THROUGH THE LONG DAY.

CHAPTER I.

MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

THAT "the child is father of the man" has been said so often as to have degenerated into a truism. What sort of a father, as a child, I was to the man that I have long been, I do not well know, though I would fain inquire of my conscience and my memory. I fear, however, that such knowledge as I may seek to obtain through the mist of bygone years may be imperfect or misleading, and that, neither as a child nor as a man, have I been enabled to reach to the height of the great wisdom inculcated by the Greek sage in the two famous words, "Know thyself." But I will do my best to discover, not only what I was, but what I am, and grope my way on the dim and hazy, though in some respects familiar road, from the starting-

point of the cradle to the not now distant goal of the grave.

My earliest recollections go back to the time when I must have been three or four years old, and lived with my kind-hearted and excellent father at a lonely house on the southern shore of the Frith of Forth, near the little fishing-village of Newhaven. Having unfortunately lost my mother, I was under the charge of a careful nurse —a bonnie and buxom lass of Falkirk—who was very fond of me, and sang Scottish songs to amuse herself and me. Their melodies haunt me still, and will continue to do so while memory lasts, and the love of the beautiful has a home in my heart. She had also a great store of fairy-tales, which I was never tired of hearing her repeat. I wandered with her on the sea-shore, and picked up pebbles, sea-weed, and shells, and endeavoured—most frequently in vain—to detach the limpets from the rocks, greatly perplexed at the pertinacious hold which the creatures took when I tried to dislodge them. I could see the pier of Leith, which seemed to my infant eyes to stretch across an all but illimitable ocean.

I had another companion on the shore—a pug dog named "Smut," a very intelligent animal— more intelligent, perhaps, than myself, for he was in the maturity of his age and wisdom, and I was but an infant. Smut was very fond of music, and,

when my father played Scottish airs on the flute—which he did with great taste and feeling—would jump on a chair, hold up his ugly but knowing head ceiling-wards, and howl in evident delight by way of accompaniment to the melody. This my father, more or less amused, endured until human nature could hold out no longer, and Smut was turned ignominiously into the garden.

The dog was not only intelligent, but adventurous, and had a strong will of his own. I have often heard the story that my father had occasion to go to London, by the Leith smack to Wapping, and that Smut, being determined to go with him, followed him unbidden to the wharf, and got stealthily on board. When discovered, as he speedily was, he was put on shore, with a reprimand, and possibly a chastisement for his impudence. But Smut was undaunted and pertinacious. The next smack sailed for Wapping a week afterwards, and was boarded by the sagacious animal, who concealed himself like a stow-away until the vessel was at sea. The captain knew my father, and knew Smut, and, there being no help for it, treated the poor animal kindly, and put him ashore on arrival at Wapping. Smut remained on the wharf for a day and night, watching the smack, and when the captain had concluded his business on the ship, followed him to his lodgings in Stepney or Poplar, I forget which. The captain

knew where my father stayed in London, and took an early opportunity to deliver the intelligent and adventurous dog to his surprised owner.

Smut died at a good old age, very sincerely lamented, and my father buried him in his garden at Newhaven, with a tablet of slate over his grave, inscribed with an affectionate but cynical epitaph, which, of course, I could not read, but which I learned in after years was as follows :—

Near this Tree
are deposited the remains
of one
Who during life evinced gratitude,
genuine attachment,
and
unqualified fidelity.
Peruse this epitaph, you
self-styled Christians,
and Blush.
For know that the poor inhabitant below,
Who possessed these virtues
of which you are deficient,
was not a Christian,
but a
D O G.

This epitaph was a favourite with my father, who doubtless took pains over its composition. Many years afterwards, in 1838, when he was a resident in Brussels, he buried another dog, which he had received as a present from Baron Stein von Altenstein during a visit to Spa. The place of sepulture was in the back garden of a house, since

demolished in the improvements of the city consequent upon the removal of the old boundary-wall that formerly encircled the Boulevards; and the identical epitaph did duty a second time.

Among the many Scotch songs which my kindly nurse often sang to me was "Maggie Lauder"—represented as a saucy lass, with her bare arms akimbo, who captivated by her too aggressive charms the susceptible heart of a wandering bagpiper. I remember one day, when the nurse took me to Leith, that my observant eyes caught sight of a young girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age playing in the streets with her companions. She so impressed my juvenile fancy with the idea that she was Maggie Lauder herself, that I called out loud enough to be heard by all her comrades, "Maggie Lauder! Maggie Lauder!" The young lady took the cry as a personal insult, and, darting out from the little crowd of her playmates, seized me by the collar, and administered with right good will two or three boxes on the ear, calling me at the same time a "deevil's buckie." My nurse was highly indignant, and a war of words ensued between the two. I believe the war had no physical results affecting either of the fair combatants, and only remember that I was led off "blubbering," or, as the Scotch say, "greetin." Such was my first attempt at criticism, and such was its reward!

I have been told that when I was about four years old I often contrived to get hold of a book, and, opening it out before me on a chair, would pretend to read aloud, uttering words that sometimes, but not always, seemed to have a meaning; that after a while I would look up with the appealing question, "Is na that bonnie readin'?" Whether the child was acting in this a paternal part towards the man into which Time was to develop it, I know not; but I incline to a vague belief that the germs of a literary taste were somehow or other inherent in the performance.

Another idiosyncrasy, if I may so call it, that dates from my early childhood, and has possessed me through life, and still remains as strong as ever in my mind, is a love, combined with a reverential awe wholly devoid of terror, for a thunder-storm. I was fascinated with the solemn peals that seemed to shake the skies, because I had been told that it was the voice of God speaking to the wicked. I never imagined that I myself could be one of those to whom the warning of God's displeasure was addressed. A few years later, I came to the conclusion that thunder was not the voice of God, but the rumbling of his chariot-wheels over the sky, and that the lightnings were the arrows with which He slew the wicked. The little imaginative child did not understand poetry, and had no acquaintance with the word; but the man learned in due time that

in the childhood of civilisation a similar idea gave birth to some of the fables in the Greek mythology.

