

Charles Dickens



by Miles Mathis

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Before we get into it, let's do an update on our health. Mine is better and I hope yours is, too. No more morning sickness for me, so it wasn't just anxiety, it was the Sun. I now *know* the Sun was causing my anxiety, not the Phoenicians, since the Phoenies are still at it, even more in fact. I was anxious from very low charge levels. My body felt like it was dying, the charge levels were so low. As I have been predicting, health is improving as the Sun gets stronger. Charge levels are on a steep rise, so everyone would be feeling better and crops would be improving, if it weren't for the Phoenicians fouling everything up on purpose. They can't have you feeling better, since you might wake up and toss them out on their asses. So they have to keep you down with your daily doses of fluoride, fear, and Pfizer.

Despite that, I would say things are looking pretty good long-term for those of us who refused the vaccines et al. The rest of the year will be turbulent, but I think that after the mid-term elections things may stabilize a bit. I think that is part of the plan. After that, the results of the great culling will start coming in, and will come in for decades. The primary result will be 10-20% fewer people on planet Earth, which—though achieved by murder—will have its upsides for those of us left. I expect the housing market to cool *way* off, for instance, due to a glut of existing housing. It will quickly go from a sellers' market to a buyers' market. Other things are not as clear to me. A lot depends on how much people decide to revolt, and in what way. Also how the Phoenicians will respond, which I can't predict. History tells us the Phoenicians are likely to maintain or regain control somehow, but even if they do, they are going to have to give up the Sauron model for the the Smiley Face model for many decades, until people forget what just happened. I still suspect they are going to move us back to a 1950s model

of extremely limited information.

But the window of opportunity is still open for a significant Revolution, which is even more unpredictable. We could be in for a complete collapse and rebuild, which is a guarantee of decades of hardship. It would be worth it, because if we can throw off these parasites, everyone's standard of living would go WAY up. But I am unclear on whether the human race has the gumption to pull that off right now. Even with fantastic leadership, it would require levels of discipline few people have anymore. The Phoenicians are weak and vulnerable, but they have made sure we are weak, too.

Let me start by admitting that Dickens has long been my favorite author of fiction. I tripped across *Barnaby Rudge* in my high school library when I was about 15, I don't remember how or why—probably something to do with the cover, since I am very visual—and had read everything available by Dickens in that library by the time I graduated. I still collect and restore old first editions, preferably leather bound, and have actually been doing some of that this week. I have been working on an 1844 Chapman and Hall leather edition of Martin Chuzzlewit, not one of his most popular, but a favorite of Dickens himself. It was missing the final page, so I had to marry a cheaper, slightly newer (1848) copy into this one. Also restored the leather, replaced the marbled papers on the covers, and replaced the endpapers.

But when I reread his bio at Wiki today I felt I couldn't let it pass. It is the usual manufactured sob story, of the sort we are used to reading about Hollywood stars. It is also typical in that it tries to sell him as a Christian reformer, when he was obviously Jewish. Has this or will this effect my opinion of the works? No. Will it effect my opinion of him personally? We will see when I get to the end of it. I am writing this as I go, as usual.

We will start with his full name: Charles John **Huffam** Dickens. I guess you already see it? Huffam is a variant of. . . Huffman, as in Felicity Huffman. Which is a variant of Hoffman. Jewish. We are told he was named for his godfather, Christopher Huffam, **gentleman**, navy rigger, and “head of an established firm”. What firm? Wikipedia doesn't say. But we can look him up. Huffam was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, meaning he was quite wealthy and important. Lawrence was the premier portrait painter of his time, painting the royals and top nobility. Huffam was also a Gentleman in Waiting to King William IV. He was a shipowner and outfitted a privateer at his own expense for the war with France. His business Huffam and Royes was connected to the East India Company, being a ship builder.

