

opinion he had already expressed to Mr. Kuhn, Lady Hann's man, over a long potation which those two gentlemen had taken together. And, as all of us, in one way or another, are subject to this domestic criticism, from which not the most exalted can escape, I say, lucky is the man whose servants speak well of him.

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CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH MR. SHERRICK LETS HIS HOUSE IN FITZROY SQUARE.

In spite of the sneers of the Newcome Independent, and the Colonel's unlucky visit to his nurse's native place, he still remained in high favor in Park Lane, where the worthy gentleman paid almost daily visits, and was received with welcome and almost affection, at least by the ladies and the children of the house. Who was it that took the children to Astley's but Uncle Newcome? I saw him there in the midst of a cluster of these little people, all children together. He laughed, delighted, at Mr. Merryman's jokes in the ring. He beheld the Battle of Waterloo with breathless interest, and was amazed—amazed, by Jove, sir—at the prodigious likeness of the principal actor to the Emperor Napoleon, whose tomb he had visited on his return from India, as it pleased him to tell his little audience who sat clustering round him; the little girls, Sir Brian's daughters, holding each by a finger of his honest hands; young Masters Alfred and Edward clapping and hurrahing by his side; while Mr. Clive and Miss Ethel sat in the back of the box enjoying the scene, but with that decorum which belonged to their superior age and gravity. As for Clive, he was in these matters much older than the grizzled old warrior, his father. It did one good to hear the Colonel's honest laughs at clown's jokes, and to see the tenderness and simplicity with which he watched over this happy brood of young ones. How lavishly did he supply them with sweetmeats between the acts! There he sat in the midst of them, and ate an orange himself with perfect satisfaction. I wonder what sum of money Mr. Barnes Newcome would have taken to sit for five hours with his young brothers and sisters in a public box at the theater and eat an orange in the face of

the audience? When little Alfred went to Harrow, you may be sure Colonel Newcome and Clive galloped over to see the little man and tipped him royally. What money is better bestowed than that of a schoolboy's tip? How the kindness is recalled by the recipient in after days! It blesses him that gives and him that takes. Remember how happy such benefactions made you in your own early time, and go off on the very first fine day and tip your nephew at school!

The Colonel's organ of benevolence was so large that he would have liked to administer bounties to the young folks, his nephews and nieces, in Bryanstone Square, as well as to their cousins in Park Lane; but Mrs. Newcome was a good deal too virtuous to admit of such spoiling of children. She took the poor gentleman to task for an attempt upon her boys when those lads came home for their holidays, and caused them ruefully to give back the shining gold sovereign with which their uncle had thought to give them a treat.

"I do not quarrel with other families," says she; "I do not allude to other families;" meaning, of course, that she did not allude to Park Lane. "There may be children who are allowed to receive money from their father's grown-up friends. There may be children who hold out their hands for presents, and thus become mercenary in early life. I make no reflections with regard to other households. I only look, and think, and pray for the welfare of my own beloved ones. They want for nothing. Heaven has bounteously furnished us with every comfort, with every elegance, with every luxury. Why need we be bounden to others, who have been ourselves so amply provided? I should consider it ingratitude, Colonel Newcome, want of proper spirit, to allow my boys to accept money. Mind, I make no allusions. When they go to school they receive a sovereign apiece from their father, and a shilling a week, which is ample pocket money. When they are home I desire that they may have rational amusements; I send them to the Polytechnic with Professor Hickson, who kindly explains to them some of the marvels of science and the wonders of machinery. I send them to the picture galleries and the British Museum. I go with them myself to the delightful lectures at the institution in Albemarle Street. I do not desire that they should attend theatrical exhibitions. I do not quarrel with those who go to plays; far from it. Who am I that I should venture to judge the conduct of others? When you wrote from India, expressing a wish that

your boy should be made acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, I gave up my own opinion at once. Should I interpose between a child and his father? I encouraged the boy to go to the play, and sent him to the pit with one of our footmen."

"And you tipped him very handsomely, my dear Maria, too," said the good-natured Colonel, breaking in upon her sermon; but Virtue was not to be put off in that way.

