

Charles Dickens's Manuscripts.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

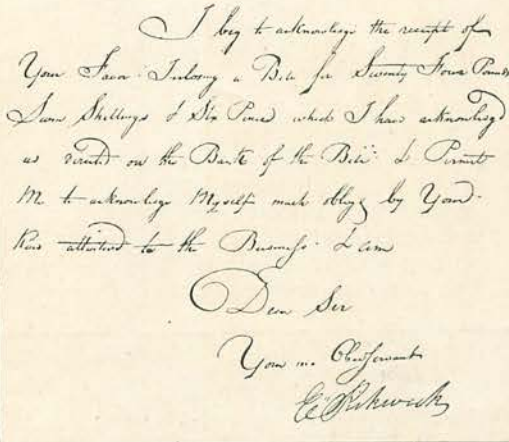
IN these days of literary outpouring, when there is so much "realistic literature" that is not real, but which for the most part is only nauseous, it is a relief to turn back to Dickens. We will, on the present occasion, briefly glance over the original manuscripts of Charles Dickens's works, which I have been allowed to freely handle partly by the kindness of Miss Georgina Hogarth, the sole surviving executrix of Charles Dickens, partly by the courtesy of the guardians of these most fascinating treasures—to this lady, and to these guardians, I tender my sincere thanks for the privilege granted to me.

My first intention was to show here only facsimiles of chosen pieces of the original manuscripts, but, as most of them measure $8\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., and as, with few exceptions, the writing is too small to bear a reduction

is from the original document signed by "E. Pickwick," a celebrated coach proprietor at Bath, from whom, or from whose coaches, Dickens derived the name of his hero in "Pickwick." No. 1 reads:—

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of Your Favor Inclosing a Bill for Seventy Four Pounds Seven Shillings and Six Pence—which I have acknowledged as directed on the Back of the Bill—and Permit Me to acknowledge Myself much oblig'd by Your Kind attention to the Business, and am, Dear Sir, Your mo[st] Obed' Servant, E. Pickwick.

During my search for the manuscript of "Pickwick," I heard from one source that the original was in America. The Americans are zealous collectors of Charles Dickens's letters and writings, and one day when I was examining volume after volume of the original manuscripts, their keeper told me that many Americans go to him every year, and beg permission "just to touch" one of the bound volumes of manuscript. Later inquiry about the MS. of "Pickwick" brought the following information from Miss Hogarth: ". . . The MS. of 'Pickwick' was never preserved in its entirety at all! Stray fragments of it have turned up—and are dispersed about the world, I believe. But it

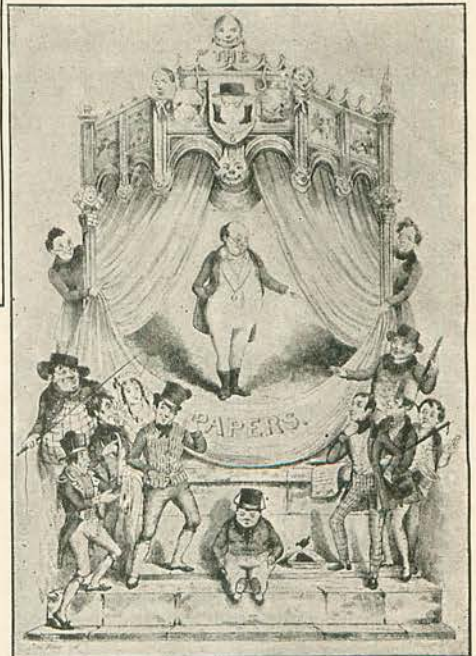


No. 1.—Facsimile of a receipt signed by E. Pickwick, dated Bath, January 5, 1802.

in size, there being also many corrections in all the later works, I have decided to show fewer specimens of the original manuscripts, and to include some curious and interesting pieces of Dickensiana, relating to Charles Dickens's manuscripts, which I found among the large quantity of material which has been placed at my service.

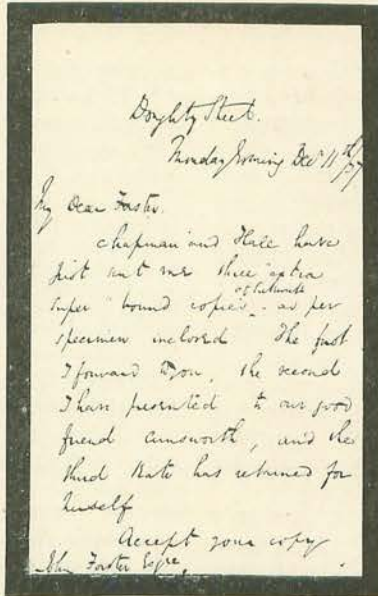
Curious as to the present sale of Dickens's works, I put some questions to Mr. George Etheredge (of Messrs. Chapman and Hall), and I learnt that the yearly sales show no falling off as regards number.

The facsimile in No. 1 is a curiosity. It



No. 2.—Title-page of a curious American "Pickwick," published at Philadelphia in 1838, designed by Sam Weller. This copy of the book was given by Charles Dickens to John Forster in 1838 or 1839.

was not given by its author to *anyone*. I don't think he attached much importance to his MSS. in those early days. . . .” So we must go without this manuscript. It is, of course, impossible for us of the present generation to realize what a godsend to the people of sixty years ago were the light green monthly parts of “Pickwick.” It came out in heavy days, when people had solid mahogany sideboards, weighing tons (more or less), and when the vogue of the black horse-hair-covered shiny sofa was supreme: they had arm-chairs, but no easy ones, and this remark applies to the literature of the period as well as to its furniture. Thomas Carlyle wrote in a letter



No. 3.—Facsimile of a part of Charles Dickens's letter to John Forster, sending him the first “extra super” bound copy of “Pickwick.” Written December 11, 1837.

to a friend: “An archdeacon, with his own venerable lips, repeated to me the other night, a strange profane story of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person; having finished, satisfactorily as he thought, and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate: ‘Well, thank God! “Pickwick” will be out in ten days, any way!’—This is dreadful.” The binder prepared 400 copies of Part I. of “Pickwick”; and of Part XV., his order was for more than 40,000! In No. 3, by the way, is part of a pretty little note from Charles Dickens to John Forster, dated December 11th, 1837:—

Chapman and Hall have just sent me three “extra super” bound copies of “Pickwick”—as per specimen inclosed. The first I forward to you, the second I have presented to our good friend Ainsworth [Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist], and the third Kate [Mrs. Charles Dickens] has retained for herself. . . .

