

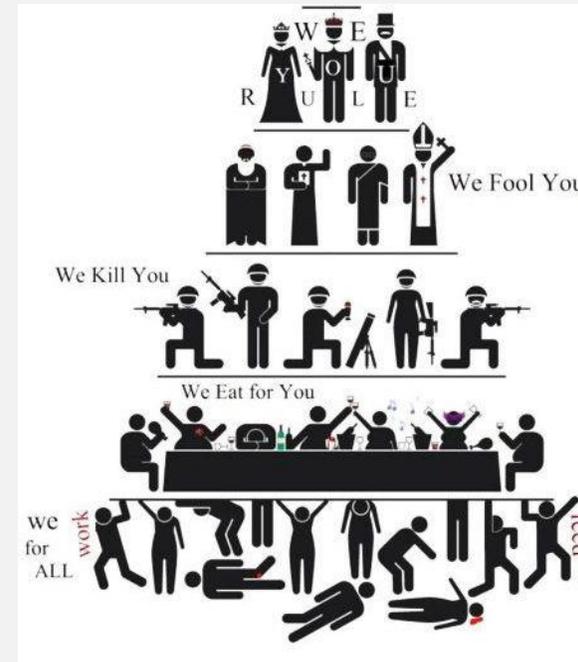
LITERARY TOPOGRAPHIES

Spaces, Places, and the C19th Novel



TOPOGRAPHY: “THE WRITING OF PLACE”

- What does “of” mean?
- What is “place”?
 - buildings, people, a room in the house, the “fireplace”?
- What about “space”?



“know your place!”

INTERIOR SPACES



“Male” spaces: **The library or study**, the *billiard room*, the **gentlemen’s room** (a room in which men could retreat to conduct business transactions more privately), the *smoking room*, and **the snugery** (a room in which men kept their hobbies and did as they pleased).



“Female” spaces: the **apartment** (a room where she and her friends might congregate after dinner without the men), the **boudoir** (a room typically adjoining the bedroom in which men were understood as never allowed), the *morning room* (literally the room in which she would spend the better part of the morning, open to children and guests of the house as well), and the **drawing room** (coming from “withdrawing,” this is a room was open to adults in the house and was also an entertaining room).

See, for instance, Judith Flanders *Inside the Victorian Home: A Portrait of Domestic Life in Victorian England* (2004)

“SPACE” – THE UNIVERSE

- In the Victorian period, astronomy was the domain of wealthy amateurs who founded learned societies, commissioned telescopes and built observatories.
- The Universe was often referred to as “the heavens”, or in reference to constellations and specific stars and planets. Look for terms such as “Cosmology”, “cosmic”, “celestial”.
- See, for instance, Anna Henchman, *The Starry Sky Within: Astronomy and the Reach of the Mind in Victorian Literature* (OUP, 2014).



THE PLANET JUPITER

Published December 1, 1855 at 18. 50c per copy

CHRONOTOPES

“intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships”

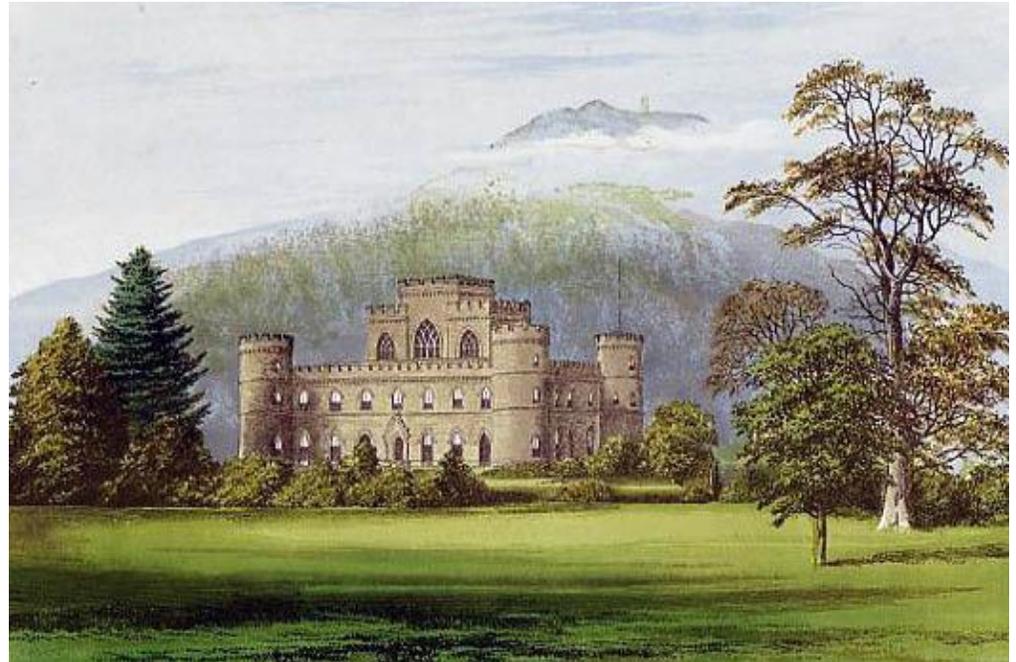
“The castle is **saturated through and through with a time that is historical in the narrow sense of the word, that is, the time of the historical past.** The castle is the place where the lords of the feudal era lived (and consequently also the place of historical figures of the past); the traces of centuries and generations are arranged in it in visible form as various parts of its architecture, in furnishings, weapons, the ancestral portrait gallery, the family archives and in the particular human relationships involving dynastic primacy and the transfer of hereditary rights. And finally legends and traditions animate every corner of the castle and its environs through their constant reminders of past events. **It is this quality that gives rise to the specific kind of narrative inherent in castles and that is then worked out in Gothic novels.**”

