

whose wife is stopping with some relatives on the shores of Lake Erie. The odor of tobacco always afflicts her with nausea. With that fact he is tolerably well acquainted by this time, and yet there he sits, like a grim Turk, smoking a pipe in his parlors, in the cool of every evening.

"Won't the smell of that tobacco stick to the curtains and everything in the room?" a caller in remarked.

"I don't think it will," was the heartless response. "But if it does, I will neutralize it somehow. Burn tar. If that won't do it, I'll try assafetida."

The subject might be continued for columns. But the trunks will soon be brought to the door again, at which agonizing moment the summer widower disappears from light for another twelve months.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

CELEBRATED HOAXES.

There has at all times been a proneness, more or less developed, for indulgence in the practical jokes or deceptions called hoaxes; sometimes through self-interested motives, and more usually springing from a love of fun with a bit of malice in it. Antiquaries have frequently been victimised in this way, by the fabrication of articles purporting to be interesting as relics of past times. The readers of Sir Walter Scott's *Antiquary* will remember the metal vessel inscribed with the letters A.D.L.L., which Monk-barns interpreted to be "Agricola dicavit libens lubens;" but which Edie Ochiltree boldly pronounced to be, "Aikin Drum's lang ladie." This was a supposed instance of honest misconception by a learned man whose zeal travelled a little too fast, due to Scott's imagination; but there was a real instance in the case of Vallancey, an Irish antiquary, who found a sculptured stone on the hill of Tara, and engraved the six letters of its inscription in a costly work which he published; he made out these to mean, "To Belus, God of Fire;" but they proved to be simply some of the letters in the name of an Irishman, who, laying down lazily on the stone, incised them with a knife or chisel. In 1758, a wit, aided by an engraver, cut on a flat stone several words which were really an epitaph: "Beneath this stone repositeth Claude Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane;" but the seventy-seven letters were so skillfully divided into apparent words, syllables, and abbreviations, as to look exactly like a Latin inscription relating to the Emperor Claudius. For a long time the stone deceived antiquaries.

Gough, the celebrated archeologist, saw at a curiosity-shop a slab of stone inscribed in a curious way, bought it, had it described before the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It purported to be: "Here Hardenut drank a wine-horn dry, stared about him, and died." The shopkeeper stated that the stone had been discovered in Kennington Lane, where the palace of Hardenut or Harlicanute is supposed to have been situated. The whole affair proved to be a hoax. George Steevens, having a grudge against Gough, procured a fragment of a chimney slab, scratched an inscription on it in rudely formed letters, and got a curiosity-dealer so to manage that Gough should see and buy the stone.

Italy is wonderfully fertile in modern antiquities, articles made to imitate ancient productions, and sold at a high price to unwary art connoisseurs. Inghirami, in his costly work on Vases (*Vasi Pittici*), has a most absurd engraving of a vase, on which is depicted an archeologist running after Fame; the lady has her thumb to her nose, exactly in the way known to boys as "taking a sight," while three engraved Greek words represent her as saying: "Be off, my fine fellow!" No such vase existed; a hoax had been perpetrated by a rival connoisseur, which Inghirami did not discover soon enough to cancel his engraving.

There is no scarcity of instances at the present day, and in our own country, of the manufacture of antiques—more for profitable deception than for mere waggery. Roman vessels and coins are every year coming to light which the Romans never saw, and flint implements which certainly were not fabricated in the Stone Period. Numismatists and coin-collectors know, to their cost sometimes, what rogues can do in one particular department of fraudulent hoaxing. A very old silver coin is worth, in the antiquarian market, many times its weight in pure silver, or even pure gold; and hence there is a strong temptation to manufacture modern antique coins, producing at the cost of a few shillings that which will bring many pounds. There is reason to suspect that even in old times such sophistications were practised; for Roman coins have occasionally been dug up, in which the good specimens are found to be mixed with others evidently plated, and others, again, as evidently washed over with silver. The Greek islands are known at the present day to shelter men who make false dies of ancient coins, as a preliminary to the manufacture of new specimens so doctored up as to pass for old. The trade is a lucrative one. A certain engraver of these surreptitious dies is said to have netted two or three thousand pounds from the pockets of English tourists alone, who bought the counterfeits at high prices under the belief in their genuine antique character. The dies were really well engraved, and the coins put out of hand in clever style. That England exercises this art as well as Greece, is quite certain.