"And why, Colonel Newcome," Virtue exclaimed, laying a pudgy little hand on its heart: "why did I treat Clive so? Because I stood toward him *in loco parentis*; because he was as a child to me, and I to him as a mother. I indulged him more than my own. I loved him with a true maternal tenderness. Then he was happy to come to our house; then perhaps Park Lane was not so often open to him as Bryanstone Square; but I make no allusions. Then he did not go six times to another house for once that he came to mine. He was a simple, confiding, generous boy. He was not dazzled by worldly rank or titles of splendor. He could not find these in Bryanstone Square. A merchant's wife, a country lawyer's daughter—I could not be expected to have my humble board surrounded by titled aristocracy; I would not if I could. I love my own family too well; I am too honest, too simple—let me own it at once, Colonel Newcome, too proud! And now, now his father has come to England, and I have resigned him, and he meets with no titled aristocrats at my house, and he does not come here any more."

Tears rolled out of her little eyes as she spoke, and she covered her round face with her pocket-handkerchief.

Had Colonel Newcome read the paper that morning, he might have seen among what are called the fashionable announcements, the cause, perhaps, why his sister-in-law had exhibited so much anger and virtue. The Morning Post stated that yesterday Sir Brian and Lady Newcome entertained at dinner His Excellency the Persian Ambassador and Bucksheesh Bey; the Right Hon. Cannon Rowe, President of the Board of Control, and Lady Louisa Rowe; the Earl of H——, the Countess of Kew, the Earl of Kew, Sir Currey Baughton, Major General and Mrs. Hooker, Colonel Newcome, and Mr. Horace Fogey. Afterward her Ladyship had an assembly, which was attended by etc., etc.

This catalogue of illustrious names had been read by Mrs. Newcome to her spouse at breakfast, with such comments as she was in the habit of making.

"The President of the Board of Control, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, an Ex-Governor General of India, and a whole regiment of Kews. By Jove, Maria, the Colonel is in good company," cries Mr. Newcome, with a laugh. "That's the sort of dinner you should have given him. Some people to talk about India. When he dined with us he was put between old Lady Wormley and Professor Roots. I don't wonder at his going to sleep after dinner. I was off myself once or twice during that confounded long argument between Professor Roots and Dr. Windus. That Windus is the deuce to talk."

"Dr. Windus is a man of science, and his name is of European celebrity!" says Maria solemnly. "Any intellectual person would prefer such company to the titled nobodies into whose family your brother has married."

"There you go, Polly; you are always having a shy at Lady Ann and her relations," says Mr. Newcome good-naturedly.

"A shy! How can you use such vulgar words, Mr. Newcome? What have I to do with Sir Brian's titled relations? I do not value nobility. I prefer people of science—people of intellect—to all the rank in the world."

"So you do," says Hobson, her spouse. "You have your party—Lady Ann has her party. You take your line—Lady Ann takes her line. You are a superior woman, my dear Polly; everyone knows that. I'm a plain country farmer, I am. As long as you are happy, I am happy too. The people you get to dine here may talk Greek or algebra for what I care. By Jove, my dear, I think you can hold your own with the best of them."

"I have endeavored by assiduity to make up for time lost, and an early imperfect education," says Mrs. Newcome. "You married a poor country lawyer's daughter. You did not seek a partner in the Peerage, Mr. Newcome."

"No, no. Not such a confounded flat as that," cries Mr. Newcome, surveying his plump partner behind her silver teapot, with eyes of admiration.

"I had an imperfect education, but I knew its blessings and have, I trust, endeavored to cultivate the humble talents which Heaven has given me, Mr. Newcome."

"Humble, by Jove!" exclaims the husband. "No gammon of that sort, Polly. You know well enough that you are a superior woman. I ain't a superior man. I know that; one is enough in a family. I leave the reading to you, my dear.

Here comes my horse. I say, I wish you'd call on Lady Ann to-day. Do go and see her, now that's a good girl. I know she is flighty, and that; and Brian's back is up a little. But he ain't a bad fellow; and I wish I could see you and his wife better friends."