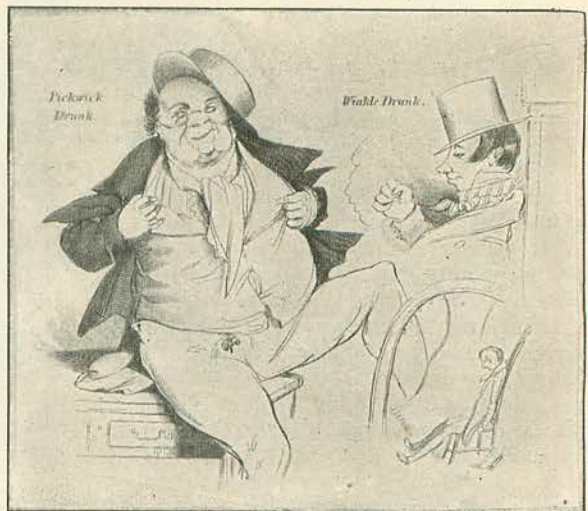
The Philadelphian “Pickwick” from which Nos. 2, 4, 5, and 7 have been taken, was probably a pirated copy of the English book, but it contains many very interesting and clever illustrations, some of which are signed “Sam Weller,” others being by “Alfred Crowquill” (A. H.

Forrester), subsequently the first illustrator of *Punch*. Of those shown here, Nos. 2 and 7 are by “Sam Weller,” and No. 4 by “Alfred Crowquill.” The title-page in No. 2 is a clever piece of work.

In No. 4, Mr. Pickwick and his friend Winkle are depicted in a condition that was more jocularly treated sixty years ago than it is now, and “Sam Weller’s” sketch in No. 7 shows the incident at the tea-party concerning old Weller’s chastisement of the canting gentleman. The book which contains these curious pictures was given to John Forster by Dickens; and No. 5 shows the inscription on the fly-leaf. The paper of the book is very bad and

porous, and the ink of this signature—now more than half a century old—has spread into the texture of the paper, and blurred the outlines of the writing.

The extraordinary popularity of “Pickwick” not only caused the name to be applied to hats, coats, confectionery, cigars, and hosts of other things—even the pen I am writing with is called “Pickwick”—but in the *Times* of many years ago a gentleman



No. 4.—“Pickwick Drunk” and “Winkle Drunk.” From the Philadelphia “Pickwick.”

John Forster Esq,
From his attached friend,
Charles Dickens.

No. 5.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's inscription on the fly-leaf of the Philadelphia "Pickwick," written when he gave this book to John Forster in 1838 or 1839.

publicly advertised a change of name, owing to "Pickwick" having become so suggestive of comicality. Charles Henry Sainsbury Pickwick, Esq., of Bradford-on-Avon, notified to all the world that he abandoned for ever "his own family name of Pickwick." It is hard to be laughed out of a surname, especially if that name be of the knightly origin of "Pickwick," i.e., *Piques-vite, spur fast, or, spur onwards.*

The reduced facsimiles in No. 6 have been chosen from among a very much larger number of facsimiles which I took from the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist," or, rather, from what remains of the original, for the existing MS. of "Oliver Twist" begins with the twelfth chapter, and ends with the sixth chapter of the third book (now called Chapter xliii.). "Wherein is shown how the Artful Dodger got into trouble."

"Oliver Twist" was written in a much larger hand-

writing than were most of the later works, and it was also written much more freely and spontaneously; the alterations, although numerous, are not so thickly clustered all over the pages as is the case with most of the other manuscripts. Part I. of No. 6 is from Chap. xiii., page 87 of printed book (the modern one shilling and sixpenny edition), and the words struck out by Charles Dickens are: *retired into a corner and assumed a defensive attitude.* Part II. of No. 6 shows us that Mr. Bill Sikes originally spelt his name with a y—this alteration comes on page 93 of the printed book. The formidable Mrs. Corney's confession of weakness, Part III., is on page 199, and the odious Noah Claypole's remark

~~Dodger ^{retired} ~~retired into a corner and assumed a defensive attitude.~~~~
I ~~struck out~~ ^{struck up the roasting fork and made a} ~~pass~~ ^{pass}

Bill Sikes no sooner heard I

"We are all weak creatures," said Mrs. Corney laying down a general principle. II

"What a delicious thing is a oyster" IV

"Heard a noise" continued ~~Toby~~ ^{Toby} "I says at first 'this is a illusion' V

"is that the voice" ~~that~~ ^{as} called me a irresistible duck VI
in the small out-pair?

"If she stands ^{such as that} ~~that~~" said Mr.umble to himself "she can stand anything. VII

Of the pauper knew of this, I should be a proachful Mr. wood VIII

IX "Sale!" ^{sliding her eyes with her hand as if to hide} ~~cheered~~ the girl ~~at him~~ ^{at him} ~~with the best hand left her eye to be~~

No. 6.—Some facsimiles from the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist": showing that Mr. Bill Sikes first spelt his name "with a y," and including certain passages not in the published book, etc.



