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DICKENS AND THE HORRIFIC

Charles Dickens, "a great reader of good fiction at an unusually early age,"[1] was also a reader of uncommonly bad literature at an early age. Most discussions of his early reading, however, dwell on the "good fiction," young Copperfield's library, and neglect his taste for grisly sensationalism. The surge of interest that Edmund Wilson engendered in Dickens' obsession with crime, prisons, and brutality[2] has, curiously enough, led no one to investigate a comment Dickens made on his reading at Wellington House Academy:

> I used, when I was at school, to take in the *Terrific Register*, making myself unspeakably miserable, and frightening my very wits out of my head, for the small charge of a penny weekly; which considering that there was an illustration to every number, in which there was always a pool of blood, and at least one body, was cheap.[3]

If we refuse to be intimidated, we find that this sanguinary journal merits examination for several reasons: first, of course, because more than with other authors it is useful to know the nature of what Dickens read as a child—as George Gissing observed, "Those which he read first were practically the only books which influenced Dickens as an author";[4] secondly, because material in the *Terrific Register* turns up in his novels; and thirdly, because we get an unusual view of what the Victorians might read as children—the *Terrific Register* should be particularly interesting to those who hark back to the good old days before crime comics, when children read wholesome, improving literature. This periodical, in its gross vulgarity, exemplifies a type of popular press which, exploiting sensationalism for commercial profit, had a vast public throughout Dickens' career. As we shall see, he competed with this press on its own grounds.

The horrific, however, is more than a surface attraction in his novels: it constitutes, especially in his later works such as *Our Mutual Friend*, the very fibre of the web he weaves. His obsession with ghastliness is so constant, indeed, and so profound, that one hestitates to accept Wilson's view that it resulted from one emotional experience, even so devastating a one as he suffered at Warren's blacking warehouse. If Dickens' stories about his childhood are to be believed, as Edgar Johnson assumes,

then his education in ghastliness commenced much earlier, when his nurse, Mary Weller, cultivated his infant fancy with nightly stories "of bloody vengeance and supernatural hauntings."[5] She "had a fiendish enjoyment of my terrors," says Dickens, "and used to begin, I remember—as a sort of introductory overture—by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long low hollow groan."[6] Her histrionics met with an already appreciative, though terrified, audience and were an excellent introduction to the more extensive and peculiar survey of brutality and strange vice that he pursued in the pages of the *Terrific Register*.

The Terrific Register; or, Record of Crimes, Judgements, Providences, And Calamities [1824-25] was as loathsome a periodical as any of the modern "horror comics." What it lacked in graphic illustration (a grisly plate did, indeed, grace each week's instalment) it made up for in detailed and bloodcurdling verbal description. The stories, varying in length from half a page to three pages, purport to be true and even to have a moral purpose, which is to show "God's revenge against murder." They do not, however, restrict themselves to the prosaic monotony of murder but range into torture, incest, the devouring of decayed human bodies, physical details of various horrible methods of execution, and a variety of other such pleasant and profitable subjects.

One sample, "The Monster of Scotland," so comprehensively incorporates the attractions to be found in the *Terrific Register* that it typifies the magazine's general tone and content superbly: it should adequately account for the deep impression made on young Dickens' mind. The story tells how an "idle and vicious hedger" and an "idle and profligate" young woman, from their seaside cave, maraud the countryside with ghoulish economy and ghastly self-reliance, concealing their robberies by murdering the victims, and feeding themselves by devouring the bodies:

> they carried them to their den, quartered them, salted and pickled the members, and dried them for food. In this manner they lived, carrying on their depredations and murder, until they had eight sons and six daughters, eighteen grand-sons and fourteen grand-daughters, all the offspring of incest.

When prosperity brings a "superabundance of provisions," they cast dehydrated limbs into the sea, "to the great consternation and dismay of all the surrounding inhabitants." Eventually the inhabitants of a terrified and considerably depopulated countryside obtain the king's aid and, discovering the cave, are shocked to behold

> a sight unequalled in Scotland . . . .Legs, arms, thighs, hands and feet, of men, women, and children, were suspended in rows like dried beef. Some limbs and other members

were soaked in pickle; while a great mass of money, both of gold and silver, watches, rings, pistols, cloths, both woollen and linen, with an inconceivable quantity of other articles, were thrown together in heaps, or suspended on the sides of the cave.