On his way to the City, Mr. Newcome rode to look at the new house, No. 120 Fitzroy Square, which his brother, the Colonel, had taken in conjunction with that Indian friend of his, Mr. Binnie. Shrewd old cock, Mr. Binnie. Has brought home a good bit of money from India. Is looking out for safe investments. Has been introduced to Newcome Brothers. Mr. Newcome thinks very well of the Colonel's friend.

The house is vast, but it must be owned, melancholy. Not long since it was a ladies' school, in an unprosperous condition. The scar left by Mme. Latour's brass plate may still be seen on the tall black door, cheerfully ornamented in the style of the end of the last century, with a funereal urn in the center of the entry, and garlands, and the skulls of rams at each corner. Mme. Latour, who at one time actually kept a large yellow coach, and drove her parlor young ladies in the Regent's Park, was an exile from her native country (Islington was her birthplace, and Grigson her paternal name), and an outlaw at the suit of Samuel Sherrick; that Mr. Sherrick, whose wine vaults undermine Lady Whittlesea's Chapel where the eloquent Honeyman preaches.

The house is Mr. Sherrick's house. Some say his name is Shadrach, and pretend to have known him as an orange boy, afterward as a chorus singer in the theaters, afterward a secretary to a great tragedian. I know nothing of these stories. He may or he may not be a partner of Mr. Champion, of Shepherd's Inn; he has a handsome villa, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, entertains good company, rather loud, of the sporting sort, rides and drives very showy horses, has boxes at the Opera whenever he likes, and free access behind the scenes; is handsome, dark, bright-eyed, with a quantity of jewelry and a tuft to his chin; sings sweetly sentimental songs after dinner. Who cares a fig what was the religion of Mr. Sherrick's ancestry, or what the occupation of his youth? Mr. Honeyman, a most respectable man surely, introduced Sherrick to the Colonel and Binnie.

Mr. Sherrick stocked their cellar with some of the wine over which Honeyman preached such lovely sermons. It was not dear; it was not bad when you dealt with Mr. Sherrick

for wine alone. Going into his market with ready money in your hand, as our simple friends did, you were pretty fairly treated by Mr. Sherrick.

The house being taken, we may be certain there was fine amusement for Clive, Mr. Binnie, and the Colonel, in frequenting the sales, in the inspection of upholsterers' shops, and the purchase of furniture for the new mansion. It was like nobody else's house. There were three masters with four or five servants over them. Kean for the Colonel, and his son; a smart boy with boots for Mr. Binnie; Mrs. Kean to cook and keep house, with a couple of maids under her. The Colonel, himself, was great at making hashed mutton, hot pot, curry, and pillau. What cozy pipes did we not smoke in the dining room, in the drawing room, or where we would? What pleasant evenings did we not have with Mr. Binnie's books and Schiedam? Then there were the solemn state dinners, at most of which the writer of this biography had a corner.

Clive had a tutor—Grindly of Corpus—whom we recommended to him, and with whom the young gentleman did not fatigue his brains very much; but his great *forte* decidedly lay in drawing. He sketched the horses, he sketched the dogs; all the servants, from the bleary-eyed bootboy to the rosy-cheeked lass, Mrs. Kean's niece, whom that virtuous house-keeper was always calling to come downstairs. He drew his father in all postures—asleep, on foot, or horseback; and jolly little Mr. Binnie, with his plump legs on a chair, or jumping briskly on the back of the cob which he rode. He should have drawn the pictures for this book, but that he no longer condescends to make sketches. Young Ridley was his daily friend now; and Grindly, his classics and mathematics over in the morning, and the ride with his father over, this pair of young men would constantly attend Grandish's Drawing Academy, where, to be sure, Ridley passed many hours at work on his art, before his young friend and patron could be spared from his books to his pencil.

"Oh," says Clive, if you talk to him now about those early days, "it was a jolly time! I do not believe there was any young fellow in London so happy." And there hangs up in his painting-room now, a head, painted at one sitting, of a man rather bald, with hair touched with gray, with a large mustache, and a sweet mouth half smiling beneath it, and melancholy eyes; and Clive shows that portrait of their grand-

father to his children, and tells them that the whole world never saw a nobler gentleman.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A SCHOOL OF ART.