I have but one other remembrance of Scotland at this early time. My father was a temporary resident of Dunkeld, and sometimes talked of going to see the "Deuk," meaning the Duke of Athol; and as in broad Scotch—which my father usually spoke to me, with the notion that I would understand it better, as the language of the nurse and the servants with whom I had most intercourse, than I would have done plain English—the words "Duke" and deuk, a "duck," are almost identical in sound, I imagined that it was a "duck" he was going to visit. I did not know what a "duke" was, but a "deuk" I knew full well, and did not consider it at all extraordinary that my father should have a kind of friendship, or at least intimacy with a bird of that species. The belief was no doubt to be attributed to the influence of the fairy-tales which the nurse never tired of telling me, and which I was never tired of listening to. When I was taken to the Duke's palace, I wondered why a duck should be so splendidly housed, and thought that the "deuk" was in reality a fairy prince. And when I was led to the library, and the Duke placed me on his knee, and gave me a kiss and a bright new sixpence to buy "sweeties" with, my belief in fairyland was, if possible, strengthened. I thought that the "deuk" had suddenly become a prince,

and that the prince would as suddenly become a "deuk" again, and fly off to the water with a loud whirr of his wings and the well-known cry of "quack, quack!"

My only playfellow at Newhaven, besides Smut, was a boy of my own age, the son of the man who kept the toll-gate on the Leith road. This youth's ambition was to save up his money—like myself, he had seldom possessed more than a penny—and buy a pony. Mine was to buy a violin; an instrument, however, which, in the coming years, I never learned or attempted to learn. But there was music in my soul nevertheless, though it never came into my fingers on a stringed instrument, or into my breath on fife or flute, flageolet, or hautboy, or any other wind instrument.

I have no recollection of the year when I was conveyed to London by a Leith smack, which, owing to adverse winds, took eleven days to complete the voyage. At the end of that time I found my father waiting for me at Wapping, released from all his fears for my safety and that of the smack. I had no opportunity of making an acquaintance with London or its busy streets, even had my age allowed me to do so; for, after a very short stay, I was transferred to Woolwich, not then a mere suburb of the great capital, as it has now become—but a distant and almost rural

village. Here I passed two or three years under the care of a worthy couple named Threlkeld—the husband a sturdy Cumbrian, and the wife a winsome Scottish woman from my native city of Perth.

Here I remained for two or three years, and learned to read, I do not exactly know how, but certainly without finding the first steps up the hill of knowledge a pain or trouble, or experiencing any repugnance to or difficulty in climbing them. I took far more pleasure in fairy-tales than in the sports of childhood, or the society of boys of my own age; though I did not disdain an occasional game at leap-frog, blind-man's buff, or hop-scotch, or the delights of a peg-top or humming-top, a battle-door and shuttlecock, and cricket. But I found greater pleasure on the parade in front of Woolwich barracks, in listening to the band of the Royal Artillery, and thinking what a grand thing it would be to become a soldier, as my father and grandfather had been before me. Before I was ten years of age, I had read *Robinson Crusoe*, a juvenile edition of the *Arabian Nights*, *Sandford and Merton*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *The Babes in the Wood*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *The Seven Champions of Christendom*. I had also gone through the Bible in search of such stories as Joseph and his Brethren, Esther and Ahasuerus, Saul and David, and Daniel in the Lion's Den. All the rest of the

Bible was imperfectly known to me, or beyond my comprehension.

I was removed from Woolwich in my eleventh year, and placed under the care of the Rev. John Lees, a minister of the Church of Scotland, who had no cure of souls. He only preached to a very small congregation, in the Gaelic language, and derived but scanty emolument for the performance of this duty from the interest of a bequest made by a rich and patriotic Highlander, to keep up the love of the native language of the Gael. Mr. Lees was a native of Stornoway in the island of Lewes, in the outer Hebrides, and in after life was appointed to the incumbency of that town by my relative, Sir James Matheson, who had made a magnificent fortune in China, and purchased the whole island, at a large price, from the then proprietor, the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth. Mr. Lees grounded me in Latin and Greek, though the seeds which he planted never took root or flourished. He soon discovered that my *forte*, as he called it, was for mathematics, conjoined with a still more decided *forte* for poetry.

These two *fortes* are commonly considered to be antagonistic, and mutually destructive of each other, though in my case they did not prove to be so. I became the acknowledged dux of my school in all mathematical exercises, but never wavered in my love of imaginative literature, and especially of

poetry. Beattie's *Minstrel*, the poems of Henry Kirk White, of Thomas Campbell, and of Lord Byron, were my especial delights; and as early as my thirteenth year, I committed the sin of rhyme, and revelled in the iniquity. My kind preceptor first winked at my transgressions, and ended by encouraging them. He ultimately endeavoured to guide me in the choice of books, referring me to, and making me a present of, a small volume of Dodd's *Beauties of Shakepeare*. This, however, I did not find, at the time, to possess so many attractions for my youthful mind as the lyrical poems of Milton, such as "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas," the old ballads in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, some few pieces of Oliver Goldsmith's, and, above all else, the inimitable war odes of Thomas Campbell. At this time there was published in London a little penny periodical, that appeared weekly under the title of the *Casket*, to which I timidly sent one of my juvenile productions. Much to my delight, it found favour in the eyes of the editor, and was published in due course. I was in my fourteenth year at the time, and never, I think, during the whole period of my after life, have I experienced such joy as I experienced on opening the pages of the *Casket*, and discovering my rhymes in print, with my name appended. It was the first kiss of love that my mistress, my nymph, my bride, my goddess, Literature, had given me,

and the rapture it afforded me was indescribable. I contributed several other poems—so I thought them—to the *Casket*, the only one of which I can recall to memory, and that simply by its title, was an "Ode on the Death of Canning"; a very ambitious subject for a boy, who knew nothing of politics or contemporary history, and very little of ancient history, except the smattering derived from school-books. It was doubtless very great trash, but it found acceptance with the editor of the *Casket*, if not with his readers, and sufficed to give me encouragement to presevere in the disappointing career of authorship, not then so overcrowded with eager competitors as it is now.

At this time my half-holidays, twice a week, were usually spent in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, or in St. Paul's Cathedral, where it was my pleasure to study the monuments erected to the memory of the illustrious dead, and debating in my own mind whether it were possible that I, too, small and of no present account as I was, might hereafter be enabled to tread in their footsteps, and make myself a name among those of the worthies of my country. Thus early did I feel the spur of ambition or of emulation—or perhaps it was only vanity and conceit? But, whatever it may have been, it had possession of my mind, and I could not help thinking that I also had a little spark in my bosom, that might grow into a flame

when I was older. Though I seemed to be destined by my father and his uncle—General Robert Mackay, of the East India Company's Service—for a military life, and fully expected, on attaining the age of sixteen, to be sent out to India as a cadet, I built but faint hopes of distinction in that career. I had no prejudice against it, and would have done my best to pass creditably through it; but my thoughts, in spite of myself, dwelt far more upon literary than upon military renown, and I looked with more satisfaction upon the marble effigies of poets and renowned authors, in the two national temples, than upon those of renowned naval and military heroes who had deserved well of their country.

