

VICTORIAN
STUDIES
ASSOCIATION

ONTARIO

NEWSLETTER

FALL 1995

**The Victorian Studies Association Newsletter
Ontario, Canada**

Number 56

Fall 1995

**Published by the Victorian Studies Association (Ontario)
c/o English Department
302 Pratt Library
Victoria College, University of Toronto**

Editor: Virginia Lovering

Copy-editor: Rea Wilmshurst

ISSN 0835-1902

Printed through the generosity of Victoria College

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EDITORIAL REMARKS

I am pleased to take over the honour of editing the Victorian Studies of Ontario Newsletter from Leslie Howsam. She and the previous editor, Jean O'Grady, have been very helpful in easing me into this job. Professor Howsam is now the President of the Association and I look forward to working with her and the other members of the committee to keep members informed of the interests and activities of the Association.

NEWS AND QUERIES

CLIFFORD G. HOLLAND (Emeritus) has published a biography on William Dawson LeSueur, the eclectic Victorian Canadian critic, essayist, historian and feminist: *William Dawson LeSueur, 1840-1917: A Canadian Man of Letters, the Sage of Ottawa* (San Francisco: Mellen, 1993). His entry for the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, vol. XIV, will be appearing shortly.

LINDA MARSHALL (University of Guelph) presented a paper, "Mysteries beyond Angels in Christina Rossetti's *From House to Home*," at the conference "Rethinking Women's Poetry, 1730-1930" at Birkbeck College, University of London, 20-22 July, 1995.

MICHAEL MILLGATE (University Professor of English Emeritus of the University of Toronto) was co-editor, with Pamela Dalziel (University of British Columbia),

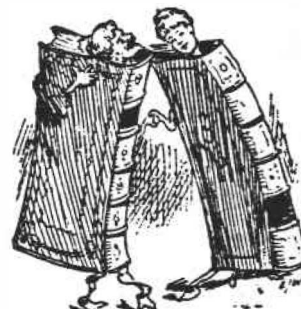
of Thomas Hardy's *'Studies, Specimens &c.' Notebook*, published by the Clarendon Press in 1994. His *Thomas Hardy: His Career as a Novelist* (1971) was re-issued by Macmillan (UK) in 1994, and his *Testamentary Acts: Browning, Tennyson, James, Hardy* (1992) has recently reappeared as a Clarendon Paperback.

GOLDIE MORGENTALER (McGill University) has submitted her dissertation on Dickens and Meredith to McGill University.

PATRICIA MORTON (Department of History, Trent University) has edited *Discovering the Woman in Slavery: Emancipating Perspectives on the American Past*. The book includes fourteen original scholarly essays and will be published by the University of Georgia Press in 1995 in both cloth cover and paperback. Professor Morton has also been appointed the Senior Tutor of Lady Eaton College, Trent University. As a member of the Editorial Advisory Board of the *Canadian Journal of History*, she invites members to send proposals for submissions to her.

REA WILMSHURST (Coleridge Project, Victoria College) has published two more collections of short stories by L. M. Montgomery this year. *Across the Miles: Tales of Correspondence* came out in February '95; *Christmas with Anne, and Other Holiday Stories* appeared in October. Both were published by McClelland and Stewart and bring the total of volumes she has produced to eight.

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CONFERENCE NOTES

The 1995 Conference of the Victorian Studies Association of Ontario was held at Oakham House, Ryerson Polytechnical University on 8 April.

The first speaker, University Professor Emeritus Michael Millgate, presented a paper called "Reader, We Married Him: Emily, Florence and Thomas Hardy," in which he introduced a forthcoming volume of the letters of Hardy's two wives. Interesting not only for the glimpse of the working life of the novelist and his day-to-day occupations at his home, Max Gate, these letters are also valuable in themselves as reflections of two remarkable women who became his wives. The imbalance of the volume (only 130-odd items remain of Emma Gifford's while some 5000 items are extant of Florence's) is perhaps compensated for by the "fretful vitality" evident in the letters of Emma in contrast to the "melancholic resignation" of Florence's. Both women, socially categorized as the "helpmates of genius," were capable of being outspoken in their own way: Emma enthusiastic on the topics of religion, Zionism, women's suffrage and her husband's deficiencies, Florence an avid writer of children's books and popular journalism. Most interestingly, several letters remain between the first and the second Mrs. Hardy, indicating that Florence was at one stage Emma's ally and friend.

Professor Millgate quoted a few tantalizing excerpts from the correspondence. For instance, the telegram announcing Florence's wedding stated simply, "Business completed. All well." In another example, Florence expressed an uneasiness at being the second Mrs. Hardy, aware of being in her predecessor's home, using her things,

and taking her name. She also inherited some of Emma's correspondents, for example, Rebecca Owen, an admirer of Hardy and a long-term correspondent at Max Gate. These letters, and especially the many letters to Hardy's friend Sydney Cockerell, offer glimpses of Florence's grievances about "T.H.," his absorption in his work (leaving Florence with only her dog Wessex for companionship and conversation), his selective sociability, and his occasional tightfistedness.

As documents of their own period, these letters also offer—quite apart from their connection to Thomas Hardy, Author,—much of interest to cultural and social historians.

The second paper, presented by Professor Stefan Collini, "After Arnold: The Literary Critic as Social Critic," traced the trajectory of a revisionary process centred on the figure of Matthew Arnold as social critic. Collini suggested that the notion of Arnold as the father of English Studies, the diagnostician of cultural decline, and the promoter of the literary critic as the repository of moral values would have been unfamiliar to his Victorian contemporaries. This construct of Arnold is a product of the years between 1890 and 1930, when a revival of the "Arnoldian project" occurred, a polemic scholarship which has affected our perception of Arnold. To his contemporaries and early successors, Arnold was certainly considered audacious in his vision of the role of the literary critic, but he was not seen as giving a special status to the critic as arbiter of social thought nor was he taken as a spokesman of the unique role of literary criticism to arrest cultural decay.

Why, Collini asked, in the 1920s did Arnold become representative of the stance of literary criticism as a weapon in the battle against cultural decline? Looking at the two influential critics of this period, T. S. Eliot and F. R. Leavis, Collini argued

that Arnold represented to Eliot the last representative of the English poet/critic, and to Leavis he embodied the pure critic about whose "best work is literary criticism even when he is not doing criticism." Yet Eliot's oedipal relation to Arnold led to some distortion: Eliot's Arnold is not everyone's Arnold, nor is it Arnold's Arnold. Further, there are key differences between Arnold and Leavis: for Leavis, the two shaping events of history were the industrial revolution and the development of mass culture, and against both these developments literary criticism offered amelioration; for Arnold, the shaping episode was the imprisoning effect of Puritanism and sectarianism in the seventeenth-century, for which European culture offered some remedy. For us, it is difficult to separate Arnold from the academic debates in English studies: he is invoked by conservatives as a talisman to ward off the influence of theory and multiculturalism and by radicals as the representative of hegemonic humanism. Both papers sparked lively discussion, which continued after the formal presentations, over sherry, and through a buffet lunch prepared by Ryerson staff.

