CHARLES DICKENS IN CHANCERY

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Charles Dickens in Chancery by E. T. Jaques

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E. T. JAQUES

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BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PROCEEDINGS IN RESPECT OF THE "CHRISTMAS CAROL" WITH SOME GOSSIP IN RELATION TO THE OLD LAW COURTS AT WESTMINSTER

BY

E A TAT JAQUES

A SOLICITOR OF THE SUPPLIES COURT

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EDWARD SHEARME, F.S.A.

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Charles Dickens in Chancery

THE Christmas Carol was published on the 19th of December 1843. Six thousand copies were sold on the first day, and before the end of 1844 the number had risen to fifteen thousand. For a book, costing five shillings and offering very little bulk for the money, this sale was enormous. There was, of course, the attraction of Leech's pictures, but taking the Carol as a whole, five shillings was a stiff price for the slim "foolscap octavo," with holly on the cover.

A sale of six thousand on the mere strength of a writer's name speaks volumes for his popularity. The new voice had made itself heard in *Pickwick*, some eight years earlier; and *Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*, following in quick succession, had each attracted an ever-increasing audience. At thirty-one Charles Dickens was already a public character. His name was a household word wherever the English language was spoken; Edinburgh had feasted him and had made him a freeman of the City, and the American people had received him as their nation's guest.

By Christmas 1843 Martin Chuzzlewit in the original green covers had run more than half its course. The number for December had left old Martin under Pecksniff's roof, with that good man, "having Antony Chuzzlewit fresh in his recollection," watching with joyful expectancy the rapid progress of senile decay; the rupture with Tom Pinch was yet to come. Young Martin and Mark Tapley were luxuriating in the thriving city of Eden. Mrs. Gamp, fresh from the extraordinary experience.

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of night-nursing pursued under conditions of wakefulness, had just dropped the most precious of her pearls—But we never knows wot's hidden in each other's hearts; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need to keep the shetters up, some on us, I do assure you!

Early in 1843 Dickens had presided at the opening of the Manchester Athenœum, and it was at Manchester that the fancy which ripened into the Carol had occurred to him. By the end of November the little book was written. "It was," says Forster, "the work of such odd moments of leisure as were left him out of the time taken up by two numbers of his Chuzzlewit."

The ranks are thinning of those who know of their own knowledge what Dickens's books were to the people who read them as they came out; children of the fifties and the sixties cannot know this except by hearsay. It seems to me that he is the only author to whom our great non-literary public has ever given anything like the same attention which it always gives to politicians and notable criminals. Even Sir Walter was not master of a spell so far-reaching as this. The Scots as a nation knew him and were proud of him, but if the regiment of Lockhart's story had been raised south of the Border, the Laird of Abbotsford would never have been allowed to break the ranks. The story is so pretty that it will bear retelling, even here. On his way home from George the Fourth's coronation banquet, Sir Walter and a young friend got locked in the crowd, somewhere near Whitehall. The Scots Greys were keeping the roadway clear for privileged carriages, and the lame gentleman's appeal to be allowed to pass within the line, was met with a curt refusal-the sergeant's orders were strict; the thing was impossible. "Take care, Sir Walter Scott: take care!" exclaimed the young friend in a loud voice, as a new wave of turbulence threatened them from behind. "What-Sir Walter Scott !" quoth the sergeant : "He shall get through anyhow !" And through he went, the men echoing his name!

It would be a difficult and invidious task to analyse strictly the secret of Dickens's popularity with the classes to whom, notwithstanding our Education Acts, no other great writer makes any appeal. The primary reason admits of no doubt whatever-he was a genius, much of whose writing was devoted to homely things. But it would not be quite honest to ignore the fact that possibly the defects of his qualities—I have in mind the melodramatic character of many of his plots and incidents-may have swelled the number of his readers. This is a thorny subject, and any discussion of it would be out of place in these pages. I wish, however, to disclaim the suggestion that there is of necessity any connection between a writer's popularity and his merits, or that his influence bears any proportion to the number of his readers. There I may leave the matter. For present purposes I am not concerned with Dickens's merits; and as regards his influence, I think it will be admitted on all hands that no one, literate or illiterate, can read him without being the better for it.

I was saying when I dropped my thread, that not even Scott was master of the spell which Dickens wielded. Seventy years ago, men gossiped about the new number of Chuzzlewit as they went to and from their business; Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp were discussed as if they were as real as the talkers' friends. At the present time no one but Sir Conan Doyle has invented a character whose name is familiar to all, and even in that case the knowledge of the man in the street goes no further than the fact that Sherlock Holmes was a solver of mysteries. He is not known as a human being at all. Only twice in my life have I overheard men chatting in a public place about a writer's characters as if they were flesh and blood. On the first occasion two Templars, dining at the Cock in Fleet Street, were discussing the newly-published Jungle Book. "Baloo was a thundering good chap," and so forth, was the burden of their song. On the second occasion a parson in a third-class