury-street, though I did not find you," Pen slowly began--"and I talked with Morgan, uncle. The major tried to look unconcerned. 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. 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. I wish I had known of the matter earlier, sir. 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? The first sign of life he shows, he is dead. We have him at a dead-lock like the fellow in the play--the Critic, hey? Monstrous witty man Sheridan; and so was his son. See, that rather than take a seat in Parliament as a bribe from Clavering for silence, I would take the spoons off the table! 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. You shall have every shilling of eighty thousand pounds. 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: It was cruel to remark the shaking hands, the wrinkled and quivering face, the old eyes weeping and winking, the broken voice. You have wished me to marry Blanche. She can not 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 have a shilling more than her original fortune. 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. Flanagan, the laundress, was the only person whom Arthur found in the dear old chambers. George had taken a carpet-hag, and was gone. Packages addressed to the newspaper and review for which he wrote lay on the table, awaiting delivery. The labor was done, and the night was worn away somehow, and the tardy November dawn came and looked in on the young man as he sate over his desk. There was no hint in his writing of the other thoughts which occupied him, and always accompanied him in his work--a tone more melancholy than was customary, a satire more bitter and impatient than that which he afterward showed, may have marked the writings of this period of his life to the very few persons who knew his style or his name. What a constant care sate at the side of the desk and accompanied him! Fever or sickness were lying possibly in the next room: What man among us has not had nights and hours like these? But to the manly heart--severe as these pangs are, they are endurable:

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