Before Professor Collini's talk, members enjoyed a Victorian entertainment, provided by John Huston, a Toronto actor. In an uncanny incarnation of Charles Dickens, Huston enacted the final scene between Nancy and Bill Sikes from *Oliver Twist*. John Huston's rendering of several of the voices drew the audience into the scene, most memorably Fagin's sinister and Nancy Sikes's soulful tones.

* * *

The Victorian Studies Association of Western Canada held its twenty-fourth annual conference in Saskatoon, 28-30 September. The invited speakers were Professor Mary Poovey from Johns Hopkins University and Professor Deborah Cherry from the University of Manchester. Professor

Poovey's paper, "A Brief History of Modern Abstraction: Ellen Ranyard and the Female Bible Mission," examined the practice of double-entry book-keeping as symptomatic of nineteenth-century epistemology. Using Ellen Ranyard's *Female Bible Mission* as an example, she explored the accounting difficulties that arose as the members tried to keep separate their offices—dispensing Bibles and engaging in social work. Poovey's paper brought to our attention the gender and class contradictions of double-entry book-keeping as a mode of knowledge production. Professor Cherry's paper, "The 'Worlding' of Algeria: Feminism, Imperialism and Visual Culture," presented an analysis of Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon's artistic renderings of Algeria. The paper explored the collision of the feminist agenda of Bodichon and the Langham Place Group and Bodichon's appropriative position both in painting and other representations of Algerian landscapes.

Two members of the Victorian Studies Association of Ontario, Leslie Howsam and Jill Matus, presented papers. In a panel on "Representing the Victorians: Issues of Research and Pedagogy," Professor Howsam suggested the importance of the History of the Book to our current rethinking of directions for Victorian Studies. As an interdisciplinary approach to the material and intellectual production of books, this field may offer a opportunity for the renewal of Victorian Studies in the 1990s. Professor Matus's paper, "Separate Spheres Compared: Victorian Travellers Visit the Harem," examined the ideological implications of the visits of Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau and other Victorian travellers to the harems in Egypt. Recounted in letters and travel journals, these visits both underwrote and subverted the doctrine of separate spheres, and provide an important site for the examination of the way the East functions in Victorian ideologies. Including speakers from Vancouver to

Montreal, from Edmonton to Windsor, the conference testified to the liveliness of Victorian studies across Canada.

Virginia Lovering

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Australasian Victorian Studies Association, 7-11 February 1996, University of Adelaide, Australia, on "The Victorians and Science." Inquiries to Madge Mitton, English Dept., Univ. of Adelaide, GPO Box 498, Adelaide, South Australia 5001. Tel.: +61 8 3034563; fax: +61 8 3034341; e-mail: sbowbridge@arts.adelaide.edu.au.

William Morris Centenary Conference, Exeter College, Oxford, 27-30 June 1996. General lectures and short papers, visits to Kelmscott Manor and the Ashmolean Museum. Write to Peter Preston, William Morris Society, Kelmscott House, 26 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London, W6 9TA, England.

Midwest Victorian Studies Association conference, 25-28 April 1996: "Information and Entropy: A Victorian Dilemma." At Indiana University in conjunction with the 40th anniversary of *Victorian Studies*. The conference will explore new information technologies and their economic, social, and legal impact, how they contributed to ideas of progress/entropy, and their roles

in culture and literature. Send seven copies of abstracts by 15 Nov. 1995 to D. J. Trela, Executive Secretary, MVSA, Box 288, Roosevelt University, 430 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60605-1394. Tel: (312) 241-3710.

Society for the History of Authorship, Reading and Publishing (SHARP), 18-21 July 1996, Worcester, MA. Proposals for papers dealing with the creation, diffusion, or reception of the written or printed word in any historical period. Proposals for individual papers or full panels may be submitted. One-page proposals by 20 Nov. 1995 to SHARP 1996, American Antiquarian Society, 185 Salisbury St., Worcester, MA 01609-1634. Fax: (508) 754-9069; e-mail: cfs@mark.mwa.org.

"Poetry and History," conference to be held 26-28 June 1996, University of Stirling, Scotland. Abstracts of proposed papers (200-300 words) should be submitted by 1 Dec. 1995. Possible topics: history as the subject matter of poetry, poetry and periodicity, poetry and fact, poetry and politics, the poet as historiographer. Abstracts to Glennis Stephenson, Dept. of English Studies, Univ. of Stirling, Stirling, Scotland, FK9 4 LA. Tel: 01 786 467 509; fax: 01 786 466 210; e-mail: gs1@stirling.ac.uk.



**IN MEMORIAM:
JOHN MERCEL ROBSON
1927 - 1995**

Jack Robson—whose death will have saddened Victorianists everywhere—was born and educated in Toronto and always remained a thorough Torontonian. He took his B.A. and M.A. at the University of Toronto, and in due course—the progression seems in retrospect almost pre-ordained—he wrote a Toronto doctoral thesis on “The Social and Political Thought of J. S. Mill” under the supervision of the redoubtable A. S. P. Woodhouse. The thesis provided the basis for a first book, but—as was the customary fate of Woodhouse’s favoured students—it was only after Jack had served two years in remoter parts (specifically, the universities of British Columbia and Alberta) that he was welcomed back to Toronto as an Assistant Professor in the English Department of Victoria College. From that time forward Victoria occupied a central position in Jack’s career; he was a full Professor of English there by 1967 and served as College Principal from 1971 to 1976. But he was active also in other aspects of the University’s life—most notably, perhaps, as the chair for some twenty years of the crucial Manuscript Review Committee of the University of Toronto Press—and received in 1986 the distinction of appointment to a University Professorship. Still further afield, and no less remarkable, was his immense investment of time and energy in the Royal Society of Canada, acting as honorary editor of its publications over many years, as Vice-President of the Academy of Social Sciences and Humanities, and as President of the Society overall in 1980-82.

From a Victorian Studies point of view, of course, all these activities tend to appear in retrospect as providing an institutional setting for—and a constant distraction from—his central long-term achievement as General Editor of the massive *Collected Works of John Stuart Mill*, establishing and preparing the texts of all thirty-five volumes of the triumphantly completed edition and taking in several volumes a still larger editorial role, sometimes in collaboration with his wife Ann, herself a Mill scholar of note. Work on the Mill Edition led naturally to an interest in other aspects of modern editorial theory and practice, and Jack not only wrote on editorial topics but served on the editorial boards of several large-scale editions—prominent among them the edition of Disraeli’s letters published by the University of Toronto Press. He was also a formidable critic and rhetorician, continuing throughout his career to produce essays, articles, notes, papers, and book reviews in very considerable numbers, most concerned with Mill and other Victorians or with editorial issues, but others venturing into quite different fields. Particularly (and very effectively) stressed, indeed, during the recent memorial service at Victoria College were Jack’s special gifts as a humorist, a connoisseur of the absurd, a wryly perceptive and verbally agile observer of human and especially institutional folly; there can be no doubt that *The Hmnnn Retort* of 1970 still stands as, in every sense, one of his happiest achievements.