No. 7.—An illustration of the "Stiggins" tea-fight, designed by Sam Weller, from the Philadelphia "Pickwick."

"He called me a vessel, Sammy—a vessel of wrath—and all sorts of names. So my blood being regularly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off."

—*what a delicious thing is a oyster*—is printed on page 202. Part V., altered from "that gentleman" to "Mr. Giles," is contained in Chapter xxviii., and refers to the burglary, where Oliver is pushed by Bill Sikes through the pantry-window, and is shot by Giles, the butler, who subsequently remarks in his account of the affair: "I says at first, 'this is a illusion.'" Parts VI. and VII. of No. 6 occur in Chapter xxxvii., when the unhappy Bumble has discovered the real nature of his wife and her fighting quality; the sentence—is that the voice as called me a irresistible duck in the small one-pair?—was struck out of the proof-sheets, for it is not in the printed book on page 271, where it occurs in the MS. The words, *If she stands such a eye as that, etc.*, are on page 271, and Bumble's exclamation, *If the paupers knew of this, I should be a parochial bye-word*, is another sentence struck out, on the proof-sheets, from its place on page 275, where Bumble has been signally and for ever defeated by his wife. The last specimen in No.

6 was altered from: "*Pale!*" echoed the girl, looking at him without the least trace of emotion in her features, and the altered version of this sentence is on page 298, where Fagin is giving some money to Nancy.

The piece of manuscript in No. 8 is part of the last chapter of "Oliver Twist" which exists—Chapter xliii.—and the Dodger's comic defiance of the Bench was written, as we see, very nearly as it reads in the printed book. The three insertions here facsimiled are: Line 3, *the palm of*, and *to the Bench*; line 7, *to fall down on your knees and . . .*. The only erasure is the word *out*, line 11.

The end of the letter shown in No. 9 refers to the "Life of Grimaldi," the famous clown, which was edited by Charles Dickens, and published in 1838. The thirty notes of exclamation which follow the words, "1,700 Grimaldis have been already sold, and the demand increases daily," are notes of astonishment at the rapid sale of a book whose contents the editor himself described as "twaddle." Except the preface, Charles Dickens did not write a line of the "Life of Grimaldi."

The manuscript of "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of those which have vanished, but in No. 10 there is part of the revised proof of the Preface of "Nicholas Nickleby," which shows a long passage struck out by Charles Dickens—nearly the whole of No. 10 was thus cancelled.

Here is a chance for the book-hunter who turns over the odd volumes on a roadside stall or in an outside box marked "All these

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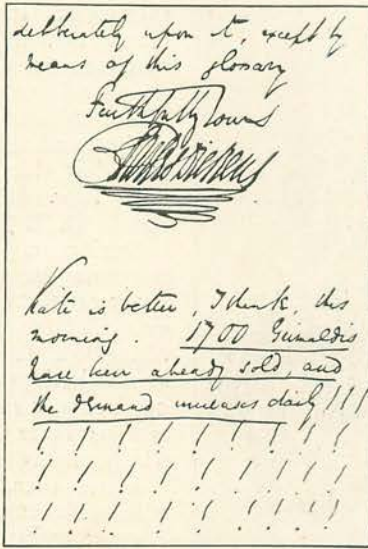
"Come on" - said the jailer
 "Oh ah, I'll come on" - replied the Dodger busy
 his hat with his hand. "Oh! No use your
 looking frightened - I won't show you no mercy
 not a bit of it. Some pay for this my fine
 fellows I wouldn't let you for something. Trust
 so free now if you won't ask me. Come, carry
 me off to prison. Take me away!"

With these last words the Dodger suffered
 himself to be led off by the collar threatening
 he got into with the guard to make a
 Dubious way business of it, and then grinning
 in the officer's face with sweet sly and self-
 approval.

No. 8.—Facsimile of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist," where "the Dodger" checks the magistrate: Chapter xliii.

2d. each." The little book from which Nos. 11 and 12 have been copied consists of three very rare and early productions of Charles Dickens—"Sketches of Young Couples," "Sketches of Young Gentle men," and "Sunday Under Three Heads." The volume containing these three slight things, which are not now included among Charles Dickens's works, is worth, so my informant told me, about £25. It is quite possible that someone who reads these words may possess one or more of these three little pieces by Dickens, and if so let him count his possession as a valuable one. These "finds" do still happen.

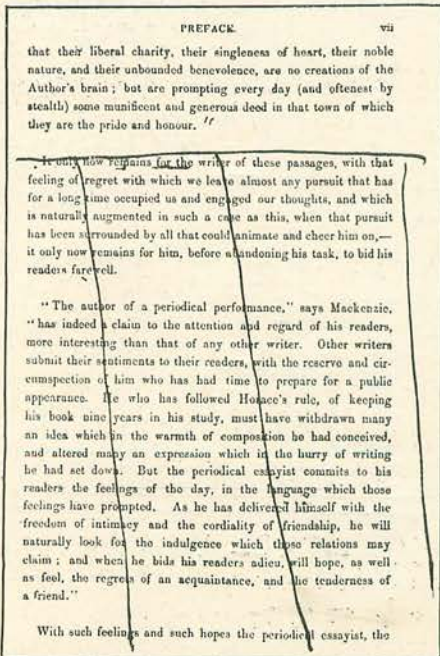
Only a few weeks ago, and within my own knowledge, an original copy of the first edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was included by a local auctioneer among a miscellaneous and rubbishy "lot" of other books, which sold—to his amazement—not



No. 9.—Facsimile of part of an early letter written by Charles Dickens to John Forster, announcing the quick sale of the "Life of Grimaldi" (the famous clown), which was edited by Dickens, and published in 1838.

for the three or four shillings expected by the auctioneer, but for £43! So be on the look-out for the little volume containing the originals of Nos. 11 and 12.

