

LIVES OF DICKENS

by

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Dickens's admirers place him with Shakespeare, although sometimes grudgingly: 'I maintain it -- a little Shakespeare,' wrote Edward Fitzgerald in 1879, 'a Cockney Shakespeare, if you will: but as distinct, if not so great, a piece of pure Genius as was born in Stratford'.¹ Edmund Wilson, writing in 1941, was less condescending (and less snobbish): Dickens was the greatest dramatic writer that the English had had since Shakespeare, and he created the largest and most varied world'.² The placing offers endless scope for comparing and contrasting, which can be useful: George Gissing is still readable on Mrs Gamp in relation to Juliet's nurse.³ Dickens, obviously, enjoyed one advantage. His rereading of Shakespeare in 1842 influenced his subsequent books.⁴ One striking difference appears in how much we know about Dickens. Work continues on the great 'Pilgrim' edition of his letters, which was begun by Humphry House in 1949. The discovery of a single Shakespeare letter would make a stir in the world; nothing survives that is known to be in his handwriting.⁵ Accounts of Shakespeare's life are mostly conjecture. A biographer of Dickens is almost overwhelmed with material. Edgar Johnson's **Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph**, the standard modern biography,⁶ tells a full and well authenticated story. Perhaps we ought not to want to know more of Dickens's private life than is known at present.

Benjamin Jowett's sermon at Dickens's funeral made a plea for the artist's right to privacy:

I am not going to attempt to draw a portrait of him. Men of genius are different from what we suppose them to be; they have greater pleasures and greater pains, and greater temptations than the generality of mankind, and they can never be altogether understood by their fellow-men. We do not wish to intrude upon them, or analyse their lives and characters. They are extraordinary persons, and we cannot prescribe to them what they should be. But we feel that a light has gone out, the world is darker to us when they depart. There are so very few of them that we cannot afford to lose them one by one and we look vainly round for others who may supply their places.⁷

There is a certain irony in this, for Jowett was preaching at the state funeral which was conducted for Dickens at Westminster Abbey, contrary to Dickens's known wishes: public men are in a sense public property once they are dead. As a churchman Jowett was anxious to quieten rumours about the novelist's liaison with Ellen Ternan. As Master of Balliol he was possibly thinking of the freakish and irregular life of his former pupil A.C.Swinburne who was at the height of his genius and troublesomeness in 1870. The passage is a nice example of how Romantic respect for artistic genius could conflict with Victorian decorum. Jowett's is the voice of the Oxford of his time: although we revere great men for their achievements, the lives of Shelley, Swinburne, even Samuel Johnson, will not bear too much public scrutiny. Cultured opinion in England today has almost reversed these values. Any findings of research which are in any way detrimental to a great writer of the past are published at once and discussed in detail in the literary press. T. S. Eliot was obliged to take legal action to prevent the publication in **Essays in Criticism** of an article concerning his private life which he held to be libellous. Other living writers, in more need of publicity, tend to advertise their weaknesses. While Jowett could appeal to the special status due to genius, to justify discretion, we are more inclined to intrude upon genius out of disrespect for privilege. Although Shakespeare is relatively safe from the intrusions of literary historians, historical fiction attributes to him an extraordinary variety of vices – most entertainingly and learnedly in Anthony Burgess's **Nothing Like the Sun**.⁸ We seem to need to be assured that men of genius are as human as ourselves, and that they can be 'understood by their fellow-men'. But if we are right to investigate their lives exhaustively, we are wrong if we think that we understand that aspect of them which is the only reason for our curiosity, their talent. Where this is concerned Jowett is right, for we do not understand what genius is, and biography at its most frank, or scientific, is very little help.

Jowett and his contemporaries took for granted certain assumptions about genius, the first of which was that the word says something. They took genius to be different in kind from talent or ability; talent pleased by performing well what was expected; genius astonished. Genius was unconscious, as Hazlitt argued.⁹ Genius was both a joy and an ordeal for its possessor. 'Genius always pays for the gift', said Henry James.¹⁰ Genius was akin to madness. None of these thoughts was new. All are as old as belief in divine possession of the artist. Aristotle said that no great writer 'has ever been without some madness'.¹¹ But the nineteenth century gave them a Romantic aura, and often abused them. Mystic bardolatry got in the way of what research could show about Shakespeare. The concept has continued to intrigue. T.S.Eliot declared that 'sensitivity alters from generation to generation in everybody, whether we will or no, but expression is only altered by a man of genius'.¹² W.H.Auden thought that 'geniuses are the luckiest of mortals because what they must do is the same as what they most want to do'.¹³ His geniuses, then, are still possessed.