The common bios lead us to believe Huffam was chosen as godfather simply because John Dickens knew him through the Navy Pay Office, where he worked at some lowly position. That story is ridiculous. We may assume the Huffams were related to the Dickens. This is indicated again by the fact that one of Charles' childhood playmates, who lived next door, Ann Phyllis Knight, married Henry Huffam. For more evidence of that, we find the Huffams in the peerage, though well scrubbed. They married the **Goldsmids** and the Trollopes in the 1800s, though we are given no clue why they are listed. It may be through the Annesleys, Viscounts Glerawly. With more research, [we find](#) that the Huffams were previously **Beverleys**. The name was originally Hougham, and they also link us to the **Comptons, Marquesses of Northampton**. Which links us to the Ramsays, Blairs, Moncktons, Drummonds, Douglasses, and later to the Barings and MacKenzies. As for the Beverleys, they too were related to the Douglasses, as well as to the Percys, Leveson-Gores, and everyone else.

So Dickens' bio has already fallen apart in the first paragraph. There is no way some debtor's prison lowlife is going to ask a peer to be the godfather for his son, just because they met at a Navy office. Huffam was a relative, which means Dickens was born Jewish and peerage, just as you would expect.

Here is your next clue from Wikipedia:

On Sundays – with his sister Frances, free from her studies at the Royal Academy of Music – he spent the day at the Marshalsea.

Marshalsea was the debtor's prison where the whole family allegedly lived. So we are expected to believe Frances was living in prison at night and studying at the Royal Academy of Music during the day. Yeah. And who was paying for that? You will say she was on scholarship, but she wasn't and they admit that. The fees were 38 guineas a year: very steep, and not likely to be paid by someone in Marshalsea Prison as a debtor. Frances studied with famed teacher Ignaz Moscheles, the top instructor at the time, himself a student of Beethoven. She only lived to age 38, and was buried in the dissenters section of Highgate Cemetery with the rest of the Dickens. Change “dissenters” to “Jews pretending to be Christians” and you have it precisely. “Dissenters” is normally applied to people like Puritans, and the Dickens were not Puritans. On his own page, Charles is sold as a good Anglican.

While his sister was studying music, Dickens was supposed to be pasting labels on bootblackening bottles ten hours a day, at six shillings a week. Hard to believe they ever had the guts to sell that story, and I guess now there is no walking it back, after 200 years.

Next we find this:

A few months after his imprisonment, John Dickens's mother, Elizabeth Dickens, died and bequeathed him £450. On the expectation of this legacy, Dickens was released from prison.

So he was only in for a few months. Which means Charles was only pasting labels for three months, if that. But I don't believe the family was ever in Marshalsea at all. Just ask yourself this: if Charles' grandmother had £450 to give them on her death, why couldn't she post bail to start with? She just thought it was amusing to see her son in jail?

What they don't tell you is that the father John Dickens soon switched from naval work to journalism. That's a big jump, I would say, confirming once again we are in the grip of a massive fiction. By 1828, just four years after Marshalsea, he was working as a Parliamentary reporter. Wikipedia says, “like his son before him”. Except that Charles didn't go to work as a Parliamentary reporter until *after* his father. In 1828 he was still working at Gray's Inn. They just assume you can't do remedial math or won't notice big contradictions in the story.

Charles went straight out of the bootblackening business into a new school. We are supposed to believe it was a dump like Creakle's Academy in *David Copperfield*, but remember, Charles went right out of it after two years into a law office at Gray's Inn, City of London, where he was a clerk at age 15. Sounds pretty cush to me. It is pretty hard to believe anyone went from pasting labels to clerking in a law office in Gray's Inn in two years, with only a stint at Creakle's in between. And remember, *Copperfield* is wonderfully entertaining, but the idea that someone like Steerforth would have even been caught dead at a school like Creakle's is absurd. As is the idea that Dickens would.

In fact, we are starting to see that Dickens was more like the Steerforth character than the Copperfield character, even in his relationships with women.