For many people, even those outside his immediate family and circle, Jack’s death was felt as an acutely personal loss—of an admired teacher, a staunch friend, an inexhaustibly humorous but never ungenerous presence, a deeply scholarly and yet wonderfully various and productive colleague. Remarkably, his departure has also made the Victorians themselves seem suddenly further away. Not just because of his ability to make the Victorians “live” as subjects of his books, lectures, and conversation, but also in the sense that few scholars of future genera-

tions are likely to establish intimacies with figures from the past even remotely comparable to Jack's lifetime devotion to the life and works of John Stuart Mill.

Michael Millgate

* * * * *

When I visited Jack Robson in hospital in early July, I had no inkling that this would be the last time I would see him. He was up and dressed, walking about the room, conversing and joking with his usual animation. He had been re-reading Mill's *Logic*, and talked about the biography of Mill he planned to write. He hoped to offer a new interpretation of Mill's intellectual progress, showing (if I understood correctly) how Mill reached an important plateau when he worked out the criteria for inductive truth: criteria that he would subsequently apply to the winning of consensus on social questions, and that would underpin his hopes for the gradual spread of enlightenment. The return to Mill, during the enforced hiatus of hospital life, was appropriate: in some ways, Mill was a model for his life. Not that Jack bore much resemblance, psychologically, to that austere and socially hampered gentleman. But mentally they had much in common: intellectual integrity, social conscience, the ability to see both sides of a question, and an interest in the arts of reasoning and persuasion. Like Mill, Jack was a friend to women's aspirations, and—if I may say so without casting Ann Robson in the questionable role of Harriet—thought of his marriage as one in which two equal partners worked for a common goal. And like Mill, he never really retired, but worked and revolved new projects till the end.

By his friends and associates, however, Jack was perhaps cherished most for that quality in which he least resembled Mill, his ready empathy with all types of people. He had an irresistible urge to mingle and to communicate. I recall that one U of T Day (when the university is open to the community), I was manning the Mill booth, and thinking it rather a negligible display. As soon as Jack arrived, the pace picked up. Wearing a straw boater, he stepped out into the passing throng, handing out leaflets, exchanging jokes with perfect strangers, roping 'em in—he was in his element. He was a joy to talk to because he was really interested in people's opinions and characters; he marvelled and delighted in all the varieties of human behaviour. To his employees he was sympathetic, understanding, and considerate to a fault.

I don't mean to suggest that Jack was a person of universal benevolence; for instance, I never heard him say a good word about Bob Rae. Intellectually as well as politically he had his *bêtes noires*. For him, Freud might as well have been named Fraud, and woe betide anyone who offered him an orthodox Marxist interpretation. He also looked askance at Foucault and Derrida, but particularly at the more pretentious and abstruse productions of some of their followers. In many ways he found the present intellectual climate insalubrious. Nevertheless he continued to operate in it, battling for clarity of thought and expression.

Jack loved language, even to his undoing; like Shakespeare, he could never resist a pun. He revelled in Malapropisms, Spoonerisms, what he called Ebenisms ("tarred with the same feather"); he was fascinated by personal names and name-changes. As an editor he never failed to improve a piece of writing, particularly by removing wordiness. He handed round his own drafts for comment, too, and would accept suggestions—though I never could persuade him to re-deploy the parenthetical expressions that he scattered about like pepper.

On 5 October 1995, Victoria College held a memorial service in Jack's honour. The large attendance and the tributes showed how many different spheres he influenced. But I like to think

that, of all the circles he frequented, the VSA had a special place in his life. He was not only a founder but a mainstay of the organization. He was interested in the topics we discussed, he enjoyed the exchange of ideas—he liked being with us. And the attraction was mutual. Whether he was offering one of his apposite observations or welcoming members at his own door, his was a magnetic presence; without him our meetings will never be quite the same.

Jean O'Grady

* * * * *

It must be significant that this memory of Jack Robson as a graduate teacher is being written by someone who studied neither at the University of Toronto nor even in an English department. I first met Professor Robson (I was not formally invited to address him as "Jack" until the day of my Ph.D. defence) in September of 1982 when a group of York University students, from both English and History, drove together from the Downsview campus to the University of Toronto and found our way to Victoria College, the Birge-Carnegie Library, and the John Stuart Mill Project room. The course was the Victorian Studies Option graduate seminar, involving students and faculty from both York and the University of Toronto, and from both History and English. For the whole of that year we encountered "Robson" at one end of the long table and Albert Tucker, from the History Department at York's Glendon College at the other, and were invited to contemplate the conjunctions of history and literature. We also learned that with Professor Robson we were in the hands of a world-class editor; the comment that he wrote in the margin of my first essay remains engraved upon my mind: "you are innocent of the distinction between restrictive and non-restrictive modification." Elsewhere, the single comment "BUMP" was enough to indicate that something was missing. Large quantities of beer from the old Park Plaza pub were required to wash away the chagrin of some of these encounters and enable us to write our second essays.

In my case that second essay reviewed the possibilities of working with historical as well as literary sources and proposed that the thing to do was to study the history of publishing and printing, something I later discovered was beginning to be called the history of the book. When I had sorted all that out three years later and was ready to apply for a fellowship, I visited Professor Robson, hesitantly reminded him of my existence, and asked if he would write in support of the proposal to look at the British and Foreign Bible Society as a publisher. He not only wrote a letter that secured a grant, but offered to read my dissertation drafts, chapter by chapter. I need not belabour the point; this sort of scholarly generosity is more than a little unusual.

When the time came for a postdoctoral fellowship, the migration from York to the University of Toronto became a permanent move, rather than a weekly pilgrimage, and Jack and Ann were colleagues, and remained friends after I moved on to Windsor. I still suspect Jack of suggesting that I be asked to be Secretary-Treasurer of the Victorian Studies Association, and I hereby forgive him for inflicting that office upon me. I knew I had arrived when he asked me to read and criticize the manuscript of *Marriage or Celibacy?* and incorporated some of my comments in the revision. But in another way I will always be a Robson student, and even though I miss him very much, he taught me and all of us in a way that makes it possible for us to go on learning without him.

Leslie Howsam
Department of History
University of Windsor



Sung by M^r. Matthews, at the Haymarket, and M^r. Fawcett, at Covent Garden: In "Love Laughs at Locksmiths."

A Captain bold in Halifax, that dwelt in country quarters,
Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself, one morning in her garters.
His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach daily,
He took to drinking Ratafia, and thought upon Miss Bailey
Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey.