During this period of my boyhood, I was a very unwilling slave to long sermons. The preacher to whom I was condemned to listen twice every Sunday, at his chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of his time. All the fashion and intellect of London congregated to hear the Rev. Edward Irving, who preached like one inspired, and who fascinated not only the women, but, in a minor degree, the men who listened to him, by the wild and picturesque beauty of his personal appearance. They came in such throngs as to be unable to find even standing-room in his chapel. Enthusiasts were often known to climb to the window-sills of

the chapel, and break the panes of glass so that they might see and hear him—perhaps more from vulgar curiosity and the contagious influence, or rage of the fashion, than from any real appreciation of his doctrine or his eloquence.

Mr. Irving's discourses were far above my comprehension, and I usually took refuge from the depressing monotony of his Calvinistic theology in the reading of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, and in endeavouring to turn the Song of Solomon and the Psalms of David into rhyme and rhythm, to while away the time that hung so heavily upon me, and to prevent myself from going to sleep. If I now and then, in the rare intervals when I attended to the discourse, heard and understood his assertion that endless torments of fire and brimstone were mercilessly inflicted upon the wicked, and that good works and a blameless life were of no avail in the sight of God, if they were unaccompanied by belief in the doctrines inculcated in the Catechism of the Scottish Church, and that only a few of the human creatures born upon this miserable earth were the elect of Heaven from all eternity, and that the immense majority of the non-elect, however pure and holy their lives might be, were doomed to eternal perdition—I felt growing up in my mind an intellectual wrath and intolerance, such as might have taken possession of it if any daring

disputant had maintained in my despite, as an arithmetician and a mathematician, that two and two made five, or that two parallel lines, continued *ad infinitum*, could be contained in a circle, however immense the circle might be.

I certainly derived neither moral nor intellectual benefit from the eloquent and earnest preaching of Mr. Irving, and the strong armour of my unbelief in the doctrines of his sect—as far as I was able to comprehend them—prevented his vigorous sword-thrusts, his sharp arrows, and his fiery artillery, from reaching either my heart or my brain, or converting me, even in the slightest degree, to the belief that the merciful God was unmerciful, that the God of Love and Justice was the God of Hate and Vengeance, or that the Eternal, the Infinite, the Immaculate Being, could be as like to a man in passions as Moses in the Old Testament, but not Jesus Christ in the New, had represented Him to be.

During the three years of my attendance on the ministrations of Mr. Irving, I only remember the general teaching of his frightful Calvinism, and two little incidents that occurred in his pulpit. The first was the impressive and touching manner in which he told the well-known story of St. Augustine and the angel, amid a silence that was positively felt, and that appeared to drop upon the whole congregation as if it had been a garment

or a pall, or the sudden cessation of all power to move or to breathe, on the part of the listeners, until the story was ended. The second was an interlude—caused by the rush of a considerable portion of the congregation to the doors, when the sermon, extending to what they seemed to consider an intolerable length, filled them with apprehension that their dinners might be spoiled if they remained in church any longer. This excited the displeasure—I will not say the wrath—of the preacher. Suddenly arresting the torrent of his eloquence, snapping the thread—or, I may call it, the cable—of his discourse, he called to the door-keeper in a familiar tone, but with a loud emphasis, to shut and fasten the doors, so that nobody might quit the building. He then addressed himself to the congregation: "You seem to prefer your dinners to the word of God—at least some of you do; and, though you treat the Gospel with disrespect, which I cannot help, you shall not treat *me* with disrespect, and shall hear me out, whether you like it or not. I have ordered the doors to be shut, and they shall not be opened again until the service is concluded." The congregation was overawed, as sheep are at the bark of the collie, and, without resuming their places in the pews which they had quitted, stood near the door, and made no further attempt to resist the imperious mandate of the pastor.

In private life Mr. Irving was highly esteemed

and beloved by all who knew him. He was courteous and fascinating in his manners, and bore no trace of the Boanerges of the pulpit, or of the haughty and intolerant spirit of Calvin and John Knox, all displays of which he seemed to reserve for Sundays in the exercise of his vocation. He had a love for literature, especially for poetry, and formed an intimate friendship with Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

On the attainment of my fourteenth year, I was transferred to my father's care in Brussels, and was placed at school on the Boulevard de Namur, under the care of a Mr. Jay, who was afterwards succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Drury. Under their superintendence I made but slight progress in Greek and Latin, though I rapidly became proficient in French and German, and, in less than a twelvemonth, was able to speak and write in the former language as fluently and correctly as in English. My German was less perfect, for want of opportunity to speak it in a country where French was principally, and Flemish was partly, the language of the people. I feel myself justified in saying that these acquirements were of far more value to me in after life than any amount of Greek and Latin would have been, though I am far from ignoring the benefits derivable from a thorough acquaintance with the ancient classics, to which neither my tastes nor my opportunities inclined

me. In addition to the pleasure I derived from a knowledge of French and German—to which I afterwards added an acquaintance more or less intimate with Italian and Spanish—there was daily bread for me in the mastery of the modern languages, which there might not have been in the command of Greek and Latin; for, after the age of sixteen, when I left school, and the opportunity of going out to India as a cadet had been lost—through no fault of mine, but solely in consequence of a misunderstanding (or perhaps it was a quarrel) between my poor, proud father, the half-pay lieutenant, and his rich, proud uncle, the General—I, who was as proud as either of them—or as both of them combined—determined, if possible, to earn my own livelihood, and, if I could not cease altogether to be a burthen upon my father's resources, to contribute something towards my own support. I felt myself to be a man, although only a growing lad in my teens, and had an idea that I was strong enough for anything. I was certainly ambitious enough for anything, and was in happy ignorance of the difficulties that encumbered the ascent of the hill of life—of the bogs, the rocks, the pits, and the precipices, that either yawned at the feet or bristled in the pathway of the climber.