Just so you know, Gray's Inn is one of the four Inns of Court, to which you must go to become a barrister. Law clerks have been established on the present site since 1370. Barristers commonly came from Oxford or Cambridge, where they spent three years studying law; they then spent six to nine years at an Inn before being called to the Bar. Five years after that they were qualified to practice in court. Remember that for future reference, or when reading my older papers. It is not what we have found, with famous people blowing through all or most of those requirements.

While clerking, Charles had enough spare cash to go to the theater every single day. Hmm. Things sure turned around for him fast, all based on a grandmother dying. They are careful not to tell you the maiden name of that grandmother, since it is Elizabeth Ball. This links Dickens to George Washington, of course. Washington's mother was Mary Ball and Dickens' grandmother was Elizabeth Ball. Dickens' grandmother is scrubbed from the peerage entirely, so I would say they are very keen to hide this Washington-Dickens link. So let's tackle it from the Washington side. Washington is also listed in the British peerage, which is odd enough by itself, but his mother is partially scrubbed. Her parents are listed but none of her siblings. Strange, since Findagrave lists four sisters. And even they are hiding, since Geni tells us she had a brother Joseph, who died in West Ham, Essex, **England**, in 1760. **So he went back to England**. His daughter is listed as Hetty Betty Ball, died young in 1720. Hmm. Betty is the same as Elizabeth. Maybe she did die, maybe not, but Joseph lived another forty years, so he could have had another daughter named Elizabeth. Even stranger, they conspicuously fail to tell us where Charles Dickens' parents were from, with no place of birth for John Dickens. Are you thinking maybe West Ham, Essex? I am. Joseph's son Charles Ball, b. 1717, was born in Bennet's Castle, Essex, but he too is said to have died young. But that by itself links us to Dickens, since the Dickens were closely related to the Bennets through the Comptons and other top families.

Which leads me to do what I should have done from the beginning: search for Dickens in the peerage. [He is listed there](#), of course, though he is completely scrubbed of information. No parents are listed and no links out. We also find a Charles Scrase Dickens, but he is also partially scrubbed, being given no parents. We was born 1762, so he was between the age of Dickens' father and grandfather. His wife was a Devall, also scrubbed. But his son married a Compton, of the Marquesses of Northampton. We already saw them, didn't we, related to the Huffams. Proving not only that these Dickens are close relatives to *the* Charles Dickens, but that Huffam was a relative as well. Also proving that Charles Dickens is that close to these Marquesses and Earls.

Dickens' mother Elizabeth Barrow was the daughter of Charles Barrow, b. 1759. So he may have been the son or other close relative of Sir Charles Barrow, 1st Baronet, b. 1708, of St. Kitts and Hygrove, who married Mary Randall. Dickens' grandfather Charles Barrow was chief conductor of monies at the Naval Pay Office, and got caught embezzling in 1810. He fled the country for France, then came back and hid out on **Isle of Man** for 13 years. Isle of Man being another clue in the same direction, of course. Dickens' uncle was Robert **Irving** Barrow, with that middle name also being a clue they were Jewish. Which is exactly why he hid it, signing his works R. J. Barrow. He was a watercolorist, engraver, and illustrator.

Notice that Dickens hated his mother enough to make up the story about her wanting him to remain as a bottle labeller even after the family moved out of the prison. We can be sure that didn't happen, so she must have been a really awful person. Not hard to believe, given what we know of these families. She was of the Cullifords/Cullinfords of the peerage, one of whom had recently been paymaster for the

entire British army. These paymaster jobs are reserved for top nobility, and are a license to steal. We can be sure her father didn't just accidentally escape. These escapes are managed, and we are going to see that again here below.