British art either finds her peculiar nourishment in melancholy, and loves to fix her abode in desert places; or it may be her purse is but slenderly furnished, and she is forced to put up with accommodations rejected by more prosperous callings. Some of the most dismal quarters of the town are colonized by her disciples and professors. In walking through streets which may have been gay and polite when ladies' chairmen jostled each other on the pavement, and linkboys with their torches lighted the beaux over the mud; who has not remarked the artist's invasion of those regions once devoted to fashion and gayety? Center windows of drawing rooms are enlarged so as to reach up into bedrooms—bedrooms where Lady Betty has had her hair powdered, and where the painter's north-light now takes possession of the place which her toilet table occupied a hundred years ago. There are degrees in decadence; after the Fashion chooses to emigrate, and retreats from Soho or Bloomsbury, let us say, to Cavendish Square, physicians come and occupy the vacant houses, which still have a respectable look, the windows being cleaned, and the knockers and plates kept bright, and the doctor's carriage rolling round the square, almost as fine as the countess' which had whisked away her ladyship to other regions. A boarding house mayhap succeeds the physician, who has followed after his sick folks into the new country: and then Dick Tinto comes with his dingy brass-plate, and breaks in his north window, and sets up his sitters' throne. I love his honest mustache, and jaunty velvet jacket; his queer figure, his queer vanities, and his kind heart. Why should he not suffer his ruddy ringlets to fall over his shirt-collar? Why should he deny himself his velvet? it is but a kind of fustian which cost him eighteenpence a yard. He is naturally what he is, and breaks out into costume as spontaneously as a bird sings, or a bulb bears a tulip. And as Dick, under yonder terrific appearance of waving cloak, bristling beard,

and shadowy sombrero, is a good, kindly, simple creature, got up at a very cheap rate, so his life is consistent with his dress; he gives his genius a darkling swagger and a romantic envelope, which, being removed, you find, not a bravo, but a kind, chirping soul; not a moody poet avoiding mankind for the better company of his own great thoughts, but a jolly little chap who has an aptitude for painting brocade gowns, bits of armor (with figures inside them), or trees and cattle, or gondolas and buildings, or what not; an instinct for the picturesque, which exhibits itself in his works, and outwardly on his person; beyond this, a gentle creature, loving his friends, his cups, feasts, merrymakings, and all good things. The kindest folks alive I have found among those scowling whiskerandoes. They open oysters with their yataghans, toast muffins on their rapiers, and fill their Venice glasses with half-and-half. If they have money in their lean purses, be sure they have a friend to share it. What innocent gayety, what jovial suppers on threadbare cloths, and wonderful songs after; what pathos, merriment, humor does not a man enjoy who frequents their company? Mr. Clive Newcome, who has long since shaved his beard, who has become a family man, and has seen the world in a thousand different phases, avers that his life as an art-student, at home and abroad, was the pleasantest part of his whole existence. It may not be more amusing in the telling than the chronicle of a feast, or the accurate report of two lovers' conversation; but the biographer, having brought his hero to this period of his life, is bound to relate it, before passing to other occurrences which are to be narrated in their turn.

We may be sure the boy had many conversations with his affectionate guardian as to the profession which he should follow. As regarded mathematical and classical learning, the elder Newcome was forced to admit that, out of every hundred boys, there were fifty as clever as his own, and at least fifty more industrious; the army, in time of peace, Colonel Newcome thought a bad trade for a young fellow so fond of ease and pleasure as his son; his delight in the pencil was manifest to all. Were not his schoolbooks full of caricatures of the masters? While his tutor, Grindly, was lecturing him, did he not draw Grindly instinctively under his very nose? A painter Clive was determined to be, and nothing else; and Clive, being then some sixteen years of age, began to study the art, *en règle*, under the eminent Mr. Gandish of Soho.