One night betimes he went to rest, for he had caught a fever,
Says he, "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver."
His candle just at twelve o'clock, began to burn quite palely,
A Ghost step'd up to his bed side, and said, "behold Miss Bailey."

"Avaunt Miss Bailey," then he cry'd, "your face looks white and mealy."
"Dear Captain Smith," the Ghost reply'd, "you've used me ungentlely."
"The Coroner's quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,
And Parson Biggs won't bury me, tho' I am dead Miss Bailey."
"Dear corpse," says he, "since you and I, accounts must once for all close,
I've got a One Pound Note, in my Regimental small clothes,
I'll bribe the Sexton for your grave," the Ghost then vanish'd gaily,
Crying, "bless you wicked Captain Smith, remember poor Miss Bailey."
Published by T. Egerton, at the Haymarket, and M. Fawcett, at Covent Garden.

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Gothic Embroidery: *Surreal and Macabre Nineteenth-Century Broadsides*

Judith Knelman

In nineteenth-century Britain, broadsides and newspapers recreated sensational crimes and executions for a public eager to draw moral lessons (along with entertainment) from accounts of the sins and sufferings of others. Broadside accounts, sold in single sheets on the street until the 1870s, were particularly satisfying since many of them had fiction grafted on to fact, and some were set to music. It was understood that these had been put together quickly and cheaply and therefore with less accuracy than would be expected of newspapers. This convention meant that details, including names, places, and dates, were manipulable as long as the broad strokes were recognizable. Indeed, as Henry Mayhew discovered by interviewing the men who sold them, fictitious reports were used to fill in when actual cases were in short supply, and even when the basic facts were true prisoners' last words ("sorrowful lamentations") and descriptions of their executions were often fabricated. Most broadsides are undated, so they could be copied and reissued in other places as current long after the actual event had occurred.

Though broadsides are obviously less reliable as a source of information than are newspaper reports, they are much more entertaining, and they do give us an idea of how the public interest in crime and punishment was exploited. Authentic accounts of trials and executions did their part to deter criminals, but broadsides reached a much wider public. Color criminal biographies and fabricated "lamentations" by condemned prisoners could be

used as moral levers in the social system. Lurid tales of good citizens gone wrong kept everyone else within accepted norms of behavior.

The licence that allowed broadside publishers to get their stories on the street quickly inspired some of their writers to heights of fiction. The most fanciful execution broadside that I have come across documents the departure from this world of Ann Baker, a London servant who secretly gave birth and then slit the throat of her child. A dog unearthed the corpse, which she had buried in the garden. After receiving the death sentence, she was visited by the Old Bailey's chaplain, but she turned him away. When he approached her again just before the hanging, she said, "I want no parson, I would rather have a fiddler and be merry." The broadside continues, "When she came to the scaffold she kicked her shoes off, and told the hangman to be busy. She was turned off while dancing."

More common were murder and execution broadsides that were, to use an overworked word in its original sense, awesome. In many of them, crude woodcut illustrations every bit as grotesque as Ruskin's "ugly goblins and formless monsters and stern statues" promote various combinations of fear, horror, sorrow, reproach, and misery. The texts describe monsters, ghosts, devils, and unseen hands floating about in the dark, mysterious, airless regions imagined by conscience-stricken criminals whose unspeakable crimes and subsequent tortures are described in gruesome detail. Beneath the woodcuts are thrilling tales,

often of supernatural experiences, in which wickedness is punished, innocence recognized, murder exposed, etc. Light cuts into darkness and truth into lies and confusion. What emerges is not more credible than what has actually happened, but it is more meaningful and more directed.

An example is the story of Mary Green, hanged for forgery in 1819 despite public appeals for mercy because neglect by her husband had forced her into crime. After hanging for an hour on the gallows she was cut down and sent away to be buried, whereupon she showed signs of life and was resuscitated. After the British Cabinet turned a deaf ear to pleas on her behalf, a higher power intervened. The irregular private execution of John Tawell in 1845 (who did die, and deserved to) inspired a broadside theorizing that he could have been saved if the fall had been so short that his neck was not broken. It is possible that a too-short drop saved Mary Green. It is also possible that Mary Green was invented.

The story of Henry Wilson's execution is equally dramatic. About to be hanged for the murder of his employers, which he has steadfastly denied, he prays that God will verify his innocence after his death by covering the town with a dark cloud while he is suspended. He dies. In the midst of the subsequent thunder, lightning and rain storm a spectator rushes through the crowd, exclaiming, "I am the murderer!" Or, as the broadside ballad put it,

He met his ignominious death,
Resign'd to his hard fate,
But scarce had yielded up his breath,
When awful to relate,
A man confess'd unto the crime
For which the youth had died;
And now in irons is confin'd.
His trial to abide.

There is a very similar story with some of the same wording in another undated exe-

cution broadside about a servant named Mary White and her lover.

Another supernatural morality tale is the "Account of the Wonderful Judgment on Mary White, the Cruel Daughter." This was another Mary White, a dissolute young woman who in attacking her mother on her deathbed was herself apparently struck dead, a lesson that must have been deemed excessive. A day later she revived and described her experience of viewing heaven and hell guided by an angel. She devoted the rest of her days to preaching the gospel.

It was widely believed that murderers were doubly punished in that they were visited by their victims' ghosts the night before their executions. A ten-year-old girl was reported to have appeared to Thomas Brown and told him:

I am the child that by your hand was
slain,
Repent, for now your time is nigh,
The fatal hour in which you are to die,
Think on the promise God has made,
If you repent you still your soul may save.
My dear parents they both lament for me,
But I am safe to all eternity.

The "sorrowful lamentation" of Thomas Wilson documents his fall from incest to murder. According to the broadside, his (willing) daughter bore him five children, all of whom he killed as babies. The murders were discovered after a neighbor reported having dreamed repeatedly of bodies buried near the house. Later his victims came back to haunt him:

One night as I lay in my cell weeping,
About the hour of twelve o'clock,
A glorious light came to me shining,
I thought I heard the doors unlock,
And round me stood those five harmless
babes;
In white raiment shining they did appear
Accompanied by heavenly music,
And guarded by their Saviour dear ...

A lighter version of this tendency of victims to return from the next world was the ballad of the "unfortunate Miss Bailey," who was said to have hanged herself after being seduced by one Captain Smith. After her ghost complained to him that the parson wouldn't bury her, he promised to bribe the sexton to do it. (See p. 10.)

