XVI.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONS IN 1851.

In Paris it has not been a matter of very rare occurrence to see certain stray bubbles of discontent suddenly unite; and, rising, descend with the fury of a cataract, overwhelming all before it. In history the event is a great fact for future ages: in Paris, a few short weeks pass by, and the harmless resident who does not particularly trouble himself with politics, might almost believe the past to be a fiction. Apprehension has apparently been removed with the barricades, and confidence replaced with the paving stones. As for changes of ministry, stormy debates, and stray émeutes, such accidents will happen after the best regulated revolution, and are of no earthly consequence to thousands. The new rule is in the main quietly taken for granted; and Paris dines, dresses, lounges, and amuses itself just as usual. At the Opera not a cadence is wanting in correctness; not a cravat is seen to deviate from its propriety. At the balls there are no dancers out of time; at the cafés there are no drinkers out of temper. The case of the client who did not know how ill-used he had been until he heard his cause pleaded by his
counsel, has its analogy in that of many a good-humoured bourgeois, who is now and then surprised to learn from the newspapers what a very glorious fellow he ought to consider himself.

To a foreigner, who has even less chance than the good-natured bourgeois of feeling the effects of the various benefits achieved by revolutionised France, it is amusing enough to note, in the year of grace 1851, the numberless minor changes, all little revolutions in themselves, that France (that is to say, Paris) has seen since '48: changes significant and insignificant; changes in persons and things: changes in thoughts, habits, and formalities; changes that one runs against at street-corners, and encounters wherever the miscellaneous mass of the population meet on common ground. As for the salons of what is called "society," their observances are always essentially conservative, and are useless as studies.

To begin with the streets. Who can walk about Paris for a couple of hours, unless he be a man of business, a lover, or an idiot, or all three together, which sometimes happens, without observing a thousand little revolutions, of a social and perhaps unimportant character, but which seem to concern him more than all the great political changes by which they have been caused? The very "dead walls" are alive with great facts. Once upon a time the philosopher who preferred wasting his time to wetting his boots, might, while standing under some sheltering archway, be greeted with no higher subject for reflection than was contained in the announcement that he was requested not to stick bills on the wall opposite. The chances would be that his tendencies did not lead him to stick bills, and that he suffered no more inconvenience by the restriction.
than the occupants of very small apartments in which it is impossible to swing cats.

For the bill-sticker, however, the walls of Paris are by no means a desert; some he is allowed to vivify with his wondrous announcements. Enormous offers of luxurious journeys ("voyages de luxe") to and from the London Exhibition for an inconsiderable number of francs, are repeated wherever a few feet of surface can be safely pasted over. Speculators even endeavour to lure adventurous Parisians by means of flaming invitations, red upon yellow, with gratis chance in lotteries, whose prizes are "Voyages de Luxe à Londres," &c. Advertisers, like air, abhor a vacuum. Unoccupied surfaces not protected by law, whether they be the roofs of omnibusses, or those of railway carriages, the floors of public halls, or the bodies of unemployed workmen, are converted into agencies for informing the world at large respecting every possible article that can be bought for money. In Paris, the declining drama seeks resuscitation not only by proclaiming itself upon every post and on every wall; but, in turn, seeks to profit by letting out the most conspicuous surfaces at command, for the purposes of publicity. This is a decided revolution in the drama. The act-drops of more than one of the minor Parisian theatres yield a handsome revenue by being converted into expansive advertising media. The well-worn Grecian temple and bank opposite, separated by a river and flanked by a wood, no longer descends to beguile audiences between the acts. The "drop" now tells them where to go to have their teeth drawn, their boots made, their corns cut, their coats fitted, or their collars sent home at so much per dozen, prices fixed. Neither is the picturesque wholly sacri-
ficed for this sort of useful information. The scene is a wharf; time, the busiest part of the day. A flashy barge, gaudy as Cleopatra's argosy, and clumsy as a lighter, is lashed alongside, laden with barrels flamboyantly heralding the virtues of Mr. Nègre's inimitable blacking. There is a crowd in the foreground; a lady carries an elegant parasol, marked in big letters with the name and address of the maker; while a huge umbrella is held up by a neighbouring figure, to vaunt the achievements of a rival manufacturer. That Nature should not be wholly outraged by appearing to send sun and shower at the same moment, a rainbow intersects the upper part of the curtain, to inspire the female part of the audience with a knowledge of the number and street of an extensive ribbon-shop. Two of the canvas dramatis personæ are in the act of shipping a huge iron safe, in order that Mr. Serrieur (not having the fear of Mr. Hobbs from the United States before his eyes) might offer a reward of ten thousand francs to any gentlemen who shall succeed in picking his patent lock. A triumphal car is being navigated through the crowd by a man in a Greek costume. His cap is covered with an entreaty that you will "buy your Casques at Mr. Tuillier's, in the Rue Montmartre." The car is laden, you are told by the inscriptions on the panels, with innumerable bottles of the Elixir of the Grande Chartreuse; which is an infallible cure for everything. Bales full of Vichy lozenges, directed to every quarter of the globe, so choke up the way that a truck of Mr. Dentois' tooth-powder is obliged to stop in order that the spectators may have time to "copy the address." Fully to describe the pictorial department of this expansive puff would require a volume; and I can only add, that its
border consists of medallions let out to various manufacturers and shopkeepers, to make themselves and their wares notorious, at so much per month.

Some professional gentlemen, dentists, and others, stencil their huge advertisements against the sides of public thoroughfares. This system of advertising is more permanent than paper, paste, and print. Speaking of permanency, I discovered lately, that the universal inscriptions of Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité, are, nowhere, I believe, in all Paris, to be found sculptured in the stone they are usually displayed upon; that they are merely painted up, as they paint up inscriptions in a pantomime, to be changed by the harlequin: nor can there be any doubt that the whitewash of legitimacy might remove them altogether to-morrow.

Now-a-days, the philosopher has always a text for any amount of reflection in the external “Liberté, Égalité, and Fraternité,” that, go where he will, it is impossible to avoid. Of the so-called dead walls of the theatres, of the churches, of the newspaper offices, of every possible public building, do these mighty watchwords form a part. There is only one public building in Paris on which these words are not to be found; and that building is an important one, the Élysée. But if their absence from the Élysée has some significance, their presence “in another place” has still more. Imagine a father going to seek his missing child in that gloomy dwelling of the dead, where he most fears to find her; imagine him entering the Morgue with these words staring him in the face, “Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!” We read the inscription elsewhere as a piece of political pedantry; it is here alone that it becomes a solemn and mysterious truth.

The word “Royal,” again, in republican Paris, is
continually turning up uninvited and in unexpected places. At the corners of streets, on public buildings, or wherever it happens to have been employed as part of a name or inscription, it is in vain that the sturdy word "National" has been painted over it, the colours are all traitorously transparent, and the "Royal" still shines through, as if conservatism and tradition were really rooted in the land. Tell a cabman to drive you to the Palais Royal or the Pont Royal, and in nine cases out of ten he will drive you to the proper place without remark. Now and then, a fellow will good-naturedly correct you, especially if you be a foreigner; and I have heard such a thing as a growl under similar circumstances; but I doubt the probability of Cocher refusing his fare, if you proclaimed yourself anything short of the devil or Henri Cinq.

Politicians would doubtless draw some very wise deductions from these signs; but, alas, for the wisdom that pretends to prophecy anything concerning a nation like the French! Who shall say that the tattered tri-colours which float from every public building in memory of '48 will endure until the next revolution? Who shall say that the young trees on the Boulevards will ever grow middle-aged before stern necessity again devotes them to barricades?

Yet if we ask—

"Who fears to speak of Forty-eight?
Who blushes at the name?"

we may be answered on all sides by persecuted journalists and public speakers, that thousands do fear to speak, not exactly of '48, but certainly of the spirit, the great principle, which directed and consummated its great event. Ask the representatives of the "Corsaire,"
of the "Charivari," of the "Patrie," of the "Presse," and even of the moderates, such as the "Constitutionnel," and the "Debats," how many francs, in fines, they have paid, and how many months of imprisonment they have endured since '48; and for the expression of opinions that in monarchical England are held blameless and unimpeachable. Truly, these facts are French Revolutions of some significance.

I have already alluded to the use of titles in France. Legally, of course, these luxuries went out with Royalty, Louis Philippe, and a few other little things; but they have gradually been springing up again, as wild weeds will in a soil to which they have been accustomed; and they may now be seen blossoming upon the tree of liberty in all directions—like the mistletoe upon the oak—but it is to be hoped, not with the same fatal fraternity.

In society, Monsieur le Comte and Monsieur le Marquis are everywhere recognised by their titles, which are blazoned on their cards, and bawled out by their servants in a most imposing style; but officially, they sink into plain citizens, and even the distinctive "De," as a prefix to the name, is not considered purely republican.

During a country walk, the other day, I asked a peasant, who was talking of a neighbouring nobleman belonging to what we should call in England, one of the "county families," why he continued to speak of the great man by his title? The reply I received contains the philosophy of the whole matter—"It is a habit," said the peasant, with a shrug of the shoulders. Truly Conservatism, as a name, may rest on a less secure foundation than this. "Une habitude" is certainly a most difficult thing to repeal. It is this habitude that
still preserves the word Royal long after the thing Royal has ceased to exist. It will be a long time before we cease to hear of the Palais Royal; before the Rue 24 Février shall have completely supplanted the Rue Valois; and before the Place Louis Quinze shall have entirely succumbed to the Place de la Concorde.

Among the minor changes, which may be ranked as little revolutions arising out of the great one, a certain change in the manners of the people is not unworthy of notice. I do not speak of the "I'm-as-good-as-you" air that may be observed among the fiercer class of democrats of all countries and conditions. The general manner of persons of the lower condition in Paris is certainly not insulting—seldom, in fact, demonstrative of anything, except indifference; but it is apt to be cold and slighting, short and sharp, to those whom they believe to be above them—to foreigners in particular. If you ask a question of an oubrier, in the street, you receive, in all probability, a civil answer; but you will miss a certain deference that those of a better rank are accustomed to receive in most countries—even in England; where the shopkeepers, at any rate, attend to their customers with a degree of respect and alacrity that seems to be almost unknown in Paris. This sort of independence—which is not without its justification, and even its advantages—has been fostered and encouraged to a great extent by the numerous Trades Associations with which Paris at present abounds. These associations are combinations of workmen to manufacture and trade at their own risk, without the assistance of the capitalist or middle-man. Into the merits or demerits of the system it is unnecessary here to enter; but it is only just to point out one fact in connection with these associations, which people do not or will not understand,
even in Paris. Their object is simply a social and economical one, and has no more relation to politics than a Joint Stock Company, or a Club, in England. Yet there are very many wise people in both countries who shrug their shoulders when the principle of association is mentioned, and feel bound to fly off at once into a tirade against Fourrier, St. Simon—human perfectability—and dangerous and destructive tenets generally.

A great source of annoyance to the populace in Paris appears to be the small degree of respect paid to their characteristic and universal garment—the blouse—at any rate, whenever the government has anything to do with it. Into the public picture galleries, and national exhibitions generally, every kind of costume is admitted—except the unfortunate blouse. A man may make his appearance in as greasy and threadbare and disreputable a condition as he pleases—so that he does not wear a blouse—clean and convenient though it be. It is almost impossible to enter a public exhibition without seeing somebody turned back for attempting to infringe this regulation. An operative the other day gave the public a little "bit of his mind," through the medium of "Emily Girardin's" vigorous newspaper, the "Presse." He had been violently expelled, at the point of the bayonet, from the gardens of the Tuileries, for appearing there without a cravat! In his complaint to the "Presse," he declared it to be "very droll" that from a garden which had been taken by the people in '48, one of the people should be now expelled for appearing in the popular costume! This objection to the blouse,—which is certainly inconsistent with a system of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—is simply a police regulation, and not an effect of public opinion. Blouses, for instance, are to be met with in cafés of considerable
pretensions, and I have never seen them treated with any disrespect. Indeed the most ragged-looking citizens may be seen sitting at their ease on the Boulevards, on any sunshiny afternoon, taking their absinthe, unabashed by the neighbourhood of the most stupendous dandies that Paris can turn out.

Apropos of costume, the directors of one of the numerous Vauxhalls and Cremornes in the neighbourhood of Paris, has established a somewhat whimsical regulation. He expects—so he declares in the bills—everybody to appear in decent and appropriate attire: "but an exception to this arrangement is made in the case of fathers of families."

What a happy privilege for age and paternity, to be allowed to wear a costume at once inappropriate, and the reverse of decent!

There is another important revolution. A great deal has been said and written of late concerning the immorality and impolicy of retaining the hangman as a minister of justice. In France, though the guillotine still enjoys its reign, some of its worst evils are avoided under the present system. As far as the culprit is concerned, he is effectually provided for as of yore. He is put to the worst use to which, as Wilkes said, it was possible to put a man; but the infamy to society—the brutalising effect of the spectacle on the rabble—is to some extent avoided. The executions are conducted in as private a manner as is permitted by law: that is to say, the day appointed for the proceeding is kept strictly secret, and is very difficult to be ascertained. One morning it is announced in the papers that all is over; and so the matter ends. As a general rule, the spectators are but few, consisting principally of chance loiterers and loungers. Large crowds of persons who have gained
intelligence of the event may nearly always be seen hastening towards the spot; but, so silent have been the whole arrangements, and so early the hour for carrying them into effect, that these amiable enthusiasts generally arrive too late.

It was only a month or two after the above remarks were put to paper that I woke one morning and found myself a prophet. It was the 2nd of December, and all the little revolutions I had noted were thrown in the shade by the great Coup d'Etat. There was a demonstration, in the form of a massacre, made on the Boulevards which, as I was present on the occasion, might have prevented me from making this concluding note; but Providence willed that I should be spared to see the Empire, and accept it as a fact.
XVII.

MUNCHAUSEN MODERNIZED.

One Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, wrote "A Description of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland," published at Paris in 1558. He is evidently a faithful describer of what he sees; and, as to his comments, is not more hard upon our country than many of his compatriots living in the present day, with the difference that in those times there was every excuse for stern indignation.

One of his chief reproaches against England had, at that time, terrible truth on its side. "In Englan," he says, "there is so cruel a justice that for nothing they have a man killed; for where in France they would condemn a man to be whipped, here, without fail, they would condemn him to die." Elsewhere he remarks, "In this country you will not meet with any great nobles whose relations have not had their heads cut off. Certes, I should like better (with the reader's leave) to be a swineherd, and preserve my head. . . . . . . . . In France justice is well administered, and not tyranny, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country; for a kingdom ought to be governed, not in shedding human blood in such abundance that the blood flows in streams, by which means the good are troubled."
During the earlier period of his residence in London, Perlin saw the execution of the Duke of Northumberland, the father of Lady Jane Grey. The English in which he records the dying prayer of that nobleman, reminds us of similar exhibitions on the part of distinguished French men of letters in the present day. The duke is reported to have said, "Lorde God mi fare prie forte ovs poores siners nond vande in the hoore of our theath," of which mystic sentence Perlin has fortunately given us a French translation, "Seigneur Dieu, mon père, prie pour nous hommes et pauvres pécheurs, et principalment à l'heure de nostre mort."

