

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.

"Step in, Mr. Newcome, any day you are passing down Wardour Street, and see if you don't want anything in our way." (He pronounced the words in his own way, saying, "Step id, Bister Doocob, ady day idto Vordor Street," etc.) This young gentleman could get tickets for almost all the theaters, which he gave or sold, and gave splendid accounts at Gandish's of the brilliant masquerades. Clive was greatly diverted at beholding Mr. Moss at one of these entertainments, dressed in a scarlet coat and top boots, and calling out, "Yoicks! Hark forward!" fitfully to another Orientalist, his younger brother, attired like a midshipman. Once Clive bought a half-dozen of theater tickets from Mr. Moss, which he distributed to the young fellows of the studio. But, when this nice young man tried further to tempt him on the next day, "Mr. Moss," Clive said to him with much dignity, "I am very much obliged to you for your offer, but when I go to the play, I prefer paying at the doors."

Mr. Chivers used to sit in one corner of the room, occupied over a lithographic stone. He was an uncouth and peevish young man; forever finding fault with the younger pupils, whose butt he was—next in rank and age was M'Collop, before named; and these two were at first more than usually harsh and captious with Clive, whose prosperity offended them, and whose dandified manners, free and easy ways, and evident influence over the younger scholars, gave umbrage to these elderly apprentices. Clive at first returned Mr. Chivers war for war, controlment for controlment; but when he found Chivers was the son of a helpless widow; that he maintained her by his lithographic vignettes for the music-sellers, and by the scanty remuneration of some lessons which he gave at a school at Highgate—when Clive saw, or fancied he saw, the lonely senior eyeing with hungry eyes the luncheons of cheese and bread, and sweetstuff, which the young lads of the studio enjoyed, I promise you Mr. Clive's wrath against Chivers was speedily turned into compassion and kindness, and he sought, and no doubt found, means of feeding Chivers without offending his testy independence.

Nigh to Gandish's was, and perhaps is, another establishment for teaching the art of design—Barker's, which had the additional dignity of a life and costume academy; frequented by a class of students more advanced than those of Gandish's. Between these and the Barkerites there was a constant rivalry and emulation, in and out of doors. Gandish sent more pupils

to the Royal Academy; Gandish had brought up three medalists; and the last R. A. student sent to Rome was a Gandishite. Barker, on the contrary, scorned and loathed Trafalgar Square, and laughed at its art. Barker exhibited in Pall Mall and Suffolk Street; he laughed at old Gandish and his pictures, made mince-meat of his "Angli sed Angeli," and tore "King Alfred" and his muffins to pieces. The young men of the respective schools used to meet at Lundy's coffee house and billiard room, and smoke there, and do battle. Before Clive and his friend J. J. came to Gandish's, the Barkerites were having the best of that constant match which the two academies were playing. Fred Bayham, who knew every coffee house in town, and whose initials were scored on a thousand tavern doors, was for awhile a constant visitor at Lundy's, played pool with the young men, and did not disdain to dip his beard into their porter pots, when invited to partake of their drink; treated them handsomely when he was in cash himself; and was an honorary member of Barker's academy. Nay, when the guardsman was not forthcoming, who was standing for one of Barker's heroic pictures, Bayham bared his immense arms and brawny shoulders, and stood as Prince Edward, with Philippa sucking the poisoned wound. He would take his friends up to the picture in the Exhibition, and proudly point to it. "Look at that biceps, sir, and now look at this—that's Barker's masterpiece, sir, and that's the muscle of F. B., sir." In no company was F. B. greater than in the society of the artists; in whose smoky haunts and airy parlors he might often be found. It was from F. B. that Clive heard of Mr. Chivers' struggles and honest industry. A great deal of shrewd advice could F. B. give on occasion, and many a kind action and gentle office of charity was this jolly outlaw known to do and cause to be done. His advice to Clive was most edifying at this time of our young gentleman's life, and he owns that he was kept from much mischief by this queer counselor.

A few months after Clive and J. J. had entered at Gandish's that academy began to hold its own against its rival. The silent young disciple was pronounced to be a genius. His copies were beautiful in delicacy and finish. His designs were exquisite for grace and richness of fancy. Mr. Gandish took to himself the credit for J. J.'s genius; Clive ever and fondly acknowledged the benefit he got from his friend's taste and bright enthusiasm, and sure skill. As for Clive, if he was successful in the academy, he was doubly victorious out of it.