That "Fortune favours the bold," the Roman poet has informed us, and the moderns would have

known the fact from their own experience, if the ancients had not told them of it. But whether I was bold or not bold at this period of my adolescence, Fortune certainly favoured me. My father was well acquainted with Mr. William Cockerill, a venerable gentleman in weak health, who had long been a resident in Brussels. Mr. Cockerill was a Lancashire man, a working engineer and machinist, who shortly before the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789 had betaken himself to the Continent, with the hope of making the continental people better acquainted with the construction and the uses of English machinery. He first went to St. Petersburg, where he managed to secure the patronage of the semi-lunatic Emperor Paul, who entrusted him with the construction of several important public works. While thus engaged he narrowly escaped being sent to Siberia by the eccentric Czar, because, through no fault of his own, he had failed to complete a lucrative contract within a few days of the stipulated time. Being forewarned, he managed to escape to the Netherlands, whither he had previously transmitted his earnings. He turned his knowledge, his enterprise, and his capital to profitable account, and, prospering more or less in his many undertakings, was ultimately enabled to establish the great iron and machine works at Seraing, near Liège. He had for several years withdrawn from business on

account of old age and failing health before my father knew him, and had made over to his sons, James and John, the establishment at Seraing, and all others in which he was interested. He lived very quietly at Brussels, a prosperous gentleman, deriving but little pleasure from his wealth, except the one pleasure—great to him—of being enabled to purchase the finest horses in the market, and of taking daily drives in the handsomest and most commodious carriages that were ever seen on the Boulevards of Brussels.

One day when my father happened to call upon him, the old gentleman, sitting in his arm-chair, from which he could not rise without assistance, asked him if among the English colony at Brussels he knew of any young gentleman who could speak French and German, keep accounts, and act generally as his secretary. The reason of his asking was that the middle-aged gentleman whom for two or three years he had employed in that capacity had given way to habits of intemperance, which had grown upon him so rapidly, and had taken such firm possession of him, that—after repeated trials, and patient condonation of his faults in the hope that, as his daily bread was in peril, he would amend his life—Mr. Cockerill had been reluctantly compelled to dismiss him. My father, agreeing apparently in the Scriptural text that the man who provided not for those of his own household

"denied the faith and was worse than an infidel," bethought himself of me. He had a misgiving that I might be too young for the post, and mentioned to Mr. Cockerill my qualifications and my age, though with but slight hopes that I might be considered suitable. Somewhat to his surprise and greatly to his satisfaction, Mr. Cockerill did not find my age to be an objection, but, on the contrary, an advantage, because, he said, a youth in his seventeeth year was not likely to be a drunkard, as his previous secretary had been. Provided my lingual and clerical qualifications were up to the mark, and my general character for diligence and good conduct would bear investigation, he expressed his willingness to make trial of me. I was to board but not to lodge with him, and to receive an annual salary of 1,200 francs. The terms were considered liberal by my father, magnificent by me, and the work was light.

Within two days I was installed in office, resolved to do my best to give satisfaction. I succeeded beyond my father's hopes, but not beyond my own expectations, and managed to make myself a pleasant companion both indoors and out of doors to the excellent old gentleman.

Mr. Cockerill had been but imperfectly educated as a boy, and had never cultivated his intellectual tastes. He knew nothing or next to nothing of literature, except that which might be drawn out of

newspapers, but he had an inquiring mind, strong common sense, and a keen appreciation of wit and humour. The oldest jokes were always new to him, and his laugh was as ready and as hearty at the *crambe recocta* of any of Joe Miller's jests as at the first hearing. He bore his infirmities with the greatest patience and good humour; and now and then allowed himself to be seduced into singing a song to please his son James of Aix-la-Chapelle, his particular favourite, who shared with him his passionate love of horses, and was the fortunate possessor of the once famous horse Smolensko—well known in the annals of English sport—and which he had purchased at a very large price. The old gentleman's song, very popular in the days when Nelson was the national hero of Great Britain, and still occasionally sung by sailors in the forecastle, was—

> The rough old Commodore,
> The tough old Commodore,
> The fighting old Commodore, he—

whose great sorrow was that

> The bullets and the gout
> Had so knocked his hull about,
> That he 'd never more be fit for sea.

Mr. Cockerill had decided political opinions; and though by birth and training a man of the people, he remained a sturdy old English Tory to the end of his days; though he had never set foot in

England since his early manhood, always spoke of the Great Napoleon as "Boney" and a tyrant; and whenever Daniel O'Connell was mentioned, declared that "hanging was too good for him."

The principal English physician in Brussels in those days was one Dr. Tobin, an Irishman, who had been in the army in his youth, and who paid Mr. Cockerill a daily visit for a fee of five francs. On one occasion, I remember, he called in company with a fresh handsome-looking young man, who was on his way to some German university, and whom he introduced as Mr. Charles Lever, a countryman of his own, and a medical student. I did not suspect at the time—how could I?—that this Charles Lever was destined to become in after years a great literary character, to write *Harry Lorriquer*, *Charles O'Malley*, and half-a-score of other excellent novels, full of wild Irish fun and humour, which threw all previous Irish novels into the shade. This was the only time that I met Charles Lever, though if chance had ever thrown him in my way, I should not have failed to remind him of our slight foregathering in the house of Mr. Cockerill. A few years afterwards, when I was no longer a resident in Brussels, but had taken up my abode in London, I heard that Mr. Lever had succeeded to the practice of Dr. Tobin, and acted as physician to the British Embassy.

While in the service of Mr. Cockerill, I had a

dream, which I have never since forgotten, that I had written a great book, under the title of "The Political History of Hunger." I thought at the time that the title and the subject were alike good, and I think so still, after the lapse of nearly half a century. I could not refrain from mentioning this dream to Mr. Cockerill, who was by no means of a literary turn of mind, but who, as I have said, was a keen politician in a rough way. He expressed his opinion that nations, like individuals, were more or less governed by "the belly," and that hunger was at the bottom of nearly all the popular revolutions that had taken place in the government of nations; and that such a book as that of which I had dreamed, would be both interesting and instructive, if truly written. "But it would not be worth your while to write it, even if you were able to do so," he added. "Better to keep a shop than write a book. Books don't pay; a shop does." The advice given was lost upon me; for though I never wrote the book referred to, or thought, at the time, of writing any other than a book of poems, I never wavered in my love for literature, or in my determination to adopt it as a profession.