Bakhtin, “Forms of Time and of the Chronotope in the Novel: Notes toward a Historical Poetics” (1981)



“The elderly lady rustled in silks and satins, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion in the ladies’ memorandum-book for the year 1770—a superb piece of architecture, not much less than a **modern Gothic castle**, of which the curls might represent the turrets, the black pins the *chevaux de frise*, and the lappets the banners.”

Walter Scott, *The Antiquary* (1829 edn), chapter VI.



Inveraray Castle, built c.1746 (Drawing 1880s)

LANDSCAPE

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that **you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing**, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot, This is particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, unenclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of rills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or as they are **provincially termed**, *dens*, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is the more gratifying, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the **general face of the country**.

This was eminently the case with the approach to the **ruins of Saint Ruth**, which was for some time merely a sheep-track, along the side of a steep and bare hill. **By degrees, however**, as this path descended, and winded round the hillside, trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted, and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves—a **sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester**.

By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges, and filled up in the middle, by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, **the scene might on the whole be termed decidedly woodland**. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurling clear and rapid under their silvan canopy.

Walter Scott, *The Antiquary* (1829 edn)

While he was thus speaking, he led the way briskly through one or two rich pasture-meadows, to an open heath or common, and so to the top of a gentle eminence. “Here,” he said, “Mr. Lovel, is a truly remarkable spot.”

“It commands a fine view,” said his companion, looking around him.

“True: but it is not for the prospect I brought you hither; **do you see nothing else remarkable?—nothing on the surface of the ground?**”

“Why, yes; I do see something like a ditch, indistinctly marked.”

[...]

“My dear sir;” continued the senior, “**your eyes are not inexperienced: you know a ditch from level ground, I presume, when you see them? Indistinct!** why, the very common people, the very least boy that can herd a cow, calls it the Kaim of Kinprunes; and **if that does not imply an ancient camp,** I am ignorant what does.”

Walter Scott, *The Antiquary*, ch IV (1829 edn)



At length—I am almost ashamed to say it—but I even brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn-land for this barren spot. But then it was a **national concern**; and when **the scene of so celebrated an event** became my own, I was overpaid.—Whose **patriotism** would not grow warmer, as old Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered; and the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Monkbarns, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the **letters A. D. L. L. which may stand, without much violence, for Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.**”

[...]

“About this bit bourock, your honour,” answered the undaunted Edie; “I mind the bigging o’t.” [...]

“Ou, I ken this about it, Monkbarns—and what profit have I for telling ye a lie?—I just ken this about it, that about **twenty years syne**, I, and a when hallenshakers like mysell, and the mason-lads that built the lang dike that gaes down the loaning, and twa or three herds maybe, just set to wark, and built this bit thing here [...]

the mason-callants cut a ladle on to have a bourd at the bridegroom, and **he put four letters on’t, that’s A. D. L. L.—Aiken Drum’s Lang Ladle—for Aiken was ane o’ the kale-suppers o’ Fife.**”

“himself an antiquarian figure who knows the hiding places where history waits to develop its consciousness, as well as the past’s susceptibility”

~ Shawn Malley, “Walter Scott's Romantic Archaeology: New/Old Abbotsford and ‘The Antiquary.’” *Studies in Romanticism* (2001)

Consider:

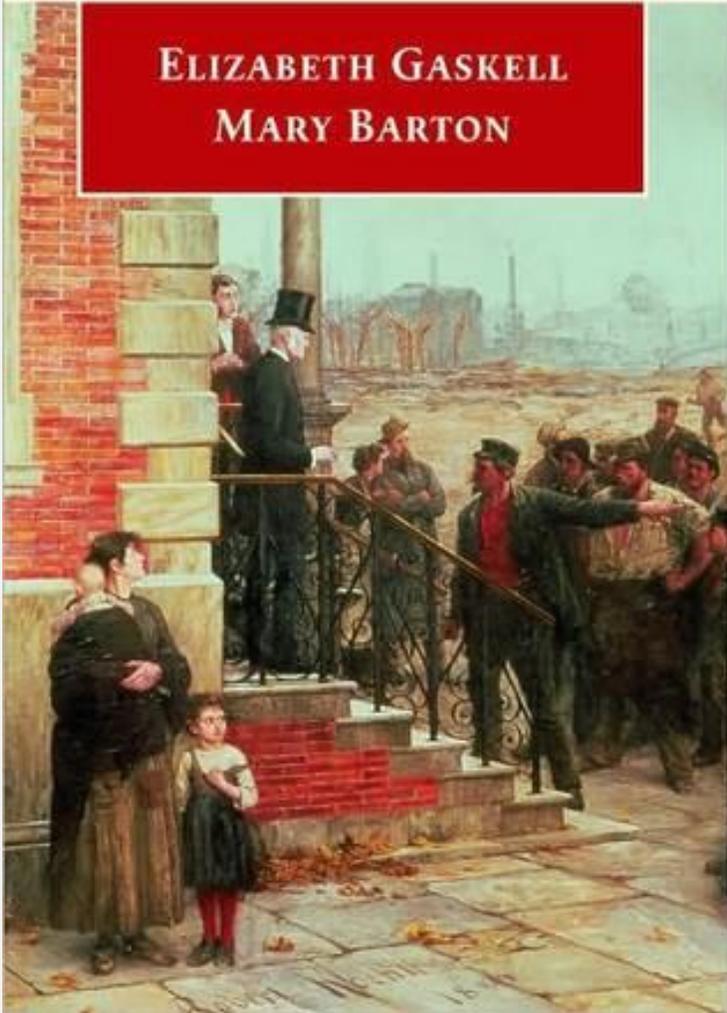
Landscape itself as a text, or rather a **palimpsest**; which is “a manuscript of writing surface that has been reused, erased, or altered while retaining traces of its earlier form”.



Arents Cigarette Cards'
“Characters from Scott” collection

OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

ELIZABETH GASKELL
MARY BARTON



[...] he traced out **one of her haunts, a low lodging-house behind Peter Street**. He and his companion, a kind-hearted policeman, were admitted, suspiciously enough, by the landlady, who ushered them into a **large garret where twenty or thirty people of all ages and both sexes lay** and dozed away the day, choosing the evening and night for their trades of beggary, thieving, or prostitution.

"I know the Butterfly was here," said she, looking round. "She came in, the night before last, and said she had not a penny to get **a place for shelter**; and that if she was **far away in the country she could steal aside and die in a copse, or a clough**, like the wild animals; but here the police would let no one alone in the streets, and she wanted **a spot to die in, in peace**. (ch 38)

Definition: A garret is a habitable attic ... and often dismal or cramped living space at the top of a house or larger residential building. In the days before lifts this was the least prestigious position in a building.



“perpetually subject to charges of ‘disorderly vagrancy’, the hapless streetwalker temporarily shelters in entries and on door stops, liminal zones of residential buildings, until driven by hunger or cold to return to the streets”

Deirdre d’Albertis, “The Streetwalker and Urban Observation” (1997)