Broadsides quite often demonstrated that, as one put it, the all-seeing eye of providence sooner or later brings all murders to light. The story of a woman who gratuitously confessed to a murder that had taken place six years before is entitled "The Cries of Innocent Blood; or, Murder Discovered by the Hand of God!" According to the text, a woman named Rebecca Watt had assisted two other prostitutes at Portsmouth in attempting to dispose of the body of a sailor whose head one of them had bashed in with a poker so as to rob him. Unable to sink the body, they buried it in the sand. She had taken her share of the proceeds and fled to Ireland but had been haunted by "frightful spectres, horrid dreams, and remarkable apparitions, which continually tormented her, both day and night." She therefore came back to England to confess. "Thus," says the broadside,

it is proved, that the power of conscience is in no instance so strongly marked as in the crime of murder. Other offences are frequently committed with impunity for want of detection. But the murderer seldom escapes the punishment due to so atrocious a deed, as that of depriving another of his life, as it is perpetrated against the common feelings of humanity, and is of all others the most injurious to society.

A stepmother who accomplished the murder of a three-year-old and a five-year-old in Berwick upon Tweed by driving two small pins into the crowns of their heads insisted on her innocence because she knew there was no obvious cause of death. However,

after her first night in custody she was frightened into confessing by a vision:

She said that at midnight she was roused from her sleep by a loud hissing noise, and on looking up, saw approaching towards her a hideous monster, from whose mouth, eyes, and ears, flames of sulphur issued, and who was attended by a number of ugly fire-spouting birds, beasts, and reptiles. This horrid assemblage approached to within about a yard of her bed, and seemed as if they could get no nearer; they appeared to be beckoning to her to go along with them—but the prison clock struck one, and they immediately vanished.

Though there is no report of the trial, the illustration on this broadside suggests that she was duly punished.

Other broadsides, undated but from about the same time (1827) tell of a woman in Devon who burned her stepdaughter alive in an oven and another in Dorset who boiled her stepdaughter in a furnace of lye. The Devon stepmother lamented, according to an execution broadside:

O that this arm had wither'd, ere the fire
Had kindled for my hellish, curs'd desire;
O that the earth had swallow'd me alive,
And not let me in torments thus survive.

The Dorset murderess was implicated by her stepson, who told his father where the skeleton (the flesh presumably having been burned off) was buried in the garden.

Another (one hopes) fanciful tale of child-murder is related in the execution broadside of Louisa Montford of Cornwall, who purportedly fed her husband's dinner to her lover and then, having nothing for the family meal, killed and roasted their baby. The husband,

finding the bones smaller and more tender than the mutton taxed her with pre-

senting him with kid, but suddenly, as if suspecting the horrible catastrophe, he inquired for his child, where dreadful to relate, the mother confessed the murder, and the infernal fact of having dressed the flesh of her infant for his supper.

Broadsides warned against lesser sins than murder, as long as they were interesting. One describes the penalty paid by two men after they and their companions insisted on gambling in a graveyard. A woman warns them that a judgment will fall on them, but they ignore her, saying they would toast the devil if they could. Just at that moment a stranger asks to join their game and offers them a drink. "Here's to thee, Mr. Devil," says one of the men,

when the sky of a sudden darkened, the elements were in fury, lightnings flashed, the men were swept from their seats and hurled with violence to different parts of the churchyard, the cards were scattered all around and the gravestone on which they sat is as though covered with phosphorous.

We are told that one of the men was killed instantly, apparently by a blow from the devil, a woman emerged raving mad, and another man died after a delirious struggle to free his soul, during which he repeated

"The Lost Soul's Lamentation" several times.

The sobering impact of this story would have been enhanced by its immediacy. It is presented as no mere gothic tale but as a news item. The names of the people involved are given, and the location—Rothbury, Northumberland. It could not have happened, but for those who heard about it at the time it did happen.

There is an equally bizarre and equally precise news item about the fate of twelve prostitutes from Hull who apparently caught an exotic and untreatable disease aboard a German ship in 1829. Their skin turned yellow and then spongy, and eventually dropped off, causing understandable consternation in the other citizens of Hull. As the broadside explains, "It is the nature of sin to carry with it its own punishment, and the awful denunciation of God's displeasure commences in this, and terminates in the terrors of an other world." This is by way of explaining that their doctors decided to smother them in their beds in the infirmary. The broadside gives the names of the victims and the date the ship docked at Hull, but I have been unable to find any documentation of this dramatic demonstration of God's displeasure.



BOOKS

Katherine Frank. *Lucie Duff Gordon: A Passage to Egypt*. London: Hamish Hamilton, 1994. 399 pp.

Lucie Duff Gordon would probably have remained a minor Victorian hostess and translator, renowned for her salons but then forgotten, had it not been for tuberculosis. Ordered by doctors to spend time in a warmer climate, she defrayed her expenses by publishing her *Letters from the Cape* (1864) and *Letters from Egypt* (1865), masterpieces of travel writing that are still of interest. (The paperback *Letters from Egypt* is still sold in bookstores up and down the Nile to tourists and Egyptians alike.) Duff Gordon was a woman of sensibility, capable of parting with her own family and living with a maid in an Arab village, her dwelling an abandoned house built over a temple, her stockings and stays discarded, her days often spent in administering enemas and medicines to the villagers, her evenings in philosophical discussion with sheikhs. Her story could stand for the triumph of the human spirit over adversity, or for the possibility of understanding between alien cultures.

A fascinating woman: but did we need another biography of her? She has told the latter part of her story herself, incomparably, in the letters, leaving a biographer little to do but expand and comment on them; and her great-grandson Gordon Waterfield produced a biography in 1937. Frank's very thorough research turned up more details but nothing startlingly new. Nevertheless, one must answer yes; this is a book for the nineties. It is biography in a new key, self-reflexive, concerned with its own genesis, laced with a little theory. Biography of women by women (but not, we hope, just for women) has a growing appeal, presumably because the author is thought to have an intuitive understanding of her subject

denied to males. In this case, the sympathy between subject and writer is palpable. They even look somewhat alike, judging from the picture of Frank on the jacket. More cogently, when Frank first went to Egypt to research the biography, her husband, who was with her, died suddenly; her own (delayed) encounter with Egypt thus became, like Lucie's (as she is always called in the biography), a search for rebirth. In the controlling metaphor of the book, she was Isis searching for the pieces of Osiris, striving to "re-member" and resurrect the past through the power of memory.

As the above suggests, Frank has a poet's sensibility and resonance to metaphor. Possessed also of a fine prose style, she is admirably suited to her task of causing the past to live again, as in the opening pages describing Sarah Austin giving birth to Lucie in one bedroom of the house, while her husband John Austin malingers in bed at the other end of the corridor. Novelistic gestures are cleverly slipped in with an unobtrusive "perhaps" or "may" ("At this point Sarah may have ruffled through the remaining densely-written pages and realized that she was only half-way through" John Austin's notorious proposal of marriage—p. 20). Only occasionally does this device become grating, or poetic imagination outrun fact ("The trees and bushes in Queen Square came into full leaf, followed by daffodils"—p. 130). Like Lucie, Frank resonates to the land and immemorial civilization of Egypt, and makes its immense appeal to her subject comprehensible.