Perlin did not fall in love with the character of the people. Even at that early date, Albion, it seems, was perfide. The character of the natives he sums up by saying that "neither in war are they brave, nor in peace are they faithful." He alludes particularly to the antipathy of the English of that day to foreigners. "The people of this nation mortally hate the French as their old enemies, and call us France Chenesve, France Dogue, &c. Chenesve, be it understood, was the French orthography of knave.

But our country had charms for him in some aspects. He liked our hospitality. "The people of this place," he says, "make great cheer, and like much to banquet, and you will see many rich taverns and tavern-keepers who have customarily large purses, in which are three or four small purses full of money; consequently we may consider that this country is very full of money, and that the tradespeople gain more in a week than those of Germany and Spain in a month. For you will see hatters, and joiners, and artisans generally, playing their crowns at tennis, which is not ordinarily seen in any other place, and particularly on a working day."
And in a tavern they make good cheer oftener than once a day, with rabbits and hares, and every sort of food."

Perlin gives us a glimpse of "Merrie" England: "The English one with another are joyous, and are very fond of music; for there is not ever so small a church where music is not sung. And they are great drinkers; for if an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, vis dring a quarta rim oin gasquim oin oin hespaignol, oin malvoysi, which means, veuls tu venir boire une quarte de vin du Gascoigne, un autre d'Espagne, et une autre de Malvoise. In drinking and in eating they will say to you more than a hundred times drind iou; and you will reply to them in their language iploigiu. If you thank them, you will say to them in their language, God tanque artelay. Being drunk, they will swear to you by blood and death, that you shall drink all that you hold in your cup, and will say to you thus, bigod sol drind iou agond oin. Now remember (if you please) that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, goud chere.

. . . . . . . The country is well covered and shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and several other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you think you are in a perpetual wood, but you will discover many flights of steps, which are called in English amphores [stiles,] and by which persons on foot go along little paths and enter the grounds. . . . . . The people are all armed, and the labourers, when they till the ground, leave their swords and their bows in a corner of the field."

Compare this not altogether unfair or very prejudiced view of the English, with the letters written by some of the most conspicuous of the Paris journalists, during the
fraternization of "All Nations," in 1851.* Since the
dark days of Master Perlin, we have enjoyed years of
peace and friendly intercourse, but it is clear that this
class of the French do not yet understand us, and what
is worse, show no signs of wishing to do so.

Of the letters alluded to, those of M. Edmond Texier,
a not undistinguished writer in the Siècle, are among
the most remarkable for wildness of invention and
misapprehension of everything he sees and hears.
Angels' visits are frequent, and in rapid succession,
compared with his deviations into fact. Though the
most random of writers, he is scarcely ever, even acci-
dentally, in the right. And so illogical is he, withal—
so self-contradictory are his very mistakes—that it is
difficult to assign to him any other claim to literary
distinction, than a happy and unfailing felicity in
hitting the wrong nail in the very centre of the head.

The first English phenomenon which did not find
favour in M. Texier's eyes was, of course, the climate.
Of the sun he saw very little; and when he did see it—
in the height of summer—it was like "a red wafer fixed
upon a sheet of grey paper." It is unnecessary to
follow him through the fog, rain, and foul weather of
every description, which he describes, but could not
have seen during his visit to London. The heavy
atmosphere has its influence upon the people. Looking
on the crowds passing in the streets, he is "struck with
the sadness imprinted on their countenances. The con-
tinental Englishman, the Englishman one sees in Paris,
is not the same person as the Englishman in England,
and especially in London. Englishmen have a mask

* As far as ill nature is concerned, they have been eclipsed by those
of 1862; but the descriptions in the latter are scarcely so ingenious.
which they leave at Dover when they embark, and
which they put on again when they return home. Look
at them in France, they are careless, joyous, and some-
times amiable; they talk, they laugh, they sing even,
at table, without much solicitation; and I have seen
them bold enough to conquer a contre-danse, or figure in
a quadrille. In London they are grave as lawyers, and
sadder than mutes. Not only do they stop their danc-
ing and singing, but they are most careful not to laugh,
for fear of losing their consideration or credit. At the
theatre, or at a soirée, if a woman allows herself to
laugh, it is because a woman is a woman everywhere,
and must occasionally show the pearls of her mouth.
As to the men, the ennui which consumes them is so
profound, that it has imprinted its stigma upon their
countenances. Their expression is always drooping, and
morning or night we meet them with the same air of
depression which explains the strange malady of the
spleen. . . . . . . Nothing is more lugubrious than the
physiognomy of London, on a day of fog, of rain, or of
cold. It is then that the spleen seizes you. On such
days the immense city has a fearful aspect. One be-
lieves oneself walking in a necropolis, one breathes
sepulchral air. Those long files of uniform houses, with
little windows like guillotines, of a sober colour, en-
closed by black railings, seem two ranges of tombs,
between which phantoms are walking."

The sadness of the people is, perhaps, partly induced
by the habit of wearing black coats, which M. Texier
says is universal in England. "The gentlemen and
trading classes both wear black coats; the coat, when
it is shabby, becomes, for the consideration of a few
shillings, the property of the working-man, who wears
it on Sundays; when this second-hand (seconde main)
fragment is completely worn out, the possessor sells it again to a beggar. The last, having worn the garment to rags, sells it in his turn to a broker, who sends it immediately to Ireland, where it is sold for a few pence to the poor. It is not until after this last process that the black coat, made in a Piccadilly or Strand establishment, absolutely ceases to exist."

But the Englishmen whom M. Texier sees in London are not only melancholy wretches and wearers of black coats: they are even worse. "The dandies yawn on their thoroughbreds, the ladies yawn in their carriages. Not one among these representatives of the richest aristocracy of the globe, seems to suspect that a famished population is crawling at their feet. Absorbed each in his own ennui, they have no time to occupy themselves with the misery of others. On these ill-omened days—and they are numerous—the Englishman, under the influence of his climate, is brutal to all who approach him. He insults and is insulted without giving or receiving excuses. A poor man falls down from inanition in the middle of the street; the passer-by strides over him, and proceeds on his business; his task finished, he enters his club, where he dines copiously, where he intoxicates himself, and where he forgets, in the sleep of drunkenness, the overbearing ennui of the day. In London, happiness consists not in the sensation of living, but in the forgetfulness of existence. Hence these pitchers of beer, these bottles of ale, this gin, this porter, and these monstrous grogs (ces grogs monstrueux!) absorbed by a single man in one evening."

However, the indulgence in "these monstrous grogs," and also, it may be presumed, in such things as astounding ales, alarming gins, and unnatural porters, is caused and excused, M. Texier tells us, by his old enemy the
climate; and he hopes that, in speaking thus, he will not be accused of entertaining any national prejudice or resentment: "I am not, thank God, one of those who cannot speak of Shakspeare without thinking of the battle of Waterloo; I relate what I have seen and see everyday, and do not at all ask that France should take her revenge for Trafalgar."

The next infamous institution in England, after the appalling climate and the monstrous grogs, is the Church Establishment. "The Anglican religion seems to have been invented expressly for the English aristocracy. Among its professors the fate of the Jew, the Irishman, and the beggar, inspires no pity. The Romans were not more insensible to the tortures of the gladiators in the circus. The priest will pronounce from his pulpit an emphatic discourse on charity; but for the thousands of unfortunates who die everyday in the horrors of misery and abandonment, he has not one tear, not an emotion of the heart. The Anglican minister is essentially the priest of the rich and the lettered. He is a rhetorician of sufficient attainments, who occupies himself in polishing his phrases, and rounding his periods, and cares for little beyond. His duty is to deliver in the temple a discourse, prepared with a certain amount of talent, on a fixed day and hour. After that he returns home, dines in the midst of his family, and discovers that everything happens for the best in a country where the taxes upon the poor amount to more than a hundred million.

In contrast with the luxury and extravagance of the church, M. Texier gives full license to his fancy in describing the condition of those miserable people who earn enough money to pay a hundred millions a year to the state. But I am tired of foreigners' descriptions.
of what may not be seen in Field Lane and Seven Dials; where the starving population, it seems, are driven by tyranny to get their living—not only as beggars and robbers, but assassins. One amiable unfortunate told M. Texier that he was a native of "poor and catholic Ireland;" upon which we are treated to the important fact, that if M. Texier were to live for a thousand years (a consummation which would evidently be of great advantage to French literature), he would never forget the impression produced by those words.

As to the upper classes in general—a bloated and rapacious aristocracy—"not less blasé than the Roman society under the Cæsars," they think of nothing but enjoying themselves. "It is necessary for the English in order to feel a certain emotion, to behold persons in peril. Tigers, hyænas, and lions, at one time were the rage, but when it was perceived that Carter and Van Amburgh did not run any danger, they were forsaken. The young girl who was devoured three years ago, in the presence of the public at Astley's, by a tiger, had an immense success. For fifteen days nothing else was talked about in society and the clubs. Everybody envied those who had been so favoured as to assist at this extraordinary representation. To hear the bones of a poor girl crunched between the teeth of a wild beast—what a fine opportunity to be envied! I am certain that the time is not very distant when the spectacle of a combat between men and animals will be necessary for this enervated aristocracy. I hear even now, of a society of capitalists being formed for the purpose of building a vast circus at which men will contend against bears."

Let us follow M. Texier through a more favourable phase of aristocratic life. He goes to the opera, and
states, with some magnanimity, that the interiors, neither of the Italiens or the Grand Opéra at Paris, can give an idea of that of Her Majesty’s Theatre. “The English aristocracy is represented on six ranges of boxes. Diamonds and all the precious stones of the Indies sparkle on the necks, in the hair, and on the fingers of these noble ladies. These beautiful swans of Great Britain display, with a complaisance altogether peculiar to London, their superb forms; and the lace, of a brownish tone, serves to heighten still more the splendour of their white shoulders, which procée vapo-
rously from a cloud of points d’Angleterre. O daughters of Albion! the most illustrious of your modern poets—Lord Byron—has calumniated you! The English ladies, in ball dress (and they are nearly always in ball dress), are the women whose beauty we can most surely appreciate at the first view. In spite of the rules laid down by cant, they are so incompletely clad, that if they were to disembarrass themselves of their bracelets of gold and their necklaces of pearls and diamonds, nothing would remain to hide them from the public gaze, but the veil of their long ash-coloured hair.”

In matters of fact the most easily ascertainable, this gentleman arrives at similar wonderful results. He informs his readers that, during the exhibition, in London, “the smallest of single apartments could not be obtained for less than ten shillings a day; and for two rooms a sovereign!”

M. Texier is very happy to be able to assure his countrymen that “the devil does not lose his rights in English society, and that what they call British reserve can be carried to a certain point of hypocrisy.” He adds, “In London, the people never see the day, and are so occupied, that they have no time to be aware that
they exist. After dinner, the tradesmen, the gentlemen, and those who belong to the nobility, go to the theatre. The representation terminated, they rush off to their clubs, where they drink and smoke. After this there is the Finish, an ignoble public-house, or sumptuous tavern, so called, because it is to these that they go to finish the night.

"The Finishes hold the same relation to English habits as the estaminet to those of the Germans, or the café to those of the French. . . . It is not until nearly one o'clock in the morning that the habitués began to arrive. Several of these gin-palaces (the author favours us with the English name) are the daily rendezvous of the élite of the aristocracy. These young lords, who at an earlier hour are always stiff and solemn, replying by a yes or no to the questions addressed to them; these honourables of the parliament, who would not have dared a few minutes before to venture an opinion on the last novel other than is contained in one of the two words—shocking or beautiful; all these disciples of cant (a favourite English phrase of the author); all these slaves of conventionality—the vapours of champagne, of alcohol, and of Madeira elevating their brains—take off their coats, loosen their cravats, disembarass themselves of their waistcoats; and, in short, establish their boudoirs in public. The amusements of the Finishes are sufficiently varied; but there is one, continually repeated, that has always an immense success. It consists in making a young female intoxicated, until she falls down dead drunk; then they pour down her throat vinegar, in which mustard and pepper have been mixed. This horrible beverage gives her nearly always horrible convulsions. This is very gay. A diversion also very much appreciated in these fashionable reunions,
is to throw on the drunken persons glasses of punch or any other kind of liquor. . . . When a stranger assists at such a spectacle, he perceives that in this puissant and proud British empire, there is one man better understood than Shakespeare: it is Falstaff. It is generally towards seven or eight o'clock in the morning that the company retires from the Finish. The domestics then call the cabs; the gentlemen who can still stand on their feet then search for their coats in a pell-mell of over and under-coats of all kinds. As to the others, the waiters dress them as they can, with the first garments that come to hand—carrying the wearers into the vehicles, and indicating to the drivers the addresses of the packets which they confide to them. If, by chance, the waiters are ignorant of the residences of these gentlemen, they deposit the latter in a room downstairs, where they remain until they have recovered sufficient reason to be able to give their directions."

Here is a terrible revelation of the daily habits of the young nobility of this country—a revelation which we should find it difficult to accept, but for M. Texier's established veracity and accuracy of observation. He tells us, too, _apropos_ of English hypocrisy, that "These same men who have been drunk together, meeting again at the club, will ask one another the news, but make no allusion to the orgies of the night before." It is a matter of mutual arrangement by which they hold one another in check; and, adds our author, "If this be not the solidarity of hypocrisy, it is something very near it."

Illustrating the height of hypocrisy in this country, M. Texier says very gravely, "Here all the feet of the sofas and chairs have pantaloons on. It is the same, also, with the pianos. I asked of my hostess why all
these articles of furniture wore more clothing than the ladies I saw three times a week at Her Majesty’s Theatre or Covent Garden? ‘Would you not be shocked, Monsieur,’ she replied, ‘if you were to perceive the legs of the furniture.’"

Some years ago something similar to this was thought a very good joke against the Americans. That it should be now turned seriously against ourselves, is truly a comic piece of retribution.

But M. Texier’s grandest discovery is, perhaps, the light which he throws upon the political character of the English people. The tractability and obedience of the lower classes (whom we are accustomed to consider rather alarmingly addicted to such bad habits as individual opinion, aspiring to legislation, and to be not the most manageable of mankind,) meets with the author’s great admiration. “The English people,” he informs us, “is an infant, to whom you give formulas in the guise of sugar-plums. If they suffer too much, and are tempted to throw off the yoke, you stop them in one word, ‘Have you not the right of petition?’ and they say to themselves: ‘It is true!’ Then they return to work, or to the tavern. It is two years and a half ago since the chartists assembled in the City (!), and wished to make an irruption into the West End. Behold how fifteen constables, placed at the head of Waterloo Bridge, stopped two hundred thousand of these malcontents:— ‘How many are you?’ asked the chief of the constables. ‘We are two hundred thousand.’— ‘What do you wish?’— ‘We wish to pass.’— ‘The Queen forbids it. Go, walk about in the suburb, if you please, but you shall not pass over Waterloo Bridge.’— ‘We have not then the right of circulation?’— ‘You have: but you are too numerous to-day for your presence not to cause
alarm. If you have anything to complain of—Petition.' And after these words the constable raised his baton and struck a few chartists, in the name of the Queen. Ten minutes after, the assembly was dispersed."