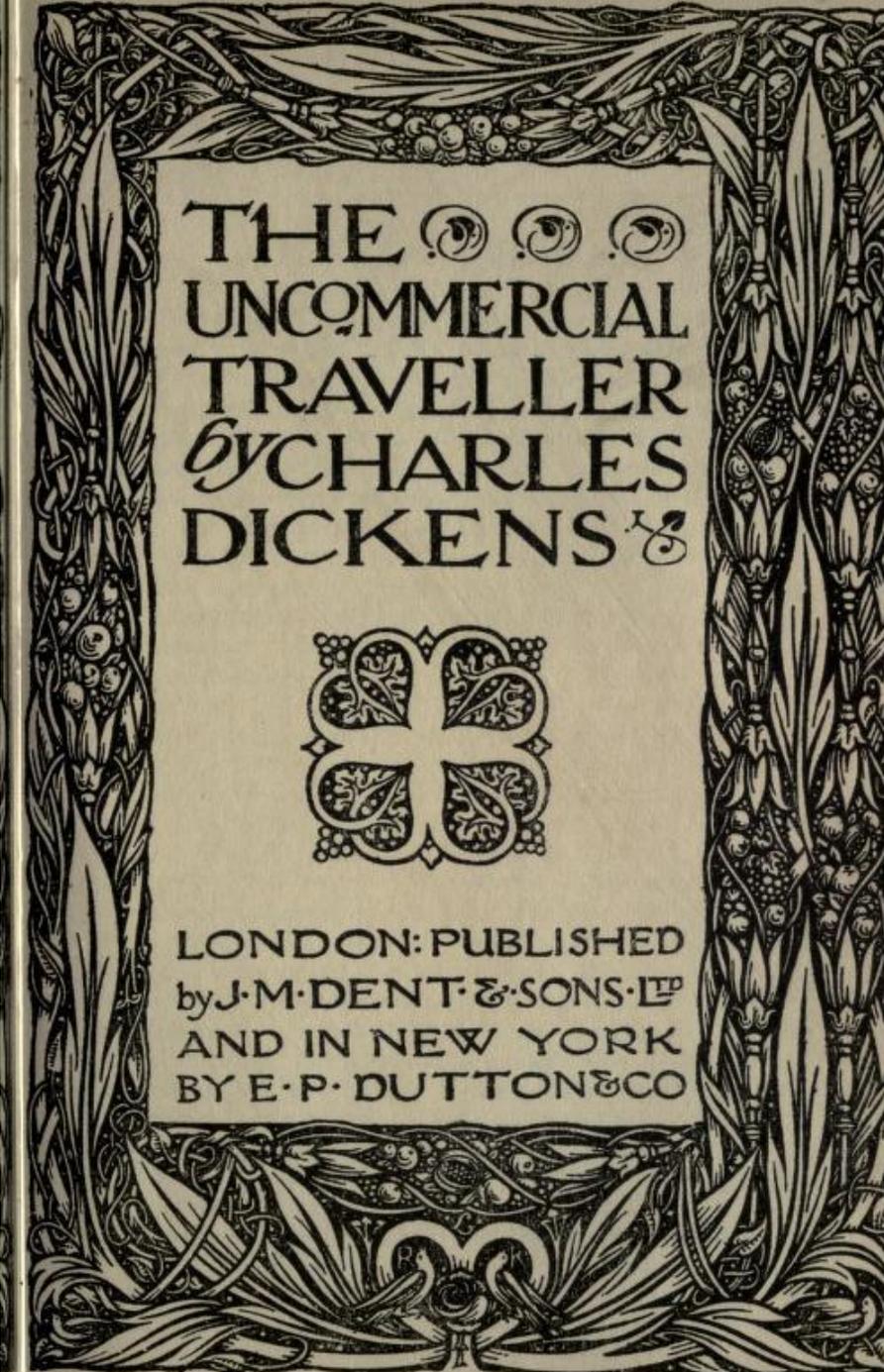
“Place is security, space is freedom: we are attached to the one and long for the other. There is no place like home”.

Yi-Fu Tuan, *Space and Place: The Perspective of Experience* (1977)

We had come, through **Temple Bar, into the city**. Conversing no more now, and walking at my side, he yielded himself up to the one aim of his devoted life, and went on, with that hushed concentration of his faculties which would have **made his figure solitary in a multitude**. We were not far from **Blackfriars Bridge**, when he turned his head and pointed to a solitary female figure flitting along the opposite side of the street. I knew it, readily, to be the figure that we sought. We crossed the road, and were pressing on towards her, when it occurred to me that she might be more disposed to feel a woman's interest in the lost girl, if **we spoke to her in a quieter place, aloof from the crowd**, and where we should be less observed [...] we followed at a distance: never losing sight of her, but never caring to come very near, as she frequently looked about. Once, she stopped to listen to a band of music; and then we stopped too. She went on a long way. Still we went on. It was evident, from the manner in which she held her course, that she was going to some fixed destination; and this, and her keeping in the busy streets, and I suppose the **strange fascination in the secrecy and mystery of so following anyone, made me adhere to my first purpose**. At length **she turned into a dull, dark street**, where the noise and crowd were lost; and I said, 'We may speak to her now'; and, mending our pace, we went after her.

Chapter XLVII

We were now down in **Westminster**. We had turned back to follow her, having encountered her coming towards us; and **Westminster Abbey** was the point at which she passed from the lights and noise of the leading streets. She proceeded so quickly, when she got free of the two currents of passengers setting towards and from the **bridge**, that, between this and the advance she had of us when she struck off, we were **in the narrow water-side street by Millbank** before we came up with her. **At that moment she crossed the road, as if to avoid the footsteps that she heard so close behind; and, without looking back, passed on even more rapidly.**



THE 
UNCOMMERCIAL
TRAVELLER
by CHARLES
DICKENS 



LONDON: PUBLISHED
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XIII.