I was but a poor moth, fluttering about in riotous freedom, in the light and blaze of hope and fancy, and literature was a lamp burning and shining above me; and, mothlike, I was attracted

towards it, neither knowing nor heeding, in its transcendant attraction, that my wings might be scorched, or that my life might be lost if I yielded to its too powerful, or, it might be, its fatal, fascination. I sketched out some sort of a plan for the "Political History of Hunger," which I resolved to commence with the emigration of the patriarch Jacob and his children, seeking the corn in Egypt with which he could not provide himself in his native country, and ending the book with the great Revolution of 1789. But the work never went further than the first rough skeleton, and the catalogue of the main incidents which it would be necessary to include in a comprehensive treatment of the subject. The idea at last appalled me by its vastness, and, although I never wholly abandoned it, was consigned for its completion, and even for its serious commencement, to the "Greek Kalends."

While in Brussels I was an occasional contributor, in the French language, to the *Courier Belge*, of which M. Sylvain Van de Weyer, afterwards, and for many years, Belgian Minister in London, was one of the editors. I also contributed to the *Telegraph*, an English newspaper, established as a rival to a pre-existing journal called *News from Home*. I had been reading, for the first time, Coleridge's wild and fascinating poem, "The Ancient Mariner," and signed my contributions, that were exclusively in verse, and which I fondly

imagined to be poetry, with the pseudonym of "Albatross." These contributions excited some little curiosity, and my father, who was not in the secret of the authorship, involuntarily hurt my feelings, when he said, in talking on the subject in my presence, that "Albatross" was synonymous with "*Great Goose.*" This accidental remark put me out of conceit with my adopted signature, and "Albatross" forthwith disappeared from the poet's corner of the Brussels *Telegraph.* The editor did the "Great Goose" the honour, in a notice to correspondents, to inform him that his contributions would always be acceptable. The future contributions of "Albatross" appeared with the initials "C. M.," and to this extent only was the English colony of Brussels admitted to the unimportant secret of the authorship of these, happily, dead and forgotten versicles.

Early in 1830, Mr. Cockerill, though seventy-five years of age, and scarcely able to endure the fatigue of the journey, visited Paris, accompanied by his niece and myself. His object was to consult a famous oculist, from whom, however, he failed to derive any benefit. We were eight days on the road, travelling leisurely, with our own horses, in a comfortable landau, driven by Mr. Cockerill's favourite coachman, a Walloon, named Antoine, recommended to his father by Mr. James Cockerill of Aix-la-Chapelle. To my young mind,

the visit to the great historical city was one of extreme pleasure, only alloyed by the fact that the manifold enjoyments of the gay and brilliant capital were alike beyond the reach of my age and my pecuniary resources, and that Fate and circumstances persisted in considering me to be a boy, when I felt myself to be a man. I should have liked to have given a dinner at the famous restaurant of the *Trois frères Provençaux*, in the Palais Royal, to the three poets, Beranger, Victor Hugo, and Casimir Delavigne, who were, at that time, the literary gods of my idolatry. But I had no personal acquaintance with either of them, and no certainty that any overtures I, an unknown youth, might venture to make, would be favourably entertained. Worse than all, I had not the half, the quarter, the tenth, or the twentieth part of the money that so grand a symposium would have cost me ; and so, like the "Political History of Hunger," it remained a dream, that never hardened into reality.

The symptoms of political convulsion that, in the course of this year, drove Charles X. and the elder branch of the Bourbons from the throne that they were unworthy to occupy, were apparent during my stay in Paris; but I was too young to fully appreciate their gravity, or to suspect that the revolutionary fires about to be kindled in Paris, would end in a conflagration that would embrace

nearly the whole of Europe. Mr. Cockerill, however, saw farther before him, and read, more correctly than I could do, the signs of the times. These signs seemed to him to be so ominous of impending calamity, that he expedited the transaction of the little business which he had in Paris, lest, as he said, another Robespierre and a new Convention should arise to institute a second reign of terror, and all the wild beasts of ultra democracy should be let loose in Paris. He, therefore, determined to leave the country, while there was yet time; much to my disappointment, for I must confess that I was foolish and ignorant enough to wish to stay in the midst of the anticipated commotion, if I might thereby witness so great and historical an event as a new French Revolution and the downfall of a monarchy.

We left Paris by slow stages, as we had entered it, and had not been re-installed in Brussels more than a few months, when the storm burst over Paris in all its fury, astonishing all Europe, and justifying alike Mr. Cockerill's alarm and his foresight. It was not long before the storm extended to Brussels, where the materials for an explosion had long been accumulating and fermenting, and where the destined leaders had been diligently, though secretly, preparing to apply the lighted match to the powder magazine of popular dis- nt. The French Revolution of July 1830

was entirely political; that of Belgium, which broke out in September, was not only political but religious, and was aggravated by questions of race and language, as well as of theology.

Holland, with which Belgium was yoked in ill-assorted union, was Protestant, and spoke Dutch; Belgium was Catholic, and for the most part spoke French and Walloon. William I., the King of the Netherlands, who was in the main a well-meaning man, was ill-advised enough to attempt to supersede the French language by the Dutch in all legal and official proceedings, and to disqualify every schoolmaster for the exercise of his profession, who was not able to teach the language of Holland as well as that of France.

Mr. Cockerill was greatly alarmed at the outbreak in Brussels, and lost no time in deciding to take refuge with his son James in Aix-la-Chapelle. His niece had packed up. I had received instructions to accompany him, and he was ready to depart, when the alarming news was received that the mob of Aix-la-Chapelle had caught the infection of rebellion against constituted authority, and had risen in insurrection. But its ill-will was not political, as in Paris, or half political, half religious as in Brussels, but wholly socialistic, and directed exclusively against the rich. Mr. James Cockerill was the richest man in Aix-la-Chapelle, lived in the grandest style, and was in all respects the most

prominent citizen. Against him, therefore, the first unreasonable fury of the mob was directed and spent itself. His splendid house was sacked, his pictures, works of art, and furniture destroyed, his cellars broken into, and his wines consumed by the thirsty and outrageous populace. In the helpless state of intoxication to which the majority reduced themselves, they speedily succumbed to the police and other legal authorities that were brought to oppose them; and order was restored without much difficulty or any loss of life. The riots had no support whatever among the middle classes, and comparatively little among the lowest; they were neither so obstinate nor so dangerous as they might have been in a more densely populated city.