If a biographer is to act as Isis, she has the task, not always successfully performed here, of distinguishing the bones of Osiris from other bits of flotsam and jetsam. Sometimes (to adopt another metaphor of the preface) the author appears to be fishing in the pool of time with a dragnet rather than a rod. Victorian specialists will encounter many a familiar tale re-told in connection with tangential characters: the burning of the MS of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, the

marital situation of the Foxes, George Meredith's first wife's elopement, and so on. This retailing of the well-known is explicable, however, in terms of the book's intended readership. The work is aimed at a fairly general public, for whom these sub-stories serve to flesh out the character of the era. Non-specialists are also served by the absence of footnotes. Instead there are discursive notes giving the sources for each chapter, but these are somewhat sketchy; not that the scholarship is itself lacking, but detailed bibliographical information and page references are omitted.

Lucie has a topical appeal for specialists and non-specialists alike. She was an early ecologist, practising eco-tourism with a vengeance. She favoured "noble" Egyptians over superficial English visitors, whom she tried to avoid. (Her partisanship is ludicrously seen in her reaction when her English maid Sally became pregnant by her dragoman Omar: she dismissed Sally and kept on Omar, furious with her maid for having seduced him.) She was also appalled by what she saw as the breakup of a primitive but self-sufficient economy. At the time of her sojourn, Egypt was being inexorably pulled into the modern world by the European exploitation of its resources and a flood of new development money, abetted by the grandiose visions of the Pasha Ismail. As a result, while the able-bodied men of the villages were worked to death on the Suez Canal, the rest of the population was being taxed to death. This theme is at least as important as the more obvious one—the alternate model of Victorian womanhood—that Lucie's life suggests. Though Frank does not discuss it abstractly, in terms of Victorian concepts of progress or of the inexorable laws of political economy, it is constantly present as a sub-text in this biography, and provides much food for thought—even for men.

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A. B. McKillop. *Matters of Mind: The University in Ontario, 1791-1951*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1994. 716 pp.; \$75.00 cloth, \$35.00 paper.

Matters of Mind is a product of some fifteen years labour and it must be stressed at the outset that this is much more than an institutional history of various Ontario colleges. As a volume in the Ontario Historical Studies Series, it sets out, in the author's words, to "prod beneath the manifest content of academic rhetoric and action to discern individual, institutional, and social motivations responsible for conditioning them." McKillop has written a comprehensive analysis of the thought produced by Ontario's universities, with perhaps a little too much emphasis on the University of Toronto. The scope of this monumental work is wide, taking us from the end of the eighteenth century through the Victorian Age to the 1950s. McKillop charts the changing nature of social, moral, and intellectual authority as the universities in Ontario developed. Originally founded to train clergy and an intellectual elite, they were gradually transformed to serve the needs and demands of developing commerce and industry which saw its apogee in the late Victorian period. This emerges as the major theme of the book.

We learn that the University Act of 1849 secularized Anglican King's College which had been created by Bishop Strachan in 1843, in response to the wish of John Graves Simcoe. When, as a result of the efforts of reformers, King's became the state-sponsored University of Toronto, the scene was set for political wrangling "Byzantine in its complexity." To this was added sectarian religious rivalry which leaves the modern reader bemused by its bloody-mindedness. While Trinity, Knox, Victoria, Queen's, and other denominational colleges were founded, the nineteenth century was marked by constant controversy over "Godless" secular University College, doubtless fuelled by jeal-

ousy over its secure financial backing by the province. President Daniel Wilson would be sorely troubled by bigotry and agitation against the secular university, and in this his most determined foe would be Egerton Ryerson who organized and developed Ontario's school system. Personal discord and administrative confusion would continue even after passage of the University Federation Act of 1887.

Of particular interest to readers of this journal are those chapters dealing with the Victorian period. Mid-Victorian Canadians in Ontario were proud of their British connection, yet because of geography and the influence of their giant neighbour to the south, they were also part of the democratic new world. While the trend towards industrialization and democratization was resisted by an idealistic elite, that elite did not prevail because they were incapable of giving philosophical support to the dominant scientific and technological needs of the age. McKillop points out that the mental life of nineteenth-century Ontario was shaped by the ethos of the evangelical revival even as its material life continued to improve. We are shown something of the politics of legal and medical education, and their conflicting relationship with the university. These fraternities sought status, power and prestige, and "a privileged economic and social place within society." The rivalry between Tories and Reformers was duplicated in the rivalry between two distinct medical groups in mid-century in which the victim was often the luckless patient.

The author describes the pre-Darwinian world of Paley and Baconian science, along with religious orthodoxy, and examines student and faculty life in some detail, both before and after the gradual Darwinian revolution in thought. Academics like Daniel Wilson and John William Dawson made the initial Canadian response to Darwin, while the Ottawa essayist and critic, William Dawson

LeSueur, defended Huxley, Darwin and Spencer, and debated the bishop of Ontario on evolution and free thought. The arrival of women on campus would elicit a hostile response from male students and professors, but as they began enrolling in increasing numbers, the university began to develop professional education for them, mostly in areas like teaching and domestic science. Under the influence of Principal Grant of Queen's, Christianity began to emphasize ethics and social reform rather than narrow theological concerns. Philosophers like John Watson and George Paxton Young sought to heal the breach in science and religion, and come to terms with the complex industrial world the former had ushered in. McKillop notes that as the influence of practical science increased, interest in the ancient classics declined as students began to choose other subjects.

The generational dispute between academics like Wilson and native-born James Loudon is described. The latter urged the hiring of Canadian rather than British scholars at the University of Toronto; he was a champion of scientific research and felt it was not the duty of the scientist to reconcile science with metaphysics. As Ontario's industrial revolution intensified, the universities inclined more to research and specialization. In 1897, at the urging of Loudon, Toronto would follow the lead of German and American universities and introduce the PhD. The advent of the "gospel of research," the rise of the new social sciences, the social life on campus, the crucible of the Great War in which so many hopes and ideals would perish, the inter-war years and the Great Depression, and the aftermath of World War Two and Canada's gradual reorientation away from Great Britain toward the United States are just some of the themes discussed in this comprehensive study.

McKillop writes lucidly and interestingly about these matters of mind, and the dis-

parate individuals involved receive a careful and balanced treatment. While he has absorbed all the standard sources—Wallace, Bissell, Johnston, Harris, Gibson, Shock, etc.—he presents an immense amount of original research, and his synthesis is very impressive. His work is bolstered by tables and figures as it surveys higher education up until 1951, on the eve of a massive expansion of educational facilities. This work is very long and might have benefited from being cast into two separate volumes, but it would probably have lost the impressive sweep of its inclusive detail and its main focus on change and transformation. The footnotes are meticulous and contain data excised from an earlier even longer version of the manuscript, although references to all the existing literature on Matthew Arnold's Canadian visit, the response to Darwin in Canada, and William Dawson LeSueur are incomplete. The inclusion of a bibliography would have been welcome. Victorians interested in cultural and intellectual history, education and related issues will find this fascinating study to be of great value.