It was that well-known portrait painter, Alfred Smee, Esq., R. A., who recommended Gandish to Colonel Newcome, one day when the two gentlemen met at dinner at Lady Ann Newcome's table. Mr. Smee happened to examine some of Clive's drawings, which the young fellow had executed for his cousins. Clive found no better amusement than in making pictures for them, and would cheerfully pass evening after evening in that diversion. He had made a thousand sketches of Ethel before a year was over; a year, every day of which seemed to increase the attractions of the fair young creature, develop her nymph-like form, and give her figure fresh graces. Also, of course, Clive drew Alfred and the nursery in general, Aunt Ann and the Blenheim spaniels, and Mr. Kuhn and his earrings, the majestic John bringing in the coal-scuttle, and all persons or objects in that establishment with which he was familiar. "What a genius the lad has," the complimentary Mr. Smee averred; "what a force of individuality there is in all his drawings! Look at his horses! capital, by Jove, capital! and Alfred on his pony, and Miss Ethel in her Spanish hat, with her hair flowing in the wind! I must take this sketch, I positively must now, and show it to Landseer."

And the courtly artist daintily enveloped the drawing in a sheet of paper, put it away in his hat, and vowed subsequently that the great painter had been delighted with the young man's performance. Smee was not only charmed with Clive's skill as an artist, but thought his head would be an admirable one to paint. Such a rich complexion, such fine turns in his hair! such eyes! to see real blue eyes was so rare nowadays! And the Colonel, too, if the Colonel would but give him a few sittings, the gray uniform of the Bengal cavalry, the silver lace, the little bit of red ribbon just to warm up the picture! It was seldom, Mr. Smee declared, that an artist could get such an opportunity for color. With our hideous vermilion uniforms there was no chance of doing anything; Rubens himself could scarcely manage scarlet. Look at the horseman in Cuypp's famous picture at the Louvre; the red was a positive blot upon the whole picture. There was nothing like French gray and silver! All which did not prevent Mr. Smee from painting Sir Brian in a flaring deputy-lieutenant's uniform, and entreating all military men whom he met to sit to him in scarlet. Clive Newcome the Academician succeeded in painting, of course for mere friendship's sake, and because he liked the subject, though he could not refuse the check which

Colonel Newcome sent him for the frame and picture; but no cajoleries could induce the old campaigner to sit to any artist save one. He said he should be ashamed to pay fifty guineas for the likeness of his homely face; he jocularly proposed to James Binnie to have his head put on the canvas, and Mr. Smee enthusiastically caught at the idea; but honest James winked his droll eyes, saying his was a beauty that did not want any paint; and when Mr. Smee took his leave, after dinner in Fitzroy Square, where this conversation was held, James Binnie hinted that the Academician was no better than an old humbug, in which surmise he was probably not altogether incorrect. Certain young men who frequented the kind Colonel's house were also somewhat of this opinion; and made endless jokes at the painter's expense.

Smee plastered his sitters with adulation as methodically as he covered his canvas. He waylaid gentlemen at dinner; he inveigled unsuspecting folks into his studio, and had their heads off their shoulders before they were aware. One day, on our way from the Temple, through Howland Street, to the Colonel's house, we beheld Major General Sir Thomas de Boots in full uniform, rushing from Smee's door into his brougham. The coachman was absent, refreshing himself at a neighboring tap; the little streetboys cheered and hurrahed Sir Thomas, as, arrayed in gold and scarlet, he sat in his chariot. He blushed purple when he beheld us. No artist would have dared to imitate those purple tones; he was one of the numerous victims of Mr. Smee.

One day then—day to be noted with a white stone—Colonel Newcome, and his son and Mr. Smee, R. A., walked from the Colonel's house to Gandish's, which was not far removed thence; and young Clive, who was a perfect mimic, described to his friends, and illustrated, as was his wont, by diagrams, the interview which he had with that professor.

"By Jove, you must see Gandish, Pen!" cries Clive. "Gandish is worth the whole world. Come and be an art student. You'll find such jolly fellows there! Gandish calls it hart-student, and says, 'Hars est celare Hartem'—by Jove he does! He treated us to a little Latin, as he brought out a cake and a bottle of wine you know."