Those who remember the events of the memorable tenth of April, will appreciate the accuracy of this description, not to mention the admirable knowledge of the locality exhibited by the historian.

M. Texier is a pleasant person to accompany—upon paper—to a ball. "The proper Englishman," he tells us, "dances gravely, his eyes fixed, and his arms stuck to his sides; but if he is excited by sherry or port, he abandons himself to epileptic contortions; and nothing is more sad than the aspect of this lugubrious gaiety." This he observes at a public ball—"a temple of taciturn folly"—where a group of foreigners made an irruption, "and several, joining in the quadrilles, proceeded to embroider some continental arabesques; unfortunately the commissaires, incapable of comprehending this lyrisme chorégraphique, enjoined the dancers to relapse into the monotonous limitation of the British Terpsichore. But the impetus was given, and towards the end of the evening, the islander himself, put in a good humour, abandoned himself to disorderly improvisations. Here, a word between ourselves: I very much fear that the can-can will not cross the channel this year. I have, however, observed some vestiges of this highly fanciful dance at another establishment—the Vauxhall. At Vauxhall they hold masked balls. The entrance costs three shillings, but the real profit of the management is in the sale of false noses. The bills do not tell the public that they will not be admitted unless masked; and it follows, that when a foreigner, ignorant of the tricks of English trade, presents himself, he is
allowed to buy his ticket, after which it is explained to him that it is impossible to enter this establishment with the face uncovered, and he is offered a false nose, at a cost of three shillings. For the rest—when once the false nose is paid for, he is perfectly at liberty to put it in his pocket. If an attendant asks why you are not masked, you draw your nose from the depths of your coat pocket, and are allowed to pass quietly: you are *en règle*. The false nose is the passport to the Vauxhall.*

It is impossible, it appears, to obtain admittance into "any theatre," without submitting to "the tyrannical etiquette of the white cravat" and the eternal black coat, upon which M. Texier elsewhere remarks. Without, in fact, appearing in the most authentic evening costume, a man who has the misfortune to fail in these requirements finds himself—in the midst of the most populous portions of London—in a desert; and without even the Parisian consolation of a café to enable him to kill his valuable time.

If the English are absurd at home, abroad they are a little worse. M. Texier has heard of "an honourable baronet," who had, contrary to the habits of his class, never quitted his country seat, except for the orthodox three or four months in London once a year. His mania was ornithology; and he especially prided himself upon stuffing every possible specimen that could be procured. His addiction to this fascinating pursuit was fast depriving him of his social position, when he was reminded by a kind friend, that "property had its duties as well as its rights." Aroused to a sense of his situation, he saw, at the age of thirty, that no time was to be lost. "He ordered an immense travelling carriage, in which was placed a bed, a table, his instruments of dissection,
his scientific books, and his dead birds. At the back of
his carriage he established his cook and his cuisine; and, having ordered his valet to conduct him into the
most picturesque countries of Europe, he gave himself
up very quietly to his favourite occupation. At the
end of a year the baronet, having accomplished his
duties as a perfect gentleman, returned home, bringing
with him some hundreds of stuffed birds. He had
slept, drunk, eaten, and stuffed in his carriage, from
which he had not dreamed of alighting; but, his honour
was safe, he had crossed the Channel, and his vehicle
had visited Europe."

Returning again to the English ladies—which M.
Texier seems very fond of doing—we are told that the
"rosy and smiling Misses" whom one meets at balls,
are educated to within an inch of their lives. "They
know history and geography like an old professor; they
have studied botany, physic, and chemistry. These
ladies, whose blooming shoulders can scarcely be dis-
tinguished from the satin of their robes, will speak to
you in the language of Cicero, and show you that you
have lost your time at College; I have seen one very
young lady, of great beauty, who knew Greek. In
contemplating this bland apparition, which seemed to
issue from a cloud of lace and flowers, there was not
one among us who was not tempted to exclaim, with
the person in the Femmes Savantes—

"Ah! pour l'amour de Grec, souffrez qu'on vous embrasse."

The author allows the English one redeeming point,
in matters of taste. If they do not produce articles of
art, like the French, at any rate they purchase them.
The Duke of Northumberland, for instance, "possesses
one of the richest collections of pictures in Europe, and
he estimates these great works in proportion to the price
which he has paid for them. He does not profess to
have the most beautiful paintings, but the most costly
ones. However, as the price of works of art, whatever
their merit, is limited, the intelligent millionaire, in
desperation at not being able to find in the universe a
picture worth one or two millions, has taken the heroic
course of placing in his saloon—magnificently framed,
and in the place of honour in the midst of the works of
the masters—a bank-note for a hundred thousand
pounds. Oh, Molière!

Oh, Munchausen!

The author goes to Epsom on the Derby Day—"the
great festival of the year in England." On his way he
sees miniature houses and gardens, and young ladies
in white dresses—notwithstanding the severity of the
English May—and carrying parasols, "wasted flattery
addressed to an apocryphal sun." At the inn where he
stops to refresh, the war-cry of the moment, "No
Popery," is inscribed, according to custom, on the wall.
He also reads the following mysterious inscription—
"The pope and the French bayonets, for ever John
Bull can't"—which he prudently translates into French,
for the benefit of the English public, as meaning "Le
pape et les baionettes Françaises, John Bull ne les sup-
porterà jamais." It may be asked here, in passing, if
M. Texier really copied the English inscription, by what
process he contrived to put it into such very sensible
French?

At Epsom he admires things in general—especially
the "gentlemen ridders," the six favourites, and the
champagne—the consumption of which is imperative
upon everybody on that day—when two hundred
thousand bottles are regularly carried from London,
and as regularly consumed! Under this influence the company becomes gay and even spirituel—a circumstance from which M. Texier makes the wise deduction that the tristesse of the English is caused by the ordinary liquids which they imbibe—the monstrous grogs, astounding gins, and extraordinary porters before alluded to. If this view of the case be the correct one, we have only to open our ports to French wines, and abolish those estimable persons Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Combe, Meux, Truman, &c., together with all the “Co.’s Entire,” in order to become as spirituel, as vivant, as aimable, and perhaps, as politically prosperous as our neighbours!

The author here tells an anecdote which gives us great insight into the sporting world. A young gentleman whom he had met in one of the great libraries of St. James’s Street (“chez Sam”) a few minutes before the race, said that he wished to stake a few guineas in favour of “Teddington,” but that he could not find “a tenant.” At this moment “One of the great kings of the sport, Lord Spencer, happened to pass, to whom he communicated his embarrassment, and who replied: ‘I have your man—wait a few minutes.’ Five minutes had scarcely passed, when there presented himself, on the part of Lord Spencer, an ill-dressed man, whose rude manner and coarse language proclaimed the English workman. He was a mason. The gentleman proposed a bet of forty pounds, but the mason replied with disdain, that it was not worth his while to trouble himself with so little; he made no bets under five hundred pounds; and he accordingly walked off.” M. Texier learned afterwards that the mason was the representation of the masons in general, who had subscribed each a few shillings towards a sum amounting to three
thousand pounds sterling, for the purpose of speculation. M. Texier learned also—what is not generally known—that this practice prevails among every other corporation of workmen, who have each their representative on the turf.

The author gives a glowing account of the return from the Derby; and here he may perhaps be pardoned for one mistake which he makes. He says that it is a common diversion on these occasions, especially among the aristocracy, to throw bags of flour at one another—a proceeding which he quietly describes as "very gay." The fact is, he happened to be in the neighbourhood of the officers of a certain "crack regiment," and might well suppose that so brilliant a joke could not be of their invention.

But to note all M. Texier's eccentricities would be an endless task. How his moustache is voted "shocking" by a sagacious public; how a Bible is forced upon him at a table d'hôte; how he sees the company go to a Drawing Room (where the English ladies had crowded all their feathers and diamonds upon their persons, in order to dazzle the foreigners); how he cannot succeed in getting a cutlet at a tavern, or a place at the theatre, or any comfort (upon which the English pride themselves so much) in the houses;—are all circumstances told with an appropriate amount of pathos. But M. Texier saw certainly more than we have seen in the playbills; for he tells us (in illustration of the rigid distinction between classes in this country) that these announcements invariably commence with the words—"The nobility, gentry, and common people, are respectfully informed."

Taking M. Texier all in all, we must congratulate him on having contrived to concentrate, within the
space of a small volume, all the worst features of the worst prejudices which have for many ages tended to separate—far more effectually than fifty Channels—the two most civilized nations of the world. The progress of science has united them materially: mentally, gentlemen like M. Texier still continue to keep them apart.

Is it not, let me gravely ask in conclusion, an extraordinary fact that writers associated with respectable journals published in Paris, can produce such absurdities as these, and show such profound ignorance as this, undetected, among a great, intelligent, and polite people like the French? While if one hundredth part of this nonsense were written by an Englishman concerning the manners and customs of France, he would be exposed by his own countrymen through the length and breadth of his own country, within a month of his making such a fool of himself.
XVIII.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BAD SHILLING.

I BELIEVE I may state with confidence that my parents were respectable, notwithstanding that one belonged to the law—being the zinc door-plate of a solicitor. The other was a pewter flagon residing at a very excellent hotel, and moving in distinguished society; for it assisted almost daily at convivial parties in the Temple. It fell a victim at last to a person belonging to the lower orders, who seized it one fine morning, while hanging upon some railings to dry, and conveyed it to a Jew, who—I blush to record the insult offered to a respected member of my family—melted it down. My first mentioned parent—the zinc plate—was not enabled to move much in society, owing to its very close connexion with the street door. It occupied, however a very conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and was the means of diffusing more useful instruction, perhaps, than many a quarto, for it informed the running as well as the reading public, that Messrs. Snapples and Son resided within, and that their office hours were from ten till four. In process of becoming my progenitor it fell a victim to dishonest practices. A "fast" man unscrewed it one night, and bore it off in triumph to his chambers. Here
it was included by "the boy" among his numerous perquisites, and, by an easy transition, soon found its way to the Hebrew gentleman above mentioned.

The first meeting between my parents took place in the melting-pot of this ingenious person, and the result of their subsequent union was mutually advantageous. The one gained by the alliance that strength and solidity which is not possessed by even the purest pewter; while to the solid qualities of the other were added a whiteness and brilliancy that unadulterated zinc could never display.

From the Jew, my parents were transferred—mysteriously and by night—to an obscure individual in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, when, in secrecy and silence, I was cast, to use an appropriate metaphor, upon the world.

How shall I describe my first impression of existence? how portray my agony when I became aware what I was—when I understood my mission upon earth? The reader, who has possibly never felt himself to be what Mr. Carlyle calls a "sham," or a "solemnly constituted impostor," can have no notion of my sufferings!

These, however, were endured only in my early and unsophisticated youth. Since then, habitual intercourse with the best society has relieved me from the embarrassing appendage of a conscience. My long career upon town—in the course of which I have been bitten, and rung, and subjected to the most humiliating tests—has blunted my sensibilities, while it has taken off the sharpness of my edges; and, like the counterfeits of humanity, whose lead may be seen emulating silver at every turn, my only desire is—not to be worthy of passing, but simply—to pass.

My impression of the world, on first becoming con-
scious of existence, was, that it was about fifteen feet in length, very dirty, and had a damp unwholesome smell; my notions of mankind were, that it shaved only once a fortnight; that it had coarse, misshapen features; a hideous leer; that it abjured soap, as a habit; and lived habitually in its shirt-sleeves. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the apartment in which I first saw the light, and such the appearance of the professional gentleman who ushered me into existence.

I may add that the room was fortified, as if to sustain a siege. Not only was the door itself lined with iron, but it was strengthened by ponderous wooden beams, placed upright, and across, and in every possible direction. This formidable exhibition of precautions against danger was quite alarming.

I had not been long brought into this "narrow world" before a low and peculiar tap, from the outside of the door, met my ear. My master paused, as if alarmed, and seemed on the point of sweeping me and several of my companions (who had been by this time mysteriously ushered into existence) into some place of safety. Re-assured, however, by a second tapping, of more marked peculiarity, he commenced the elaborate process of un-fastening the door. This having been accomplished, and the entrance left to the guardianship only of a massive chain, a mysterious watchword was exchanged with some person outside, who was presently admitted.

"Hallo! there's two on you?" said my master, as a hard elderly animal entered, following somewhat timidly by a younger one of mild and modest aspect.

"A green un as I have took, under my arm," said Mr. Blinks (which I presently understood to be the name of the elder one), "and werry deserving he promises to be. He's just come out of the stone-
pitcher, without having done nothing to entitle him to have gone in. This was it: a fellow out at Highbury Barn collared him, for lifting snow from some railings, where it was a hanging to dry. Young innocence had never dreamt of anything of the kind—bein' a walking on his way to the work'us—but beaks being proverbially otherways than fly, he got six weeks on it. In the 'Ouse o' Correction, however, he met some knowing blades, who put him up to the time of day, and he'll soon be as wide-awake as any on 'em. This morning he brought me a pocket-book, and in it eigh-ty pound in flimsies. As he is a young hand, I encouraged him by giving him three pun' ten for the lot—it's runnin' a risk, but I done it. As it is, I shall have to send 'em all over to 'Ambug. Howsoever, he's got to take one pund in home made; bein' out of it myself, I have brought him to you."

"You're here at the nick o' time," said my master, I've just finished a new batch—"

And he pointed to the glittering heap in which I felt myself—with the diffidence of youth—to be unpleasantly conspicuous.

"I've been explaining to Youthful that it's the reg'lar thing, when he sells his swag to gents in my way of business, to take part of it in this here coin." Here he took me up from the heap, and as he did so I felt as if I were growing black between his fingers, and having my prospects in life very much damaged.

"And is this all bad money?" said the youth, curiously, gazing, as I thought, at me alone, and not taking the slightest notice of the rest of my companions.

"Hush, hush, young Youthful," said Mr. Blinks, "no offence to the home coinage. In all human affairs, everythink is as good as it looks."
"I could not tell them from the good—from those made by government, I should say,"—hastily added the boy.

I felt myself leaping up with vanity, and chinking against my companions at these words. It was plain I was fast losing the innocence of youth. In justice to myself, however, I am bound to say that I have, in the course of my subsequent experience, seen many of the lords and masters of the creation behave much more absurdly under the influence of flattery.

"Well, we must put you up to the means of finding out the real Turtle from the mock," said my master. "It's difficult to tell by the ring. Silver, if it's at all cracked, as lots of money is, don't ring no better than pewter; besides, people can't try every blessed bit o' tin they get in that way; some folks is offended if they do, and some aint got no counter. As for the colour, I defy anybody to tell the difference. And as for the figgers on the side, wot's your dodge? Why, wen a piece o' money's give to you, look to the hedges, and feel 'em too with your finger. When they ain't quite perfect, ten to one but they 're bad 'uns. You see, the way it's done is this—I suppose I may put the young 'un up to a thing or two more?" added Mr. Blinks, pausing.