All this is superstition to many modern minds. 'Better beware of notions like genius and inspiration,' wrote Ortega y Gasset, 'they are a sort of magic wand and should be used sparingly by anybody who wants to see things clearly'.¹⁴ Roland Barthes argued that genius and all other claims for authorial authority are 'myths' since all interpretations of a text are equally valid and cannot be limited by reference to the author.¹⁵ Philippe Sollers argued that an author does not 'write' but 'is written' by his society. In the English-speaking world Frank Kermode has recently suggested that since language is 'not transparent on reality', there is no distinction to be made (or very little) between fact and interpretation, or between history and fiction: Dickens's novels are one body of fiction; biographies of Dickens are another.¹⁶ Such views have in common a wish to oust the author from critical attention, and especially to deny the author's active creative power. He can be said to be irrelevant because his composing of the work has nothing to do with our readings of it; or he can be rendered the passive agent of social forces. Nothing individual is allowed to come between society and the reader.

That tendency ends in a complete subjectivism where where nothing is more worth saying than anything else. It may have some merit in making us think again about the beliefs on which objective criticism and critical biography stand. Ours is a period of distinguished literary biography, in scholarship, as in Leon Edel's *Life of Henry James*,¹⁷ and in creative reconstruction, as in Angus Wilson's *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*.¹⁸ We are by no means short of writers willing to explain the work by reference to the life, undeterred, and often unaware, of semiological objections to their whole enterprise. But the empiricists share with their opponents, very often, a disregard for what remains inexplicable in Shakespeare or in Dickens when all possible explanations have been offered. The social, cultural and psychological influences are illuminating. It is good to see how the writer developed within his own time and his own personality. But why is it that we feel we know Dickens and Shakespeare while Ainsworth and Decker, if we can read through them, dated as they now seem, are strangers. 'Men seem to have lost, not a great writer only, but one whom they had personally known', Jowett ended his sermon. It is still true. How is it that while a lesser talent neatly fits what we know of his social circumstances and personal make-up, of his education and reading, Dickens astounds us? If that difference of quality is a mere extra, so that had he had less genius Dickens would be much the same but less compelling, then our analytical biographies are fully justified. But if it is the *sine qua non*, the product of his daemon, without which he would not have written, then there is a disappointment even in Edgar Johnson's fine book, and it is possible to feel that the Barthesian' disbelief in his kind of analytical cause and effect may be wholesome without wishing to substitute Barthes for Johnson. Attempts to explain genius, rather than to illustrate through biography the forms it took, may end be diminishing the achievement they seek to proclaim.

Dickens is an even more special case, given the extent of the biographical evidence, and the quality of his gift, because of the document, known to Dickensians as the **Autobiographical Fragment (A.F.)**, which has always seemed to be the key to understanding the man and his work. The aim of the next few pages is to look again at the use which has been made of this piece of evidence, and to argue that it has often been a distraction rather than an illumination because of a misconceived desire to **explain**; to neglect the glaring fact of Dickens's genius, and, in Ortega y Gasset's phrase, 'to see things clearly' where they are not yet clear at all.

No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I have learned and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life.

The circumstances of Dickens's trauma can be simply summarised. He reached his twelfth birthday on 7 February 1824, unusually intelligent, good at his studies, and full of ambition to become 'a great man'. His father John Dickens, an improvident and pretentious clerk in the Navy Pay Office, had encouraged him to think of himself as a young gentleman. Bankrupt and about to be seized for debt, John Dickens was obliged to tell his son that he must go out to work. Two days after his birthday Charles started at Warren's Blacking Warehouse, between the Strand and Hungerford Stairs, wrapping and labelling pots of boot-blacking for twelve hours a day at six shillings a week. On 20 February his father was arrested and three days later was imprisoned in the Marshalsea. (He announced to his family that the sun had gone down on him for ever.) The furniture at the house the Dickenses were renting in Gower Street was taken by the court or sent to the pawnbrokers, but Mrs Dickens camped there until 21 March 1824 when the lease expired and she went with her younger children to join her husband in the Marshalsea. Charles went into the cheapest possible lodgings and visited the family in the evenings at the prison. Meanwhile he grew deft at his job and was set to work in the window to amuse passers-by with his skill. His title among his fellow-workers, 'the young gentleman', grew increasingly ironic, and his situation painful to him. In one most 'Dickensian' incident he was summoned to have his