His person was handsome, his courage high, his gayety and frankness delightful and winning. His money was plenty, and he spent it like a young king. He could speedily beat all the club at Lundy's at billiards, and give points to the redoubted F. B. himself. He sang a famous song at their jolly supper parties; and J. J. had no greater delight than to listen to his fresh voice, and watch the young conqueror at the billiard table, where the balls seemed to obey him.

Clive was not the most docile of Mr. Gandish's pupils. If he had not come to the studio on horseback several of the young students averred, Gandish would not always have been praising him and quoting him as that professor certainly did. It must be confessed that the young ladies read the history of Clive's uncle in the Book of Baronets, and that Gandish, Jr., probably with an eye to business, made a design of a picture, in which, according to that veracious volume, one of the Newcomes was represented as going cheerfully to the stake at Smithfield, surrounded by some very ill-favored Dominicans, whose arguments did not appear to make the least impression upon the martyr of the Newcome family. Sandy M'Collop devised a counter picture, wherein the barber surgeon of King Edward the Confessor was drawn, operating upon the beard of that monarch. To which piece of satire Clive gallantly replied by a design representing Sawney Bean M'Collop, chief of the clan of that name, descending from his mountains into Edinburgh, and his astonishment at beholding a pair of breeches for the first time. These playful jokes passed constantly among the young men of Gandish's studio. There was no one there who was not caricatured in one way or another. He whose eyes looked not very straight was depicted with a most awful squint. The youth whom nature had endowed with somewhat lengthy nose was drawn by the caricaturists with a prodigious proboscis. Little Bobby Moss, the young Hebrew artist from Wardour Street, was delineated with three hats and an old clothes bag. Nor were poor J. J.'s round shoulders spared, until Clive indignantly remonstrated at the hideous hunchback pictures which the boys made of his friend, and vowed it was a shame to make jokes at such a deformity. Our friend, if the truth must be told regarding him, though one of the most frank, generous, and kind-hearted persons, is of a nature somewhat haughty and imperious, and very likely the course of life which he now led, and the society which he was compelled to keep, served to increase some original de-

fects in his character, and to fortify a certain disposition to think well of himself, with which his enemies not unjustly reproach him. He has been known very pathetically to lament that he was withdrawn from school too early, where a couple of years' further course of thrashings from his tyrant, Old Hodge, he avers, would have done him good. He laments that he was not sent to college, where, if a young man receives no other discipline, at least he acquires that of meeting with his equals in society, and of assuredly finding his betters; whereas, in poor Mr. Gandish's studio of art, our young gentleman scarcely found a comrade that was not in one way or other his flatterer, his inferior, his honest or dishonest admirer. The influence of his family's rank and wealth acted more or less on all those simple folks, who would run on his errands, and vied with each other in winning the young nabob's favor. His very goodness of heart rendered him a more easy prey to their flattery, and his kind and jovial disposition led him into company from which he had been much better away. I am afraid that artful young Moss, whose parents dealt in pictures, furniture, gimcracks, and jewelry, victimized Clive sadly with rings and chains, shirt-studs and flaming shirt-pins, and such vanities, which the poor young rogue locked up in his desk generally, only venturing to wear them when he was out of his father's sight or of Mr. Binnie's, whose shrewd eyes watched him very keenly.

Mr. Clive used to leave home every day shortly after noon, when he was supposed to betake himself to Gandish's studio. But was the young gentleman always at the drawing board, copying from the antique, when his father supposed him to be so devotedly engaged? I fear his place was sometimes vacant. His friend J. J. worked every day and all day. Many a time the steady little student remarked his patron's absence, and no doubt gently remonstrated with him, but when Clive did come to his work he executed it with remarkable skill and rapidity; and Ridley was too fond of him to say a word at home regarding the shortcomings of the youthful scapegrace. Candid readers may sometimes have heard their friend Jones' mother lament that her darling was working too hard at college; or Harry's sisters express their anxiety lest his too rigorous attendance in chambers (after which he will persist in sitting up all night reading those dreary law books which cost such an immense sum of money) should undermine dear Henry's health; and to such acute persons a word is sufficient

to indicate young Mr. Clive Newcome's proceedings. Meanwhile his father, who knew no more of the world than Harry's simple sisters or Jones' fond mother, never doubted that all Clive's doing were right, and that his boy was the best of boys.