NIGHT WALKS.

SOME years ago, a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer, if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but, it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights, I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half-past five, the night perspective looked sufficiently long at half-past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed



“Gaskell’s cautionary tale, while designed ostensibly to warn, thus informed her female readers of the intricate social mapping of Manchester’s city streets. The streetwalker [...] enjoyed unparalleled access to the social geography of the city, seeing and hearing every aspect of urban life in her nightly perambulations, no matter how forbidden or dangerous.”

Deirdre d’Albertis, “The Streetwalker and Urban Observation” (1997)



And Mary did look, and saw down an opening made in the forest of masts belonging to the vessels in dock, the glorious river, along which **white-sailed ships were gliding with the ensigns of all nations, not "braving the battle," but telling of the distant lands, spicy or frozen, that sent to that mighty mart for their comforts or their luxuries;** she saw small boats passing to and fro on that glittering highway, but she also saw such puffs and clouds of smoke from the countless steamers, that she wondered at Charley's intolerance of the smoke of Manchester.

Across the swing-bridge, along the pier,—and they stood breathless by a magnificent dock, where hundreds of ships lay motionless during the process of loading and unloading. **The cries of the sailors, the variety of languages used by the passers-by,** and the entire novelty of the sight compared with any thing which Mary had ever seen, made her feel most helpless and forlorn; and she clung to her young guide as to one who alone by his superior knowledge could interpret between her and the new race of men by whom she was surrounded,—for a new race sailors might reasonably be considered, to a girl who had hitherto seen none but inland dwellers, and those for the greater part factory people.

MARY BARTON:

A

TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

~~~~~  
"How knowest thou," may the distressed Novel-wright exclaim, "that I, here where I sit, am the Foolishest of existing mortals; that this my Long-ear of a fictitious Biography shall not find one and the other, into whose still longer ears it may be the means, under Providence, of instilling somewhat?" We answer, "None knows, none can certainly know: therefore, write on, worthy Brother, even as thou canst, even as it is given thee."  
~~~~~

CARLYLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCXLVIII.

“the mass of the higher orders cannot yet be aware of what a workman’s home is like in the manufacturing districts [...] *Mary Barton* is a tale of “Manchester Life in England in the nineteenth century. Not of Indian cholera famines, or Piedmontese persecutions, or Peruvian tortures, or Norman conquest butcheries, or any of those horrors which **distance of place and time makes us** quiet, easy-going folks, fancy impossible in **civilised, Christian, nineteenth-century England**”

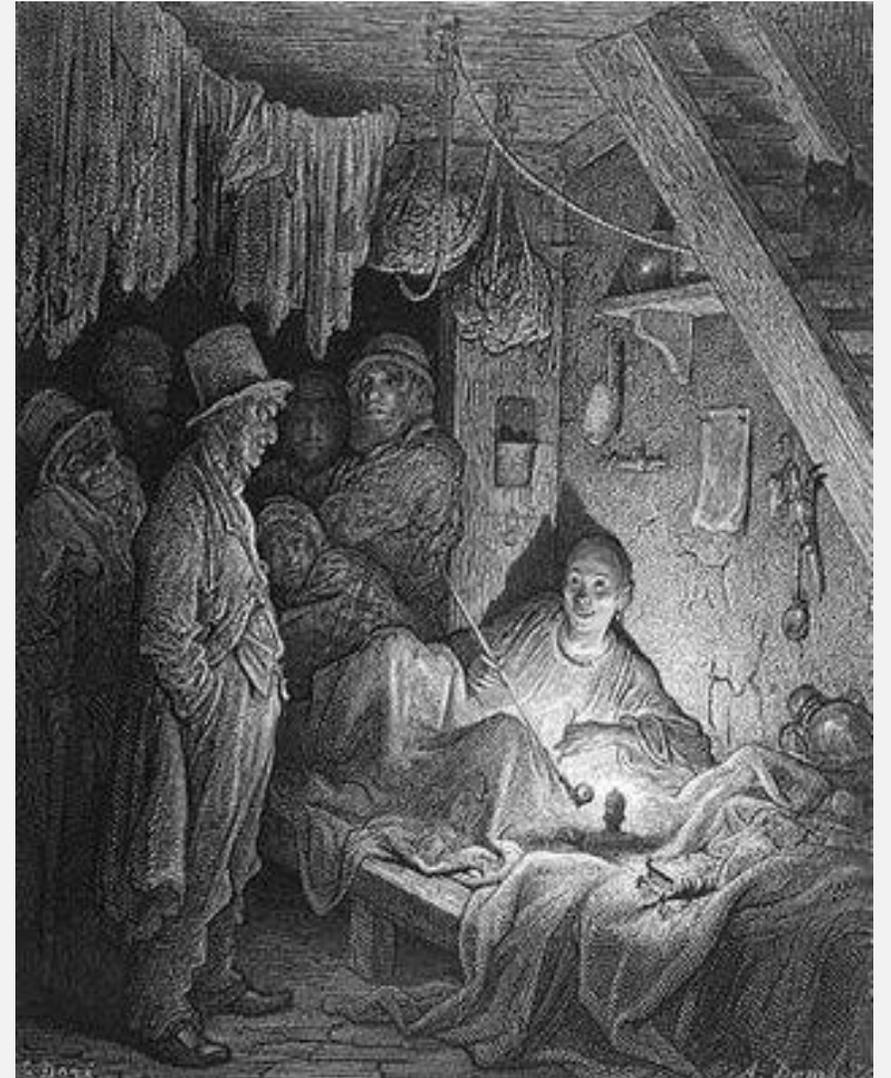
~ Charles Kingsley, “Reviews”, *Fraser Magazine* (1849)