Literary hoaxes have been so numerous, that

even a mere list of them would be out of the question. There have been many like that which Madame de Genlis spoke of. The Duc de Liancourt was on intimate terms with the Abbé Delille; both were at Spa; and on one particular morning the abbé was deeply chagrined at a hoax which (unknown to him) his friend had perpetrated. The duc wrote some couplets on the fête-day of Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, regular in structure, but most inane and insipid; he placed the name of the Abbé Delille beneath them, caused the verses to be printed in a few copies of a newspaper printed in another town, and contrived that one of these copies should reach the abbé, whose vexation was intense. Nearly parallel to this is the achievement of an American newspaper, a few years ago, in which some wretched verses were printed, and ascribed to the pen of the eminent poet, William Cullen Bryant; these were copied in many other papers, and came to the astonished eyes of Bryant himself. When the editor was some time afterwards asked for an explanation, he boldly avowed that his purpose was to establish the fact that, no matter how atrocious an effusion might be, the name of a poet who had established a reputation would make it true poetry in the eyes of a large majority of poetry readers.

The hoaxes which have no connection either with antiquities or with literature are not easily grouped into classes; nor, in fact, is it worth while so to do. Let us take a few at random. At Liverpool, in 1807, bills were placarded all about the town, announcing that, at one o'clock on a particular day, a splendid model of a ninety-eight-gun man-of-war, built on Lord Stanhope's plan, and magnificently decorated, would reach Cuisenhall Street Bridge by canal from Wigan, with a band on deck to play "Rule Britannia," which was to be sung by the celebrated Madame Catalani; and a beautifully adorned barge was to precede the model, containing Polito's hippopotamus (one of the show-sights of that day). The people attended in tens of thousands along the banks and on the bridges of the canal nearly all the way to Wigan. The daily passenger-boat arrived at its customary hour; and not until then was it known that the public had been hoaxed.

Shortly before this date, when the dreaded Bonaparte was half expected to invade England, the quiet dwellers on the south coast were in constant terror, imagining all sorts of dreadful things consequent on the arrival of the French. There lived at Chichester, not far from the coast, a family consisting of an elderly gentleman, his wife, and daughter. Some Cantabs got up a hoax to the effect that the only really safe place in England was at Cambridge; the family removed thither, and settled down near Trinity College as an impregnable station.

In 1812, a report was extensively spread about that a grand military review would be held on the Wimbledon Common. As many as twenty thousand people assembled, who poured in from all quarters on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The local authorities, seeing this throng of people, and knowing at once that it denoted a hoax, caused persons to be placed on the roads of approach to disabuse the minds of the sight-seers; but this was of no avail; the rumor was believed, not the contradiction. When, however, the day wore on without the appearance of any military pageant, the populace grew angry, then mischievous; mishaps occurred, and the Common was set on fire. Hereupon messengers were sent quickly to London, and a detachment of Foot-guards marched down to remain a while on the Common until the deluded people had departed.

One of the most annoying hoaxes ever recorded was that which, about sixty years ago, was known in London as the Berners Street Hoax. It drew the attention of the newspapers at the time; then of the magazines and the *Annual Register*; many years afterwards (in connection with a biographical notice of the hoaxer), of the *Quarterly Review*; and more recently; if we remember rightly, of the *Ingoldby Legends*. Berners Street is a quiet street of hotels, and shops with private-looking windows. In 1810, it was still more quiet, inhabited by well-to-do families living in a genteel way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagon-load of coals drew up before the door of a widow lady in that street, and soon afterwards a van-load of furniture; then came a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning coaches. Presently arrived two fashionable physicians, a dentist, and an accoucheur, driving up as near as they could to the door, and wondering why so many lumbering vehicles were so near at hand. Six men brought a great chamber organ; a coach-maker, a clock-maker, a carpet-manufacturer, and a wine-merchant sent specimens of their goods; a brewer brought several barrels of ale; curiosity-dealers brought sundry knickknacks. A piano, linen, jewellery, wigs and head-dresses, a cartload of potatoes, books, prints, conjuring tricks, feathers, ices, jellies, were among the things brought to (or at least near) the house; while mantua-makers came with baskets of millinery and fancy articles, and opticians with telescopes. Then, after a time, trooped in from all quarters grocers, coachmen, footmen, cooks, house-maids, nursery-maids, and other servants, come in quest of situations. To crown all, persons of distinction came in their carriages—the Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a cabinet minister, the Lord Chief-Justice, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Chairman of directors of the East India Company, an eminent parliamentary philanthropist, and the Lord Mayor. The last-named functionary—one among those who speedily saw that all had been victimised