The conclusion of this story, by dwelling upon the brutality of the culprits' execution, the severity of which is improvised to match the enormity of their crimes, throws into the shade the comic-book convention of bringing the criminal to justice.

Along with such delights as these, which have no direct relation to Dickens' novels, one finds other profitable matter in the *Terrific Register*, including some passages that may, in their grisly fashion, have stuck in the author's memory. From the history of the French Revolution the magazine plundered many a bloodthirsty tale, among them the execution of Louis XVI, descriptions of the citizens' courts and the prisons, and the hanging of Foulon, which Dickens makes far more terrible by his depiction of mob passion and violence. The *Terrific Register*'s first story, accompanied by an illustration, describes how Damiens, who tried to assassinate Louis XV, was tortured to death: in *A Tale of Two Cities* (II, xv) Dickens tells the same story with the same details. Here is the periodical version:

He was then laid on the scaffold, to which he was instantly tied, and soon afterwards fastened by two iron gyves, or fetters, one placed over his breast below his arms, and the other over his belly, just above his thighs. Then the executioner burnt his right hand (with which the villainous stab had been given) in flames of brimstone [the accompanying illustration shows the knife in Damiens' hand as in Dickens' account]; during which operation Damiens gave a very loud and continued cry, which was heard at a great distance from the place of execution, after which, Damiens raising his head as well as he could, looked for some time at the burnt hand, with great earnestness and composure. The executioner then proceeded to pinch him in the arms, thighs, and breast with red-hot pinchers; and Damiens, at every pinch, shrieked in the same manner as he had done when his hand was scorched with the brimstone; and viewed and gazed at every one of the wounds, and ceased crying as soon as the executioner gave over the pinching. Then boiling oil, melted wax and rosin, and melted lead, were poured into all the wounds, and except those on the breast: which made him give as loud shrieks and cries, as he had done before when his hand was burnt with sulphur, and his breast, arms, and thighs, torn with hot pinchers.

The description proceeds to his dismemberment by four horses, the duration of his tortures to near nightfall, and the burning of his body. As Squeers said of the meals at Dotheboys Hall, "here's richness!" Dickens uses this story in *A Tale of Two Cities* to intensify one of the main threads of his narrative: the cruelty of Monseigneur and his class, and the vengeance which that cruelty inspires, a vengeance that will lead to the death sentence for Charles Darnay. When the father whose child

Monseigneur ran down with his coach has killed Monseigneur and been captured, the townsmen speculate about his fate. The roadmender is talking to Defarge and the three Jaques:

> "they whisper at the fountain," resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants—serfs—what you will— he will be executed as a parricide. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burnt off before his face; that, into the wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says, all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the late King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar.
>
> "Listen once again then, Jaques!" said the man with the restless hand and the craving air. "The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and nothing was more noticed in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager attention to the last—to the last, Jaques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed!"

In retelling this story Dickens does two things: he associates it with the Evremonds, thus preparing for Darnay's death sentence; and, while losing none of the original brutality, he shifts his emphasis to the bloodthirsty ladies of fashion, aristocratic counterparts of Madame Defarge's furies. The one incident serves, therefore, in precipitating both the personal and the historical tragedies.

Another article in the *Terrific Register*, one which tells of alcoholics who died by spontaneous combustion, may well have been the original inspiration for a very famous incident in Dickens, the death of Krook in *Bleak House* (XXXII). Krook, "short, cadaverous, and withered; with his head sunk sideways between his shoulders, and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within," absorbs gin steadily, copiously, and at length until at last he does catch fire within; and that is the end of him. To observe how Dickens fleshes out the perfunctory grisliness of the original story is quite amusing. Here is the *Terrific Register*'s version:

> At the distance of about four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which could be distinguished the legs and arms untouched. . . .The furniture and tapestry were covered with a moist kind of soot of the colour of ashes, which had penetrated into the drawers, and dirtied the linen. This soot having been conveyed to a neighbouring kitchen, adhered to the walls and utensils. A piece of bread in the cupboard was covered with it, and no dog would touch it. The infectious odour had been communicated to other apartments.[8]