We have all read in "David Copperfield" of Charles Dickens's own difficulties when he was learning shorthand, and in No. 13 there is a "copy" in shorthand, written by Dickens, of a letter that he sent to Mr. Bentley, his publisher, on July 14th, 1837—nearly sixty years ago. Application to experts in modern shorthand failed to obtain a solution of No. 13, but ultimately I ascertained that this interesting specimen of



No. 10.—Facsimile of part of the proof of the Preface of "Nicholas Nickleby," struck out by Charles Dickens when revising the proof-sheets. Vol. xi.—5.



No. 11.—One of the illustrations in "Sketches of Young Couples"—"The Couple Who Dote Upon their Children." This book, now very rare, was written by Charles Dickens in 1838-39.

Charles Dickens's shorthand was written by Gurney's method, and Messrs. Gurney and Sons, shorthand writers, of No. 26, Abingdon



No. 12.—One of the illustrations in another very rare and valuable book written by Charles Dickens in 1838: "Sketches of Young Gentlemen." This sketch, by "Phiz," represents some "Out-and-Out Young Gentlemen" of fifty-five to sixty years ago.

Street, Westminster, have very kindly sent me the following translation of the facsimile in No. 13, whose meaning has hitherto been hidden by the shorthand:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I did intend writing to say that through the kindness of a friend, who posts to Brighton and back next Sunday, I could see you for two hours on that day. I am so terribly behindhand, however, that I am compelled to give up all thoughts of leaving town this month, even for a day. As I shall not see you then until you return to town, I state in this short letter the alterations I propose in our Agreement, with the view of facilitating the dispatch of business when we meet.

First, that you should give me £600 for permission to publish 300 copies of my first novel, "B. R.," this number to be divided into as many editions as you think well, and the whole of the manuscript to be furnished by the 1st March, 1838, at the latest.

Second, that for permission to publish the same number of copies of my second novel, "O. T.," you should give me £700, deducting from that amount all you may have been made to pay for the appearance of the different portions of it in the Miscellany up to the time of my finishing the whole manuscript, which I promise, at the very latest, shall be Midsummer next.

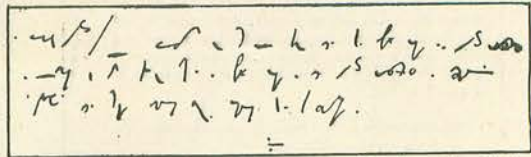
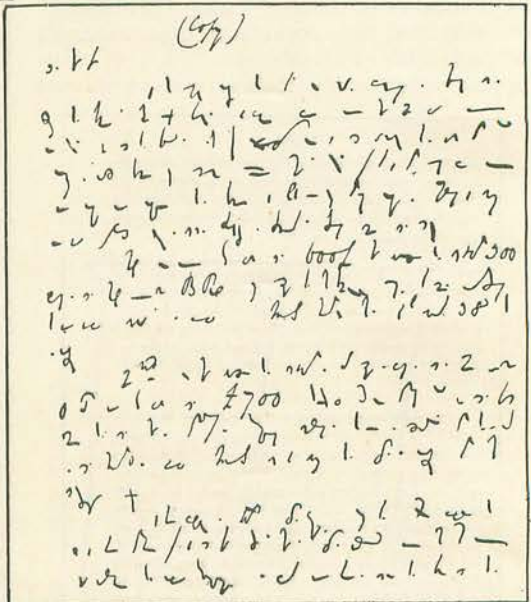
I have considered the subject very carefully, and this is the fixed conclusion at which I have arrived. I am sure it is a fair and very reasonable one, but if you are resolved to think differently, of course you have the power to hold me to the old agreement. However, if you hold me to the strict letter of the agreement respecting the novels, I shall abide by the strict letter of my agreement respecting the Miscellany, and arrange my future plans with reference to it accordingly.

Messrs. Gurney and Sons, not knowing certainly who wrote No. 13, told me: "Although evidently written by an expert, there are a few idiosyncrasies in the

shorthand. It does not strictly follow the Gurney system." The mention—in this unique specimen of Charles Dickens's skill as a shorthand writer—of "my first novel, 'B. R.,"' referred to "Barnaby Rudge," the subject and title of which were selected in 1837, but which was not published until four years later. The mention of "my second novel, 'O. T.,"' meant "Oliver Twist."

During my examination of the most interesting lot of matter that it has ever been my good fortune to handle—not excepting even Carlyle's school-books, see THE STRAND MAGAZINE for October, 1894—I found several jottings by Charles Dickens about the outlines of his works. For example, No. 14 is a facsimile of one of these memoranda which relates to "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Here, then, is the slender thing upon which Dickens built up "The Old Curiosity Shop": one is reminded of a curious dream—common, I believe, to many people—where one sees a tiny speck in space, and as one gazes at the speck, it suddenly grows and grows to a vast mass, extending itself in every direction, until the dreamer is well-nigh



No. 13.—Facsimile of a shorthand copy—all written by Charles Dickens—of a letter he sent to Mr. Bentley (one of his publishers) on July 14, 1837.

Single gentleman and old man mother -
 loves the same girl - she married the other
 brother, had a daughter, and died. ~~She~~
 this daughter, the father's affection were
 to comfort. He married a profusely, and
 sent money, had a son and daughter, and
 died too. The grandfather - nearly ruined by
 his husband - takes them both to sea. His
 son turns out like the father; the daughter
 like the mother. The old man devotes his
 whole soul to the picture of his favourite
 child; the other was mild and
 to the old man and died in opening of story
 The younger brother when the sister married
 went abroad and then remained, commencing
 with the sister from time to time, but not often, at
 length again to wish for home. Dreams of his business
 of the old part - settles his affairs, and returns
 brother and child had disappeared
 to the single gentleman when he put forward.