Before age 20 Charles was working at the House of Commons, being a journalist for the *Mirror of Parliament*. They tell us his uncle William Barrow got him that job, but as we just saw it was his father who got him the job, since he was already working there. But this takes us back to the name Barrow. Dickens' mother was a Barrow. Do you recognize that name? See [my paper on Isaac Newton](#). Newton's predecessor as Lucasian professor at Cambridge was Isaac Barrow. Barrow was subsidized by his relatives the Walpoles and Riches, and so was Newton. The Barrows had been rich linen merchants for centuries, working closely with the East India Company. So you see how it goes. The usual.

Also telling is that Dickens was an early member of the Garrick Club, being accepted at age 20. This was a gentleman's club for the very wealthy, and it had just been formed the year before. It was mainly for famous actors and "men of refinement". The Club was formed by General Sir Andrew Barnard, Order of the Bath, and equerry to His Majesty George IV. He was clerk-marshal to Queen Adelaide and later a four-star general. He was governor of the Royal Academy of Music, telling us Frances Dickens real connections there. Also forming the early Garrick was Samuel Arnold, manager of the English Opera House (formerly the Lyceum Theater), as well as famous theater architect Samuel Beazley, who built not only the Lyceum, but the St. James, the Royalty, the Adelphi, and the Drury Lane. So that's who the 20-year-old Dickens was rubbing elbows with at the Garrick. Why? Well because he was an actor then, as well as later, though they mostly hide it from you. It might help you read his bio, so they don't go there. He was a comic actor, which explains his great sense of humor, but once you realize he was an actor in his early period, all his connections drop out and you realize all that I am now telling you.

But even his sinecure in Parliament wasn't cush enough for Dickens, who submitted his first story to the magazines at age 21. It was accepted, of course. At age 23 he published his first collection of these stories, *Sketches by Boz*. Boz was his nickname. And where did that come from? They admit it was a familiarization of Moses. But don't get the idea Dickens was Jewish, for heaven's sake!

Even earlier, at age 22, Dickens was already hobnobbing with George Hogarth and Sir Walter Scott. Not bad for a kid who just a few years earlier was pasting labels on bottles.

By the next year, at age 24, Dickens had published the *Pickwick Papers*, which made him not only the talk of the town, but the talk of Europe. Such a meteoric rise had rarely been seen in history, and—as you know—these things don't just happen. No matter how good you are, you have to be promoted. Let me just put it this way: it has never happened to a real Gentile. The lords of this sort of promotion are not Gentiles. They aren't now and they weren't then.

The Pickwick Papers weren't actually that good, but Dickens soon grew into his fame with *Oliver Twist* and the rest, so I don't have that much more to say against his works. I think *Tale of Two Cities* is propaganda, and he was probably hired to write it, in order to salt in [that whole fake history](#). I assume he knew it was fake, but I could be wrong.

Dickens soon married one of the Hogarth daughters Catherine, but as it turned out he got all three in the bargain. They all came to live with him, which is pretty strange. 17-year-old Mary died in his arms of some overnight illness, which Dickens claimed was a heart attack. It has never been explained, but it is

also very strange. Did he hit on her, shocking her out of her senses? We will never know. He took it very hard, indicating he may have felt culpable. Regardless, it is odd that he would be so attached to his wife's little sister, as I think you will admit. It is odd even if he didn't do anything to her. One wonders how Catherine felt about it. We were never told, of course. We should also not strike through the possibility Catherine poisoned her out of jealousy. It has happened before. It has probably happened more often than healthy young girls dropping dead immediately from heart attacks, with no prior warning. She hadn't taken a Pfizer vaccine, you know.

Next, we have another mystery:



There we have Dickens' sister Frances (Fanny) and his wife Catherine Hogarth. Looks like the same woman to me. Have they misattributed one of them? Did he marry his sister? Or just someone who looked exactly like his sister? Honestly, Dickens' whole sexual bio is so strange, I find myself asking if he started the homes for troubled girls to help them or prey on them. He didn't just fund them, you know, he actually worked on premises with the women. A big red flag in my opinion. Such a busy and important and famous man should not have had the time or inclination to work face to face with a bunch of "compromised" women. We are told he was just that compassionate, but I believe it is a question to ask. Not sure it can be answered, but who knows.