My master, who had during the above conversation lighted a short pipe, and devoted himself with considerable assiduity to a pewter pot, which he looked at with a technical eye, as if mentally casting it into crown pieces, now nodded assent. He was not of an imaginative or philosophic turn, like Mr. Blinks. He saw none of the sentiment of his business, but pursued it on a system of matter of fact, because he profited by it. This difference between the producer and the middleman may be continually observed elsewhere.
“You see,” continued Mr. Blinks, “that these here 'bobs'”—by which he meant shillings—“is composed of a mixture of two metals—pewter and zinc. In course these is first prigged raw, and sold to gents in my line of bis'ness, who either manufacturs them them-selves, or sells 'em to gents as does. Now, if the manu-facturer is only in a small way of bis'ness, and is of a mean natur, he merely castes his money in plaster of Paris moulds. But for nobby gents like our friend here (my master here nodded approvingly over his pipe,) this sort of thing won't pay, too much trouble and not enough profit. All the top-sawyers in the manu-factur is scientific men. By means of what they calls a galwanic battery a cast is made of that partiklar coin selected for himitation. From this here cast, which you see, that there die is made, and from that there die impressions is struck off on plates of the metal prepared for the purpose. Now, unfortunately we ain't got the whole of the masheenery of the Government institootion yet at our disposal, though it's our intention for to bribe the Master of the Mint (in imitation coin) some of these days to put us up to it all, so you see we're obliged to stamp the two sides of this here shilling, for instance (taking me up again as he spoke,) upon different plates of metal, jining of 'em together afterwards. Then comes the milling round the hedges. This we do with a file; and it is the himperfection of that 'ere as is continually a preying upon our minds. Anyone who's up to the bis'ness can tell whether the article 's geniwine or not, by a looking at the hedge; for it can't be expected that a file will cut as reglar as a masheen. This is reely the great drawback upon our purfession.”

Here Mr. Blinks, overcome by the complicated char-acter of his subject, subsided into a fit of abstraction,
during which he took a copious pull at my master’s porter.

Whether suggested by the onslaught upon his beer, or by a general sense of impending business, my master now began to show symptoms of impatience. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he asked “how many bob his friend wanted?”

The arrangement was soon concluded. Mr. Blinks filled a bag which he carried with the manufacture of my master, and paid over twenty of the shillings to his protegé. Of this twenty, I was one. As I passed into the youth’s hand I could feel it tremble, as I own mine would have done had I been possessed of that appendage.

My new master then quitted the house in company with Mr. Blinks, whom he left at the corner of the street, an obscure thoroughfare in Westminster. His rapid steps speedily brought him to the southern bank of the “fair and silvery Thames,” as a poet who once possessed me, (only for half-an-hour,) described that uncleanly river, in some verses which I met in the pocket of his pantaloons. Diving into a narrow street, obviously, from the steepness of its descent, built upon arches, he knocked at a house of all the unpromising rest the least promising in aspect. A wretched hag opened the door, past whom the youth glided, in an absent and agitated manner; and, having ascended several flights of a narrow and precipitous staircase, opened the door of an apartment on the top story.

The room was low, and ill ventilated. A fire burnt in the grate, and a small candle flickered on the table. Beside the grate, sat an old man sleeping on a chair; beside the table, and bending over the flickering light, sat a young girl engaged in sewing. My master was
welcomed, for he had been absent, it seemed, for two months. During that time he had, he said, earned some money; and he had come to share it with his father and sister.

I led a quiet life with my companions, in my master’s pocket, for more than a week. At the end of that time, the stock of good money was nearly exhausted, although it had on more than one occasion been judiciously mixed with a neighbour or two of mine. Want, however, did not leave us long at rest. Under pretence of going away again to get "work," my master, leaving several of my friends to take their chance, in administering to the necessities of his father and sister, went away. I remained to be "smashed" (passed) by my master.

"Where are you going so fast, that you don’t recognise old friends?" were the words addressed to the youth by a passer-by, as he was crossing, at a violent pace, the nearest bridge, in the direction of the Middlesex bank.

The speaker was a young gentleman, aged about twenty, not ill-looking, but with features exhibiting that peculiar expression of cunning, which is popularly described as "knowing." He was arrayed in what the police reports in the newspapers call, "the height of fashion," that is to say, he had travestied the style of the most daring dandies of last year. He wore no gloves; but the bloated rubicundity of his hands was relieved by a profusion of rings, which, even without the cigar in his mouth, were quite sufficient to establish his claims to gentility.

My master returned the civilities of the stranger, and, turning back with him, the two agreed to "go somewhere."

"Have a weed." said the stranger, producing a well
filled cigar-case. There was no resisting. Edward took one.

"Where shall we go?" he said.

"I tell you what we'll do," said the stranger, who looked as if experiencing a novel sensation: he evidently had an idea. "I tell you what, we'll go and blow a cloud with Joe, the pigeon-fancier. He lives only a short distance off, not far from the abbey; I want to see him on business, so we shall 'kill two birds. He's one of us, you know."

I now learned that the stranger, Mr. Bethnal Green, was a new acquaintance, picked up under circumstances (as a member of parliament, to whom I once belonged, used to say in the House) to which it is unnecessary farther to allude.

"I was glad to hear of your luck, by-the-bye," said the gentleman in question, not noticing his companion's wish to avoid the subject. "I heard of it from Old Blinks. Smashing's the thing, if one's a presentable cove. You'd do deuced well in it. You've only to get nobby togs and you'll do.

Mr. Joe, it appeared, in addition to his ornithological occupations, kept a small shop for the sale of coals and potatoes; he was also, in a very small way, a timber merchant; for several bundles of firewood were piled in pyramids in his shed.

Mr. Bethnal Green's business with him was soon despatched; although not until after the latter had been assured by his friend, that Edward Tothill (my master) was "of the right sort," with the qualification that he was "rather green at present;" and he was taken into Mr. Joe's confidence, and also into Mr. Joe's upstairs sanctum.

In answer to a request from Mr. Bethnal Green, in a jargon, to me then unintelligible, Mr. Joe produced
from some mysterious depository at the top of the house, a heavy canvas bag, which he emptied on the table, discovering a heap of shillings and half-crowns, which, by a sympathetic instinct, I immediately detected to be of my own species.

"What do you think of these?" said Mr. Bethnal Green to his young friend.

Edward expressed some astonishment that Mr. Joe should be in the line.

"Why, bless your eyes," said that gentleman; "you don’t suppose I gets my livelihood out of the shed down stairs, nor the pigeons neither. You see, these things are only dodges. If I lived here like a gentleman, that is to say, without an occupation, the p’lese would soon be down upon me. They’d be obleeged to take notice on me. As it is, I comes ther respectable tradesman, who’s above suspicion, and the pigeons helps on the business wonderful."

"How is that?"

"Why, I keeps my materials, the pewter and all that, on the roof, in order to be out o’ the way, in case of a surprise. If I was often seed upon the roof, a-looking arter such-like matters, inquisitive eyes would be on the look out. The pigeons is a capital blind. I’m believed to be dewoted to my pigeons, out o’ which I takes care it should be thought I makes a little fortun, and that makes a man respected. As for the pigeon and coal and ’tatur businesses, them ’s dodges. Gives a opportooinity of bringing in queer-looking sackfuls o’ things, which otherwise would compel the ‘spots,’ as we calls the p’lese, to come down on us."

"Compel them! but surely they come down whenever they’ve a suspicion?"

"You needn’t a’ told me he was green," said Mr. Joe to his elder acquaintance, as he glanced at the youth
with an air of pity. "In the first place, we takes care to keep the workshop almost impregnable; so that, if they attempt a surprise, we has lots o' time to get the things out o' the way. In the next, if it comes to the scratch, which is a matter of almost life and death to us, we stands no nonsense."

Mr. Joe pointed to an iron crowbar, which stood in the chimney-corner.

"I ses nothing to criminate friends, you know," he added significantly to Mr. Bethnal Green, "but you remember wot Sergeant Higsley got?"

Mr. Bethnal Green nodded assent, and Mr. Joe volunteered for the benefit and instruction of Edward an account of the demise and funeral of the late Mr. Sergeant Higsley. That official having been promoted, was ambitious of being designated, in the newspapers, "active and intelligent," and gave information against a gang of coiners. "Wot was the consequence?" continued the narrator: "Somehow or another, that p'lesemann was never more heered on. One fine night he went on his beat; he didn't show at the next muster; and it was s'posed he'd bolted. Every inquiry was made, and the 'mysterious disappearance of a p'lesemann,' got into the noospapers. Howsomnever, he never got anywheres."

"And what became of him?"

Mr. Joe then proceeded to take a long puff at his pipe, and winking at his initiated friend, proceeded to narrate how that the injured gang dealt in eggs.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why you see eggs is not always eggs." Mr. Pouter then went on to state that "one night a long deal chest left the premises of the coiners, marked outside, 'eggs for exportation.' They were duly shipped, a member of
the firm being on board. The passage was rough, the box was on deck, and somehow or other somebody tumbled it overboard."

"But what has this to do with the missing policeman?"
"The chest was six feet long and ——."

Here Mr. Bethnal Green became uneasy.
"Vell," said the host, "the firm's broke up, and is past peaching upon, only it shows you my green 'un what we can do."

I was shaken in my master's pocket by the violence of the dread which Mr. Joe's story had occasioned him.

Mr. Bethnal Green, with the philosophy which was habitual to him, puffed away at his pipe.

"The fact o' the matter is," said Mr. Joe, who was growing garrulous on an obviously pet subject, "that we ain't afeerd o' the p'lesc in this neighbourhood, not a hap'orth; we know how to manage them." He then related an anecdote of another policeman, who had been formerly in his own line of business. This gentleman being, as he observed, "fly" to all the secret signs of the craft, obtained an interview with a friend of his for the purpose of purchasing a hundred shillings. A packet was produced and exchanged for their proper price in currency, but on the policeman taking his prize to the station house to lay the information, he discovered that he had been outwitted. The rouleau contained a hundred good farthings, for each of which he had paid twopence halfpenny.

"Then, what is the bad money generally worth?" asked Edward, interrupting the speaker. "As a general rule," was the answer, "our sort is worth about one-fifth part o' the wallie it represents. So, a sovereign—(though we ain't got much to do with gold here—that's made for the most part in Brummagem): a 'Brum' sovereign
may be bought for about four-and-six; a bad crown piece for a good bob; a half-crown for about fippence; a bob for twopence halfpenny, and so on. As for the sixpenny’s and fourpenny’s, we don’t make many on ’em, their wallie bein’ too insignificant.” Mr. Joe then proceeded with some further remarks for the benefit of the protégé:

“You see you need have no fear o’ passing this here money if you’re a respectable looking cove. If a gentleman is discovered at anythink o’ the kind, its always laid to a mistake; the shopman knocks under, and the gentleman gives a good piece o’ money with a grin. And that’s how it is that so much o’ our manufactur gets smashed all over the country.”

The visitors having been somewhat bored, apparently, during the latter portion of their host’s remarks, soon after took their departure. The rum-and-water which Mr. Joe’s liberality had supplied, effectually removed Edward’s scruples; and on his way back, he expressed himself in high terms in favour of “smashing,” considered as a profession.

“O’ course,” was the reply of his experienced companion. “It ain’t once in a thousand times that a fellow’s nailed. You shall make your first trial to-night. You’ve the needful in your pocket, havn’t you? Come, here’s a shop—I want a cigar.”

Edward appeared to hesitate; But Mr. Joe’s rum-and-water asserted itself, and into the shop they both marched.

Mr. Bethnal Green, with an air of most imposing nonchalance, took up a cigar from one of the covered cases on the counter, put it in his mouth, and helped himself to a light. Edward, not so composedly, followed his example.

“How much?”

“Sixpence.”
The next instant the youth had drawn me from his pocket, received sixpence in change, and walked out of the shop, leaving me under the guardianship of a new master.

I did not remain long with the tobacconist: he passed me next day to a gentleman, who was as innocent as himself as to my real character. It happened that I slipped into the corner of this gentleman's pocket, and remained there for several weeks—he, apparently, unaware of my existence. At length he discovered me, and one day I found myself, in company with a good half-crown, exchanged for a pair of gloves at a respectable looking shop. After the purchaser had left, the assistant looked at me suspiciously, and was going to call back my late owner, but it was too late. Taking me then to his master, he asked if I was not bad. "It dont look very good," was the answer. "Give it to me, and take care to be more careful for the future."

I was slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the proprietor, who immediately seemed to forget all about the occurrence.

That same night, immediately on the shop being closed, the shopkeeper walked out, having changed his elegant costume for garments of a coarser and less conspicuous description, and hailing a cab, requested to be driven to the same street in Westminster in which I first saw the light. To my astonishment, he entered the shop of my first master:—how well I remembered the place, and the coarse countenance of its proprietor! Ascending to the top of the house, we entered the room to which the reader has been already introduced,—the scene of so much secret toil.

A long conversation, in a very low tone, now took
place between the pair, from whom I gleaned some interesting particulars. I discovered that the respectable gentleman, who now possessed me, was the coiner’s partner,—his being the “issue” department, which his trade transactions, and unimpeachable character, enabled him to undertake very effectively.

“Let your next batch be made as perfectly as possible,” I heard him say to his partner. “The last seems to have gone very well: I have heard of only a few detections, and one of those was at my own shop to-day. One of my fellows made the discovery, but not until after the purchaser had left the house.”

“That, you see, will ‘appen now and then,” was the answer; “but think o’ the number on ’em as is about, and how sharp some people is getting—thanks to them noospapers, as is always a interfering with what don’t concern ’em. There’s now so much of our metal about, that it’s almost impossible to get change for a suff’rin nowhere without getting some on it. Everybody’s a-taking of it every day; and as for them that’s detected, they’re made only by the common chaps as ain’t got our masheenery,”—and he glanced proudly at his well-mounted galvanic battery. “All I wish is, that we could find some dodge for milling the edges better— it takes as much time now as all the rest of the work put together. Howsoever, I’ve sold no end on ’em in Whitechapel and other places, since I saw you. And as for this here neighbourhood, there’s scarcely a shop where they don’t deal in the article more or less.”

“Well,” said Mr. Niggles (which, I learned from his emblazoned door-posts, was the name of my respectable master), “be as careful about these as you can. I am afraid it’s through some of our money that that young girl has been found out.”
"Wot, the young 'ooman as has been remanded so often at the 'plese court?"

"The same. I shall know all about it to-morrow. She is to be tried at the Old Bailey, and I am on the jury as it happens."

Mr. Niggles then departed to his suburban villa, and passed the remainder of the evening as became so respectable a man.