No. 14.—Facsimile of part of Charles Dickens's manuscript notes re the plot of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

overwhelmed and awed by this sudden extension and great volume of the tiny speck he first saw. A trick of the brain, probably, but which serves to illustrate the intentioned growth in Charles Dickens's brain of "The Old Curiosity Shop" out of the "speck" shown in No. 14.

Several facsimiles of the manuscript of "Barnaby Rudge" were prepared for this account of Charles Dickens's manuscripts, but the writing was so small and the corrections so numerous that space-limits have caused these facsimiles to be omitted, because in reduced size they were not satisfactory. But, in No. 15, there is the famous letter written by Daniel Maclise, R.A., to John Forster, at Charles Dickens's request, telling Forster

about the death of "Grip," the Raven which figures so prominently in "Barnaby Rudge." The pen-and-ink sketch, signed "D. M.," that forms part of No. 15, was drawn by Maclise, to picture the apotheosis of the raven—shown, stiff and stark, at the bottom of the sketch, and thence arising in more ethereal shape to receive

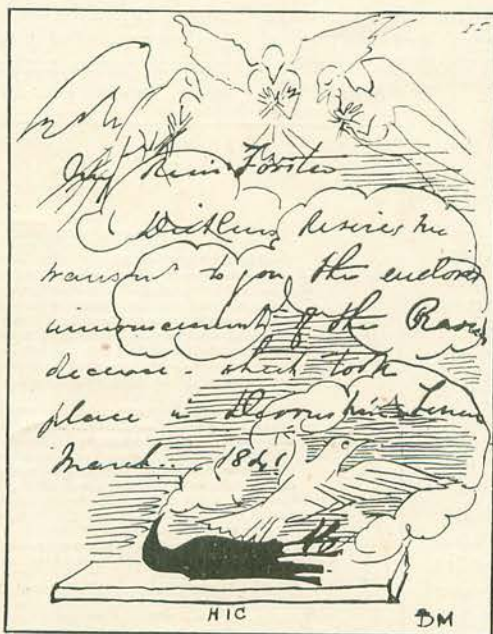
Martin Chuzzlewit
 Martin Sweezleden
 Martin Chuzzletoe
 Martin Sweezleback
 Martin Sweezlewig

No. 16.—Facsimile of some of Charles Dickens's manuscript notes re the name of his hero for "Martin Chuzzlewit."

the welcome of the three angel-birds awaiting him above. At the sale of his property, which, by Charles Dickens's directions, took place "within a month of death" (June 9th, 1870), this raven, stuffed and in a shabby case, was sold at Christie and Manson's for 120 guineas. The picture of Dolly Varden,

the blacksmith's pretty daughter, painted by Frith, and sold to Dickens for £20 in the year 1843, fetched at the sale in 1870 no less a sum than 1,000 guineas.

Some of Dickens's attempts to fix the name of his hero in "Martin Chuzzlewit" are shown in No. 16. In none of these five attempts—"Martin Chuzzlewig," "Martin Sweezleden," "Martin Chuzzletoe," "Martin Sweezleback," "Martin Sweezlewig"—was the name hit upon, although some of these run close to the name finally chosen. A rather interesting question arises in connection with these names, which now seem in-



No. 15.—Facsimile of the letter—which also contains a sketch of "the apotheosis of the raven"—written and drawn in 1841 by Daniel Maclise, the Royal Academician, at Charles Dickens's request, to acquaint John Forster with the death of "Grip," the raven which plays a prominent part in "Barnaby Rudge."

ferior to "Martin Chuzzlewit": would habit, and the association of a name with a clever book, have rendered "Martin Sweezlewig," for example, as acceptable to us now as "Martin Chuzzlewit" is? Certainly, when we first hear the name, "Sweezlewig," it sounds an altogether impossible name to be used. And so, indeed, with most of the others shown in No. 16; but perhaps "Chuzzlewit" would have now sounded equally impossible, if long association with the book had not made it so familiar to us. However, these attempts were all rejected by Charles Dickens himself, so perhaps they really are intrinsically bad names.

The curious title-page facsimile in No. 17, all written by Charles Dickens, is a very good specimen of his care in setting out his titles. This whimsical title-page was, I believe, written seriously, although it was not used for the book.

No. 18 shows a part of the corrected proof of page 27 [in the third chapter of Vol. I.] with Charles Dickens's alterations scattered about the page. The name Pecksniff, that quintessence of odious hypocrisy, is here written in twice by Dickens. Is there anyone, I wonder, who, reading about this wretch, has not, over and over again, longed to get at him and beat him and expose him? Even now, although I know what's coming, I always wait and gloat awhile when I get to Chapter xxvii. of the second volume, where, at last, Pecksniff is exposed and beaten. We, as a nation, are sometimes credited with hypocrisy as our national vice; but, perhaps, we are not so far gone in this direction as our detractors say, for the detestation of Pecksniff may almost be termed a national detestation. Could anything be more odious—and yet it can be

*The
Life and Adventures
of
Martin Chuzzlewit
his family, friends, and enemies,
comprising also
his wills and his ways
with an historical record of
what he did, and what he didn't.
Showing moreover
who inherited his Family Plate;
who came in for the silver spoons
and who for the wooden ladles.
The whole forming a complete key
To The House of Chuzzlewit.
Edited by "Boz."
With Illustrations by "Phiz."*

No. 17.—Facsimile of one of the title-pages written by Charles Dickens for "Martin Chuzzlewit."

matched in real life—than Pecksniff's false friendship to Tom Pinch, where, for example, he says, over the currant wine and captain biscuits, "if you spare the bottle, we shall quarrel"?