I will told that Dickens wrote a Christian book, *The Life of Our Lord*. But so did C. S. Lewis. Pretending to be a Christian is not new, and of course it helps sales in a Christian country. They admit Dickens was mad about maximizing his sales, which honestly doesn't impress me. Dickens' book was written for his children and was not published until long after his death, so there is the distinct possibility he didn't write it at all. It may have been created later to fill this hole. Regardless, it is very strange that Dickens allegedly forbade the publication of it during his lifetime, and even forbade anyone from seeing or knowing of the manuscript. The entire story surrounding it makes no sense, and looks made up.

We know that Dickens considered the Catholic Church "a curse upon the world." Sort of strong

language from someone who didn't go to church himself, but now that we know he was a crypto-Jew it begins to make some sense. What doesn't make sense is Chesterton's defense and promotion of Dickens, even on the point of Christianity. It is beyond belief he didn't know better. The same can be said of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, who promoted Dickens “as that great Christian writer.” They were also great writers, but like Dickens they were Jewish. So this whole thing looks like another inside job of self-promotion by mutual misdirection.

Also strange is Dickens strong anti-Tory sentiment, while his father-in-law George Hogarth was of course a Tory, being editor of the Tory newspapers *Western Luminary* and *Halifax Guardian* during the early rise of Dickens—whom he promoted. Also not jiving is Dickens early admiration of Walter Scott, another outspoken Tory. Are we to believe Dickens was just ignorant of politics in his early years, not becoming liberal until later? That's possible, but it reverses the normal arc, which is liberal to conservative as one gets older.

Also possibly a clue is that Dickens lived at **Tavistock House** in the 1850s. That name itself is a huge red flag, of course. You will say this predates all the Tavistock Institute nonsense, but Tavistock Square was a spooky place from the beginning. It was built for the Russells, Dukes of Bedford, in 1806. They claimed to be Whigs, but Dukes are always Tories, by definition. Tories being Kingsmen, in case you didn't know. Arch-conservatives. The ones pretending to be anything else are just controlling the opposition. The Duke at the time of Dickens' rise was the 6th, John Russell, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His grandmother was a Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who was himself the son of Charles II. So, by definition a Tory. Therefore, you see why I say that it is very strange to see Dickens living in the Duke of Bedford's old house, even if it had been subdivided.

If you think it was just a coincidence, I remind you that Dickens dedicated *Tale of Two Cities* to the son of this very same John Russell, Duke of Bedford. Dickens considered this John Russell, Earl of Russell, to be “the only major politician in which he had any faith”. Why, we are not told. In these bios, we are led to believe the repeal of the Corn Laws—which both Russell and Dickens supported—was a sign of liberalism, but there are other ways to read that. Those who wanted to repeal the Corn Laws simply represented other wealthy interests, in this case British manufacturing or French food producers. Dickens was a famous Francophile, though we aren't told why. One possibility is that his family was invested in foreign “corn”, meaning food grown on mainland Europe.

This John Russell was Prime Minister 1846-52 and 1865-6, so he is worth looking at in regard to Dickens' politics. Like King Victor Emmanuel later and many others we have looked at, Russell was very short, being not much over five feet. So he had a huge chip on his shoulder from the beginning. I begin to think such persons should be barred from positions of power—think Fauci—but then I am reminded of DeGaulle, who wasn't much better at 6'5”. It is these families, not the height, I guess.