The odour, the soot, and the animal's reaction—one after another Dickens elaborates them in a climactic pattern. The pervasive odour provokes a grim little comedy between Snagsby and Weevle as they meet outside Krook's rag and bottle shop:

> "Don't you observe," says Mr. Snagsby, pausing to sniff and taste the air a little; "don't you observe, Mr. Weevle, that you're—not to put too fine a point upon it—that you're rather greasy here, sir?"
>
> "Why, I have noticed myself that there is a queer kind of flavour in the place tonight," Mr. Weevle rejoins. "I suppose it's chops at the Sol's Arms."
>
> "Chops, do you think? Oh!—Chops, eh?" Mr. Snagsby sniffs and tastes again. "Well, sir, I suppose it is. But I should say their cook at the Sol wanted a little looking after. She has been burning 'em, sir! And I don't think;" Mr. Snagsby sniffs and tastes again, and then spits and wipes his mouth; "I don't think—not to put too fine a point upon it—that they were quite fresh, when they were shown the gridiron."
>
> "That's very likely. It's a tainting sort of weather."
>
> "It is a tainting sort of weather," says Mr. Snagsby, "and I find it sinking to the spirits."
>
> "By George! I find it gives me the horrors," returns Mr. Weevle.

And now the soot: inside Krook's house young Mr. Guppy no sooner brushes the foul soot from his sleeves than he gets his hand in a thick, yellow liquor:

> look here— and look here! When he brings the candle, here, from the corner of the window-sill, it slowly drips, and creeps away down the bricks; here, lies in a little thick nauseous pool.

Animal terror is kept for the final shock:

> They go down, more dead than alive, and holding one another, push open the door of the back shop. The cat has retreated close to it, and stands snarling—not at them; at something on the ground, before the fire. . . .Here is a small burnt patch of flooring; here is the tinder from a little bundle of burnt paper, but not so light as usual, seeming to be steeped in something; and here is—is it the cinder of a small charred and broken log of wood sprinkled with white ashes, or is it coal?

The passage on spontaneous combustion which I have quoted from the *Terrific Register* describes the death of the Countess Cesenate, the identical incident of which Dickens writes in the Preface to *Bleak House*: "The appearances beyond all rational doubt observed in that case, are the appearances observed in Mr. Krook's case." As further evidence of the possibility of spontaneous combustion, he mentions a story from Le Cat's memoirs, and that story also forms a part of the *Terrific Register*'s article. We may reasonably assume, therefore, that although Dickens, as we know from one of his letters, acquired information on this nasty process from his friend, Dr. Elliotson,[9] and "took pains to investigate the subject" as he

says, the subject itself may have occurred to him originally from his reading of the *Terrific Register*. That he was familiar with the idea of spontaneous combustion much earlier than the fifties is shown by a passage he deleted from "The Prisoners' Van" when revising it for *Sketches by Boz*. "The Prisoners' Van" appeared first in *Bell's Life in London*, November 29, 1835. He writes:

> We revel in a crowd of any kind—a street "row" is our delight—even a woman in a fit is by no means to be despised, especially in a fourth-rate street, where all the female inhabitants run out of their houses, and discharge large jugs of cold water over the patient, as if she were dying of spontaneous combustion, and wanted putting out.

A better known passage, from *A Christmas Carol* (1843), records Scrooge's alarm at finding himself the centre of a blaze of ruddy light as he awaits the coming of the second spirit: he "was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it."