by a gigantic hoax—drove to Marlborough Street police-office, and told the sitting magistrate that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners Street, to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion House, that she was extremely ill, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath, and that she would deem it a great favor if his Lordship would call upon her. All the other persons of eminence had had their commiseration appealed to in a somewhat similar way. Police-officers (there were no policemen in those days) were sent to keep order in Berners Street, which was nearly choked with vehicles, jammed and interlocked one with another; the drivers were irritated, the disappointed tradesmen were exasperated, and a large crowd enjoyed the malicious fun. Some of the vans and goods were overturned; while a few casks of ale became a prey to the populace. All through the day, until late at night, did this extraordinary state of things continue, to the terror and dismay of the poor lady and the other inmates of the house. Every one found directly that it was a hoax; but the name of the hoaxer was not known till long afterwards. This, it appeared, was Theodore Hook, one of the most inveterate punsters and jokers of the day. He had noticed the very quiet character of Berners Street, and the name of Mrs. — on a brass plate on one of the doors; he laid a wager with a brother wag who accompanied him, that he would make that particular house the talk of the whole town. And he assuredly did it. He devoted three or four days to writing letters, in the name of Mrs. —, to tradesmen of all kinds, professional men, distinguished personages, and servants out of place; all couched in a lady-like style, and requesting the person addressed to come to Berners Street on the appointed day, for reasons specially stated. Hook took a furnished lodging just opposite the house, and there posted himself with two or three companions on the day in question, to enjoy the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country, and there remain *incog*, for a time; if he had been publicly known as the author of the hoax, it is probable he would have fared badly.

The incidents in the life of Hook comprise many in which that unscrupulous man played the part of hoaxer. One of his victims was Romeo Coates, a man about town in the days of the Regency—a beau, an amateur actor, who delighted in riding through the streets of the West End in a bedizened pink coat of extraordinary shape. One day this eccentric received an invitation to a magnificent entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House. He was almost crazy with joy at the honor; dressed and adorned himself to the highest attainable pitch, and drove in his fanciful chariot to Carlton House. The card of invitation passed him safely through all the outer portals and corridors; but when a private secretary or chamberlain at length scrutinised it, he pronounced it to be a forgery. In vain did poor Romeo Coates protest that he knew nothing of any forgery or hoax; he was turned back; and as his equipage had driven away, he had to pick his way through the mud to the nearest hackney-coach stand. It turned out that Theodore Hook had cleverly imitated the invitation card, one veritable specimen of which he had contrived to obtain the loan of for a few hours. On another occasion he associated as a companion in a hoax the elder Mathews, the comedian, a man full of wit and frolic, but without much more mind and considerate than Hook. One day Hook and Mathews took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription-board sternly forbidding any strangers to land on the lawn. This was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted as a land-surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. They paced slowly to and fro along the lawn, pretending to measure with the fishing-rods as measuring and levelling staffs, and the fishing-lines as yard and rod measures. Presently, a parlor-window opened, and out walked the occupant of the villa, a well-to-do alderman. In great wrath, he demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly but courteously told him that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that actual measurements were necessary to determine the exact direction which it should take. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to "talk it over;" a sumptuous dinner and the best of wines were just ready; and the alderman endeavored to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might be easily obtained without touching his lawn at all. Hook and Mathews revealed the hoax before taking their departure, and managed to talk him into a hearty laugh about it—rendered all the more easy by the fact that the dreaded canal was only a myth, and that he had entertained two such eminent men as Mr. Hook and Mr. Mathews.

Many of our distinguished actors have been great lovers of practical hoaxes—not only comedians and farceurs, but tragic actors, who are popularly supposed to be always in a passion of rage, jealousy, revenge, and so forth. Young the tragedian, for instance, was once driving in a gig with a friend in the outskirts of London; he pulled up at a turnpike-gate, noticed the name of the toll-collector written up over the door, and politely told the gate-woman that he wished to see Mr. — on a matter of importance. Feeling impressed with the emphatic statement, she sent hastily for her husband the toll-collector, who was working in a neighboring field. He bustled on a clean coat, and presented himself. Young said: "I paid for a ticket at the last gate,

and was told that it would free me through this; as I wish to be scrupulously exact, will you kindly tell me whether such is the case?" "Why, of course it is!" "Can I then pass through without paying?" The toll-collector's further reply, and his vituperation when the travellers complacently passed on, need not be here transcribed.—*Chambers's*.