"If that young man goes on as charmingly as he has begun," Clive's cousin, Barnes Newcome, said of his kinsman, "he will be a paragon. I saw him last night at Vauxhall in company with young Moss, whose father does bills and keeps a bric-à-brac shop in Wardour Street. Two or three other gentlemen, probably young old clothes-men, who had concluded for the day the labors of the bag, joined Mr. Newcome and his friend, and they partook of rack-punch in an arbor. He is a delightful youth, Cousin Clive, and I feel sure he is about to be an honor to our family."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COLONEL AT HOME.

Our good Colonel's house had received a coat of paint, which, like Mme. Latour's rouge in her latter days, only served to make its careworn face look more ghastly. The kitchens were gloomy. The stables were gloomy. Great black passages; cracked conservatory, dilapidated bathroom, with melancholy waters moaning and fizzing from the cistern; the great large blank stone staircase—were all so many melancholy features in the general countenance of the house; but the Colonel thought it perfectly cheerful and pleasant, and furnished it in his rough and ready way. One day came a cart-load of chairs; the next a wagonful of fenders, fire irons, and glass, and crockery—a quantity of supplies, in a word, he poured into the place. There were yellow curtains in the back drawing room, and green curtains in the front. The carpet was an immense bargain, bought dirt cheap, sir, at a sale in Euston Square. He was against the purchase of a carpet for the stairs. What was the good of it? What did men want with stair carpets? His own apartment contained a wonderful assortment of lumber. Shelves which he nailed himself, old Indian garments, camphor trunks. What did he want with gewgaws? anything was good enough for an old soldier. But the spare bedroom was endowed with all sorts of splendor;

a bed as big as a general's tent, a cheval glass—whereas the Colonel shaved in a little cracked mirror, which cost him no more than King Stephen's breeches—and a handsome new carpet; while the boards of the Colonel's bedchamber were as bare, as bare as old Miss Scraggs' shoulders, which would be so much more comfortable were they covered up. Mr. Binnie's bedchamber was neat, snug, and appropriate. And Clive had a study and bedroom at the top of the house, which he was allowed to furnish entirely according to his own taste. How he and Ridley reveled in Wardour Street! What delightful colored prints of hunting, racing, and beautiful ladies, did they not purchase, mount with their own hands, cut out for screens, frame and glaze, and hang up on the walls. When the rooms were ready they gave a party, inviting the Colonel and Mr. Binnie by note of hand, two gentlemen from Lamb Court, Temple, Mr. Honeyman, and Fred Bayham. We must have Fred Bayham. Fred Bayham frankly asked, "Is Mr. Sherrick, with whom you have become rather intimate lately—and mind you I say nothing, but I recommend strangers in London to be cautious about their friends—is Mr. Sherrick coming to you, young'un, because if he is, F. B. must respectfully decline?"

Mr. Sherrick was not invited, and accordingly F. B. came. But Sherrick was invited on other days, and a very queer society did our honest Colonel gather together in that queer house, so dreary, so dingy, so comfortless, so pleasant. He, who was one of the most hospitable men alive, loved to have his friends around him; and it must be confessed that the evening parties now occasionally given in Fitzroy Square were of the oddest assemblage of people. The correct East India gentlemen from Hanover Square; the artists, Clive's friends, gentlemen of all ages with all sorts of beards, in every variety of costume. Now and again a stray schoolfellow from Grey Friars, who stared, as well he might, at the company in which he found himself. Sometimes a few ladies were brought to these entertainments. The immense politeness of the good host compensated some of them for the strangeness of his company. They had never seen such odd-looking hairy men as those young artists, nor such wonderful women as Colonel Newcome assembled together. He was good to all old maids and poor widows. Retired captains with large families of daughters found in him their best friend. He sent carriages to fetch them and bring them back from the suburbs where

they dwelt. Gandish, Mrs. Gandish, and the four Miss Gandishes in scarlet robes, were constant attendants at the Colonel's *soirées*. "I delight, sir, in the hospitality of my distinguished military friend," Mr. Gandish would say. "The harmy has always been my passion—I served in the Soho Volunteers three years myself, till the conclusion of the war, sir, till the conclusion of the war."