The next morning he was early at business; and, in his capacity of citizen, did not neglect his duties in the court, where he arrived exactly two minutes before any of the other jurymen.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, I saw at once that she was the sister of my first possessor. She had attempted to pass two bad shillings at a grocer's shop. She had denied all knowledge that the money was bad, but was notwithstanding arrested, examined, and committed for trial. Here, at the Old Bailey, the case was soon despatched. The evidence was given in breathless haste; the judge summed up in about six words, and the jury found the girl guilty. Her sentence was, however, a very short imprisonment.

It was my fortune to pass subsequently into the possession of many persons, from whom I learnt some particulars of the after-life of this family. The father survived his daughter's conviction only a few days. The son was detained in custody; and as soon as his identity became established, charges were brought against him, which led to his being transported. As for his sister—I was once, for a few hours, in a family where there was a governess of her name. I had no opportunity of knowing more; but—as her own nature would probably save her from the influences to which she must have been subjected in jail—it is but just
to suppose, that some person might have been found to brave the opinion of society, and to yield to one so gentle, what the law calls "the benefit of a doubt."

The changes which I underwent in the course of a few months were many and various—now rattling carelessly in a cash-box; now loose in the pocket of some careless young fellow, who passed me at the theatre; then, perhaps, tied up carefully in the corner of a handkerchief, having become the sole-stock-in-hand of some timid young girl. Once I was given by a father as a "tip" or present, to his little boy; when, I need scarcely add, that I found myself ignominiously spent in hardbake ten minutes afterwards. On another occasion, I was (in company with a sixpence) handed to a poor woman, in payment for the making of a dozen shirts. In this case I was so fortunate as to sustain an entire family, who were on the verge of starvation. Soon afterwards, I formed one of seven, the sole stock of a poor artist, who contrived to live upon my six companions for many days. He had reserved me until the last—I believe because I was the brightest and best looking of the whole; and when he was at last reduced to change me, for some coarse description of food, to his and my horror I was discovered!

The poor fellow was driven from the shop; but the tradesman, I am bound to say, did not treat me with the indignity that I expected. On the contrary, he thought my appearance so deceitful that he did not scruple to pass me next day, as part of change for a sovereign.

Soon after this, somebody dropped me on the pavement, where, however, I remained but a short time. I was picked up by a child, who ran instinctively into a shop for the purpose of making an investment in figs.
But, coins of my class had been plentiful in that neighbourhood, and the grocer was a sagacious man. The result was, that the child went figless away, and that I—my edges curl as I record the humiliating fact—was nailed to the counter as an example to others. Here my career ended and my biography closes.
XIX.

A GENTEEEL ESTABLISHMENT.

In my hot youth, I once wanted some money. I do not mean to say that this was the only time I have ever experienced a similar want during that excited period. But I have particular reasons for referring to an especial occasion.

I had not arrived at the age which is known as years of discretion; indeed, even at the present moment it is the opinion of some of my friends—— But that is a consideration into which it is needless to enter. Let it suffice to state, that my money was locked up in the hands of a guardian—a gentleman of the old school, who devoutly believed that he was acting the part of my best friend by depriving me of any free agency in the management of my own affairs, and letting me spend as little as possible. Accordingly, through this very considerate conduct on the part of my best friend—who was personally a perfect stranger to me, living in a distant and absurd part of the country— I found myself unable to touch a guinea without his permission.

Such was the state of affairs, when I experienced the necessity to which I have alluded. My state of depen-
dence was too absurd. Accordingly, one fine morning, I resolved to make a bold stroke for my emancipation;—

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow;"—

and the blow that I proposed to strike was, to induce my guardian to sign a certain deed which would have the effect of placing a considerable portion of my property at my own disposal.

I knew that to effect this object, a letter would be useless. To tell the truth, I had already gone through the epistolary phase of supplication in all its varieties. I had tried every style:—the dutiful, the jocular, the insinuating, the desperate, the menacing, and the conciliatory, after the most approved models. I had invested fanciful friends with imaginary necessities, and expressed most philanthropic wishes to relieve them; I had contracted impossible debts at games which I never played in my life ("for the last time, on my honour as a gentleman"); I had even found sudden necessities for large sums to enable me to prosecute my studies by expensive additions to my library—which happened to be singularly complete—all to no purpose.

I now mustered up courage to make my last appeal; and this appeal I determined to make in person. I have said that I was a stranger to my guardian and to his establishment; but they were old friends of my family; and I had, moreover, been in the receipt, for several years past, of that unmeaning civility known as a "general invitation." This was sufficient; and behold me ostentatiously driving up to the house one morning, supplied with baggage enough to stand a campaign of six months.

The people of the house upon whom I had so desperately intruded, maintained the reputation, during
their short visits to London, of being somebodies in their own county. I accordingly expected to be received with a certain ducal magnificence, which, however, I was subsequently given to understand, had not been known in the house since the time of some mysterious “old Sir Walter,” about whom nobody knew anything in particular, and whom I strongly suspect to be a myth.

The fact was, that though coming from the old Norman stock of De Musheroon, my entertainers were a very plain, homely family, with—as far as the master of the house was concerned—not much more pride than can be considered appropriate when one has nothing to be proud of.

As for the lady, the case was somewhat different. She had a great notion about keeping up the dignity of the family; and I know I annoyed her mortally by the abruptness of my descent,—“taking them quite unprepared,”—as I heard her say to one of the servants, in giving directions about my room. This lady was the only person from whom I heard anything of the apocryphal old Sir Walter; the mystery about whom I have never been able to clear up, owing to Burke having, most unpardonably, forgotten to mention the family, in his History of the Landed Gentry.

But the most interesting member of the family—to me—was a cousin of Mrs. De Musheroon, considerably better looking than that lady, and enjoying besides the additional advantages of blue eyes, nineteen summers, and the name of Amy. She was inclined to be sentimental, and had just enough sense of the ridiculous (which I take to be sense of a very high kind) to be somewhat ashamed of it. Altogether, she was what her friends called “a riddle,” and suited me capitally; so we became excellent friends at first sight.
At an early period of my visit I had broken its object to the old gentleman, but without immediate success. He considered my allowance amply sufficient; he had no idea of young men persisting in being young men; he acted for my good,—and so forth. After ten days' stay in the house, I began to think the case hopeless, and made up my mind to return to town. I should have done so immediately but for the "shallow-hearted cousin" (of course I made the most of "Locksley Hall;") who having, it seems, gained some inkling of my plans, advised me, in confidence, to "wait a little longer," under a promise, made somewhat mysteriously, that she would try "to arrange it for me." To tell the truth, I did not feel reluctant to find an excuse for remaining; and it was fortunate that I did so; for the next morning an incident occurred which was destined to have some influence upon the success of my plans.

I must premise that the De Musheroon domestics were to me a most mysterious race. There were only a couple of men who might be considered as in attendance upon the family: the footman and the coachman. The family drove nothing more ostentatious than a Brougham; and the services of the footman were, therefore, confined to waiting at table, and to in-door duties. Then there was a gardener, who seemed to exercise his vocation only very early in the morning before the family were up; but whom I saw constantly so employed, when I have risen at unholy hours for the purpose of reading or walking.

At such times I have frequently seen this gardener in conversation with a young—no, not a lady; and yet she was scarcely so low as what we understand by an "individual," or a "party." A "young person" is the word. I saw him frequently talking to a young person
of what the newspapers call "prepossessing exterior," and whom I subsequently discovered to be lady's maid at a house not a hundred yards distant. Morning after morning I watched the pair from my window talking and walking together, and marking in their manner towards each other a certain respect and deference; a certain air of distance, mixed with one of familiarity, which obviously meant mystery; not much mystery to me, for I carelessly set down the affair as what they call "a case;" and there was an end of it.

No: not quite an end of it; for, one morning, I was taking my usual walk before breakfast, with a book in my hand, when, in a lane a short distance from the house, I saw the lady's maid—the obvious betrothed of the gardener—walking with—our footman! Oh! the caprice of woman! Why does not some good-natured friend tell the unfortunate John of Spades of the peril that awaits him? Poor fellow! The rival lover seemed somewhat confused, I thought, as he touched his hat in passing; but did not look like a very guilty man with any great weight upon his conscience. He waited at breakfast afterwards with his usual composure.

Meantime, I found myself no nearer to a settlement of affairs with my guardian; and began to think the "shallow-hearted cousin" had been making fun of me. Time went on, and it was plain that I must soon go off. I resolved, however, to trust to the chances of a few more days. I had been much amused by the caprice of my friend, the lady's maid; I was willing to see to what it might lead. An incident which speedily occurred made the case only still more mysterious.

One morning I had been persuaded to accompany Mrs de Musheroon and her cousin to pay one of those dreary compliments known as morning calls, to the Twaddle-
tons, who lived a few miles off—ten, or twenty, or thirty, perhaps: which is considered nothing in the country. They were very nice people, the Twaddleton's; talked genteelly about high life; and never told an anecdote of anybody under the rank of an ambassador. I used to humour them in this weakness; and tell them incidents relating to my dear friend Grinder (who was plucked the other day at Cambridge, for the Voluntary Theological), as the adventures of my friend—for the nonce—the Duke of Mount-Mornington, or that adventurous fellow, Lord John Hightoptover. It is wonderful how stories improve by this system. I remember, once—when in one of my most audacious moments I had given one of Grinder's exploits to the Crown Prince of Wurtemburg—the Twaddleton's were absolutely entranced; and I know that, from that moment, they pronounced me (for a mere commoner) one of the most amusing and well-bred persons of their acquaintance.

I have said, we were going to pay a morning visit to the Twaddleton's. The carriage had been ordered early, and while waiting for it, and for the descent of the ladies, I turned out to stroll for a few minutes. Passing the coach-house, I saw the brougham standing at the door with the horses in, and all ready; and, close by, the coachman, engaged, with a reckless disregard of his master's time, in conversation with my old friend, the lady's maid; the undoubted fiancée of the gardener, and the suspected chère amie of the footman! The pair had arrived at that most interesting period in interviews of this description—the parting; and they were prolonging the sweet sorrow in the usual manner, under cover of the carriage; not suspecting that a witness was so near. The final farewell did at last
take place, and I will not—considering all circumstances—say how affectionate it was. The lady then tripped off. I made a point of vanishing with considerable dexterity; and, as the brougham drove round to the frantically impatient ladies, I thought I had never seen a coachman look more innocent and serene.

That day I was doomed once more to be puzzled by this extraordinary establishment of domestics. Returning from the Twaddletons', I felt somewhat depressed, and was not in one of my best humors. (I should have mentioned, by the way, that the Twaddletons are very nice people, but that they once had the misfortune to live on the outskirts of the fashionable world, and were so well bred as not to ask their visitors to stay to luncheon—in opposition to the country custom, not yet extinct in England, which relieves calling from so much of its dullness.) I felt somewhat depressed in spirits, and was rallied on the subject by the "shallow-hearted cousin," who told me that I must brighten up in time for dinner next day, when there was to be a grand assemblage of all the county families, and great guns of the neighbourhood, who could be persuaded to come. This led to the expression of some fears on the part of Mrs. de Musheroon as to the efficiency of "a young man who had been highly recommended," and who had been accordingly engaged as a supernumerary to assist in waiting at table on the great occasion. In other words, he had been engaged to make himself generally useful, and it was of course anticipated that he would prove particularly useless instead.

"You see," said Mrs. de Musheroon, turning round with her usual grand manner to me, "of all our own servants, Charles" (that was the footman) "is the only one upon whom we can depend. The rest know abso-
lately nothing out of their own departments; and they are so stupid, that I am afraid it would be useless to attempt to instruct them for this occasion.”

“I should have thought otherwise,” said the cousin, with a look which, after much consideration and with considerable reluctance, I am obliged to pronounce malicious, “the gardener seems to be a quick, intelligent, young man, who would adapt himself to circumstances; and John, who is now driving us, I have often thought more fit for domestic duties than driving. He is neither old enough nor heavy enough to be quite proper for a coachman.”

There was a dead pause. Neither of the cousins spoke during the remainder of the drive. The elder lady maintained a look of portentous severity; while, in the younger, I thought I observed several times a tendency to laugh.

At dinner that day Mrs. de Musheroon’s temper was not much improved by an incident which would have escaped my notice, but for the evident annoyance which it occasioned her. Old De Musheroon, whom I have already mentioned as a good-humoured, unpretending country gentleman, made an observation to Charles (who was, as usual, in attendance) about the state of the kitchen garden, which he had been inspecting during our absence in the morning; and consulted him as to the propriety of planting some mangel-wurzel for the cows on “that piece of waste ground in the corner.”

“I wonder,” said Mrs. de Musheroon, with a severe look at her husband, “that you do not talk of these subjects in the proper quarter. What can Charles know of them? It is the gardener’s business.”

De Musheroon looked confused, as if he had made a
"confounded mull"—to use an expression of his own—about something; and drank off a glass of sherry, rather nervously. His wife subsided into her established air of severity; the young lady was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing; Charles did not seem quite at his ease: and I was the only unembarrassed person present. I had been once before somewhat amused at the old gentleman asking the coachman "If he thought that old port had been put in a damp part of the cellar?" But Mrs. de Musheroon, not being present at that time—to give prominence to the remark by going into hysterics, or making any demonstration of the kind—I had thought no more of the occurrence.

Meantime the affair of the lady's maid became more mysterious. A few days after our visit to the Twaddletons', I went out with old De Musheroon to have a pop at some pheasants. He began to talk about "his preserves." I had never known that he indulged in any such luxury; and to this day I am convinced, from my experience on that occasion, that the game could not have been very plentiful, otherwise we must have succeeded in finding something to hit. But my object in mentioning our day's sport, was to state that we were accompanied by "the gamekeeper," whom I had never before seen or heard of. In appearance, he was a most unexceptionable person—got up with velveteen and fustian, game-pouches, guns, and powder-belts, in a most orthodox manner.

In the course of our march over the stubble, De Musheroon (who is always affable to his dependants) good-naturedly rallied the gamekeeper upon the fact that he was going to be married very speedily. The gamekeeper grinned, and admitted the soft impeachment; his master promised to "do what he could for
him towards setting him up;" and so the matter dropped. But it so happened that, shortly afterwards, I was walking on in advance with my host, when I happened to ask him who was to be the bride of our friend the gamekeeper?

"Oh!" was the answer, "he considers that he's making a good thing of it. Good-looking, you know, and all that; she is the personal and confidential servant of the wife of old Sir Sykes Slimpenny, our next-door neighbour, I may say; for our respective parks only divide the two mansions." (So the De Musheroon lawn, and surrounding meadows, was a park!)

"Are you sure?" I asked, dubiously.

"Certain; the wedding-clothes have, as I have been told, been purchased."

Mystery upon mystery! Was this desirable young person going to marry the whole neighbourhood? I was fairly puzzled and perplexed. That day at dinner De Musheroon made a casual remark, relative to the approaching marriage of the gamekeeper; to which Mrs. de Musheroon observed, that "she was not aware that the event was to take place for several weeks."

"He told me it was to come off in a few days," said De Musheroon. "He leaves my service, you know, in less than a week, having engaged himself in another part of the country."