clothes priced by an official of the debtors' court, because the family of an insolvent was allowed to retain only minimal possessions. An improvement in John Dickens's finances secured his release on 29 May 1824 and Charles was released soon afterwards, after about four months of labour. He was then sent to school on his father's insistence, but 'I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back' (A.F.).

Dickens's account gives no dates and no indication of the length of his drudgery. He could not remember, 'whether for a year, or much more, or less'. Those who believe that all history is fiction might urge that, hazy in memory, Dickens fictionalised his past; that the once cheerful young blacker at last made a character of himself in an image familiar and moving to his readers, so that the work produced the 'life'. But there is no reason to doubt the truth of the Fragment. The point at which the tense slips into present perfect as the writer remembers ('what I have learned') is telling. And the time at the Warehouse would have seemed endless. It is not surprising that Dickens never researched this period of his life; he could not bear to think about it. 'From that hour until this at which I write, no word of that part of my childhood which I have now gladly brought to a close has passed my lips to any human being ... my own wife not excepted' (A.F.). A few words had passed to his friend John Forster who published the Fragment in his *Life* in 1872, to the astonishment of Dickens's family. These forty years of silence about events so crucial to the development of the man and the novelist, encourage the determinist inclination in critics since our age believes that the trauma which is suppressed is the most powerful. The Fragment does supply strong evidence that the Warehouse was decisive for Dickens. 'No emphasis', says Edgar Johnson, 'can overstate the depth and intensity with which these experiences ate into his childish soul'.¹⁹ Dickens was haunted by these memories in spite of himself. He had sat after work in a coffee room brooding on the words reversed through the glass of the door: MOOR-EEFFOC. Whenever afterwards he noticed the same effect he felt 'a shock through my blood'. For years he avoided the scenes of his 'servitude'.

Until old Hungerford Market was pulled down, until old Hungerford Stairs were destroyed, and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began. I never saw it. I could not endure to go near it. For many years, when I came to Robert Warren's in the Strand, I crossed over to the opposite side of the way, to avoid a certain smell of the cement they put upon the blacking-corks, which reminded me of what I was once. It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos Street. My old way home by the Borough made me cry, after my eldest child could speak. (A.F.).

Here is proof of a deep social shame in one who, as a friend reported, 'knew it all [London] from Bow to Brentford',²⁰ and delighted in all of it. So here is David Copperfield. It is because this evidence is so startlingly relevant to the books, and so amenable to formulaic reductions of Dickens's Shakespearian gifts to 'because of the Blacking Warehouse he...', that one can sometimes wish that Dickens had kept quiet to the end.

The obvious points were made at once, in reviews of Forster's *Life*, and they have been reiterated ever since. The first is that Warren's 'gave' or 'taught' the novelist his sympathy with the poor and outcast. He had been poor and had felt himself outcast more intensely than those accustomed to deprivation. Hence Oliver, Smike and Jo the crossing-sweeper,²¹ hence Magwitch and other good-hearted varmint to whom life was harsh in childhood. But 'hence' ought not to be facile, in justice to Dickens and to the facts of life. Matthew Arnold reflected that Murdstone in *David Copperfield* is 'the natural product' of the appalling school, Salem House, to which he consigns David. Bad schools, according to Arnold, naturally produced the type of hard Englishman whom the Irish so rightly disliked. On this view of how environment conditions character, the Warehouse, followed by a bad school of the Salem House kind, would naturally have made the adult Dickens a harder man than Murdstone, perhaps a master of warehouses, indifferent to the poor. There are signs that he grew up charitable in spite of Warren's. He tells us, a detail which helps to validate the Fragment, that the warehouse-lad who befriended him was called Bob Fagin. When he chose a name for the villainous fence who tries to make a pickpocket of Oliver Twist, he was prompted, it seems, by an old resentment. The 'young gentleman' could not belong in the Warehouse, ought not to be made at home there. For some critics this betrays hypocrisy: the suffering was **bourgeois**, and 'produced' the bourgeois happy endings which so depressed George Orwell. Oliver is received back into the middle-class, far from Fagin and his kind, at the end of the story. The borrowed name has led to much critical sarcasm on predictable grounds: championship of the poor was humbug; Dickens really feared and hated the poor. 'He had ridden to glory on the shillings of a public which may very well have included Bob Fagin.'²³ If we consider Boz ten years after he knew Fagin, it is plain that he still meant to be a great man as soon as possible, and not a potlabeller, and equally plain that his boyish aversion to low companionship had vanished from his journalistic instincts, from his habit of exploring London from Bow to Brentford, from his politics, and above all from his imagination. In contrast to the 'Yellowplush' whimsy which Thackeray was selling to the papers in the middle thirties, Boz is remarkably free of snobbishness even by modern standards. He shrank from Hungerford Stairs and from MOOR-EEFFOC, but not from the urchins who must have recalled how he had lounged hungry in the streets. Why not? Instead we have the Dodger and Charlie Bates and, suitably genteelised, Oliver Twist. There are many sketches of