It was a great sight to see Mr. Frederick Bayham engaged in the waltz or the quadrille with some of the elderly houris at the Colonel's parties. F. B., like a good-natured F. B. as he was, always chose the plainest women as partners, and entertained them with profound compliments and sumptuous conversation. The Colonel likewise danced quadrilles with the utmost gravity. Waltzing had been invented long since his time; but he practiced quadrilles when they first came in, about 1817, in Calcutta. To see him leading up a little old maid, and bowing to her when the dance was ended, and performing *cavalier seul* with stately simplicity—was a sight indeed to remember. If Clive Newcome had not had such a fine sense of humor, he would have blushed for his father's simplicity. As it was, the elder's guileless goodness and childlike trustfulness endeared him immensely to his son. "Look at the old boy, Pendennis," he would say; "look at him leading up that old Miss Tidswell to the piano. Doesn't he do it like an old duke? I lay a wager she thinks she is going to be my mother-in-law; all the women are in love with him, young and old. 'Should he upbraid! There she goes. 'I'll own that he'll prevail, and sing as sweetly as a nigh-tin-gale! Oh, you old warbler. Look at father's old head bobbing up and down! Wouldn't he do for Sir Roger de Coverley? How do you do, Uncle Charles?—I say, M'Collop, how gets on the Duke of Whatdycallem starving in the castle? Gandish says it's very good."

The lad retires to a group of artists. Mr. Honeyman comes up with a faint smile playing on his features, like moonlight on the façade of Lady Whittlesea's chapel.

"These parties are the most singular I have ever seen," whispers Honeyman. "In entering one of these assemblies, one is struck with the immensity of London; and with the sense of one's own insignificance. Without, I trust, departing from my clerical character, nay, from my very avocation as Incumbent of a London chapel—I have seen a good deal of the world, and here is an assemblage, no doubt of most re-

spectable persons, on scarce one of whom I ever set eyes till this evening. Where does my good brother find such characters?"

"That," says Mr. Honeyman's interlocutor, "is the celebrated, though neglected artist, Professor Gandish, whom nothing but jealousy has kept out of the Royal Academy. Surely you have heard of the great Gandish?"

"Indeed I am ashamed to confess my ignorance, but a clergyman busy with his duties knows little, perhaps too little, of the fine arts."

"Gandish, sir, is one of the greatest geniuses on whom our ungrateful country ever trampled; he exhibited his first celebrated picture of 'Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut' (he says he is the first who ever touched that subject), in 1804; but Lord Nelson's death and the victory of Trafalgar occupied the public attention at that time, and Gandish's work went unnoticed. In the year 1816 he painted his great work of Boadicea. You see her before you—that lady in yellow, with a light front and a turban. Boadicea became Mrs. Gandish in that year. So late as '27, he brought before the world his 'Non Angli sed Angeli.' Two of the angels are yonder in sea-green dresses—the Misses Gandish. The youth in Berlin gloves was the little male angelus of that piece."

"How came you to know all this, you strange man?" says Mr. Honeyman.

"Simply because Gandish has told me twenty times. He tells the story to everybody, every time he sees them. He told it to-day at dinner. Boadicea and the angels came afterward."

"Satire! satire! Mr. Pendennis," says the divine, holding up a reproving finger of lavender kid, "beware of a wicked wit! But when a man has that tendency, I know how difficult it is to restrain. My dear Colonel, good-evening! You have a great reception to-night. That gentleman's bass voice is very fine, Mr. Pendennis and I were admiring it. The 'Wolf' is a song admirably adapted to show its capabilities."