There was another awkward pause, such as I had before noticed. Mrs. de Musheroon was visibly agitated; and the remainder of the dining ceremonial passed off in perfect silence. The next morning, early, I received a message from the master of the house, who desired to see me in the library. I found him alone with his fishing-tackle, a parchment deed, a pheasant (from the poulterer's), and an attorney. He opened his
business very abruptly. He had taken my request into consideration, and was prepared to make the concession that I required. Not a word of his former very excellent reasons for refusing. It was evident that in the teeth of all his previous opinions, he had suddenly come to the conclusion that it was very proper that young men should be young men; that control over their own property was not an unreasonable demand; that, in short, young men, being young men, should be allowed to come and to go (strong emphasis on "go"), without restriction or restraint. For myself, puzzled and astonished as I was, I made no remark; but very quietly went through the necessary formalities, and stood up a responsible being—the *bonâ fide* proprietor of an actual and available balance at my bankers.

On considering, in the course of the morning, the possible reasons which could have induced my guardian so suddenly to change his resolution, it occurred to me that he had been ruled in the matter by his wife. For what object? Possibly by satisfying my demands, to put a termination to my visit. Such a thing was certainly conceivable, especially as I had already made a stay of several weeks; and the sting of the sharp tone of his violently accentuated "go" still tingled in my ears. It would not, perhaps, be very delicate to take a precipitate flight immediately on the settlement of my affairs; still I preferred that alternative, to the possibility of interfering with any domestic arrangements; so I resolved to "go," at all hazards, on the following day. Unexpected and important business is of course speedily improvised in such cases. It was evident that, for some reason of their own, they wanted to get rid of me. I did not want to go; but I went.

Not quite soon enough, however; for I was not
destined to depart without hearing more of the mysterious movements of the servants. The next morning, at breakfast, I noticed that the habitual Charles did not make his appearance, and that we were attended by a female domestic. Waiting until she had disappeared from the apartment, Mrs. de Musheroon explained the phenomenon.

"You see, it is very annoying; I don't know what to do for a few days. There has been a slight disagreement, and all of our men-servants have left us, left us last night."

"All! surprising and inconvenient unanimity!"

"Yes; it is a fact. They had arranged to go upon that day; their term was up; but I had certainly expected as a piece of common civility that they would have waited until the family were provided with others."

"Certainly; it would be only a piece of ordinary courtesy," I said, for the sake of saying something. But the fact was, they had all arranged to be married that morning, and would not put off the day. Impenetrable mystery! It was the first time I had ever heard of such a proceeding. But I had no time to think about such matters now.

It happened that, after breakfast, I was taking a farewell of some of my favourite haunts where I had been accustomed to ramble; when, passing the village church, I saw some gaily-attired persons issuing forth. I remembered that there were no end of persons to be married that morning, and I planted myself accordingly among the mob of rustics who were gaping about, to see them pass.

To my astonishment, there was only only one couple; that is to say, one married couple. I recognised the
bride at once, my pretty friend, who seemed so generally sought after. But the bridegroom puzzled me. He was dressed in what—in contradistinction to livery—we call plain clothes; though, I must say, that they could not be so designated in any other acceptation of the term. There was a mulberry-coloured coat, a brimstone waistcoat, and a nosegay, uncommonly large, and dazzlingly variegated. The Berlin gloves (too long in the fingers) sparkled in the sun with whiteness. I knew that all the De Musheroon domestics were to be married that morning, and I knew that this fine gentleman was one of them. There could be no mistake, that singular command of feature, and that curious and varying twist of the mouth, belonged to Charles, and to nobody but Charles. But, whether the gamekeeper had been made a happy man, and the coachman, footman, and gardener were blighted in the flower of their several affections; or whether any other one out of the four had been made happy, and any other three been blighted as aforesaid, I have never been able to determine. I had never seen any of the servants in "plain" clothes, and the test was most embarrassing. Now, I felt convinced that the gardener was the Benedict; then, an expression came over his face which convinced me that it was the coachman; but, no sooner was this satisfactorily settled, than a reminiscence of the gamekeeper made me again a sceptic: in like manner, a sudden gesture of the footman would set me wandering once more. The bridegroom was as difficult of recognition as the late Charles Matthews, in one of his monologues.

In my anxiety to clear up the mystery, I even felt inclined to prolong my stay; but that could not be. I accordingly adhered to my original arrangements, and
could not help thinking, as Mrs. de Musheroon mingled her regrets with her adieux, that she was not disinclined to part with me.

I had not entirely forgotten this domestic mystery, in my renewal of town habits and town enjoyments, when one day, at breakfast, glancing over the advertising columns of a morning paper, my eye fell upon the following advertisement:—

"WANTED, in a family of distinction, residing in the country, a young man, of good education and address. He must be able to drive, and attend to a pair of horses; wait at table; take charge of a kitchen and flower-garden; and act as gamekeeper when required. Address, by letter (post-paid,) to Reginald de M., Esq., Hautonbank Hall, Billberryshire."

I verily believe the family are not suited to this day! They will, indeed, have to spend a large sum in advertisements, before they succeed in finding so admirable a Proteus in Plush as Charles.

How much of my freedom, and of the premature possession of my fortune, I owed to the diplomacy of the "shallow-hearted cousin," I have yet to learn. My opinion at present is, that she was my good genius throughout. I shall know all about it some of these days, I hope and trust; for now I have got thus far, I don't mind informing the reader, in confidence, that I have "intentions" in that quarter.
XX.

LITERARY MYSTIFICATIONS.

The learned Jesuit, Hardouin, in his work upon Chronology and Coins, published in 1696, somewhat startled the weak minds of his readers, by the bold assertion that the ancient history, which is so dear to the learned men of the present day, through the delightful agency of Doctor Goldsmith and others, had been entirely re-manufactured in the thirteenth century, with the aid of the works of Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Pliny, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace—the only works which, according to him, belonged to antiquity—the Bucolics, and the Æneid of Virgil, the Odes, and the Art of Poetry of Horace, and all the collection of poets, historians, and ancient writers in general, whom we are unfortunately addicted to admiring, having been, according to the same veracious authority, fabricated by the monks of the middle ages.

We have not been in the habit of paying much more attention to such erudite speculations as that of our friend, the Jesuit, than they deserve; but the other day, (1852,) a very "modern instance," that of the Shelley
forgeries, set us wondering upon the subject of literary mystification in general. The Jesuitical hypothesis presented itself with more than usual force, and led us insensibly, through a long catalogue of impostures, some of the most prominent of which we will note for the benefit of our readers.

Before the Revival of Letters, errors, such as those in question, were made through ignorance; but after that period—as befitted a more advanced degree of civilization—it was by fraudulent means that the learned were misled. It was one of the favourite amusements of the learned of the sixteenth century to mystify one another. In many cases, the only motive seems to have been the gratification of some personal whim, or the bewilderment of some literary associate. But we now and then find examples of elaborate attempts to misrepresent history, and to confuse names and dates to a most mischievous extent.

Of the latter class, a very large number of forgeries and fictions were concocted for political purposes. Among these may be included the false Decretals of Isidore, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and, for eight hundred years, formed the fundamental basis of the Canon Law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity; the deception of young Maitland, who, in order to palliate the crime of the assassination of the Regent Murray, drew up a pretended conference between him, Knox, and others, in which they were made to plan the de-thronement of the young king, and the substitution of the regent in his place; and the story of the "bloody Colonel Kirk," related by Hume and others, which was originally told of a very different person in a previous age.
LITERARY MYSTIFICATIONS.

The great majority, however, of deceptions of the kind seemed to have been contrived without any other object than the mere artistic love of ingenuity, to which the credulity or mystification of the learned was a flattering and irresistible tribute.

One of the boldest and most uncompromising of a very mischievous class of literary impostors was Annius of Viterbo. Annius published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards, he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from well-known authors. These, at first, were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor—one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged—were gradually detected, and at length the imposture was apparent. The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed one hundred and seventy-one pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of Annius, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, the declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was soon kindled. One historian died of grief for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of
Annius. Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved; and the silence of Annius in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt as to whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings as a forgery, and has been equally rejected and defended.

It should not be forgotten that the statements of Annius received a supposed confirmation in some pretended remains of antiquity which were dug up in the grounds of the Inghirami family. These remains—which were Etruscan—consisted of inscriptions, and some fragments of an ancient chronicle. Curtius Inghirami had no doubt of their authenticity, and published a quarto volume of more than a thousand pages in their support. Nevertheless, they bore self-evident marks of modern times. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters: it was more difficult to defend the small italic letter, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides which, there were dots on the letter ì, a custom not practised until the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary. But, Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives.

The only conjecture respecting the origin of these "antiquities," that has any reasonable foundation, is, that they were manufactured by one of the Inghirami family; who, some fifty years previously, had been the
librarian of the Vatican, and who might have been influenced by a desire to establish the antiquity of the family estate.

The writing of Christopher Columbus has, on more than one occasion, furnished a subject for fraudulent ingenuity. The Prayer-book presented to him by the Pope, and which he bequeathed to the Genoese republic, contains a codicil, purporting to be in his own handwriting; but which, apparently on very good grounds, has been pronounced a forgery. Only the other day we were told of a bottle having been picked up at sea, containing, it was alleged, an account of the discovery of America by the discoverer himself. This last appears to be a very promising performance of our friends the Americans—not very ingenuously contrived, and classified by comparison with other perversions of human dexterity, not rising much beyond the dignity of a hoax.

Petrarch's first meeting with Laura took place in the church of St. Clair, on a Good Friday, the sixth of April, 1327, so says the well-known inscription in Petrarch's Virgil. Alas for the belief of our youth! This famous inscription is said to be a forgery. The sixth of April, 1327, had, it seems, the perverseness to fall upon a Monday. But facts and figures are proverbially impertinent. The forger seems to have rather obtusely misunderstood the second sonnet in the printed editions (which differ somewhat from the MS.), and never to have got so far as the ninety-first sonnet, which would have informed him that the meeting took place, not in a church, but in a meadow. The Laura of Sade, moreover, is ascertained not to be the Laura of Petrarch, but Laura de Baux, who resided in the vicinity of Vaucluse, who died young, like all those whom the
gods love, and died, we are happy to say, for Petrarch's sake, unmarried.

It is pleasant to find an attempt to impose a fiction upon the world, fail most egregiously. Such was the fate of the nevertheless deeply planned scheme of the Duke de la Vallière and the Abbé de St. Leger. These two notabilities attempted to palm off upon the great bibliopolist De Bure, a copy of a work which had long existed in name, but of which no person had ever seen a copy. This was the *De Tribus Impostoribus*. A work with this name was manufactured by the Duke and the Abbé, who caused it to be printed in the Gothic character, with the date of 1598. Their intention was to sell copies of it by degrees, at very high prices; and De Bure was honoured by being made the subject of their first experiment. That learned man, however, at once discovered the cheat, and the discomfiture of the con-coctors was most signal. De Bure made two enemies by this piece of sagacity; who subsequently attempted to write down his reputation.

Spain has produced some very accomplished forgers. About the end of the sixteenth century, a Jesuit, named Jerome Romain Higuera, applied himself to the task of making up for the silence of the historians on the subject of the establishment of Christianity in Spain. By the aid of popular traditions, and of every kind of document which he could collect, he composed several chronicles, and ascribed the most important of them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, but whose histories were lost. He made a confidant of Torialba, one of the brothers of his order; who, going to Germany, lost no time in announcing that he had found in the library of Fulde an authentic MS. containing the chronicles in question. The Jesuits believed this story,
and Torialba addressed a copy of the MS. to Calderon, who published it at Saragossa (4to. 1619), under the title of *Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextri, cum Chronico Marci Maximi, et Additionibus S. Branium et Helecani*. Higuera, who went so far as to pretend to enlighten various parts of this work by notes, did not live to see its publication, nor the controversies caused thereby. Gabriel Pennot, an Augustin, was the first to ask the authenticity of these chronicles, and he had for an adversary Thomas Vargas, whom he soon reduced to silence.

The imposture of Joseph Vella will be long remembered. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador from Morocco in a visit which that diplomatist made to the Abbey of St. Martin, and where he was admitted to see a very ancient Arabic manuscript. Being aware of the desire which existed to find in the Arabic writings materials for the completion of the history of Sicily, in which there was a gap of two centuries, Vella took the hint, and, after the departure of the ambassador, asserted that he had found in the library of the Abbey a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and the sovereigns of Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended discovery, and to give it additional importance in the eyes of his protector, Airoldi, archbishop of Heraclea, who paid all the expenses of his researches, Vella manufactured a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco, in which he made the latter give an assurance that there existed in the library of Fez a second and more complete copy of the manuscript found in the library of St. Martin; that another work in continuation of the manuscript had been
discovered; and also a series of medals, confirmatory of the history and chronology of the document in question. The imposture had such success, that the King of Naples, to whom Vella presented his translation of the supposed manuscript, wished to send him on a mission to Morocco to make further inquiries. This was as unfortunate a turn as the royal favour could take; but luckily for Vella, circumstances occurred to avert the disaster.

The translation of the Arabic manuscript had been announced in all the journals of Europe. The first volume was published in 1789, under the sanction of Airoldi. The sixth volume appeared in 1792, and was to be followed by two others. Vella was everywhere courted, and loaded with pensions and honours. Airoldi, however, having caused a fac-simile of the original manuscript—which Vella had taken great pains to alter and make nearly illegible—doubt arose as to its authenticity; and finally, after the "translation" had been everywhere read, everywhere celebrated, and everywhere extracted from, the whole was found to be a deception. The original manuscript was nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family, and had no relation to Sicily whatever. Vella was induced to confess his imposture, but not until he had been threatened with torture.

In 1800, a Spaniard named Marchena, attached to the army of the Rhine, amused himself during the winter, which he passed at Basle, by composing some fragments of Petronius. These were published soon after, and, in spite of the air of pleasantry which ran through the preface and notes, the author had so well imitated the style of his model that many very accomplished scholars were deceived, and were only set right by a declaration of the truth on the part of the publisher. The success
of this mystification struck the fancy of Marchena; and in 1806 he published, under his own name, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have been taken from a manuscript recently unrolled at Herculaneum. But, this time he was beaten with his own weapon. A professor of Jena, Eichstädt, announced in the following year, that the library of that city possessed a very ancient manuscript, in which were the same verses of Catullus, with some important variations. The German, under pretence of correcting some errors of the copyist, pointed out several faults in prosody, committed by Marchena, and made sundry improvements upon the political allusions of the Spaniard.