pickpockets in the newspapers of the time, written by men now forgotten.²⁴ It was Dickens who reworked his own such sketches from the waif's point of view. Plainly his experience was behind it, but not in any way we can know. 'The heart' was one of the surest terms for Dickens and for most Victorians. Boz had a good head and a good heart, and he may have had both before he had ever thought much about blacking.

The creative energy, artistic discipline and very hard work which were inseparable from Dickens's genius are supposed to derive from the same source as his largeness of sympathy. The Blacking Warehouse was 'formative', says Edgar Johnson, in 'steeling' Dickens's resolve never to risk another approach to the social abyss.²⁵ It showed him, in his father, what indolence and recklessness could bring about, and scared him into a lifetime of hard endeavour. If he was enslaved at Warren's, he was ever afterwards 'to work like a slave', in Orwell's phrase,²⁶ as a result. Twelve hours a day of menial work, carried on for months against a background of family castastrophe, followed by an adolescence of relative comfort, would have made a wastrel of many people -- which leaves us with the question of what Dickens was like in January 1824. We know. He was keen, bright and very ambitious. Perhaps Edgar Johnson's cause and effect could be reversed. It was because his lifelong drive to succeed was already present that young Charles was traumatised by the waste of time at Warren's. The Fragment says so. His misery was chiefly in the loss of what he had 'learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and emulation up by'. He did not become dedicated because he had been wretched; he was so wretched because his dedication was already alive in him. Of course there is some connection between memories of the Marshalsea and the urge to make money which shows in all the novelist's business dealings, although Thackeray who grew up rich was equally keen to be rich in later life, as were most able Victorians. We cannot know where Dickens found his colossal energy, but we should object to an equation which makes it look automatic. Dickens felt himself driven by his talent. 'I hold my inventive capacity on the stern condition that it must master my whole life, often have complete possession of me, make its own demands upon me, sometimes for months together put everything else away from me... Whoever is devoted to an Art must be content to deliver himself wholly up to it, and to find his recompense in it.'²⁷ This was not a public declaration, but an admission, into which he had been goaded, made in reply to an overinsistent hostess. He was shy of such admissions which touched on personal pride. Certainly the recompense was enormous. Dickens richly enjoyed his talent. Trollope's tribute in *St Paul's* for July 1870 describes him as he appeared in his last weeks: 'whatever he did seemed to come from him easily, as though he delighted in the doing of it... above all, he laughed like a man in the full vigour of his life'. The ease and freedom in this impression belie the routine accounts of how drudgery in the Warehouse steeled a determination to succeed.

'To hear him speak', Trollope continued, was to wish to be a speaker oneself, because the thing, when properly managed, could evidently be done so easily, so pleasantly, with such gratification not only to all hearers but to oneself.' There was something alive in Dickens for which present-day criticism lacks terminology. In looking for simple explanations, we often belittle him.