That Pecksniffs do exist cannot, unhappily, be doubted. The gentleman to whose courtesy I am indebted for this very illustration, No. 18, told me that a certain lecturer has earned the nickname of Pecksniff; and even to-day Pecksniffs may be found in the ranks of "professional" men and elsewhere, although, happily, the days are fast disappearing when pomposity plus ignorance can pose as the equal of simplicity plus knowledge.

One hates the pomposity of the hypocrite Pecksniff as much as the false umbleness of the hypocrite Heep. It has been truly said that comic art has never more successfully fulfilled its highest task after its truest fashion than in this picture of the rise and fall of a creature who never ceases to be laughable, and yet never ceases to be loathsome. But "Martin Chuzzlewit" is a work of genius, produced at or near the high-water mark of its author's power. As

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 27

objection the young lady urged to Mrs. Lupin went no further, for nothing more was said to ~~him~~, and ~~he~~ said nothing more to anybody else.

Full half an hour elapsed before the old man stirred, but at length he turned himself in bed, and, though not yet awake, gave tokens that his sleep was ~~scarcely~~ drawing to an end. By little and little he removed the bed-clothes from about his head, and turned still more towards the side where Mr. Pecksniff sat. In course of time his eyes opened; and he lay for a few moments as people newly roused ~~and~~ sometimes ~~do~~ gazing indolently at his visitor, without any distinct consciousness of his presence.

There was nothing remarkable in these proceedings, except the influence they worked on Mr. Pecksniff, which could hardly have been surpassed by the most marvellous of natural phenomena. Gradually his hands became tightly clasped upon the elbows of the chair, his eyes dilated with surprise, his mouth opened, his hair stood more erect upon his forehead than its custom was, until, at length, when the old man rose in bed, and stared at him with scarcely less emotion than he showed himself, the Pecksniff doubts were all resolved, and he exclaimed aloud:

"You are Martin Chuzzlewit!"

His consternation of surprise was so genuine, that the old man, with all the disposition that he clearly entertained to believe it assumed, was convinced of its reality.

"I am Martin Chuzzlewit," he said, bitterly; "and Martin Chuzzlewit wishes you had been hanged, before you had come here to disturb him in his sleep. Why, I dreamed of this fellow!" he said, lying down again, and turning away his face, "before I knew that he was near me!"

"My good cousin—" said Mr. Pecksniff, ~~continuing~~

"There! His very first words!" cried the old man shaking his grey

W Pecksniff
W Pecksniff
1/3 8
tr
8
8
8
8

No. 18.—Facsimile of a piece of the revised proof of "Martin Chuzzlewit," showing alterations made by Charles Dickens.

Sketch of Dombey - Mother confined with long
 expected boy. Boy born to die. Neglected girl,
 Florence - a child
 Mrs. Chick - common-minded ^{family} humbug
 Wet nurse - Polly Toodle
 Toodle a stoker
 Lots of children
 Wooden midshipman
 Uncle - adventurous nephew - Captain Cuttle

No. 19.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's manuscript "Sketch of Dombey"; showing, among other things, that Paul Dombey was to be "born to die."

concerns its reality, even the grotesque Mrs. Gamp has been traced to an original in real life, and this character of Dickens's has actually been the death of her injurious sisterhood in our hospital wards and sick rooms. Even her extraordinary utterances are merely an emphasized version of the fatuous verbosity of charwomen, laundresses, and inferior housekeepers of to-day. An old woman who at one time kept my rooms dirty for me was a true Mrs. Gamp in her oddities of speech and mental grotesqueness. R.I.P.

Hostile critics have picked holes in "Dombey and Son," and some of them have said it was bad art to bring in little Paul Dombey and then make him die. However this may be, it is interesting to find, by reading No. 19—Dickens's sketch of the plot of "Dombey"—that Paul was intended to die. Read it:—

Sketch of Dombey.—Mother confined with long-expected boy. *Boy born to die*. Neglected girl, Florence—a child.

Mrs. Chick—common-minded family humbug.

Wet Nurse—Polly Toodle.

Toodle, a stoker.

Lots of children.

Wooden Midshipman.

Uncle—adventurous nephew
 —Captain Cuttle.

But we are not here to discuss the critic's opinions of these works, we are only peeping behind the scenes of their production—a much more pleasant occupation. Nor will we attempt

to compare Dickens and Thackeray—not even after the fashion of the after-dinner orator who delivered himself thus:—

It's in the wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts o' satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humour, that Dickery gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickey is the humorist; Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, it's 'bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens.

In No. 20 there is the original title-page of "Dombey," written with much neatness by Charles Dickens himself. A simple test of the general admiration for and pleasure in reading "Dombey and Son" may be applied by asking oneself: "Do I wish that the book was unknown to me, so that I might read it as a new book?" A pretty general chorus of "Yes's" goes up, and I find the "Ayes" have it without proceeding to a division.