Poetical forgers have been comparatively scarce. One of the most distinguished of these was Vanderbourg, who in 1803 published some charming poetry under the name of Clotilde de Survile, a female writer, said to have been contemporary with Charles the Seventh of France. The editor pretended to have found the manuscript among the papers of one of her descendants, the Marquis de Survile, who was executed under the directory. The public was at first the dupe of this deception, but the critics were not long in discovering the truth. "Independently," says Charles Nodier, "of the purity of the language, of the choice variation of the metres, of the scrupulousness of the elisions, of the alternation of the genders in the rhymes—a sacred rule in the present day, but unknown in the time of Clotilde—of the perfection, in short, of every verse, the true author has suffered to escape some indications of deception which it is impossible to mistake." Among these was her quotation from Lucretius, whose works had not been then discovered, and which perhaps did not penetrate into France until towards 1475; her mention of the
seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was observed for the first time by Huyghens, in 1635, and the last by Herschel, in 1789; and her translation of an ode of Sappho, the fragments of whose works were not then published. However, the poems attributed to Clotilde are full of grace and delicacy—sufficient, indeed, to induce any person with a love of approbation not simply diseased and fraudulent, to avow the authorship.

About the same period Fabre d'Olivet published the "Poesies Occitaniques," a work which professed to be a translation from the Provençal and Langue d'Oc; and in his notes he inserted fragments of the pretended originals. "These passages," says Raynouard, "written with spirit and grace, and often with energy, have deceived the critics, who believed them original, and have quoted them as such. Wishing to give to these fragments of his composition the advantage of passing for authentic, the author employed a means equally ingenious and piquant. In one of the works professing to be translated, he mingled some passages drawn from the poetical manuscripts of the Troubadours; and by this mixture of veritable and fictitious fragments, he found it more easy to seduce the credulity of the critics. He did more: as the language of the old Troubadours, from whom he had quoted passages in his notes, had some obscurities, which, being cleared away, would perhaps have facilitated the discovery of the fraud, he reduced their language to the idiom which he used himself; and by this means it became much more difficult to doubt the authenticity of these pretended productions, which for the rest, have a real merit of their own, under any aspect.

The French have from the first been peculiarly felicitous in this dangerous talent. Everybody at one time
believed in Varillas, the French historian, until some first-rate scholars succeeded in the difficult task of destroying his great reputation. Varillas was famous, especially, for the exclusive nature of his historical and courtly anecdotes; and it was believed that he had the secrets of every cabinet in Europe at his fingers' ends. But notwithstanding his parade of the most minute matters—titles, correspondence, memoirs,—it became apparent, in the end, that he had been indebted to his invention, simply, for all this very exclusive knowledge. Yet it is impossible to read him and to withstand his plain, straightforward semblance of sincerity.

Then there was the celebrated "Voyage Round the World," written by a Neapolitan nobleman, named Carreri, who, it has been said, braved every peril of sea and savages very comfortably in his own chamber, which he never quitted for years, owing to a serious indisposition. There is every probability, however, according to more recent accounts, that Carreri was unjustly accused—that he had previously visited the places he describes. Still, for some years, his book was believed to be an imposture. The Travels of Damberger, which made a great sensation in their day, differed from these last: they were undoubtedly genuine—as a fiction.

Disraeli, the Elder, notices a singular imposition which has been practised by a variety of authors, of announcing a variety of titles of works "preparing for the press," but of which nothing but the titles were ever written. This system seems to have been very considerably practised by Paschal, historiographer of France, "for obvious reasons," as the phrase goes: he received a pension for writing on the history of France, and was obliged in decency to announce titles, at any
rate. When he died, it is stated that his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

We find Gregorio Leti mentioned as an historian of the same class as Varillas. "He took everything too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history, which are not to be found elsewhere; and which perhaps ought not to have been there, if truth had been consulted."

Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, mystified a vast number of persons by the circumstantial and picturesque manner in which he wrote his travels. His book is said to be apocryphal; but it is written with a wonderful appearance of truth.

An anecdote of very recent date will conclude the list—as far as we are at present in a condition to extend it—of the most curious continental mystifications.

At the commencement of 1836, the French and foreign journals announced that the Greek translation of the Phoenician historian, Sanchoniathon, by Philon de Byblos, had been discovered in a convent in Portugal. This discovery astonished the whole learned world—not a very large body to astonish, by the way—but they were truly astonished, because nothing remained to them of the work in question but fragments quoted by Eusebius. Some months later, however, there appeared at Hanover a German treatise, purporting to be an analysis of the primitive history of the Phoenicians, founded on the newly-discovered complete translation of Philon, with observations by F. Wagenfield. This publication contained, in addition, a facsimile of the manuscript, and a preface by the learned Grotefend, director of the Lyceum of Hanover. But our "learned friend" last mentioned, soon found that he had been completely the dupe of Wagenfield, a young
student at Brema, whose work, however, displayed considerable imagination, and profound knowledge. In spite, however, of the pompous announcements which were several times made, the Greek text never appeared. The fragments, of which Wagenfield has given a German version, have been produced in French, by M. Le Bas.

So much for the exploits of our continental neighbours in this very fruitful field. How far our own countrymen are prepared to contest with them the palm of imposture, we will now proceed to show.

Hoaxes, mystifications, forgeries, impostures of every kind—whether for personal or party purposes, or from mere mercenary motives—had long ceased to be a novelty in the literature of the Continent, before the literary or learned of England became addicted to the same pleasant pastime. In this country, historians, antiquarians, critics, and readers had long suffered from the injurious effects of continental ingenuity—from the elaborate writings of scholars who never had any existence, and learned lights thrown upon "historical" events which never came to pass—before the perplexing and poisonous fruit of these practices began to flourish in our more sullen soil; and it is due to "a neighbouring nation" to notice that the first literary imposture which rises into the dignity of a real, elaborate, uncompromising, and mischievous forgery, was—an importation. George Psalmamaazaar, the distinguished Japanese, and historian of the Island of Formosa, if not a Frenchman—which he is ascertained to have been by education, and most probably by birth—was certainly not a native of these islands.

George Chalmers, the literary antiquary, enlightened the curious public, some fifty years since, with the discovery of what was believed to be the first English
newspaper, the English Mercurie, date 1588. We are indebted to Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, for the exposure, a few years ago, of this established and unquestionable forgery, which seems to have been concocted by Dr. Birch, assisted, perhaps, by his friends, the Yorkes, with what motive we cannot even guess.

Daniel Defoe, at a later period, was a master of a more harmless species of mystification. Who, among the civilised and sentimental even of the present day does not—in the face of all fact—believe in his heart in Robinson Crusoe? There is one portion of the history of this wonderful work which, fortunately, we are not bound to believe—namely, the fraudulent appropriation by the author of Alexander Selkirk's notes. This calumny has been long since successfully refuted. Some other of Defoe's "authentic" narratives are not so well known. The Adventures of a Cavalier during the Thirty Years' War, were long believed, even by eminent authorities, to be literally and circumstantially true. And true indeed they are, when we have once set aside the fact that the cavalier in question had no existence; for the rest, the adventures are for the most part strictly historical, and those for which there is no direct authority are valuable probabilities illustrative of the great contest in which the cavalier is supposed to have taken part. In the same manner, the Life of Colonel Jack, Moll Flanders, Roxana, and Captain Singleton, are all living and breathing persons; in their biographies everything is true with the exception of the names and dates; and even these have been widely and implicitly believed by the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative persons. Defoe's most amusing mystification, however, was his pamphlet, entitled "A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one
Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705," which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's book of "Consolations against the Fear of Death." The story, which is told on the alleged authority of persons then living, details with marvellous minuteness the appearance of the ghost of Mrs. Veal to her friend—not under mysterious and solemn circumstances, with which even Mrs. Radcliffe can scarcely, now, inspire terror—but at noon day, in Mrs. Bargrave's house, where the ghost gained admission by simply knocking at the door. Neither is the spirit conventionally attired; she is in Mrs. Veal's (riding) habit as she lived, and has altogether the appearance of a respectable lady making a morning call. The air of truth which pervades every detail of the interview, throws the reader completely off his guard, and the first hint—which is most carelessly and artistically incidental—of the visitor's immateriality, is something startling as a sensation. Very artful also is the ghost's puff of Drelincourt on Death, in which lies the whole object of the pamphlet. The pamphlet was, in fact, a bookseller's puff, concocted to sell off a large edition of M. Drelincourt's work, which had been long lying idle on the publisher's shelves. And so great was the credence given everywhere to the ghost story, that the not very learned or lively treatise went off like wildfire.

The first important event in the life of Psalmanaazaar—his birth—remains a mystery, and is likely to remain so, in company with the long list of important mysteries which are not worth the trouble of solution. Nobody knows the name of the Free-school where his education was commenced, nor of the archiepiscopal city at whose Jesuit college it was continued. The name of the young gentleman to whom on leaving college he acted as tutor
has not been handed down to fame, and the circum-
stances which led him to fall into a "mean and rambling
life," as one of his biographers describes it, have never
been recorded. He seems, from the very first, to have
directed his attention to imposture; as much from
natural taste as for the means of livelihood. His first
crusade was against religious enthusiasts. He was of
Irish extraction—so said some credentials which he
contrived to procure—left his country, not for his
country's good, but for the good of the Roman Catholic
religion. Determining to proceed on a pilgrimage to
Rome, his first necessity was a pilgrim's garb, which he
contrived to carry off, together with the appropriate
staff, from a chapel at noon-day. The rest of the ad-
venture we gather from no unimpeachable source—
himself: "Being thus accoutred, and furnished with a
pass, I began, at all proper places, to beg my way in
fluent Latin, accosting only clergymen, and persons of
figure, by whom I could be understood: and found
them mostly so generous and credulous that I might
easily have saved money, and put myself into a much
better dress, before I had gone through a score or two
of miles. But so powerful was my vanity and extrava-
gance, that as soon as I had got what I thought a
sufficient viaticum, I begged no more, but viewed every-
thing worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where
I spent my money as freely as I had obtained it."

He seems to have been about sixteen years of age
when, while wandering in Germany, he first hit upon
the project of passing for a native of the island of
Formosa. He set to work immediately, with equal
ardour and ingenuity, to form a new alphabet and lan-
guage; a grammar; a division of the year into twenty
months; and, finally, a new religion. In the prosecu-
tion of his scheme he experienced many difficulties. But these he surmounted by degrees. He accustomed himself to writing backwards, after the practice of eastern nations, and was observed worshipping the rising and setting sun, and practising various minor mummeries, with due decorum. In short, he passed everywhere for a Japanese converted to Christianity; and, resuming his old pilgrim habit, recommenced his tour in the Low Countries.

At Liège he entered into the Dutch service, and was carried by his commander to Aix-la-Chapelle. He afterwards entered into the service of the elector of Cologne, and finding, it may be presumed, that as a convert he did not attract sufficient attention, he assumed the character of a Japanese in a benighted and unenlightened condition. As he probably anticipated, he immediately became an object of interest. At Sluys, Brigadier Lauder, a Scottish Colonel, introduced him to one Innes, the chaplain of his regiment, with a view to a spiritual conference. This was an important step in the life of the adventurer. Innes seems to have been the chief cause of the imposture being carried to its height. That he had an early inkling of the deception there can be no doubt; but he was far too prudent to avow the fact, preferring the credit of the conversion, as likely to favour his advancement in the Church.

It was arranged in the first instance that Innes should procure Psalmanaazer's discharge; but he delayed taking this preparatory step until he should hear from the Bishop of London, to whom he had written on the subject. At length, finding that his protégé was paying attention to some Dutch ministers, he saw that no time was to be lost, and resolved at once to baptize the impostor—for such he had now, in his own mind, estab-
lished him to be. It may be here mentioned that he had arrived at this fact by a stratagem. He had asked Psalmanaazaar to write a passage of Cicero twice in the Formosan language, and he noticed some considerable variations in the respective renderings. He advised the adventurer with some significance to be more prepared for the future—a warning of which Psalmanaazaar took advantage by perfecting his alphabet and general system, and producing in fact an entirely new language. He subsequently accompanied Innes to England, where he attracted considerable attention amongst the learned. When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, it was pronounced by some of the first men of the day to be grammatical, and a real language, from the simple circumstance that it resembled no other. Next appeared the “Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a native of that Isle, 1704;” which contained, besides the descriptive matter, pictorial illustrations of their dress, religious ceremonies, their tabernacle, and altars to the sun, moon, and the ten stars! their architecture, royal and domestic habitations, &c. This fabulous history seems to have been projected by Innes, who lent Varenius to Psalmanaazaar to assist him in his task. In the meantime he trumpeted forth the Formosan and his work in every possible direction—to such an extent indeed that the booksellers scarcely allowed the author two months for the production of his wonderful volume. The fame of the work spread far and near. The first edition was sold at once; but it was not long before doubts were expressed as to its veracity; and in the second edition the author was fain to publish a vindication. The fact was, he had fallen
into some awkward blunders. He stated, for instance, that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually; and though this was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island without occasioning depopulation, he persisted in not lessening the number. A lively controversy upon the subject was kept up for some years, but eventually the author repented of his imposture, and made a full confession, which he left to be printed after his death. The latter years of his life were passed in useful literary pursuits, notwithstanding that he was guilty of a minor imposture in connexion with his great one—nothing less than fathering the invention of a white composition called Formosan Japan—which speculation proved a decided failure. Psalmanaazaar was a favourite in contemporary literary circles, where he was recommended by his powers as a conversationalist. Dr. Johnson took pleasure in his society, and speaks of him with respect. He fared better than his patron Innes, who, in consequence of another nefarious transaction in which he was engaged, lost his character, and was generally avoided. Psalmanaazaar died in May, 1763.

While the author of this startling and masterly imposture was making amends in mature age for the failings of his youth, the representative of a lower class of dishonesty—a person of inferior abilities and meaner moral character—was proceeding in a stealthy, secret manner to undermine the reputation of one of our greatest English poets. Lauder was a professional critic of some talent, in a limited sphere. He contributed to the then flourishing Gentleman’s Magazine; and in the the pages of that periodical attracted attention by a series of articles, in which he brought charges of plagiarism against Milton. The public were not there-
fore unprepared for the appearance, in 1750, of a work called "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." In the preface to this work, Lauder says, in reference to the origin of the poem:

"It is related by steady and uncontroverted tradition, that Paradise Lost was at first a tragedy; and, therefore, amongst tragedies the first hint is properly to be sought. In a manuscript published from Milton's own hand, among a great many subjects for tragedy, is 'Adam Unparadised, or Adam in Exile;' and this, therefore, may justly be supposed the embryo of the great poem. When, therefore, I observed that Adam in Exile was named amongst them, I doubted not but in finding the original of that tragedy, I should disclose the genuine source of Paradise Lost. Nor was my expectation disappointed; for having found the 'Adamus Exsul' of Grotius, I found, or imagined myself to find the prima stamina of this wonderful poem." The ingenious critic rendered the admirers of Milton very uncomfortable, until the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Douglas; who had a very simple but very convincing story to tell. In the year 1690, it appears there was printed in London a Latin translation of the Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, by one Hogæus, as he called himself on the title page, or Hogg, as he was probably known by his personal friends. And further, it was very plainly proved that the greater portion of the passages cited by Mr. Lauder, were not quotations from Masenius, Grotius, and the rest, but from the very intelligent translation, by Hogæus, of Milton himself! The striking, and frequently literal resemblance between these quotations and passages in Milton's works may thus be easily
conceived. In cases were Mr. Lauder had not availed himself of Hogæus, he had not scrupled to interpolate, and manufacture whole passages, which never had any existence in the writings of the authors from whom he pretended to quote.