Mr. Gandish's autobiography had occupied the whole time after the retirement of the ladies from Colonel Newcome's dinner table. Mr. Hobson Newcome had been asleep during the performance; Sir Curry Baughton and one or two of the Colonel's professional and military guests, silent and puzzled; honest Mr. Binnie, with his shrewd, good-humored face, sipping his claret as usual, and delivering a sly joke now and again to the gentleman at his end of the table. Mrs. Newcome

had sat by him in sulky dignity; was it that Lady Baughton's diamonds offended her!—her ladyship and her daughters being attired in great splendor for a court ball which they were to attend that evening. Was she hurt because she was not invited to that Royal Entertainment? As these festivities were to take place at an early hour, the ladies bidden were obliged to quit the Colonel's house before the evening party commenced, from which Lady Ann declared she was quite vexed to be obliged to run away.

Lady Ann Newcome had been as gracious on this occasion as her sister-in-law had been out of humor. Everything pleased her in that house. She had no idea that there were such fine houses in that quarter of the town. She thought the dinner so very nice—that Mr. Binnie such a good-humored-looking gentleman. That stout gentleman with his collar turned down like Lord Byron, so exceedingly clever and full of information. A celebrated artist was he? (Courtly Mr. Smee had his own opinion upon that point but did not utter it.) All those artists are so eccentric, and amusing, and clever. Before dinner she insisted upon seeing Clive's den with its pictures and casts and pipes. "You horrid young wicked creature, have you begun to smoke already?" she asks, as she admires his room. She admired everything. Nothing could exceed her satisfaction.

The sisters-in-law kissed on meeting, with that cordiality so delightful to witness in sisters who dwell together in unity. It was "My dear Maria, what an age since I have seen you." "My dear Ann, our occupations are so engrossing, our circles are so different," in a languid response from the other. "Sir Brian is not coming, I suppose?" "Now, Colonel." She turns in a frisky manner toward him, and taps her fan. "Did I not tell you Sir Brian would not come?"

"He is kept at the House of Commons, my dear. Those dreadful committees. He was quite vexed at not being able to come."

"I know, I know, dear Ann, there are always excuses to gentlemen in Parliament, I have received many such. Mr. Shaloo, and Mr. M'Sheny, the leaders of our party, often and often disappoint me. I knew Brian would not come. My husband came down from Marblehead on purpose this morning. Nothing would have induced us to give up our brother's party."

"I believe you. I did come down from Marblehead this

morning, and I was four hours in the hayfield before I came away, and in the City till five, and I've been to look at a horse afterward at Tattersall's, and I'm as hungry as a hunter, and as tired as a hodman," says Mr. Newcome, with his hands in his pockets. "How do you do, Mr. Pendennis? Maria, you remember Mr. Pendennis—don't you?"

"Perfectly," replies the languid Maria. Mrs. Gandish, Colonel Topham, Major M'Cracken are announced, and then in diamonds, feathers, and splendor, Lady Baughton and Miss Baughton, who are going to the Queen's ball, and Sir Curry Baughton, not quite at ease in his deputy-lieutenant's uniform as yet, looking very shy in a pair of blue trousers, with a glittering stripe of silver down the seams. Clive looks with wonder and delight at these ravishing ladies, rustling in fresh brocades with feathers, diamonds, and every magnificence. Aunt Ann has not her court dress on as yet; and Aunt Maria blushes as she beholds the newcomers, having thought fit to attire herself in a high dress, with a Quakerlike simplicity, and a pair of gloves more than ordinarily dingy. The pretty little foot she has, it is true, and sticks it out from habit; but what is Mrs. Newcome's foot compared with that sweet little *chaussure* which Miss Baughton exhibits and withdraws? The shiny white satin slipper, the pink stocking which ever and anon peeps from the rustling folds of her robe, and timidly retires into its covert—that foot, light as it is, crushes Mrs. Newcome.

No wonder she winces, and is angry; there are some mischievous persons who rather like to witness that discomfiture. All Mr. Smee's flatteries that day failed to soothe her. She was in the state in which his canvases sometimes are, when he cannot paint on them.