Mr. Cockerill was ready to receive his father within a week, at a new and more spacious house than that which had been wrecked by the insurgents, and at the end of the week, Brussels still remaining in the hands of the revolutionists, at the head of whom were the magistracy and all the municipal authorities; old Mr. Cockerill, his niece, and myself set out by slow stages for Aix-la-Chapelle. Our first halting-place was at Louvain, where we remained a week at a comfortable hotel on the banks of the Dyle. Here I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Lady Blantyre and her children, who had taken refuge in that

town from Brussels. Lord Blantyre's house in the Rue Royale at Brussels, which overlooked the Park, was the property of Mr. Cockerill; and, as future events unfortunately proved, was situated in the very centre of the sanguinary conflicts that afterwards arose between the insurgents and the Dutch troops which the King of the Netherlands had sent against them. Lady Blantyre and her family did not stay many days in Louvain, but returned to Brussels, thinking that all danger was over. Unfortunately she miscalculated. The Dutch troops, under the command of Prince Frederick of Holland, shortly after besieged and entered the city, no longer fortified as it once had been, and succeeded in entering by the Scharbeck end of the Rue Royale, and, after some resistance, effected a lodgment in the Park, midway between the Royal Palace and the Legislative Chambers. In one of the struggles by which the insurgents and the Civic Guard of Brussels attempted to expel them, Lord Blantyre, whose house abutted on the scene of conflict, unfortunately looked out of an upper window and was wounded in the neck by a random shot, and fell back dying into the arms of his wife who stood behind him. It was never ascertained whether the fatal shot proceeded from a Dutch or Belgian belligerant, but suspected that it was fired out of pure mischief and malice by some recklessly wicked scoundrel in the Belgian ranks,

who could have had no necessity, while there were enemies in front of him in the park, to take aim at the fourth-floor window of a house not occupied by a military enemy.

While we were at Louvain, the alarm was raised that the town was to be attacked by Prince Frederick, and a call was made by the municipality on all the able-bodied inhabitants to arm themselves in its defence.

I was one of those who responded to the summons, and for the first and last time in my life shouldered a musket, and proceeded with some hundreds of others to the ramparts. The scene was highly picturesque when we assembled in the Grande Place in front of the Hotel de Ville. A bright full moon was shining in a cloudless sky, and, as a total eclipse had been predicted, a vast crowd had gathered, composed of women, children, and other non-combatants, to witness its commencement and its progress. To my young mind the spectacle was a sublime one ; and to my excited imagination appeared still more sublime when a wild-looking man, bare-headed, with long dishevelled hair, suddenly pierced through the crowd, holding aloft a drawn sword, and took up a position within a few paces of the spot where I and the other volunteers were drawn up in marching order, ready to start to the ramparts. Pointing his sword to the moon, already in the earth's shadow, he exclaimed

in a clear, sonorous voice, that all the signs and portents of the heavens were in favour of Belgium, and that the moon in dark eclipse represented Holland! The rumour prevailed in the crowd that the wielder of the sword was a priest. The rumour seemed to be confirmed when he knelt down before the assembled volunteers and invoked the blessings of Almighty God upon their efforts to repel the Protestant invader.

Their services, however, were not called into requisition. Prince Frederick made no attempt to enter Louvain, but, after showing himself at a distance of five or six miles, turned off towards Brussels, and so relieved the volunteers of Louvain of all present opportunity of distinguishing themselves by their valour.

Mr. Cockerill was highly pleased at the result for its own sake, as well as for the excuse which it afforded him of making merry at the expense of what he was pleased to consider the premature and, as he hoped, the final close of my career as a revolutionary warrior.

All was quiet when we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, and no further attempt was made by the Socialist malcontents to disturb the peace of the city. Political disaffection was scarcely, if at all, existent in any part of the Prussian dominions, and all the ill-will that manifested itself overtly or covertly in this small frontier city was that of the "have

nots" against the "haves," of the hungry against the well-fed, and who all stood in such salutary terror of the civil power as to beware of braving it a second time so very soon after the signal discomfiture that had been inflicted upon them after the sack of Mr. James Cockerill's house. After a residence of about a couple of months in Aix-la-Chapelle we were comfortably installed at the Château de Bernsberg—a country-house belonging to Mr. James, about four miles from the city.

I soon saw all that was to be seen at Aix, the city of Charlemagne, who is reported to have built the Cathedral, and to be buried in it; I drank the foul-smelling waters, the supposed remedial effects of which in gout and rheumatism, and many other diseases, first raised the town into importance, and still brought visitors to it from every part of Europe; and mingled in a very juvenile, but, as I thought, manly way, in all the amusements and gaieties of the place. Among the other attractions of this health-resort was the Casino, whither the invalids betook themselves, both by day and by night, to try their luck at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. I, though not an invalid, was tempted to follow the evil example, like a foolish moth dazzled by the flaming torch that was waved over the heads of idle people by the two demons of Chance and Cupidity. I had been present at the Casino during many evenings, without being able

to summon up courage to tempt fortune at the *roulette* table; but, at length bolder grown, I made up my mind to risk five francs on a square of four numbers. One of the four turned up, by which I became the winner of a louis d'or. I was amazed at my own good fortune, but had strength of mind to resist the temptation to play again during the evening, the more especially as I noticed that a policeman was honouring me with his particular attention, and was apprehensive that he might report my appearance at the gaming-tables to the Cockerill family. I played no more for a whole week, though I was in nightly attendance in the saloon, where I had made the acquaintance of a Mr. Scudamore, an old resident of Aix, the brother of the then eminent London physician, Sir Charles Scudamore. Mr. Scudamore was a constant attendant at the *rouge et noir* table, and fancied that he had discovered a kind of martingale, by persistence in playing which, he hoped that he would one day break the bank and make a fortune. *Roulette* had fewer attractions for him, though he sometimes risked a five-franc piece on a single number, and still oftener on a nest of numbers, and was occasionally, though but rarely, a winner. One night, at his request, when he was more than usually impecunious, I lent him five francs. He placed the coin upon a single number, and won thirty-six times the amount of his stake, or 180 francs.

"Your money has brought good fortune," he said, as he paid me back my five francs; "why don't you try your own luck?"

I did so, and won a small stake. Emboldened, I tried again, staking a napoleon. Once more I won. Again I tried, with a like fortunate result. "You 're in the vein," said Mr. Scudamore, handing me ten francs, "play for me." I placed the ten francs on the cross of four numbers, one of which turning up, Mr. Scudamore became the winner of ninety francs. By this time the glamour and fascination of the play were in full possession of me. I became adventurous and even reckless, and won so much and so often, that the eyes of the whole company were directed upon me, and neighbours to the right and left, and in front of me, ladies as well as gentlemen, pressed their coins upon me, and solicited me to play for them. Nearly every time I risked anything, I was successful, both for myself and for those on whose behalf I put down a stake, until at last my eyes were dazzled, and my brain began to reel with the excitement of the game, and the gratified greed of seeing such piles of money before me, all my own, to have, to hold, and to enjoy. I felt myself to be a Rothschild, a Crœsus, or a Midas before his ears began to sprout as a punishment for his unwise love of gold.