"The governor was splendid, sir. He wore gloves; you know he only puts them on on parade days; and turned out spick and span. He ought to be a general officer. He looks like a field marshal—don't he? You should have seen him

bowing to Mrs. Gandish and the Miss Gandishes, dressed all in their best, round the cake-tray! He takes his glass of wine, and sweeps them all round with a bow. 'I hope, young ladies,' says he, 'you don't often go to the students' room. I'm afraid the young gentlemen would leave off looking at the statues if you came in.' And so they would; for you never saw such Guys; but the dear old boy fancies every woman is a beauty.

"Mr. Smee, you are looking at my picture of Boadishia?" says Gandish. "Wouldn't he have caught it for his quantities at Grey Friars, that's all?"

"Yes—ah—yes," says Mr. Smee, putting his hand over his eyes, and standing before it, looking steady, you know, as if he was going to see whereabouts he should hit Boadishia.

"It was painted when you were a young man, four years before you were associate, Smee. Had some success in its time, and there's good pints about that pictur," Gandish goes on. "But I never could get my price for it; and here it hangs in my own room. 'Igh art won't do in this country, Colonel—it's a melancholy fact.'

"High art! I should think it is high art!" whispers old Smee; "fourteen feet high, at least!" And then out loud he says: "The picture has very fine points in it, Gandish, as you say. Foreshortening of that arm, capital! That red drapery carried off into the right of the picture very skillfully managed!"

"It's not like portrait painting, Smee—'igh art,' says Gandish. "The models of the hancient Britons in that pictur alone cost me thirty pound—when I was a struggling man, and had just married my Betsey here. You reckonize Boadishia, Colonel, with the Roman 'elmet, cuirass, and javeling of the period—all studied from the hantique, sir, the glorious hantique.'

"All but Boadicea," says father. "She remains always young." And he began to speak the lines out of Cowper, he did—waving his stick like an old tramp—and famous they are," cries the lad:

"When the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods—"

"Jolly verses! Haven't I translated them into Alcaics?" says Clive, with a merry laugh, and resumes his history.

"Oh, I must have those verses in my album," cries one of the young ladies. "Did you compose them, Colonel Newcome?"

But Gandish, you see, is never thinking about any works but his own, and goes on, 'Study of my eldest daughter, exhibited in 1816.'

"No, pa, not '16,'" cries Miss Gandish. "She don't look like a chicken, I can tell you.

"Admired," Gandish goes on, never heeding—"I can show you what the papers said of it at the time—Morning Chronicle and Examiner spoke most 'ighly of it. My son as an infant 'Ercules, stranglin' the serpent over the piano. First conception of my picture of Non Hangli said Hangeli."

"For which I can guess who were the angels that sat," says father. "Upon my word, that old governor! He is a little too strong. But Mr. Gandish listened no more to him than to Mr. Smee, and went on, buttering himself all over, as I have read the Hottentots do. 'Myself, at thirty-three years of age!' says he, pointing to a portrait of a gentleman in leather breeches and mahogany boots; 'I could have been a portrait painter, Mr. Smee.'

"Indeed it was lucky for some of us you devoted yourself to high art, Gandish," Mr. Smee says, and sips the wine and puts it down again, making a face. "It was not first-rate tipple, you see.

"Two girls," continues that indomitable Mr. Gandish. "Hidea for Babes in the Wood. View of Paestum, taken on the spot by myself, when traveling with the late lamented Earl of Kew. Beauty, Valor, Commerce, and Liberty condoling with Britannia on the death of Admiral Viscount Nelson—allegorical piece, drawn at a very early age, after Trafalgar. Mr. Fuseli saw that piece, sir, when I was a student of the Academy, and said to me, "Young man, stick to the antique. There's nothing like it." Those were 'is very words. If you do me the favor to walk into the Hatrium, you'll remark my great pictures also from English 'istry. An English historical painter, sir, should be employed chiefly in English 'istry. That's what I would have done. Why ain't there temples for us, where the people might read their history at a glance, and without knowing how to read? Why is my Alfred 'anging up in this 'all? Because there is no patronage for a man who devotes himself to 'igh art. You know the anecdote, Colonel? King Alfred, flying from the Danes, took refuge in a neaterd's 'ut. The rustic's wife told him to bake a cake, and the fugitive sovering set down to his ignoble task, and forgetting it in the cares of state, let the cake burn, on which the woman

struck him. The moment chose is when she is a lifting her hand to deliver the blow. The king receives it with majesty mingled with meekness. In the background the door of the hut is open, letting in the royal officers to announce the Danes are defeated. The daylight breaks in at the aperture, signifying the dawning of hope. That story, sir, which I found in my researches in history has since become so popular, sir, that hundreds of artists have painted it, hundreds! I who discovered the legend, have my picture—here!