Hot and hasty exit that it is, spontaneous combustion seems at best an eccentric way to die. Did it not seem so to Dickens' readers? It certainly did to those whose objections he answers in his preface. But a little searching shows that he was not the only author of note to use the idea. A case occurs in Marryat's *Jacob Faithful* (I); and in Gogol's *Dead Souls* (I, iii) Nastasya Petrovna's intemperate blacksmith catches fire and dies "wrapped in a blue flame," an event which prompts Chichikov to observe, "There is no denying the wisdom of God."[10] How might the Reverend Mr. Stiggins have capitalized on the idea when addressing the Dorking Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebeneezer Temperance Association! At any rate De Quincey tells how it frightened him:

> Nervous irritation forced me, at times, upon frightful excesses [of opium]; but terror from anomalous symptoms sooner or later forced me back. This terror was strengthened by the vague hypothesis current at that period about spontaneous combustion. Might I not myself take leave of the literary world in that fashion? According to the popular fancy, there were two modes of this spontaneity, and really very little to choose between them. Upon one variety of this explosion, a man blew up in the dark, without match or candle near him, leaving nothing behind him but some bones, of no use to anybody, and which were supposed to be *his* only because nobody else ever applied for them. It was fancied that some volcanic agency—an unknown deposition— accumulated from some vast redundancy of brandy, furnished the self-exploding principle. But this startled the faith of most people; and a more plausible scheme suggested itself, which depended upon the concurrence of a lucifer-match. . . .Opium, however, it will occur to the reader, is not alcohol. That is true. But it might, for anything that was known experimentally, be ultimately worse.[11]

When Dickens decided to incinerate Krook, not only was he exploiting

a popular taste for grisliness, he was also playing upon the general uneasiness attaching to a popular superstition.

One naturally asks at this point how direct the *Terrific Register's* influence was upon Dickens. To consider only the texts discussed: between 1824, when he read the periodical, and 1852, when *Bleak House* appeared, twenty-eight years had passed; between 1824 and the appearance of *A Tale of Two Cities* thirty-five years had passed. This makes a direct influence unlikely. On the other hand, as Gissing and others have noted, Dickens' memory of his early reading was extremely retentive. And however little the *Terrific Register* merited such recollection, he did in fact remember the magazine well enough to write Forster about it "in his later years."[12] It is possible, therefore, that these memories directed his attention to the subjects, if not to the particular texts, we have just examined. However that may be, it is reasonable to assume that the periodical encouraged an already active interest in gruesomeness, an interest that continued and is reflected throughout his works. The kinship between the sensationalism of the popular press and the ghastliness and brutality in his novels is quite clear.

For sheer ghoulishness the *Terrific Register* is, of course, in a class by itself, but macabre penny journals sold extensively throughout Dickens' lifetime and competed with his novels for popular favour. One of his chief rivals, as George Ford has noted, was G. W. M. Reynolds, "the Mickey Spillane of the Victorian Age,"[13] whose work a Manchester news agent described thus:

> [It] draws scenes of profligacy as strongly as it is possible for any writer to do, and the feelings are excited to a very high pitch by it, [but] it is not in reality an indecent publication, because I do not believe that any words appear that are vulgar. . . . A great many females buy the 'Court of London,' and young men; a sort of spreeing young men; young men who go to taverns, and put cigars in their mouths in a flourishing way.[14]

An article in *The Times* that Ford quotes commends Dickens for the contribution he made to popular education by writing stories sensational enough to capture Reynolds' public but with literary merit enough to please "the better class of reader."[15] The most interesting aspect of this rivalry, however, is the degree to which Dickens took over Reynolds' type of material. Jerry Cruncher, the "resurrection man" (body snatcher) in *A Tale of Two Cities*, has his counterpart in one of Reynolds' principal characters in the *Mysteries of London*, the Resurrection Man, whom with his friends, the Cracksman and the Buffer, Reynolds painstakingly describes pursuing his dismal vocation.[16] Reynolds' Resurrection Man also dabbles in piracy on the Thames in an atmosphere of squalid vice

reminiscent of the river scenes in *Our Mutual Friend*, in the first chapter of which we find Hexam scavenging the river for drowned bodies to plunder.

The kinship between much of Dickens' material and that of periodicals like the *Terrific Register* and the *Mysteries of London* suggests one cause of his popularity; it also reflects a quality of his vision. As Carlyle wrote to Forster, beneath Dickens' "sparkling, clear, and sunny utterance" are "deeper than all, if one has the eye to see deep enough, dark fateful silent elements, tragical to look upon, and hiding amid dazzling radiances as of the sun, the elements of death itself."[17] Carlyle's insight is a sound one, backed up by modern biography and psychological criticism which tend to suggest that Dickens "was possibly not himself fully conscious of what he was putting into his books."[18] A careful examination shows, however, that Dickens frequently manipulates the morbid and terrible detail of his novels with such skilful and conscious artistry that it can hardly be regarded as merely a haphazard expression of gloomy depths in his unconscious. This detail has, in fact, both moral and aesthetic significance. Its moral significance is apparent not only in his penetrating studies of guilt and moral degeneration in individuals, but also in his symbolic representations of decay in the whole social body; its aesthetic significance is apparent not only in the exciting variety of tone and incident it affords, but also in its provision of symbols contributing to structural unity and ironic richness.