Had I discontinued play when these sensations

possessed me, I should have been the possessor of at least a couple of thousand francs, all fairly won in less than an hour—a larger sum, twenty times told, than I had ever before been able to call my own. But I did not know how to let well alone, or reflect that fortune was proverbially inconstant. I continued to solicit her favours, not only once, but many times, with varying results, sometimes making slight gains, sometimes heavy losses. The ultimate result was that before midnight all my piled-up gold and silver had been swept back into the yawning gulf into which the croupier consigned it.

All the night long I tossed about in my bed, unable to close an eye, engaged in the useless task of heaping maledictions upon my own head for the folly of which I had been guilty;—not in playing, but in not retaining my winnings.

The gens-d'armes on duty in the saloon had been observers of all the proceedings of the night, and had duly informed Mr. James Cockerill of the play, the winnings, and the subsequent losses, of the young man who, they had been informed, was in his employ and that of his father. Immediately breakfast was over, he requested me to step into his private room. He was most kind and fatherly. He did not blame me, he said, for trying my fortune at *roulette*, he himself had often done so, though not at so early an age as mine; but he

warned me of the danger of allowing a love of play to take possession of me, or of permitting it to grow upon me unchecked. No good, he said, ever came of it; and he quoted the lines of Burns in reference to another folly, or crime, into which young men, in the hot blood of their youth and inexperience, were often betrayed:—

> I waive the greatness of the sin,
> The hazard of concealing,
> But oh! it hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling.

The affectionate exhortation sank so deep into my mind, and the paternal kindness so unexpectedly displayed by a gay man of the world, a man of pleasure, as he notoriously was, so took my heart by storm, that, with tearful eyes, I made a vow to him that I would never again risk a frank at *roulette*, or any other game of chance. That vow I have religiously kept, and have never, from that early day to this, been tempted to break it.

While at Aix-la-Chapelle, and still taking an interest in the progress of the revolution at Brussels, I wrote some verses on the inauguration of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg as the first King of the Belgians, and sent it to my father. I was favourable to the revolution; he was opposed to it, for political as well as for personal reasons, having a great regard for the Prince of Orange, with whom he was personally acquainted. He sent

me the following letter in reply, which I quote, to show that, in my love of literature, I did not run counter to his feelings or prejudices in addicting myself to its pursuit, or by indulging myself in the idle habit of rhyming.

83 Montague de la Cour,
15th September 1831.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

I received your letter containing the stanzas upon the *inoculation* of Leopold. Without flattery, allow me to assure you that they are much admired, even by better connoisseurs than myself. A copy of them (elegantly ornamented with flags and other devices) is in the hands of Mr. Taylor, who has promised to place it under the royal eye! You may well suppose that I care but little as to the fulfilment of such a promise. We are all down in the mouth here, not even excepting Royalty itself, *et bouder semble être l'ordre du jour. Hélas! la pauvre blouse!* How art thou fallen!! The *ci-devant* civic guard, hitherto the terror of the Nassaus, are now termed by the *refined* part of the population, "*la garde chie-vite*, or *la garde sauve qui peut!*" You have heard, perhaps, of the large *haystack* of moustachios left by these Trojans at Louvain, etc.? The Government, it appears, intends purchasing the lot to stuff mattrasses for the various hospitals.

His Majesty goes regularly to Laeken to dine, sup, and (perhaps) to sleep. He does not appear to enjoy as great a share of spirits as myself.

Write soon, and believe me to be,

Yours affectionately,
GEO. MACKAY.

I remained in Aix-la-Chapelle and the Château de Bernsberg for nearly a year and a half, occu-

pying my abundant leisure with literature, especially with poetry and the study of German, until the rapidly-declining health of Mr. Cockerill, accompanied by the total cessation of all the interest he was once accustomed to take in private and public affairs, rendered my situation in his household a complete sinecure. This state of affairs did not reconcile itself to my sense of independence or of personal dignity, and, seeing no prospect of any change for the better in the condition of Mr. Cockerill, I took a holiday in Brussels towards the end of the year 1831, that I might take counsel with my father. His opinion was strong that I should cultivate the Cockerill connection, and, on the death of the elder gentleman—of which there was unfortunately a speedy prospect, as his health continued rapidly failing—that I should endeavour to procure mercantile employment in the great engineering establishment at Seraing. My own opinion was equally strong, if not stronger, that I should return to London, to carve out for myself, if possible, a literary career, to which all my tastes and sympathies so irresistibly impelled me.

I endeavoured to strengthen the arguments which I used, by the fact within my personal knowledge, that Mr. John Cockerill, the head of the establishment of Seraing, was in depressed spirits with regard to the future prospects of that

important concern; that the disturbed state of the whole continent had acted very prejudicially to his interests; that he was reducing the strength of his commercial staff, and that, not being a skilled mechanic, it was only on that staff I could expect employment; that, moreover, the King of Holland, a sleeping partner in the concern, had withdrawn, or had given notice of the withdrawal of, his capital as a shareholder; and that, all these things considered, London and not Seraing would afford the most favourable field for my industry and my ambition, and for the exercise of such abilities as I might possess. My father became, very reluctantly and slowly, a convert to my opinions, and finally agreed, with many misgivings, as to the wisdom of my determination, and resolved to accompany me to London in the spring of 1832.

In the meantime I returned to Aix-la-Chapelle, and, failing anything to do in the interest of Mr. William Cockerill, made myself useful to Mr. James by acting as tutor to his young family of boys and girls, grounding them as well as I could in the English language, in arithmetic, and the rudiments of mathematics. Though my time passed pleasantly enough—what with the slight duties I had to perform, and the heavier duties I imposed upon myself in the gratification of my literary tastes, both in prose and verse, and in the amusements and

distractions of which Aix-la-Chapelle was not by any means deficient—the winter of 1831–32 appeared preternaturally long. I was impatient to be a man, though only eighteen. In my foolish fancy I qualified myself for the coveted advancement by losing my heart, or thinking that I lost it, to more than one fair damsel in the town, to whom I indited—as is the custom, and doubtless always will be, among precocious and fanciful youths — love-sonnets, indulging the while in imaginary transports, and equally imaginary woes and despairs. "But thereof came in the end"—nothing! and I escaped from Aix-la-Chapelle with a few bruises on my affections, but happily without a serious wound, and reached Brussels at the close of the year 1831.