With reference to hostile criticisms of Charles Dickens's works, it is interesting to recall some words spoken by Mr. Pinero at the Royal Academy dinner on the evening of May 4th, 1895, in connection with the opinion held in some quarters that popular success is not always thought to be quite creditable. Mr. Pinero said:—

Not very long ago I met at an exhibition of pictures a friend whose business it is to comment in the public journals upon painting and the drama. The exhibition was composed of the works of two artists, and I found myself in one room praising the pictures of the man who was exhibiting in the other. My friend promptly took me to task. "Surely," he said, "surely you notice that two-thirds of the works in the next room are already sold?" I admitted having observed that many of the pictures were so ticketed. My friend shrugged his shoulders. "But," said I, anxiously, "do you really regard that circumstance as reflecting disparagingly upon the man's work in the next room?" The reply was, "Good work rarely sells." . . . I shall simply beg leave to acknowledge freely, to acknowledge without a blush, that what is known as popular success is, I believe, eagerly coveted, sternly sought for, by even the most earnest of those writers who deal in the commodity labelled modern British drama. And I would, moreover, submit that of all the affectations displayed by artists of any craft, the affectation of despising the approval and support of the great public is the most mischievous and misleading. Speaking . . . of dramatic art, I believe that its most substantial claim upon consideration rests in its power

Son
 Dealings with the Firm
 of
 Dombey and Son
 By Charles Dickens.
 Wholesale, Retail, and for Subscription.

No. 20.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's title-page for "Dombey and Son."

Mag's Diversions.
 being the personal history of
 Mr. Blunderstone Mag the Younger,
 of Blunderstone House.

Troutfield
 Trotbury
 Spangle

David
 Naburn

Stone boy
 Flower
 Brook
 Mille
 boy
 field

Wellbury
 Flowering
 Magbury
 Copperstone
 Copperfield
 Copperfield

Handwritten notes:
 - and called it like that in my opinion
 was a sort of allusion to the fact
 that the name of the hero was
 "Copperfield," etc.

No. 21.—Facsimile of one of the numerous titles written by Charles Dickens for "David Copperfield," with his jottings re the names of his characters, which include "Copperstone" for "Copperfield," etc.

of legitimately interesting a great number of people. I believe this of any art. . .

I have been tempted to quote this rather lengthy passage from Mr. Pinero's speech, because I think it admirably sums up the case in point about Charles Dickens's work and his detractors.

We come now to "David Copperfield," the masterpiece of Charles Dickens, who, until the fact was pointed out to him, had not noticed that in this—the most personal to himself of all his works—the initials of Charles Dickens had merely been transposed to give those of his hero. Charles Dickens never alluded to the miseries and the torture of his early life except in the pages of "David Copperfield," and when in after life he returned to its perusal, he was hardly able to master the emotions which the book recalled.

In No. 21 is one of the many titles written for this work—I counted fifteen in manuscript, and there may have been others. The title in No. 21 is:—

"Mag's Diversions," being the personal history (experience and observation) of Mr. David Mag, the younger, of Blunderstone (Copperfield) House. And in short, it led to the very "Mag's Diversions." And in short, they all played "Mag's Diversions." Old saying.

And jotted on this draft of title are suggested names and variations on the name of the hero—"Copperboy," "Copperstone," as well as some quite different names for the

hero, such as "Wellbury," "Flowerbury," "Magbury," "Topflower."

Two of the other titles, for which there is not space in facsimile, are:—

The last will and testament of David Copperfield the younger, of Blunderstone House, who was never executed at the Old Bailey. Being his personal history, adventures, and worldly experience.

And,

The last will and testament of David Copperfield the younger. Being his personal history, which he left as a legacy.

It is not practicable to show here some of the original manuscript of "David Copperfield," for the writing is very small and so cannot be reduced in size, while nearly every page is covered with corrections and alterations, the ink of which, by spreading into the paper, has caused much of the writing to be indistinct. But even better than the manuscript are the corrected proofs seen in Nos. 22 and 23, which contain very interesting alterations made by Charles Dickens himself. In No. 22, Steerforth's remark to Copperfield, parodying the eccentricities of Miss Moucher's speech—"a question of gammon and spinnach," with a superfluous "n" in the last word—has been struck out, and there are many smaller alterations

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For some little time we held no conversation, Steerforth being unusually silent, and I being sufficiently engaged in wondering, within myself, when I should see the old places again, and what new changes might happen to me or them in the meanwhile. At length Steerforth, becoming gay and talkative in a moment, as he could become anything he liked at any moment, smiled me by the arm—

"Find a voice, David. What about the letter you were speaking of at breakfast?"

"Oh!" said I, taking it out of my pocket. "It is from my aunt."

"Well, what does she say?"

"She says she is very glad to hear of your success, and that she is very glad to hear of your success."

"What she reminds me, Steerforth," said I, "that I have not had the opportunity to look about me, and to think a little."

"Which, of course, you have done?"

"Indeed, I can't say I have particularly. To tell you the truth, I am afraid I had forgotten it."

"Well, look about you now, and make up for your negligence," said Steerforth. "Look to the right, and you'll see a vast country, with a good deal of marsh in it; look to the left, and you'll see the same. Look to the front, and you'll find no difference; look to the rear, and there it is still."

I laughed, and replied that I saw no suitable profession in the whole prospect, which was perhaps to be attributed to its likeness.

"What does your aunt say on the subject?" inquired Steerforth, glancing at the letter in my hand. "Does she suggest anything?"

"What?" said I. "She asks me, here, if I think I should like to be a proctor?"

"A proctor?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Steerforth, coolly. "You may as well do that as anything else, I suppose."

"I could not help laughing again, at his balancing all callings and professions so equally, and I told him so."

"I confess I think it is in the main a question of gammon and spinnach, as my friend Miss Moucher would say," he returned. "A proctor is a gentlemanly sort of fellow. I don't see any objection to your being a proctor. You shall take but my marriage-licence, in case I ever want one; if that is any inducement, and you shall separate with wife and me after wards, and you shall prove my suit, if you like."

"What is a proctor, Steerforth?" said I.