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Charlotte Brontë. *The Twelve Adventurers*. Edmonton: Juvenilia Press, 1993. viii + 38 pp.; \$4.00 pbk.

Charlotte Brontë wrote *The Twelve Adventurers* when she was 12. Its history is well-documented, not least by Charlotte herself, who began the "Catalogue of my books, with the period of their completion up to August 3rd, 1830" with "Two romantic tales in one volume; viz., *The Twelve Adventurers* and the *Adventures in Ireland*, April 2nd, 1829." Mrs Gaskell copied the catalogue in *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1857), and few subsequent Brontë biographies have appeared without illustrations of the minute manuscript

books in which Charlotte, Branwell, Emily, and Anne wrote their stories. There have been several editions of selections of Brontë juvenilia, including Hatfield and Shorter's 1925 *The Twelve Adventurers and Other Stories*, the Wise and Symington Shakespeare Head volumes of the 1930s, Winifred Gérin's 1971 Folio Press edition of Charlotte's *Five Novelettes*, the 1986 Penguin Classics edition of *The Juvenilia of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë*—which includes "The Twelve Adventurers," and Christine Alexander's 1987 *An Edition of the Early Writings of Charlotte Brontë*, where this story appears in the volume, *The Glass Town Saga 1826-1832*: a complex textual history for so slight a story, continued by this Juvenilia Press edition, first published in 1993 and already in a second issue.

Unfortunately, the original manuscript of the story is now lost, although John Barach says in *A Note on the Text* that the one closest to the original "is probably" Wise and Symington's, since they had access to the manuscript. He doesn't speculate on what Hatfield and Shorter used, and nor does he elaborate on his statement that the "best" edition is Alexander's, except to say that she follows the Shakespeare Head, using the Hatfield and Shorter to correct it. On the editorial policy for this edition, he says that "Where the disagreement between texts is only slight, I have usually ignored it." It would have been useful here to have some definition or example of "slight," so that readers could judge for themselves: in a project whose prime purpose is, presumably, editing, policy should be clear.

The Juvenilia Press is an exercise in editing and pedagogy as much as in publication. It is an on-going project, producing editions of early works by known writers, under the direction of Juliet McMaster at the University of Alberta. She has undergraduate and graduate students working on the project with specialists, and she is

the General Editor of the series. Other published volumes include the work of Jane Austen and Louisa May Alcott, and there are more to come. They are cheap paperback pamphlets, selling for \$4-\$8. They make a nice collection, with well-annotated texts and "light-hearted illustrations," also by the students and, in this volume at least, by Juliet McMaster herself—there's one particularly vicious looking Scotsman by her, and a dead camel and lamenting owner who perhaps owe more to Peanuts than to Charlotte Brontë—but no matter. As the Press's brochure says, these are "visual embellishments that readers will enjoy and the authors would be proud of." The annotations are mostly historical notes and identifications, including what the Brontës would and would not have known, although there are a few textual notes about that missing manuscript and the earlier editions.

The story of the young Charlotte and Branwell, Emily, and Anne writing their respective histories of Angria and Gondal is well known now, although the little books were originally deliberately kept secret even from the rest of the Haworth household—the size of the manuscripts was no arbitrary decision. Charlotte preserved hers, and many survive, so, although the editors do not tell us in this edition, the editorial problems in such work are obvious—minute, childish handwriting, absence of paragraph breaks, missing words, little care for punctuation, arbitrary spelling. Dealing with such issues involves sometimes drastic editorial measures to produce a readable text, but the current editors skim over the problems, perhaps because they were not working from an original manuscript but rather from published editions, where perhaps arbitrary decisions had already been made. It would seem sensible practice in an exercise like this for the students to have the opportunity to work either from original manuscripts or from

microfilm at very least. Given that Brontë manuscripts survive for a number of similar stories, perhaps another should have been chosen. The Introduction is in part a discussion of the content of "The Twelve Adventurers," a familiar Brontë tale of exploration, storms at sea, battles, and heroics; Charlotte's hero, the Duke of Wellington, appears, ending the story "amidst thundering sounds of ecstatic joy." There is interesting editorial analysis of the relationship of the juvenilia to Charlotte's adult novels, tracing the development of fantasy and romance, the patterns of character and image, but little on the relationship of the story to the rest of the juvenilia. "The Twelve Adventurers" was the first Angria story. Placing it in the context of how Charlotte's writing developed over the next decade would have been another interesting exercise. Her attitude to Wellesley, to women characters, how she began to handle place and time and to control action would have given interesting insight into her growing technique as a writer.

There are a few unforgivable errors—Haworth misspelled; the name of the Press omitted from the title-page; a discrepancy between the title there and the title on the cover—*A Romance*, as opposed to *A Romantic Tale*. But these are minor quibbles on what is a worthwhile project and one which those of us who teach anything to do with publishing history must envy. Giving students the opportunity to learn not only editorial practice, but also just how a book is put together, produced, and marketed, and all the problems associated with every stage, is to be admired. So what if the results are less than professional?—a minor consideration. What the students learn presumably far outweighs the physical format of the end product. It is, as their professional-looking advertising brochure says, "an opportunity for scholars and apprentice scholars to practise editing the apprentice work of their authors." Given that the volumes don't

appear to have ISBN numbers, it may be difficult for libraries and individuals to order copies through the regular channels, so I append the address of the Juvenilia Press: Juliet McMaster, Department of English, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2E5.

The *Victorian Studies Newsletter* will review other volumes in the series in future issues.

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Dickens' Journalism: Sketches by Boz and Other Early Papers. Ed. Michael Slater. Vol. I of the Dent Uniform Edition. London: J. M. Dent, 1994. xlii + 580 pp.

One of the many highly favourable reviews of the First Series of the *Sketches* when they first appeared in February 1936, was that of *The Metropolitan Magazine* for March, which noted:

We strongly recommend this work to the Americans. It will save them the trouble of reading some 100 dull-written tomes on England, as it is the perfect picture of the morals, manners and habits of a great portion of English society ...

We are all "Americans" now, as remote in post-industrial time as were those early Americans, recently industrialized and nostalgic for Europe, in space. Dent's readable, annotated, illustrated re-issue of the *Sketches*, along with *Sunday under Three Heads*, "The Pantomime of Life," and "The Mudfog Papers" from *Bentley's Miscellany*, provides a welcome chance to enjoy again the London Dickens knew, and the "London" he created.

The first of a projected four volumes, this edition presents, "for the first time in annotated form, all the journalism that

Dickens published in collected form during his lifetime ... and a substantial selection of the many essays and reviews that were never collected by Dickens himself and yet contain much material of outstanding interest." Much of this material is available only in the National and Non-such editions: major libraries and, often, a good deal of informed purposefulness are needed to ferret it out.