England has, like Rome, “organized itself for a struggle with the whole civilized world, which it defies alike in the acquisition of territory” at the expense of its own people’s welfare.

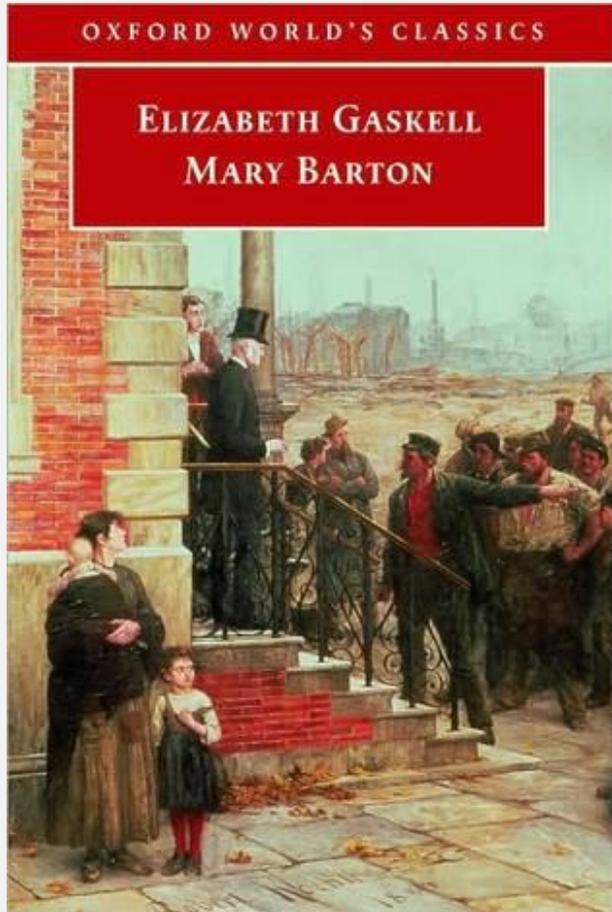
~ Leon M. Faucher *Manchester in 1844: Its Present Condition and Future Prospects* (1844)

Gaskell’s decision to set the novel during the opium wars “not only associates the economic violence of the industrialists against the working class with British imperialism in China, it also highlights the metaphoric possibilities of the economic interdependence of the cotton and opium trade.”

~ Liam Corley in “The Imperial Addiction of *Mary Barton*” (2003)



An Opium Den, depicted in William Blanchard Jerrold’s, *London: A Pilgrimage*. With illustrations by Gustave Dore (1872)



“The foreign dependence of the industrialists,” he argues “is vividly pictured in the body of John Barton”

~ Liam Corley in “The Imperial Addiction of *Mary Barton*” (2003)

“His hands were crossed, his fingers interlaced; usually a position implying some degree of resolution, or strength; but in him it was so faintly maintained, that it appeared more the result of chance; an attitude requiring some application of outward force to alter,—and a blow with a straw seemed as though it would be sufficient. **And as for his face, it was sunk and worn,—like a skull, with yet a suffering expression that skulls have not!**”

Mary Barton, (ch 34)

Anti-opium rhetoric of the time depicted “domestic opium addicts as a just revenge for the addiction of the British to unjustly sustaining foreign markets”.