"He is a sort of a monkish attorney," replied Steerforth. "He is a Paul's Churchyard—that solicitors are to the court of law and equity. He is a functionary whose existence, in the natural course of things, would have terminated about three hundred years ago. I can tell you best what he is, by telling you what Doctors' Commons is. It is a little out-of-the-way, and a little out-of-the-way, where they administer what is called ecclesiastical law, and play all kinds of tricks with those old monasteries, and acts of Parliament, which three-fourths of the world know nothing about, and therefore

No. 22.—Facsimile of another page of "David Copperfield" revised by Charles Dickens.

(The two black vertical lines represent the pieces of silk cord that were used to tie back the leaves when this facsimile was taken.)

"Enough!" bellowed Mr. Honeythunder, with a solemnity and severity that would have brought the horse down at a meeting. "E—nough! My late wards being now of age, and I being released from a trust which I cannot contemplate without a thrill of horror, there are the accounts which you have undertaken to accept on their behalf, and there is a statement of the balance which you have undertaken to receive, and which you cannot receive too soon. And let me tell you, sir, ~~that~~ that as a man and a Minor Canon, you were better employed," with a nod. "Better employed," with another nod. "Bet—ter em—ployed!" with another and the three nods added up.

Mr. Crisparkle rose a little heated in the face, but with perfect command of himself.

"Mr. Honeythunder," he said, taking up the papers referred to: "my being better or worse employed than I am at present is a matter of taste and opinion. You might think me better employed in entolling myself a member of your Society."

"Ay, indeed, sir!" retorted Mr. Honeythunder, shaking his head in a threatening manner. "It would have been better for you if you had done that long ago."

"I think otherwise."

"Or," said Mr. Honeythunder, shaking his head again, "I might think one of your profession better employed in devoting himself to the discovery and punishment of guilt than in leaving that duty to be undertaken by a layman."

"I may regard my profession from a point of view which teaches me that its first duty is towards those who are in necessity and tribulation, who are desolate and oppressed," said Mr. Crisparkle. "However, as I have quite clearly satisfied myself that it is no part of my profession to make professions, I say no more of that. But I owe it to Mr. Neville, and to Mr. Neville's sister (and in a much lower degree to myself), to say to you that I know I was in the full possession and understanding of Mr. Neville's mind and heart at the time of this occurrence; and that, without in the least coloring or concealing what was to be deplored in him and required to be corrected, I feel certain that his tale is true."

No. 25.—Facsimile of part of the proof of "Edwin Drood," showing a passage struck out by Charles Dickens, and minor alterations.

who subsequently becomes "Pip's" unknown patron.

The piece of "Edwin Drood" shown in No. 25 occurs in Chapter xvii. A peculiarity about the considerable passage here seen to have been struck out by Charles Dickens, is that during a later revision the whole of this passage was re-inserted, and it is printed in the copies of "Edwin Drood" which are sold to-day.

This specimen from Charles Dickens's last work completes the series over which we have been briefly glancing, and which, for one reason or another, cannot include examples from every book that Dickens wrote. Some of the manuscripts do not exist, and others are not in this country. With reference to "Our Mutual Friend," I have the recent and direct authority of Charles Dickens's executrix to make this statement:—

The manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend" was given by Charles Dickens to Mr. Dallas (the husband of Miss Glyn, the well-known actress). Mr. Dallas, at the time "Our Mutual Friend" was published, was a writer in the *Times*, and he wrote a very sympathetic and pleasant review of the book in the *Times*, which pleased Charles Dickens, who very seldom read reviews. When the manuscript was bound up, he gave

it to Mr. Dallas. Shortly after Charles Dickens died Mr. Dallas sold the manuscript, and it was bought by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for a large sum. Mr. Childs is dead, and, presumably, his widow now possesses this manuscript. Some of the American papers said that it had been sold by Charles Dickens to Mr. Dallas, and afterwards re-sold by him. When this false statement reached Charles Dickens's executrix, that lady asked Mr. Childs to contradict the statement in America, and this was at once done. "As for Charles Dickens to have sold any manuscript of his own," wrote Miss Hogarth to me, "this was simply an impossibility."

Last, here is the desk used by Charles Dickens on the day before his death, when at work upon "Edwin Drood." It is a plain slab of dark mahogany with a well-worn leather pad let in. There are two silver plates fastened to it, one inside and underneath the writing slab, which says:—

This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens, and was used by him on the day before his death, was one of the familiar objects "of his study" which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst "those who loved him," and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates.

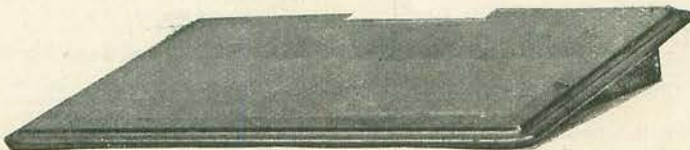
The other plate, which can be seen at the head of the slab, bears the inscription:—

This desk belonged for many years to Charles Dickens, and was last used by him a few hours before he died, on June 9th, 1870. His executrix afterwards gave it to Edmund Yates, at whose death it was sold by public auction on January 21st, 1895, and bought by S. B. Bancroft, who presented it to the South Kensington Museum.

The *Times*, January 22, 1895, contained the following notice:—

Sale of the Late Mr. Edmund Yates's Library. [Charles Dickens's desk.]—This was put up at 50 guineas, and, after brisk bidding, some of it on American account, was knocked down at £105 to Mr. Bancroft amidst cheers.

The wood of this desk is still marked with the many drops of ink that, too eager to be fashioned by the cunning brain and deft hand of a master-craftsman, fell in their haste and became dull stains on this bit of mahogany—leaving their less eager fellows to meet the better fate that chance denied to them.



No. 26.—A photograph of Charles Dickens's mahogany writing slab, or desk, last used by him at Gad's Hill on the day before his death on June 9, 1870.