Michael Slater's introduction ably traces the rather complicated publishing history of the *Sketches* and, drawing on the work of both Kathryn Chittick and Kathleen Tillotson, places them in their publishing contexts and touches on the revisions. This is followed by a most useful list of the first publication, dated and grouped under the newspapers or journals where they appeared, with additional lists of the dates and contents of the volumes as published from 1836 to 1839. Readers interested in Dickens's development can easily interlineate these groups to produce a list in the order of composition. A Chronology of Dickens's Life and Times to 1839 tabulates the biography, matched by a parallel column of Historical and Literary Background. After 1830 there is a middle column for Dickens's Writing Career, highlighting, from 1836 on, the astonishing volume and variety of his literary activities. These are familiar from the Letters but seem even more remarkable when seen at a glance in tabular form. The Prefaces, usually revealing and sometimes hard to find, follow, and a short, judicious, annotated Bibliography. The text is that of the 1867 Charles Dickens Edition, identical to that of the Cheap Edition of 1850.

Best of all are the special features of this edition, the headnotes to each sketch and the combined Index and Glossary. Headnotes give the place and date of publication, explain topical and geographical references, point out similar subjects in the novels, or refer to further discussion elsewhere, often in the valuable early issues of

The Dickensian. Even words such as “parish” and “curate” are explained. The Index and Glossary identifies proper names and literary references, trade names such as “Abernethy Biscuit” and “Kelso Pantaloons,” and explains words now out of use, or slang terms like “round my hat.” These two features are unobtrusive, scholarly, and tremendously useful, leaving the text free to be read and enjoyed without nagging little numbers. One small anomaly is that the publishers seem to be hedging their bets on the use of the possessive in the author’s name: American style in the title, British for the text.

It’s a pity that, with so much excellence, the illustrations are generally poor. The contemporary map of central London is a most welcome feature, but it is too small and too poorly reproduced to be useful. Only the names of major thoroughfares are legible. Names of bridges become clear only with the OED magnifying glass, and, even with this, secondary street names are barely decipherable. The same section of the same map, somewhat larger and with more variation in tone, is much better reproduced in the Clarendon *Oliver Twist*. Here it is merely a decorative gesture.

Cruikshank’s “forty splendid illustrations,” so seldom reproduced in full, are also disappointing. There is often too much contrast; hatching and cross-hatching tend to be coarse and dark, with little tonal variation, so that interiors are flat rather than three-dimensional. In “Mr Minns and His Cousin” (p. 307) there is little difference between blind, curtain, and fringed valance; the faint outlines of buildings seen through the window, that in the original plates underline the fact of being in London as opposed to the suburbs, are here, puzzlingly, changed to the same vertical hatching lines as in the mirror and further flatten the room. The Dent dog is just a generic small dog with its paws on the table. In the original plates the dog is an artfully sheared poodle-with-an-atti-

tude, the same attitude as that of the forward young Alexander Budden, artfully dressed in a sky-blue suit with silver buttons, whom Mr. Minns will soon encounter with equal alarm and distaste. So much of Cruikshank’s caricature depends on his capturing a fleeting expression, distinct and revealing for each face, that his delicacy is often lost in the dark, thick lines. The illustrations are thus hard to “read” as their original audience would so much have enjoyed doing, the poor among them with their noses pressed to the glass of stationers’ shops when the monthly parts came out. It was something of a coup for Macrone to have secured the well-known and popular George Cruikshank as illustrator for the relatively modest young Boz and the lack of care in this aspect of the book distorts the importance, often the priority, of illustration at the time. It is to be hoped that later editions will bring the illustrations up to the high standard of the text.

But with all this fine presentation does one really want to read these *Sketches*, which Dickens himself apologized for—after making a number of careful revisions—in his 1850 Preface? Definitely yes, and not just for the pleasure of spotting future characters and preoccupations, or of echoing Forster’s “the first sprightly runnings of his genius are here.” They are, as the first reviewers remarked, wonderfully acute and accurate observations of London life: more than a decade later Mayhew himself quotes much of “Brokers’ and Marine Store Shops” as an authority. Even when they are callow, too facetious, sentimental, or melodramatic, there is Dickens’s vigorous style, his comico-seriogrotesque angle of vision to enjoy, and the inexhaustible freshness and fertility of his metaphoric mind. At their best, as in “Meditations in Monmouth Street” or “A Visit to Newgate,” they are admirable. The reader becomes a privileged companion, “lounging about the streets” with this clever, whimsical, theatre-mad young Vir-

gil who is creating "the romance of real life" even as he unmask it.

Read in the order of composition, as this edition makes it easy to do, they offer a rare view of a very young writer's development from apprentice to master craftsman. Scenes, characters, tales, the ingredients of the novel: he tries them out over and over. The difference between, say, "Brokers' and Marine Store Shops" of December 1834 and "The First of May" of 1836 is the difference between accurate journeyman reporting and mastery of the personal essay, that tells us more about the writer than it does about the subject: we would have to go to Mayhew for facts about the 'sweeps Dickens is ostensibly writing about. "Mr Minns and His Cousin," the first comic tale, written at twenty-one, is still enjoyable, but facetious and ordinary compared with "The Tuggses at Ramsgate" of two-and-a-half years later, where the tone is consistent, dialogue skilful, scenes well-handled, and the whole tale developed at appropriate length. He has found his setting and the range of his voice.

Is yet another edition of the *Sketches* needed, with the impeccable Clarendon to come and the likelihood of the World's Classics soon after? Again, yes. All but hardened Dickensians probably read the *Sketches*, bound with *Oliver Twist* or *Hard*

Times, in one or other of the many small leather- or leatherish-bound reprints, unillustrated, picked up from second-hand stalls or salvaged from grandmother's house ("For dearest Hattie, Christmas, 1914"). What else is there? Searching for an edition to restore my faith in Cruikshank, I looked in the library of a large university for the Oxford Illustrated. The Boz volume is housed at a suburban campus. The Nonsuch is, as it should be, safe in Rare Books. The Cheap and Charles Dickens Editions have few plates and are daunting to read. I came away with a Macmillan edition of 1892 (rebound 1973, pages again loose and damaged), a reprint of the first edition—which, in our case, we have not got—with good plates. It was not tempting, but would serve my purpose. Then, caught in a long check-out line and due at a meeting, I thrust the book at the young person at the Information counter to keep for me. Two hours later she saw me coming back through the turnstile and began smiling and waving the *Sketches* as I approached. "I've been reading this," she said. "It's good!" She deserves this handsome, well-bound, well-printed, informative edition that is a pleasure to read and to use. We strongly recommend it to all "the Americans," historical and literary, who are drawn to the world we have lost.

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