Whatever doubt might exist after Mr. Douglas's very valuable pamphlet with regard to the entire falsity of the charges brought against Milton, was speedily set at rest by Mr. Lauder himself in an Apology which he "most humbly addressed" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1751, wherein he makes an abject confession of his fraud.

In the year following the exposure of this mean and mischievous impostor, there was born at Bristol, of poor parents, a boy who was destined, some sixteen years after, to occasion a literary controversy which can scarcely be considered settled, even in our own day.

In the year 1768, at the time of the opening of the New Bridge, at Bristol, there appeared, in Farley's Weekly Journal (October 1), an account of the Ceremonies observed at the Opening of the Old Bridge, taken, it was said, from a very ancient manuscript. The performance attracted attention; and after much inquiry, it was discovered that the person who brought the copy to the office was a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton. He was at first very unwilling to discover whence he had obtained the original MS., and returned some evasive answers. Ultimately he stated that he had received this, together with many other MSS., in prose and verse, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in an upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church.

The evidence of the boy's mother and sister is cor-
robositive of his statement. Mrs. Chatterton tells us that her husband's uncle, John Chatterton, being sexton of Redcliffe Church, furnished her husband, the school-master, with many old parchments for covering the boys' copy books—these parchments having been found as described by her son. The best of them were put to the use intended; the rest remained in a cupboard. She thinks her husband read some of them, but does not know that he transcribed any, or was acquainted with their value. It was not until years after—in another house, whither the parchments were removed with the family—that her son made the important discovery. Having examined their contents, he told his mother that he had "found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it." He then took possession of all the parchments, and was continually rummaging for more. "One day," she says, "happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of these parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, carried away the cover in his pocket."

After the affair of the bridge, Chatterton imparted some of the MSS. to Mr. George Calcott, pewterer, of Bristol; namely, the "Bristow Tragedy," and some other pieces. These Calcott communicated to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who had been long engaged upon a history of Bristol. Most of the pieces purported to have been written by one Thomas Rowley, a monk or secular priest of the fifteenth century, and his friend, Mr. Cannynge, an eminent Bristol merchant of the same period. Notwithstanding some prevarications in Chatterton's story, Mr. Barrett believed the main portion of it, and even inserted some specimens of Rowley in his history.

In March, 1769, Chatterton sent Horace Walpole
who had not then long completed his Anecdotes of Painters, an offer to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had once flourished at Bristol—sending him at the same time a specimen of some poetry of the same remote period. Receiving some encouragement on the score of the verses, he again wrote to Walpole, asking for his influence and assistance in a project which he had then formed of "seeking his fortune" in the metropolis—not on the ground that he himself was a man of genius, but because he was acquainted with a person, as he said; who was possessed of great manuscript treasures, discovered at Bristol. It was this person who had lent him the former specimens, and also the "Elenoure and Inga," which he transmitted with his second letter. Walpole was at first deceived by these alleged antiquities: but Gray and Mason having pronounced them to be forgeries, he returned them to Chatterton with a cold reply. There are various reports about Chatterton's personal conduct at this period; he is said to have become an infidel and a profligate—but neither charge has been proved. All that we know for certain is, that he contrived to get to London without Walpole's assistance; that he there subsisted by writing satires and miscellaneous pieces—being employed, it is said, in some cases, by the government for party purposes. He made the acquaintance of Wilkes, Beckford, and others—but failed to procure any substantial benefit from them.

Owing to some change in his affairs—the nature of which is unknown—he seems, soon after, to have abandoned all hope of gaining the objects of his ambition—advancement and distinction. He removed from Shoreditch to a lodging in Brook Street, Holborn.
and here he fell into poverty and despondency. "The short remainder of his days were spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death he refused with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel (his landlady) to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry—though he had not eaten anything for two or three days. On the twenty-fifth of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, it is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground belonging to Shoe Lane workhouse." Thus was the seal put upon Chatterton's secret.

Warton, one of the most distinguished opponents of the genuineness of these poems, makes a general onslaught against them, in his History of Poetry. He does not even consider them to be very skilful forgeries. The characters in several of the manuscripts are of modern formation, mixed up most inconsistently with antique. The parchment is old, but made to look still older by yellow ochre, which can easily be rubbed off; the ink has also been tinctured with a yellow cast. In some coats of arms, drawn upon the MS. of Cannynge's Feast, the hand of a modern herald is clearly traceable. He remarks, also, upon an unnatural affectation of antique spelling and obsolete words, side by side with combinations of words and forms of phrases, which had no existence at the pretended date of the poems. In the Battle of Hastings—said to be translated from 'the Saxon—Stonehenge is called a Druidical temple; while at the period when the poem might be supposed to be written, no other notion prevailed concerning this monument than the supposition that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre. After urging several
similar arguments, Warton concludes by giving the whole of the poems to Chatterton: if for no other reason, on the very probable supposition that the author of the Execution of Sir C. Baudwin, might easily be the writer of the rest.

The sad and solemn conclusion of poor Chatterton's career, leaves us no heart to dwell upon the feeble waggings of some literary mystificators who succeeded him. Nor, indeed, under any circumstances, are such frolics worthy of any special notice. It was more than a score of years after the publication of the Rowley Poems, before any deep-meaning and really respectable forgery was brought to light. With the author of Vortigern and Rowena is associated no vulgar mystery. He has told us all about himself with most touching confidence.

Mr. Ireland's first essay at literary imposture was unwittingly suggested by his father; whose estimation of the works of Shakespeare was without bounds. It was not a mere matter of literary taste; it was not merely enthusiasm; but a creed and a faith. The most minute matters associated in the most distant manner with his idol, were carefully treasured. To please his father, young Ireland hit upon the notion of concocting nothing less than an autograph of the great poet. This duly made its appearance in the form of a mortgage deed, drawn up with a careful imitation of the legal hand-writing of the reign of James the First, and the "signature" of Shakespeare—cramped, eccentric, and unmistakably genuine!

Who but the son can properly describe the father's joy when this precious parchment was presented to him, as having been found among some (unspecified) documents in the (imaginary) library of some château
belonging to some (fictitious) friend. The deed, which purported to be between Shakespeare and one Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, was inspected by crowds of antiquaries, to whom it gave the greatest satisfaction.

Then, as the novelty of the discovery wore off, came the increased voracity which follows the first taste of blood. The old gentleman became eager and inquiring. There were probably more Shakespeare papers in the same place; and it was the duty of his son to make further researches. In vain did the unfortunate fabricator resist and return evasive answers. The antiquaries, and his father at the head of them, became more exacting. To save himself from importunities, and perhaps exposure, Mr. Ireland now penned Shakespeare’s Profession of Faith and a few letters, all of which passed muster: in many instances documents produced as two hundred years old had scarcely been in existence two hours. Then followed a decisive step. An original play by Shakespeare was pronounced to be extant; and to support his assertion, Ireland, to the great joy of the happiest of parents, produced the Vortigern and Rowena, which distinguished critics admitted to private readings pronounced to be a genuine work of the poet; and it was ultimately arranged to bring it out at Drury Lane.

Prior to this, however, some suspicions of the validity of the production had crept abroad, and were now made the subject of controversy in pamphlets and newspapers. Malone, one of the most distinguished among the opponents, made a collection of documents intended to prove the forgery; but he did not succeed in bringing them out before the representation of the piece. He issued, however, a notice to the public, warning them of the imposture, which he intended to expose. To this the elder Ireland replied by a handbill, which he caused to
be circulated among the multitude, who, towards the hour of performance, were choking up the avenues to the theatre.

Meantime there were enemies within as well as without Drury Lane; and the principal of these was a no less important personage than Kemble the manager. The latter brought all the force of his wide and weighty influence against the piece; by which he called forth a very severe rebuke from Sheridan, who reminded him that he was forgetting his duty as a servant of the theatre. Ireland had also an important opponent in Mrs. Siddons, who refused to lend her aid in palming Vortigern upon the public.

The piece, however, was announced for representation "positively" on the 2nd of April, 1796. Kemble had, it seems, endeavoured to fix the previous night for its production, "in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of All Fools' Day." Being detected in this damaging attempt, probably by the quick perception of Sheridan, the uncompromising manager succeeded in announcing My Grandmother as the farce to follow—a sarcasm obvious enough to a thoroughly London audience. This was not all; leagued with Malone, and the rest of the sworn opponents, and with a real literary enthusiasm to which he was cheerfully prepared to sacrifice the interests of the theatre, Kemble had recourse to every expedient prior to, and on the night of representation, in order to crush the play. He arranged with a number of devoted adherents who were carefully posted in the house, to give himself the signal for the uproar. The signal agreed upon was the line which happened to occur in one of his own speeches—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er;"
which line he took care to deliver in a sufficiently pointed manner, and with a tremendous result. Never had such an uproar, and such derisive laughter and hooting, been heard within the walls of that most respectable theatre. Waiting with great patience until he could again obtain a hearing, Kemble came forward, and reiterated the line "with an expression," as Mr. Ireland tells us, "the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive."

The demonstration upon this assumed all the indignity of a "row;" and it was kept up with such effect that not one syllable more of the play was intelligible. The line occurs towards the close of the second scene of Act V—being the last scene but one of the drama—prior to which no hostility had been manifested. Indeed, so decided was the applause that many—even of the performers—were confident of success. This was notwithstanding that Kemble had given several parts in the play not only to the most incompetent, but to the most absurd actors he could find. He had also placed Dignum purposely in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sound of trumpets, he had to say, "Let them bellow on," "which were words uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang that no muscles save those of adamant could have resisted."

Malone's "Investigation," which was a final blow to the pretensions of the play was not long in making its appearance. After this, Mr. Chalmers published, first his "Apology for the Believers," and then a "Supplemental Apology," wherein, says Mr. Ireland, "though advocating the untenable side of the question, he displayed a far greater depth of antiquarian research and scholastic reasoning than his opponent; in short, there is scarcely one position laid down by
Malone that is not most satisfactorily refuted by Chalmers."

Ireland adds that this warfare affected him only in so far as it caused suffering to his father, who was even himself accused of having fabricated the papers, and this, he avows, was his sole reason for satisfying "the world" on the subject. The play of Henry the Second was another Shakspearian attempt by the same author; but it deceived few, and attracted generally but little attention. Mr. Ireland has since made his appearance as the author of a novel called "Rizzio." He had previously taken up his residence in Paris, where Napoleon showed him favour and attention. In England he was never forgiven by the distinguished critics, among whom was Boswell, whom he had deceived. He returned eventually, however, to his native country, and died in London not many years ago.

The name of Allan Cunningham, in association with this class of literary ingenuity, brings us down to something like our own times. It was in the summer of 1809, that Mr. Cromek, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries, in company with Stothard the painter, for the purpose of collecting materials and drawings for a new edition of the works of Burns. He took with him a letter of introduction to a young stonemason of literary tastes—ambitious, ardent, and obscure. Their talk was all about Burns, the old Border ballads, and the Jacobite songs of the Fifteen and the Forty-five. Cromek slighted some of Allan's poems, which it may be supposed the young bard did not fail to read to him, and sighed after the old minstrelsy. "The disappointed poet" (says Mr. Peter Cunningham in the interesting introduction to his father's songs) . . . "changed
the conversation, and talked about the old songs and fragments of songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale.” Cromek was immediately seized with the notion of a collection; “the idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet’s mind in a moment, and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and to set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway.” Cromek was delighted with the idea; the “Collection,” with appropriate notes and illustrations, in due time appeared, and was pronounced by competent authorities to breathe the genuine Jacobite spirit which it was impossible to mistake. Professor Wilson was the first to detect the “Jacobite spirit” as not being exactly “proof,” and mercilessly exposed the deception in Blackwood—with due respect, however, for the original powers of the poet.

The last successful, and perhaps most pardonable of literary forgeries, came forth under the title of Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch, The story, (which is supposed to be told by one Abraham Schweidler, Lutheran Pastor at Coserow, during the early part of the Thirty Years’ War) appeared at Berlin in 1843, “edited” by Doctor Meinhold. At that time a school of criticism, of which Dr. Strauss was the head, gave great offence to faithful and pious people, by an assumption of critical infallibility so nice as to discriminate, even in the Gospels, between what is true and what the critics were pleased to say is false. Dr. Meinhold determined to play the Infallibles a trick. He wrote the Amber Witch, and pretended that it had been brought to him by his sexton; who had found it in a
niché in the church, where it had lain for centuries among a heap of old hymn books and parish accounts. Strauss and Company were fairly caught. They published an acute analysis of the fiction, and pronounced it to be a genuine chronicle of the seventeenth century. Dr. Meinhold having thus trapped his prey, confessed the deception, and extinguished the authority of the till then, dreaded critics.

The forgery of the Shelley letters is one of the most mischievous examples of the most mischievous class of literary impostures; and from various signs of the times not to be passed unnoticed by those who watch and weigh, we may expect to see even worse—that is to say cleverer, scholars of the same school. The discovery was made accidentally by Mr. Palgrave, who happened—while glancing through the volume published by Mr. Moxon—to detect in a letter supposed to be written by Shelley, a portion of an article on Florence written for the Quarterly Review in 1840, by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. This was sufficient to put Mr. Moxon upon the scent. At the General Post Office the letters were declared to be genuine, "to the best of the belief" of the clerks. The postmarks were then compared with the postmarks of Byron's genuine letters to Mr. Murray, posted from the same cities in the same month and year, and addressed to the same place—London. Here they failed. Where "Ravenna," on a genuine letter, was in small, sharp type—in the Shelley letter it was a large uncertain type; and in the letters from Venice the post-mark was stamped in italic, and not, as in the Shelley specimens, in a Roman letter. In other respects—seals, hand-writing, manner and even matter everything seemed undoubtedly genuine. The onus
of the matter then rested with Mr. White, the publisher, from whom the letters had been purchased. Mr. White published a long account of the manner in which he had purchased them from "a well-dressed lady-like young person," who called upon him at different periods, giving very little account of herself, and still less of the manner in which the letters had come into her possession. He was introduced subsequently, however, to a person who stated himself to be a son of Byron, and the husband of the lady; and from him Mr. White completed his purchases. "It is proper," says the Athenaeum in noticing the above transactions, "to say thus early that there has been of late years, as we are assured, a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats; that the forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors; that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim; that they have been sold at public auctions, and by the hands of booksellers, to collectors of experience and rank; and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books, bearing not only the signature of Lord Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages......At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the Shelley letters, were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife, revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonourable to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley—the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved, we are told, to be forgeries." Other letters, however, which seem to have emanated
from the same source, had been previously sold by public auction. One—the most infamous—in which Shelley makes an assertion against the fidelity of his wife, sold, it is said, for six guineas.

The form of correspondence—especially when it involves calumnies against the dead—is the most dangerous form in which the literary forger has yet exercised his labours. That such impositions are active and widely spread—not only in England, but in many parts of the Continent—there can be no doubt.

THE END.