Much modern commentary has sought to make the novels critically manageable by emphasising themes which recur throughout. Most creative writers, including Shakespeare, treat their own earlier work as a principal source, reworking certain scenes and relationships as their art develops. Dickens's preoccupations -- with money, with fathers, with prisons, with childhood, with food -- have been explored in a number of good studies. A.O.J.Cockshut's **The Imagination of Charles Dickens** is one of the best to adopt this approach.²⁸ It has become another routine assumption, as a result, that the scope of Dickens's art was ruled by the 'formative' months at at Warren's where the major 'preoccupations' (or, more crudely, 'obsessions' or 'fixations') arose. Introducing **A Tale of Two Cities** for the Penguin English Library, George Woodcock, for example, writes:

The novel begins and ends with the opening of prison doors, even it, for Carton, they open only death.

There is no need to search deeply for the source of this preoccupation. Dickens bore as a deep emotional scar the memory of his father's detention for debt in the Marshalsea prison. It was a wound to his childhood pride which he never forgave society, and never forgave his father, for he linked it with the fecklessness with which John Dickens allowed his son, educated for better things, to spend the most wretched months of his childhood working in Warren's blacking factory. The looming memory of the prison experienced in childhood never left Dickens, and from **Pickwick Papers** to **Great Expectations** his novels contain prisons and fathers or father substitutes immured in them. In **A Tale of Two Cities** the imprisoned father appears in dual guise: as Dr. Manette at the beginning, and as Darnay (the father of little Lucie) at the end. In a hidden way each imprisoned father is also a delinquent father...²⁹

The business of Dickens criticism, it might well seem to students reading such a passage, is to link the novels to the time of the Warehouse, to show how Dickens rewrote his own little private story in various guises, sometimes concealing fathers in father substitutes, or making them delinquent 'in hidden ways'. 'Dickens's second preoccupation', George Woodcock continues, 'is the obsession -- the word is hardly too strong -- with destructive violence', and especially with the mob whose rage, like the author's has been long suppressed,

so that 'in one self he is there, dancing among them, destroying prisons and taking revenge for the injustices of childhood'. Explication which grows so routine becomes dull. When it seems to set the critic above the creative writer, it is irksome. Dickens is massively creative; the critic, here, is nigglingly small. Again one comes close to wishing that we knew as little of Dickens as we know of Shakespeare.

We should not wish it. Edgar Johnson is right to say that Dickens is himself a Dickens character, and one of the most fascinating. Nor can we read the sixth chapter of **Little Dorrit**, 'The Father of the Marshalsea', without remembering what 'father' and 'Marshalsea' meant to Dickens -- in each case something far more complex than suppressed rage. We cannot read **David Copperfield** without thinking of Warren's, and wondering just what it meant to Dickens to say that David was his 'favourite child'. Listening to Pip in **Great Expectations** on the keenness of a child's sense of injustice, or to Nancy in **Oliver Twist** ('the cold wet dirty streets are my home'), we are bound to recall the Autobiographical Fragment:

I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

Wonder is the proper response -- that Dickens was **not** imprisoned by his past but released from it into 'the largest and most varied [created] world' since Shakespeare's.

The meanest of all the attempts to belittle a great talent first appeared in a review of Forster's **Life**:

Charles Dickens, having crushed into his childish experience a whole world of sorrow and humorous insight, so loaded his soul that he never grew any older. He was a great, grown-up, dreamy, impulsive child, just as much a child as little Paul Dombey or little David Copperfield. He saw all from a child's point of view -- strange, odd, queer, puzzling... Never perhaps, has a fragment of biography wakened more interest or amazement than the first chapters of Mr Forster's biography...³⁰

This is more damaging because it is partly true. Dickens could, better than any writer before him, represent a child's consciousness of the world. But the distortion of 'just as much a child' has offered a false clue to all who have written apologetically about Dickens -- who have found him unintellectual, politically naive, melodramatic and sentimental at the core but full of affections and vitality; and so forth. Graham Greene, who holds that all literary art begins early in life, is more positive: 'if, as one is inclined to believe, the creative writer perceives his world once and for all in childhood and adolescence, and his whole career is an

effort to illustrate his private world in terms of the great public world we all share, we can understand why Fagin and Sikes in their most extreme exaggerations move us more than the benevolence of Mr Brownlow or the sweetness of Mrs Maylie — they touch with fear as the others never really touch with love'.³¹ *Oliver Twist*, he goes on, is a world without God — lost to Dickens in the Warehouse. But this really tells us more about Greene than about his master, and it easily degenerates into Romantic vagueness, and Romantic cadences, even today: 'his childhood has been lost there and all his wanderings were a search for it', say Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie in their 1979 biography.³²