Corley

THE IMAGINED EMPIRE

“after ascertaining that Juba's savior is also Virginia's hero and bringing the two lovers together, [Lady Delacour] guarantees that Sunderland will inherit some of the Negroes he suppressed on behalf of Virginia's father. The marriage affirms that the English male rights to own a virgin body and to possess a colonized land worked by slaves are parts of the same privilege. Indeed, if Virginia can be read as the sundered land of a former colony, Sunderland, who has already proved his ability to contain rebellion in a remaining colony, enacts a myth of reclamation.”

“If readers are supposed to conclude that "happiness at Home" is preferable to that "Abroad," as Edgeworth suggests in the original sketch, the problems evoked by the need to establish and maintain this division may invite a question in return: "What signifies being happy" in either place?”

Susan C. Greenfield, "Abroad and at Home": Sexual Ambiguity, Miscegenation, and Colonial Boundaries in Edgeworth's *Belinda*” (1997)



so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

“What a curious feeling!” said Alice; “I must be shutting up like a telescope.”

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a

THE TEXT AS SPACE

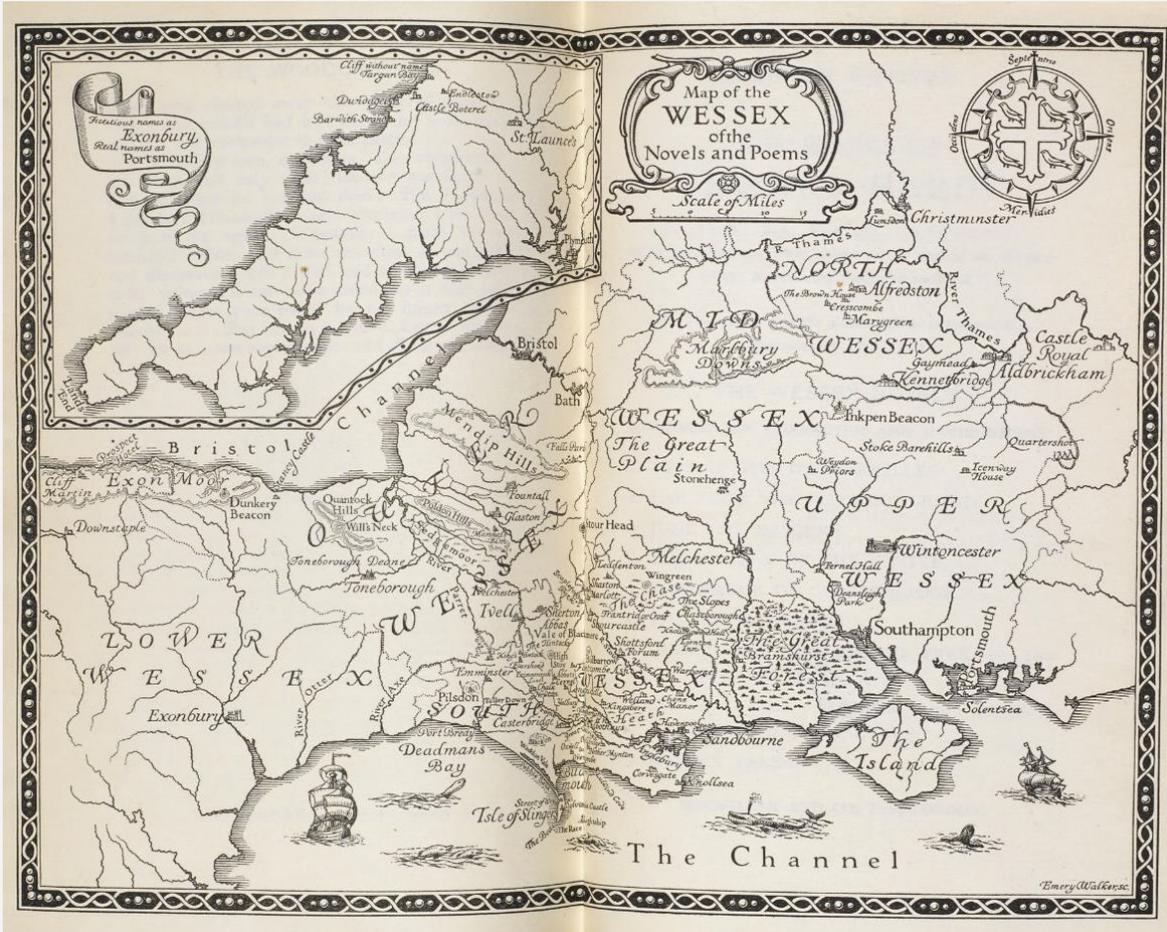
“Lewis Carroll [...] used the visual connotations of lines of stars to flout expectations of spatial and temporal progression.”