What happened to her alone in the drawing room, when the ladies invited to the dinner had departed, and those convoked to the *soirée* began to arrive—what happened to her or to them I do not like to think. The Gandishes arrived first. Boadicea and the angels. We judged from the fact that young Mr. Gandish came blushing in to the dessert. Name after name was announced of persons of whom Mrs. Newcome knew nothing. The young and the old, the pretty and homely, they were all in their best dresses, and no doubt stared at Mrs. Newcome, so obstinately plain in her attire. When we came upstairs from dinner, we found her seated entirely by herself, tapping her fan at the fireplace. Timid groups of persons

were round about, waiting for the irruption of the gentlemen until the pleasure should begin. Mr. Newcome, who came upstairs yawning, was heard to say to his wife: "Oh, damn, let's cut!" And they went downstairs, and waited until their carriage had arrived, when they quitted Fitzroy Square.

Mr. Barnes Newcome presently arrived, looking particularly smart and lively, with a large flower in his buttonhole, and leaning on the arm of a friend. "How do you do, Pendennis?" he says, with a peculiarly dandified air. "Did you dine here? You look as if you dined here [and Barnes, certainly, as if he had dined elsewhere]. I was only asked to the cold *soirée*. Who did you have for dinner? You had my mamma and the Baughtons, and my uncle and aunt, I know, for they are down below in the library, waiting for the carriage; he is asleep, and she is as sulky as a bear."

"Why did Mrs. Newcome say I should find nobody I knew up here?" asks Barnes' companion. "On the contrary, there are lots of fellows I know. There's Fred Bayham, dancing like a harlequin. There's old Gandish, who used to be my drawing-master; and my Brighton friends, your uncle and cousin, Barnes. What relation are they to me? must be some relation. Fine fellow your cousin."

"Him," growls Barnes. "Very fine boy—not spirited at all—not fond of flattery—not surrounded by toadies—not fond of drink—delightful boy! See yonder, the young fellow is in conversation with his most intimate friend, a little crooked fellow with long hair. Do you know who he is? he is the son of old Todmorden's butler. Upon my life it's true."

"And suppose it is; what the deuce do I care?" cries Lord Kew. "Who can be more respectable than a butler? A man must be somebody's son. When I am a middle-aged man, I hope humbly I shall look like a butler myself. Suppose you were to put ten of Gunter's men into the House of Lords, do you mean to say that they would not look as well as any average ten peers in the house? Look at Lord Westcot; he is exactly like a butler; that's why the country has such confidence in him. I never dine with him but I fancy he ought to be at the sideboard. Here comes that insufferable little old Smee. How do you do, Mr. Smee?"

Mr. Smee smiles his sweetest smile. With his rings, diamond shirt-studs, and red velvet waistcoat, there are few more elaborate middle-aged bucks than Alfred Smee. "How do

you do, my dear lord?" cries the bland one. "Who would ever have thought of seeing your lordship here?"

"Why the deuce not, Mr. Smee?" asks Lord Kew abruptly. "Is it wrong to come here? I have been in the house only five minutes, and three people have said the same thing to me—Mrs. Newcome, who is sitting downstairs in a rage waiting for her carriage, the condescending Barnes, and yourself. Why do you come here, Smee? How are you, Mr. Gandish? How do the fine arts go?"

"Your lordship's kindness in asking for them will cheer them if anything will," says Mr. Gandish. "Your noble family has always patronized them. I am proud to be reckonized by your lordship in this house, where the distinguished father of one of my pupils entertains us this evening. A most promising young man is young Mr Clive—talents for a hamateur really most remarkable."

"Excellent, upon my word—excellent," cries Mr. Smee. "I'm not an animal painter myself, and perhaps don't think much of that branch of the profession; but it seems to me the young fellow draws horses with the most wonderful spirit. I hope Lady Walham is very well, and that she was satisfied with her son's portrait. Stockholm, I think, your brother is appointed to? I wish I might be allowed to paint the elder as well as the younger brother, my lord."

"I am an historical painter; but whenever Lord Kew is painted I hope his lordship will think of the old servant of his lordship's family, Charles Gandish," cries the professor.

"I am like Susannah between the two Elders," says Lord Kew. "Let my innocence alone, Smee. Mr. Gandish, don't persecute my modesty with your addresses. I won't be painted. I am not a fit subject for a historical painter, Mr. Gandish."

"Halcibiades sat to Praxiteles, Pericles to Phidjas," remarks Gandish.