“Now, Colonel,” says the showman, “let me—let me lead you through the statue gallery. Apollo, you see. The Venus Hanadyomene, the glorious Venus of the Louvre, which I saw in 1814, Colonel, in its glory—the Laocoön—my friend Gibson’s Nymph, you see, is the only figure I admit among the antiques. Now up this stair to the Students’ room, where I trust my young friend, Mr. Newcome, will labor assiduously. *Ars longa est, Mr. Newcome, Vita—*”

“I trembled,” Clive said, “lest my father should introduce a certain favorite quotation, beginning *ingenuas didicisse*—but he refrained, and we went into the room, where a score of students were assembled, who all looked away from their drawing boards as we entered.

“Here will be your place, Mr. Newcome,” says the Professor, “and here that of your young friend—what did you say was his name?” I told him Ridley, for my dear old governor has promised to pay for J. J. too, you know. Mr. Chivers is the senior pupil and *custos* of the room in the absence of my son. Mr. Chivers, Mr. Newcome; gentlemen, Mr. Newcome, a new pupil. My son, Charles Gandish, Mr. Newcome. Assiduity, gentlemen, assiduity. *Ars longa. Vita brevis, et linea recta brevissima est.* This way, Colonel, down these steps, across the courtyard, to my studio. There, gentlemen—and pulling aside a curtain, Gandish says—“There!”

And what was the masterpiece behind it? we ask of Clive, after we have done laughing at his imitation.

“Hand round the hat, J. J.!” cries Clive. “Now, ladies and gentlemen, pay your money. Now walk in, for the performance is ‘just a-going to begin’”—nor would the rogue ever tell us what Gandish’s curtained picture was.

Not a successful painter, Mr. Gandish was an excellent master, and regarding all artists save one perhaps a good critic. Clive and his friend, J. J., came soon after and commenced their studies under him. The one took his humble seat at the

drawing board, a poor mean-looking lad, with worn clothes, downcast features, and a figure almost deformed; the other adorned by good health, good looks, and the best of tailors; ushered into the studio with his father and Mr. Smee as his aids-de-camp on his entry, and previously announced there with all the eloquence of honest Gandish. “I bet he’s ‘ad cake and wine,” says one youthful student, of an epicurean and satirical turn. “I bet he might ‘ave it every day if he liked.” In fact Gandish was always handing him sweetmeats of compliments and cordials of approbation. He had coat-sleeves with silk linings—he had studs in his shirt. How different were the texture and color of that garment to the sleeves Bob Grimes displayed when he took his coat off to put on his working jacket? Horses used actually to come for him to Gandish’s door (which was situated in a certain lofty street in Soho). The Miss G.’s would smile at him from the parlor window as he mounted and rode splendidly off; and those opposition beauties, the Miss Levisions, daughters of the professor of dancing over the way, seldom failed to greet the young gentleman with an admiring ogle from their great black eyes. Master Clive was pronounced an “out and outer,” a “swell and no mistake,” and complimented with scarce one dissentient voice by the simple academy at Gandish’s. Besides, he drew very well. There could be no doubt about that. Caricatures of the students of course were passing constantly among them, and in revenge for one which a huge red-haired Scotch student, Mr. Sandy M’Collop, had made of John James, Clive perpetrated a picture of Sandy which set the whole room in a roar; and when the Caledonian giant uttered satirical remarks against the assembled company, averring that they were a parcel of sneaks, a set of lick-spittles, and using epithets still more vulgar, Clive slipped off his fine silk-sleeved coat in an instant, invited Mr. M’Collop into the back yard, instructed him in a science which the lad himself had acquired at Grey Friars, and administered two black eyes to Sandy, which prevented the young artist from seeing for some days after the head of the Laocoön which he was copying. The Scotchman’s superior weight and age might have given the combat a different conclusion, had it endured long after Clive’s brilliant opening attack with his right and left; but Professor Gandish came out of his painting room at the sound of battle, and could scarcely credit his own eyes when he saw those of poor M’Collop so darkened. To do the Scotchman justice, he bore