The grisly death of Krook, who is nicknamed the Lord Chancellor and whose shop is called the Court of Chancery, is an effective but relatively simple example of Dickens' craftsmanship in making gruesomeness further the artistic and ethical integration of his material. Krook's end and the manner of it are emblematic of the impending disintegration of both the actual court system and the corrupt society that tolerates such a system:[19]

> The Lord Chancellor of that Court, true to his title in his last act, has died the death of all Lord Chancellors in all Courts, and of all authorities in all places under all names soever, where false pretences are made, and where injustice is done.

In *A Tale of Two Cities*, which is based throughout on the theme of resurrection,[20] the technique is more sophisticated. Mr. Lorry, on his way to France to bring back Manette (I, iii), dreams recurrently that he is "on his way to dig some one out of a grave" (Dickens had thought of calling the book *Buried Alive*);[21] Darnay, acquitted of the charge of spying, is, in Jerry Cruncher's view, "Recalled to Life" (II, iii), and is recalled a second

time when Carton changes places with him in prison; the theme is reiterated in Carton's moral regeneration: he goes to the guillotine saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord" (III, xv). With these things in mind, we can hardly regard the ghoulish occupation of Jerry Cruncher, the resurrection man, as a fortuitous element in the novel. His body snatching is nothing less than a grimly comic parody of the main theme.

Macabre symbols, recurring at every level, suggesting basic similarities in diverse characters and events, evoking a sinister moral atmosphere, welding all into a consistent, integrated vision, dominate rather than merely contribute to the still more complex structure of *Our Mutual Friend*. The book opens sombrely on Jesse Hexam scavenging a corpse from the murky water of the Thames. His abhorrent activity ranks as a unifying symbolic motif which is reiterated in a multitude of forms throughout the work: parasites, predators, and scavengers abound; it is a very world of vultures. Hexam himself "was a hook-nosed man, and with that and his bright eyes and his ruffled head, bore a certain likeness to a roused bird of prey" (I, i). His chief competitor says admiringly, "I a'most think you're like the wulturs, pardner, and scent 'em out" (I, i). Veneering and Fascination Fledgeby are political and usurious parasites respectively. The Lammles, each intent on devouring the other's fortune, catch themselves in their own marital trap, both fortuneless. Wegg, Boffin's literary man, is both a bird of prey fluttering over him (I, xv) and a shark in the Bower waters (I, xvii). The Harmon fortune, which exerts an influence of some sort on most of the principal characters, is itself the profit made from scavenging London garbage. And just as Jerry Cruncher's avocation parodies the resurrection theme in *A Tale of Two Cities*, so Mr. Venus' profession parodies the scavenging theme here: lovesick Mr. Venus is a taxidermist and articulator of human bones. Hexam's fishing for bodies to plunder is our introduction to the total vision of society as a swamp, with "all manner of crawling, creeping, fluttering, and buzzing creatures, attracted by the gold dust of the Golden Dustman!" and with "Alligators of the Dismal Swamp . . .always lying by to drag the Golden Dustman under" (I, xvii). The technique used here, a more polished version of that we have already seen in *Bleak House* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, is one which effectively integrates the mass of detail and oddity which many agree is characteristic of Dickens' novels but naively point to as proof that they have no form.