"The cases are not quite similar," says Lord Kew languidly. "You are no doubt fully equal to Praxiteles; but I don't see my resemblance to the other party. I should not look well as a hero, and Smee could not paint me handsome enough."

"I would try, my dear lord," cries Mr. Smee.

"I know you would, my dear fellow," Lord Kew answered, looking at the painter with a lazy scorn in his eyes. "Where is Colonel Newcome, Mr. Gandish?" Mr. Gandish replied that our gallant host was dancing a quadrille in the next room;

and the young gentleman walked on toward that apartment to pay his respects to the giver of the evening's entertainment.

Newcome's behavior to the young peer was ceremonious, but not in the least servile. He saluted the other's superior rank, not his person, as he turned the guard out for a general officer. He never could be brought to be otherwise than cold and grave in his behavior to John James; nor was it without difficulty, when young Ridley and his son became pupils at Gandish's he could be induced to invite the former to his parties. "An artist is any man's equal," he said. "I have no prejudice of that sort; and think that Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson were fit company for any person, of whatever rank. But a young man whose father may have had to wait behind me at dinner, should not be brought into my company." Clive compromises the dispute with a laugh. "First," says he, "I will wait till I am asked; and then I promise I will not go to dine with Lord Todmorden."

CHAPTER XX.

CONTAINS MORE PARTICULARS OF THE COLONEL AND HIS BRETHREN.

If Clive's amusements, studies, or occupations, such as they were, filled his day pretty completely, and caused the young gentleman's time to pass rapidly and pleasantly, his father, it must be owned, had no such resources, and the good Colonel's idleness hung heavily upon him. He submitted very kindly to this infliction, however, as he would have done to any other for Clive's sake; and though he might have wished himself back with his regiment again, and engaged in the pursuits in which his life had been spent, he chose to consider these desires as very selfish and blamable on his part, and sacrificed them resolutely for his son's welfare. The young fellow, I dare say, gave his parent no more credit for his long self-denial, than many other children award to theirs. We take such life offerings as our due commonly. The old French satirist avers that in a love affair, there is usually one person who loves and the other, *qui se laisse aimer*; it is only in later days, perhaps, when the treasures of love are spent and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it

was; how soft to soothe; how eager to shield; how ready to support and caress. The ears may no longer hear, which would have received our words of thanks so delightedly. Let us hope those fruits of love, though tardy, are yet not all too late; and though we bring our tribute of reverence and gratitude, it may be to a gravestone, there is an acceptance even there for the stricken heart's oblation of fond remorse, contrite memories, and pious tears. I am thinking of the love of Clive Newcome's father for him (and, perhaps, young reader, that of yours and mine for ourselves); how the old man lay awake, and devised kindnesses, and gave his all for the love of his son; and the young man took, and spent, and slept, and made merry. Did we not say at our tale's commencement that all stories were old? Careless prodigals and anxious elders have been from the beginning; and so may love, and repentance, and forgiveness endure even till the end.

The stifling fogs, the slippery mud, the dun dreary November mornings—when the Regent's Park, where the Colonel took his early walk, was wrapped in yellow mist—must have been a melancholy exchange for the splendor of Eastern sunrise, and the invigorating gallop at dawn, to which, for so many years of his life, Thomas Newcome had accustomed himself. His obstinate habit of early waking accompanied him to England, and occasioned the despair of his London domestics, who, if master wasn't so awful early, would have found no fault with him, for a gentleman as gives less trouble to his servants; as scarcely ever rings the bell for himself; as will brush his own clothes; as will even boil his own shaving water in the little hetna which he keeps up in his dressing room; as pays so regular, and never looks twice at the accounts; such a man deserves to be loved by his household, and I dare say comparisons were made between him and his son, who do ring the bells, and scold if his boots ain't nice, and horder about like a young lord. But Clive, though imperious, was very liberal and good-humored, and not the worse served because he insisted upon exerting his youthful authority. As for friend Binnie, he had a hundred pursuits of his own which made his time pass very comfortably. He had all the lectures at the British Institution; he had the Geographical Society, the Asiatic Society, and the Political Economy Club; and though he talked year after year of going to visit his relations in Scotland, the months and seasons passed away, and his feet still beat the London pavement.