Clive no rancor. They became friends there, and afterward at Rome, whither they subsequently went to pursue their studies. The fame of Mr. M'Collop as an artist has long since been established. His pictures of "Lord Lovat in Prison," and Hogarth painting him, of the "Blowing Up of the Kirk of Field" (painted for M'Collop of M'Collop), of the "Torture of the Covenanters," the "Murder of the Regent," the "Murder of Rizzio," and other historical pieces, all of course from Scotch history, have established his reputation in South as well as North Britain. No one would suppose from the gloomy character of his works that Sandy M'Collop is one of the most jovial souls alive. Within six months after their little difference Clive and he were the greatest of friends, and it was by the former's suggestion that Mr. James Binnie gave Sandy his first commission, who selected the cheerful subject of the young Duke of Rothsay starving in prison.

During this period, Mr. Clive assumed the toga virilis, and beheld with inexpressible satisfaction the first growth of those mustaches which have since given him such a marked appearance. Being at Gandish's, and so near the dancing academy, what must he do but take lessons in the Terpsichorean art too?—making himself as popular with the dancing folks as with the drawing folks, and the jolly king of his company everywhere. He gave entertainments to his fellow-students in the upper chambers in Fitzroy Square, which were devoted to his use, inviting his father and Mr. Binnie to those parties now and then. And songs were sung, and pipes were smoked, and many a pleasant supper eaten. There was no stint; but no excess. No young man was ever seen to quit those apartments the worse, as it is called, for liquor. Fred Bayham's uncle, the bishop, could not be more decorous than F. B. as he left the Colonel's house, for the Colonel made that one of the conditions of his son's hospitality, that nothing like intoxication should ensue from it. The good gentleman did not frequent the parties of the juniors. He saw that his presence rather silenced the young men; and left them to themselves, confiding in Clive's parole, and went away to play his honest rubber of whist at the Club. And many a time he heard the young fellow's steps tramping by his bed-chamber door, as he lay wakeful within, happy to think his son was happy.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## NEW COMPANIONS.

Clive used to give droll accounts of the young disciples at Gandish's, who were of various ages and conditions, and in whose company the young fellow took his place with that good temper and gayety which have seldom deserted him in life, and have put him at ease wherever his fate has led him. He is, in truth, as much at home in a fine drawing room as in a public house parlor; and can talk as pleasantly to the polite mistress of the mansion, as to the jolly landlady dispensing her drinks from the bar. Not one of the Gandishites but was after a while well-inclined to the young fellow; from Mr. Chivers, the senior pupil, down to the little imp Harry Hooker, who knew as much mischief at twelve years old, and could draw as cleverly, as many a student of five-and-twenty; and Bob Trotter, the diminutive fag of the studio, who ran on all the young men's errands, and fetched them in apples, oranges, and walnuts. Clive opened his eyes with wonder when he first beheld these simple feasts, and the pleasure with which some of the young men partook of them. They were addicted to polonies; they did not disguise their love for Banbury cakes; they made bets in ginger beer, and gave and took the odds in that frothing liquor. There was a young Hebrew among the pupils, upon whom his brother students used playfully to press ham sandwiches, pork sausages, and the like. This young man (who has risen to great wealth subsequently, and was bankrupt only three months since) actually bought cocoanuts, and sold them at a profit among the lads. His pockets were never without pencil-cases, French chalk, garnet broaches, for which he was willing to bargain. He behaved very rudely to Gandish, who seemed to be afraid before him. It was whispered that the Professor was not altogether easy in his circumstances, and that the elder Moss had some mysterious hold over him. Honeyman and Bayham, who once came to see Clive at the studio, seemed each disturbed at beholding young Moss seated there (making a copy of the "Marsyas"). "Pa knows both those gents," he informed Clive afterward, with a wicked twinkle of his Oriental eyes.