Dickens can be called Shakespearian in his humanity, which emerged warm and strong from the childhood murk of shame and frustration, for reasons we cannot explain. It was that which made him far more, in his own time, than a great popular writer, so that Jowett could fairly conclude his address, 'no one was ever so much beloved or so much mourned'. The crowds who packed London on the day of the funeral offered a tribute stronger even than Jowett's. The same humanity touched Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, immune as they were to the style and the eye for English oddity. Recalling Dickens, in a letter of 1886, George Lear mentioned a laundress known to them both: 'Dickens took great interest in her, and would mimic her manner of speech, her ways, her excuses, etc., to the very life'.³³ Mimicry was part of his gift but interest in human variety was another, and the Dickensian order of mimicry requires a power to sympathise. A passage of the Autobiographical Fragment tells how he would sit for hours thinking about the debtors in the Marshalsea. Dickens's love of life was not born in the Warehouse; it was there already, and so the origins of his boundless urge to express it may have been. If he was to be obsessed, as many lives are, the openness and scope of his obsessions arose from Dickens and not Dickens from them. If the child lived on within him, it was exceptionally wide-awake; if it shared his nightmares and forbade certain memories, it must have been placated by the great man it had become because the man Jowett and Trollope knew had full control of his mature work. That can be illuminated by biography, as by most of the critical methods which have been brought to bear. But there is still a mystery, as there is with Shakespeare when all has been said about sources and playhouse conventions and the state of the language in 1600. Those who are intrigued by Shakespeare's genius may well pay attention to Dickens, to his insistence, for example, that he 'heard' his characters speaking as he wrote. 'You know... that I feel my power now, more than over I did', Dickens wrote to Forster.³⁴ What was it? There is much to find out, for all the Dickens industry has achieved. Mechanical analysis of the life should not be allowed to block the way.

Endnotes

1. From a letter to Fanny Kemble, 25 April 1879.
2. 'Dickens: the Two Scrooges', **The Wound and the Bow** (London 1941).
3. **Charles Dickens: A Critical Study** (London 1898); reprinted in Stephen Wall, **Charles Dickens** (Harmondsworth 1970), pp. 225–6.
4. Forster gave him a copy to read on his American journey.
5. There is no proof that the passage of **Sir Thomas More** now attributed to Shakespeare is in his hand.
6. New York 1952; London 1953, 1977.
7. See Wall, **op. cit.**, p. 176.
8. London 1964.
9. 'Whether Genius Is Conscious of its Powers', **The Plain Speaker** (London 1826).
10. This is the epigraph to Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie, **Dickens: A Life** (Oxford 1979).
11. Quoted by Seneca, 'On Peace of Mind'.
12. Introduction to S. Johnson, **London: A Poem** (London 1930).
13. Foreword to Dag Hammarskjöld, **Markings** (London 1964).
14. From **Notes on the Novel** (London, 1925).
15. 'La Genie', **Mythologies** (Paris 1953).
16. **The Genesis of Secrecy** (Cambridge Mass 1979) *passim*.
17. Harmondsworth 1977.
18. London 1977.
19. **Op. cit.**, p. 41.
20. See Wall, **op. cit.**, p. 220.
21. See E. Johnson, **op. cit.**, p.41.
22. See Wall, **op. cit.**, p. 217.
23. Angus Calder, Introduction to **Great Expectations** (Harmondsworth 1965).
24. See Neil McEwan, 'The Significance of the Periodical Sketch, 1824–48, With Special Reference to Dickens and Thackeray', unpublished B.Litt. thesis, Bodleian Library.
25. **Op. cit.**, p.41.
26. See Wall, **op. cit.**, p.303.
27. Letter to Mrs Maria Winter, 3 April 1855.
28. London 1961.
29. (Harmondsworth 1970), p.17.
30. **St Paul's Magazine**, Vol. 10, 1872.

31. 'The Young Dickens', **The Lost Childhood and Other Essays** (London 1951).
32. **Op. cit.**, p.17.
33. See Wall, **op. cit.**, p.220.
34. 2 November 1843.