Let us, however, emerge from the menacing shades of nightmare into the radiance of Dickens' humour. For his savagery, like his melodrama,

is chameleonic: tense and serious at one moment, hilariously absurd at another. In a delightful chapter called "Nurse's Stories" in the *Uncommercial Traveller*, Dickens records samples from the repertoire of Mary Weller, to whom, as we noticed earlier, he was "indebted for my first personal experience of a shudder and cold beads on the forehead." Among her stories is a masterly "offshoot of the Bluebeard family," the story of "Captain Murderer," whose "mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides." One of them takes drastic steps to curb this appetite:

> they went to church in a coach and twelve, and were married. And that day month, she rolled the pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut her head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.
>
> But before she began to roll out the paste she had taken a deadly poison of a most awful character, distilled from toads' eyes and spiders' knees; and Captain Murderer had hardly picked her last bone, when he began to swell, and to turn blue, and to be all over spots, and to scream. And he went on swelling and turning bluer, and being more all over spots and screaming, until he reached from floor to ceiling, and from wall to wall; and then, at one o'clock in the morning, he blew up with a loud explosion.

In a style whose cadence, emphasis, and syntax perfectly mirror the child's awestricken apprehension and Miss Weller's zest for gothic, Dickens here transforms the sort of raw material we found in "The Monster of Scotland" into a luxuriant, *ne plus ultra* vision of horror, colouring the whole with characteristic comic irony.

"Captain Murderer," indeed, combines three of the primary elements of Dickens' work as a whole: horror, the child's viewpoint, and fairy tale. The horror in his novels may be presented either directly, as in Nancy's murder, or comically, as here in "Captain Murderer," where it is filtered, as much of *Oliver Twist* and the descriptions of Squeers and Dotheboy's Hall are filtered, through an ironic style which makes horror tolerable. However presented, it is more than an incidental attraction in his works: it is an integral part of his vision. But does not such horror sort ill with the child's viewpoint, which is every bit as integral? Quite the contrary: the child's viewpoint, introduced through a host of child heroes and heroines, besides implying an ideal set of moral values, is significantly related to that sinister vision in that the child invests his surroundings with mysterious powers and moves in a world of menace and dread; but it is also a world in which the dreadful itself may become comic, as do Quilp and Squeers. It is, in short, the unpredictable, often brutal, but never dull world of fairy tale.

NOTES

1. *Uncommercial Traveller*, XXXIII, "Mr. Barlow."
2. See Edmund Wilson, "Dickens: The Two Scrooges," in *The Wound and the Bou* (Cambridge, 1941); Humphrey House, "The Macabre Dickens," and "An Introduction to Oliver Twist," in *All in Due Time* (London, 1955); and George Ford, *Dickens and His Readers* (Princeton, 1955), 249-57.
3. John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, ed. J. W. T. Ley (London, 1928), I, iii, 43 n.
4. George Gissing, *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study* (London, 1898), 27.
5. See Edgar Johnson, *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, (New York, 1952), 12, based on *Uncommercial Traveller*, XV, "Nurse's Stories."
6. *Uncommercial Traveller*, XV, "Nurse's Stories."
7. *Terrific Register*, I, 161-63.
8. *Ibid.*, II, 340.
9. *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, Nonesuch edit., ed. Walter Dexter (London, 1938), II, 446-47, Elliotson, 7/2/53. He thanks Elliotson for a lecture on spontaneous combustion and says he has already investigated some of the cases Elliotson describes.
10. Trans. George Reavey (London, 1957).
11. Thomas De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, World's Classics edit. (London, 1949), 244-45.
12. Forster, *Life*, I, iii, 43 n.
13. George Ford, *Dickens and His Readers* 79.
14. Richard D. Altick, *The English Common Reader* (Chicago, 1957), 352 n.
15. *The Times*, October 17, 1861, 6.
16. G. W. M. Reynolds, *Mysteries of London* (London, 1846-50), I, chs. 44 and 108. For a further account of the "resurrection rig" see the anonymous *Real Life in London* (London,1 821), I, xi. Lively interest in the subject followed the famous Edinburgh trial of Burke and Hare (see *Annual Register*, 1828, and *All the Year Round*, March 16, 1867).
17. F. G. Kitton, *Dickensiana* (London, 1886), 408.
18. House, *All in Due Time*, 183.
19. See Johnson, *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, 781.
20. See R. Morse, "Our Mutual Friend," *Partisan* Review, XVI (1949), 283.
21. Forster, *Life*, IX ii, 729.