I also remind you that although Russell and Palmerston are sold as rivals, they were actually comrades, their alliance after 1859 selling the “Liberal” party for decades. This is central to our question here, since of course the Liberal party was never liberal. Palmerston started out as a Tory and remained a cloaked Tory his whole life. How could he not, being a **Temple** of the Viscounts Palmerston? Through his wife he had connections to the Lambs and Milbankes, and through his own lines he links us to the Gerards, taking us back to Isaac Newton again. Through the Barringtons he was a **Cromwell**. Also related to the Berkeleys and Bentincks. The Berkeleys were originally Ferrers, which makes them **Earls of Derby**. Which links us to the Stanleys, also Earls of Derby.

Palmerston's first major position was Secretary of War, confirming his Tory status. He then became

Home Secretary, doubling that assertion. This was like being head of the FBI or CIA, not a liberal position, obviously. He later had many pretend skirmishes with the Queen, but we know what to think of that.

Also remember that Russell was Prime Minister during the Irish Famine, probably causing it on purpose, as they are doing now worldwide. So again, we have to wonder what Dickens saw in him. Finding Dickens praising Russell has to be one of the strangest things in the history of politics. Russell's own political hero was Charles James Fox, [whose name tells us all we need to know](#). Although the question is still out on Dickens, Fox was definitely controlling the opposition, making it look ridiculous on purpose. He even wore the colors of Washington's army to Parliament, not something any serious person would do. They had to have known he was controlled opposition, since he was somehow appointed Foreign Secretary in 1782. A real Foreign Secretary doesn't normally side with the enemy, unless he is setting himself up for a fall. More proof of this is Fox's support of the French Revolution, since we [now know it was staged](#). In supporting it, he was just supporting the destruction of the First Estate (church) and its rapine by the bankers. Same thing that had happened in England and Germany two centuries earlier. So almost everyone in government in England supported it, though the Tories had to pretend not to. They had to pretend it was a peasant's revolt, and that they were of course against such things on principle.

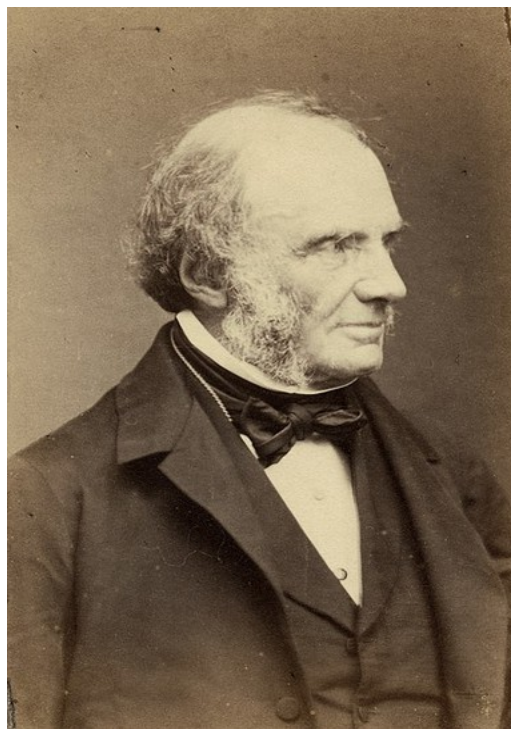


Fox was a short fat Jew who couldn't hide that fact no matter what he did. His father was Henry Fox, Baron Holland, Secretary of War and Paymaster of the Forces, through which he became obscenely wealthy. So, again, the opposite of liberal. What are the chances his son would become a radical? Can you say zero? He was called the most unpopular man of his day, due to general recognition that he had stolen millions from the treasury. So you if think these people are liberals or revolutionaries, you need to check your dosages. Fox's mother was a Lennox, linking him tightly to the Russells as well as the King, as we already saw above.

Anyway, back to Russell. His father the Duke got him into Parliament at age 20, though that was illegal. He was too young. Sort of like how Biden entered the Senate at age 29, but much worse.