TRAINING DOGS TO TAKE THE WATER.

Nearly all breeds of dogs will take the water in summer time with more or less "gusto," provided that they have not been disgusted with their introduction to that element when puppies. Certainly retrievers ought not to be backward in so doing, and yet one comes across many who seem to have a great aversion to wetting their toes, especially if it be at all cold. In nine cases out of ten this aversion arises from their having been thrown, by some stupid idiot, neck and crop into deep water; because, when puppies, they did not very likely, on a cold winter's day, dash into it *con amore* after a stick or stone. This little lot of fun (?) for the ignorant master will cost him dear, for in all probability the dog, unless he be an extra hardy sort, will never forget it, and will shirk water like poison, for the rest of his days.

So let us start with one never-to-be-forgotten rule—never force a dog under any circumstances into the water. If he does not take to it of his own accord, and you fail to coax him in, you may as well give up all idea of making a water-dog of him. There can be no fun in pushing an unwilling dog into water simply to see him flounder out of it again, and shirk even the bank for a long time to come. With most dogs that are not of decidedly water-breeds, and with many even of these, it is simply a question of judicious or injudicious management in their early days, whether they become fond of water, or the reverse.

Now for a first lesson. Do not attempt it until the puppy is six months old, and the water is as warm as you would care to face yourself. Go to some pond or ford, or any water where a dog can walk in gradually, without suddenly plunging head over heels into deep water. If the puppy shirks the edge, which is improbable, unless he has been ducked, you can do nothing but sit down on the bank and coax your young friend into good spirits, and so allay the nervous system. Then, when he no longer seems "coward," toss a bit of biscuit to the edge of the water, next into a few liches of water, and then a little farther out, as the dog's confidence increases, and so on until at last he has to swim for it. Once he has found himself possessed of the art, it is only a question of judicious management to make him an M.A. Do not ask too much of him at first. Two or three short swims on warm days will be enough. This plan will be found to answer with eight out of ten dogs, be they never so shy at first. If, however, it fails, you had better try him, through his affection for you, by crossing the ford yourself and coaxing him to follow you. The bridge or what-not which carries you over must be stoutly denied to the dog. When you are on the opposite bank call the dog and walk away from the brook. After racing up and down the bank for a some time, he will probably take the fatal plunge, for which you must reward him. Repeat this, if it comes off, two or three times daily, and the dog will soon get over his aversion. If this fails, coax him to join some other water-dogs in a moor hen-hunt. For a last remedy, catch a duck, tie a string to its legs, and send it adrift in a shallow pond. When it finds itself a prisoner such a flapping and squattering will be the result that if your young hopeful does not go in at that, you may rename him "Riddle," and give him up.

Of course you must not expect too much in the aquatic line from smooth terriers, toy-dogs, and pets. Bull-terriers, however, when once they take to it, are undeniable in this respect. I do not think mastiffs are likely pupils. Not long since I came upon a judge of that noble breed trying to force a fawn-colored monster into a lake. His success was brilliant; he spoilt a new light-colored suit, and eventually got the poor beast in up to its belly. He was immensely disgusted at the dog not going in like an otter.

When about to practise your dog at water work, "drop him" on the bank, take off his collar and check-cord, toss in an indiarubber ball or rabbit (if you have plenty more stuffed ones at home), and then—"Go in and fetch it." Avoid throwing in sticks, stones, &c., as the dog will only "chaw" away at them, and harden his mouth. Most dogs take mighty chumps at first at the object that they are retrieving from water, so it is well that they should have something soft to operate upon. As the dog lands, retire some way from the bank, and call him up to you quickly to deliver up what he has retrieved. Most dogs have a bad trick of dropping their mouthful on the bank after they have landed; then comes the usual shake, beginning at the tip of the nose and ending at the tip of the tail; after which off they go, forgetful of what they have brought ashore. So be particular that they bring what they have retrieved right up to you, at some distance from the water, before they get their reward.

As regards diving, practically it is useless, but it is an amusing performance to show to your friends. Begin with a bit of cheese sunk in a few inches of clear water, in a stable bucket, or any vessel where the dog can see it and get it easily. Next put a stone in your pocket handkerchief and throw it into a foot of water (with gravel bottom if possible, and running stream; a muddy bottom when stirred up will hide the