Return to London.

It was early in May, 1832, that my father and I took our places in the diligence from Brussels to Ostend, to embark for Dover. Our arrival in England did not impress either of us very favourably with our countrymen, at least with those of Dover, or with the excellence of the arrangements of the authorities of that town for the

comfort and convenience of travellers from the Continent. Owing to the state of the tide, the steamer was unable to discharge her passengers at the wharf which did duty for the pier that has since been erected, and boats put off from the shore, into which all the passengers entered as a matter of course. We expected that the charge for the service would not be more than one shilling per head; but, when half-way between the vessel and the land, the rowers ceased to row, and a demand was made of five shillings each for about a dozen yards of transit. Most of the passengers remonstrated loudly, and some violently, while two or three of the most irascible went so far as to threaten to throw the extortionate boatmen into the sea, and take possession of the boat. Ultimately, however, after much useless expenditure of breath and indignation, we all had to pay; not, however, without vehemently threatening the boatmen with the police and the magistracy, at which the hardened and impudent scoundrels but laughed, knowing, as they did full well, that no redress was obtainable, without the delay of probably several days in Dover, and considerable expense, as well as trouble and annoyance.

Nor was this the whole amount of the extortion to which we were subjected. The boatmen, instead of causing the boats to be pulled to the shore, so that passengers could step to land from the bows,

came to a stoppage about two yards from *terra firma*, to give their confederates on shore the opportunity of placing planks, so that the passengers could land dry-shod. For these planks a charge of one and sixpence was made on each passenger, supplemented by another charge of one shilling for every article of luggage and baggage, great or small, that was seized by these harpies. No redress was possible, except at a cost that was not worth incurring, and the vengeance vowed by the indignant travellers was utterly wasted.

Among the earliest acquaintances which I made in London, through the medium of Messrs. Stewart and Barron, of 26, Parliament Street—who had acted for my father for many years, during his residence in Brussels, as his agents for the receipt and the transmission of his military half-pay—was that of Mr. William Brewer Roberts, connected with the then well-known publishing firm of Fisher, Son and Jackson, of Newgate Street, the proprietors of *Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book*. This favourite annual was edited by the popular poetess, Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, better known as L. E. L. Mr. Roberts had a large connection among water-colour artists, and acted as an intermediary between them and the booksellers for the sale of their copyrights, for engraving in the annuals and other illustrated periodicals.

Among other artists with whom he had social or commercial relations were Mr. George Cattermole, Mr. Samuel Prout, Mr. De Windt, Mr. Coxe, Mr. J. D. Harding, Mr. Charles Bentley, and Mr. E. H. Bailey, the sculptor. By this gentleman I was introduced to Mr. Benjamin Lumley, a young solicitor, residing in Quality Court, Chancery Lane, acting at that time as legal adviser to Monsieur Laporte, the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Lumley, a few years afterwards, on the bankruptcy of M. Laporte, became the successor of that gentleman, and carried on, with great personal credit and more or less pecuniary success, the affairs of that establishment. I read Italian with Mr. Lumley, and grounded him in the grammar of that language, which I had studied both at Brussels and Aix-la-Chapelle, and in which I had become so proficient as to be able to converse with facility.

I also made the acquaintance, about the same time, of a young man named Henry Russell, a friend of Mr. Lumley, and, like him, of Hebrew parentage, though not of faith. Mr. Russell had been known in his boyhood for his musical accomplishments, and especially for his brilliant playing on the pianoforte. He had also made a successful *début* as a vocalist at one of the transpontine theatres, and was considered by his family and friends as a musical prodigy. He was my senior

by three or four years, and had made himself a growing reputation in the musical profession by the composition and publication of some songs and ballads, of which he had found the poetry in the works of Lord Byron, and older authors. He aspired to write an oratorio, or an English opera, if he could but procure a libretto. He learned by some means or other that I had written a few ballads, and applied to me, in the hope that the much-needed libretto might be forthcoming from my pen. In this hope he was disappointed; but I fell in with his desires so far that I showed him some of the songs I had written, which he took away with him.

Two days afterwards, he asked me to accompany him to Walker's music warehouse, in Soho Square, where he played over and sang to me two of my songs to which he had composed the melodies. After I had expressed my pleasure at hearing them, he asked my permission to publish them. This I gave him, nothing loth, but highly flattered, and never thought of asking for payment. One of them, a very inferior composition, entitled, "Some love to roam o'er the dark sea-foam," happened to tickle the taste of the town, and became extremely popular. It was to be heard for many months on all the barrel-organs, that then, as now, infested the streets of the metropolis. The other—which, as a poem, was infinitely

superior, in my estimation—attracted no notice, and, in fact, fell still-born. The publisher ultimately cleared about two hundred pounds by "Some love to roam." Mr. Russell, I believe, received a guinea for the music, and I received nothing but a barren "Thank you" from the composer, though not even as much as that from the publisher—unless a couple of copies of the song might have been considered an equivalent for the thanks which he did not render. I allowed Mr. Russell to compose music to, and the publisher to publish, two or three other songs, on the same unremunerative terms; but none of them achieved the popularity of the first, though, in my opinion, and in that of everybody among my friends who had either taste or judgment, they were all infinitely more worthy of it.

Mr. Russell also composed the music to a set of six sacred melodies that I wrote, which were published at the expense of my friend, Mr. Roberts, by the bookselling firm of Fisher, Son & Co. The speculation was not successful, excepting so far as it made me favourably known to a publishing house with which in after years I became profitably connected. Mr. Russell, however, found the partnership of his music with my verse to answer his purpose, inasmuch as he was not only a composer but a vocalist by profession, and was extremely popular as a singer.

After two or three years I lost sight of Mr. Russell, who had left England, with a newly-married wife, for a professional tour in the United States. He was one of the first, if not the very first, who ventured on that new and almost unknown field of English dramatic enterprise, which has since been so largely cultivated, not only by English, Scotch, and Irish, but by other European vocalists. The voyage at that time was made in sailing ships, and was long, tedious, and expensive; and the Transatlantic press was only partially developed, and was unable to afford the foreign adventurers who tried their fortune in America the immense publicity which is at their command in the present day, so that the difficulties to be encountered were more numerous and the chances of success were fewer than they have subsequently become. On Mr. Russell's return to England, with cash in his pockets, he renewed his connection with me, as I shall have occasion to record hereafter.