Biden's father was not a Duke, as far as we know. Russell spent 17 years in Parliament doing nothing, until he was appointed Paymaster of the Forces at age 37, with zero qualifications for that or anything else. The usual. Remember, we have just established that position was basically an appointment by the King to steal from the treasury without audit, and it only went to the lines of Dukes, namely the Lennox line which came from Charles II. So, again, this is the guy Dickens was later promoting. Perhaps it is because by 1834 Russell was already attacking Irish Catholicism through the Irish Tithes Bill. Basically he wanted to steal a portion of Irish tithes, claiming the money would go to the Irish poor, when everyone knew it would just further line the pockets of the English rich. Sounds wildly anti-Dickensian, but because it involved Catholics, I guess Dickens was all for it.

Or . . . Dickens was promoting Russell *because they were cousins*. Remember, I just discovered Dickens was related to this same Lennox line going back to Charles II. He was linked to it through the Comptons, Marquesses of Northampton. I have to say, this pretty much blows Dickens entire pose as a Whig, liberal, or progressive of any sort.



That's Russell. He was basically installed by Queen Victoria, with little support elsewhere. We now see why. He was her close cousin. Or *was he* installed by Victoria? Who was in opposition during Russell's first term: Lord Stanley, leader of the Conservatives. As usual, that tends to explain everything. What was mist becomes clear. This was Edward Stanley, 14th Earl of Derby, of the house of kingmakers. The Lords of the Isles, hidden masters.



He was Prime Minister three times, and—as we would expect—a thoroughly grotesque person. We now see that Russell was his appointed opposition.

Historian Frances Walsh has written that it was Derby: who educated the party and acted as its strategist to pass the last great Whig measure, the 1867 Reform Act. It was his greatest achievement to create the modern Conservative Party in the framework of the Whig constitution, though it was Disraeli who laid claim to it.

A strange way of putting it. Creating the modern Conservative Party in the framework of the Whig constitution. That is like creating the modern BLM party in the framework of the KKK constitution. We now know the British government is, was, and I guess always will be arch-conservative, with all other parties being pretend opposition. Or, to say it another way, all allowed parties are fascist, with some pretending not to be. Same for the US, same for everywhere else. And did this great reform act actually reform anything? Of course not, or England wouldn't be what it is today. All this reform act did was double the number of men who could vote from 1 million to 2 million. But since they had no representatives to vote for, like now, that number was meaningless. They could vote for one cabal of fascists or another, which is not reform. It is the pretense of reform.

They admit that Stanley was the richest Prime Minister ever. He entered Parliament in 1822 as a Whig from Stockbridge, and we are supposed to believe the Stanleys were traditional Whigs—one of the greatest jokes of all time. Again, the Stanleys were Tories *by definition*. When you look up the word Tory in the dictionary, there is a picture of a Stanley. And Stockbridge was a small Hampshire market town, so what did Stanley have to do with that? Why not run from the Orkneys or from Greenland? At age 30, out of nowhere, he was appointed Chief Secretary of Ireland, and entered Grey's cabinet in the

next year. Why? Because that's how he wanted it, is the only answer. If he had wanted to be declared Santa Claus and appointed Prime Minister from the North Pole, that is how it would have happened.

They tell us Stanley was a devout Anglican. Yeah. So was Lord Rothschild. I'll tell you a little secret: being Anglican doesn't mean anything, except that—like Henry VIII and apparently Dickens—you are against the Catholic church and in favor of pillaging the monasteries. You might as well admit to being a Jew and be done with it.

Not coincidentally, Stanley was the only Prime Minister of the Modern era not to enjoy a Parliamentary majority. Of course not: that would have been too obvious. The Stanleys had existed up to that time mostly in the shadows, but this Stanley wanted to be Prime Minister, so it was done. But even so, he needed to be partially cloaked, so he had to pretend to be fighting various oppositions the whole time, and making great concessions, and nodding to the people. But as usual it was all one big smokescreen. Conveniently, none of the minor parties of the time were willing to cooperate with the Whigs to form a government, so Stanley formed a minority government. What incredible luck, eh? Almost as if Stanley had drawn it up that way. We are supposed to believe the Queen “invited” Derby to form a minority government, but in reality Derby invited himself to do so. *He* outranked the stupid Queen, whom he no doubt considered just a nosy bitch in a chair, whom his family had installed themselves with the sword of state Curtana.

They admit Derby was playing these games:

When Aberdeen's administration fell in 1855, Queen Victoria asked Derby to form a government. [20] Much to the consternation of some sections of his party, including Disraeli, Derby declined this offer, believing that he would be in a position to form a stronger government after a short-lived failed administration led by one of the Conservative Party's rivals such as Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston.

There it is admitted that Russell and Palmerston were just scarecrows of Derby, set up to fail and make him look good by comparison. Same thing that is going on in the US with Biden now, who has been set up to fail on purpose, to reinvigorate a dead Republican party. This is also interesting:

Among the notable achievements of this administration [Derby] was the end of the British East India Company following the Indian Rebellion of 1857, which brought India under direct British control for the first time.

Reading between the lines, I read that as indication the Indian Rebellion was staged like everything else, expressly to allow the British to take over India from the EIC. *Or to appear to*, to take heat off the EIC and to make the Indians think something was being done.

Equally strange was Dickens' response to the Indian Mutiny of 1857, which—as a progressive and critic of the East India Company—he should have supported. Instead he supported Britain like a Tory, and went so far as to say that if it had been up to him, he would have **exterminated** the entire Indian race. Hmmm. Not looking so good for Mr. Dickens, is it?

At about the same time he left his wife to run off with an 18-year-old actress. He was 45. His wife left the house at Gads, but her sister Georgina stayed on to take care of the children.

He then went on a series of reading tours, strictly to cash in on his fame. They admit he was

inordinately fond of money, again confirming my reading above.

Also not making any sense is that Dickens became interested in the paranormal in his later period, becoming one of the early members of The Ghost Club. Whereas, in the section on his religion, we were told he was as strongly opposed to spiritualism as to Catholicism. Some have said the Ghost Club under Dickens was mainly a debunking committee, but I could find no confirmation of that.

It appears that Dickens' greed killed him, since he went to the US a second time in his 50s, giving so many readings he couldn't stand up afterwards. He made huge amounts of money, but wouldn't quit. Even when his health began to fail, he didn't stop, and when he couldn't take solid food he subsisted on champagne and eggs. After a summer off, he went at it again in Scotland and Ireland, and even called them "farewell readings", since he seemed to realize he was dying. Or killing himself by foolishly not taking care of himself. How about quit traveling and quit drinking so much? But then we find this:

After Dickens regained enough strength, he arranged, with medical approval, for a final series of readings to partly make up to his sponsors what they had lost due to his illness.

His sponsors? Why would he have to make up anything to any sponsors? He was a rich guy, making thousands of pounds, why did he need sponsors? So it looks like his cousins the middlemen may have gotten him, as they so often do. They lock a performer into a contract and then push him like a slave, even to the point of breakdown and death. Remember that if you have some talent. Don't sign any contracts. He died at age 58, no doubt with many great works still in him.

Another thing indicating Dickens' peerage status from birth is that he was offered a Baronetcy just before his death and accepted it, but the paperwork wasn't completed. A Stanley gave the memorial elegy at his funeral. I will end on that, since it answers my original question.

Damned disappointing. Really not what I expected going in. But when is it ever?

Added July 30: Something I missed the first time: Dickens may have faked his death, in order to more easily retire and travel with his young lady. As we learned, he was having much trouble hiding from the public in his adventures with her, which is why he liked the US so much in his later years—most people didn't even realize his traveling companion wasn't his wife. Most of his problems were in England, where everyone knew the sordid details and recognized his face from the papers. So it would have been highly convenient for him to fake his death and grow a beard. This would solve many of his problems. He may even have moved to the US.