Anne Toner, *Ellipsis in English Literature* (2015)

REMEMBER:

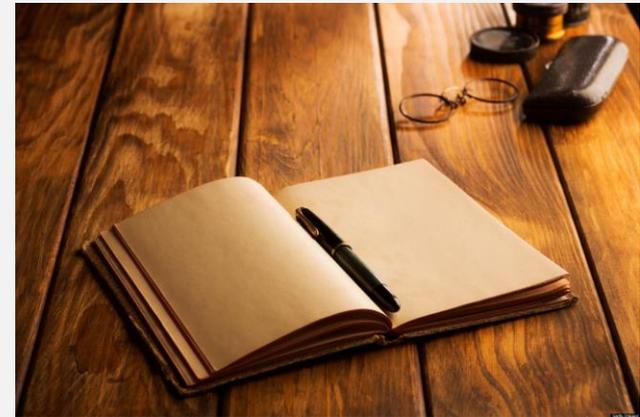
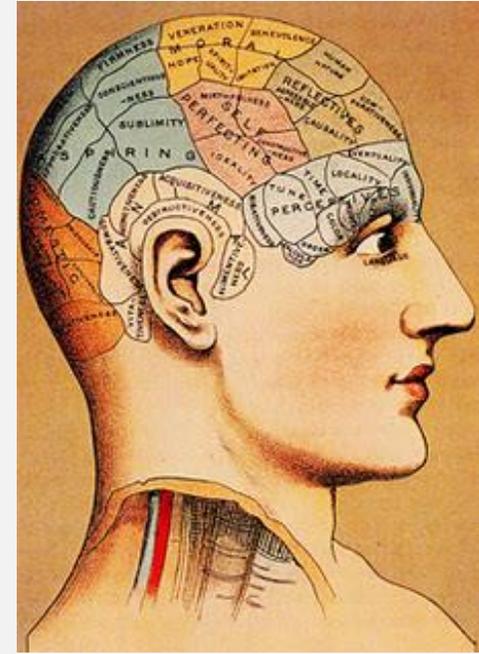
The use of particular punctuation is not historically consistent, and can depend on author preference, editors, technologies of publication, and other factors.

IMAGINARY WORLDS





Robert William Buss, "Dickens' Dream" (unfinished, 1875)



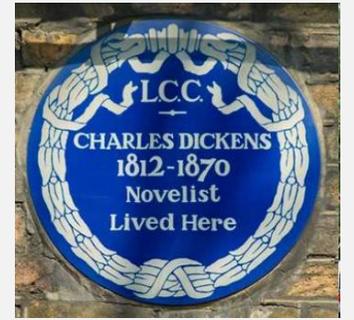
LITERARY TOURISM

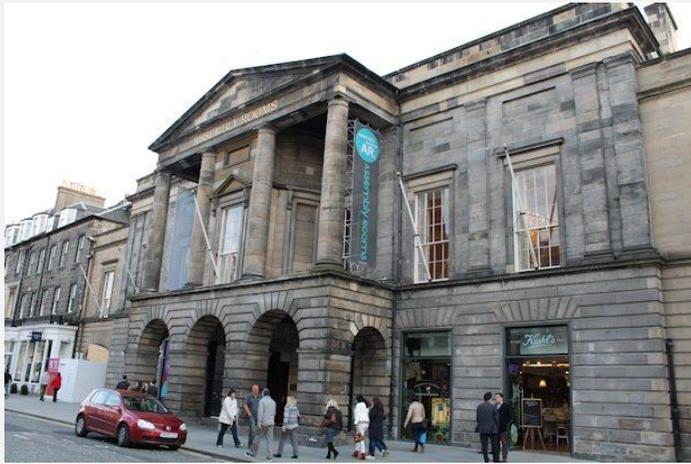


Step back into a bygone era and get ready to learn about the wondrous life of Charles Dickens, beginning with his troubled childhood and ending with his breakthrough as an [*sic*] world renowned author. **Visit some fragments of London** that Charles Dickens not **only knew but which he wrote about in his beautiful stories** and gain an insight into the years that helped him into becoming a grand personality.

Your guide will lead you through **twisted alleyways and show you buildings and places including remains of the prison his father was incarcerated in**. Listen to fascinating facts and beautiful quotes, while walking through **ancient corners of London** and enjoying **breathtaking views of London's skyline along the River Thames**.

During the walking tour, you will **journey back to the 19th century** and be amazed by some of the **remarkable sites Dickens once knew, visited and wrote about**.





Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh.



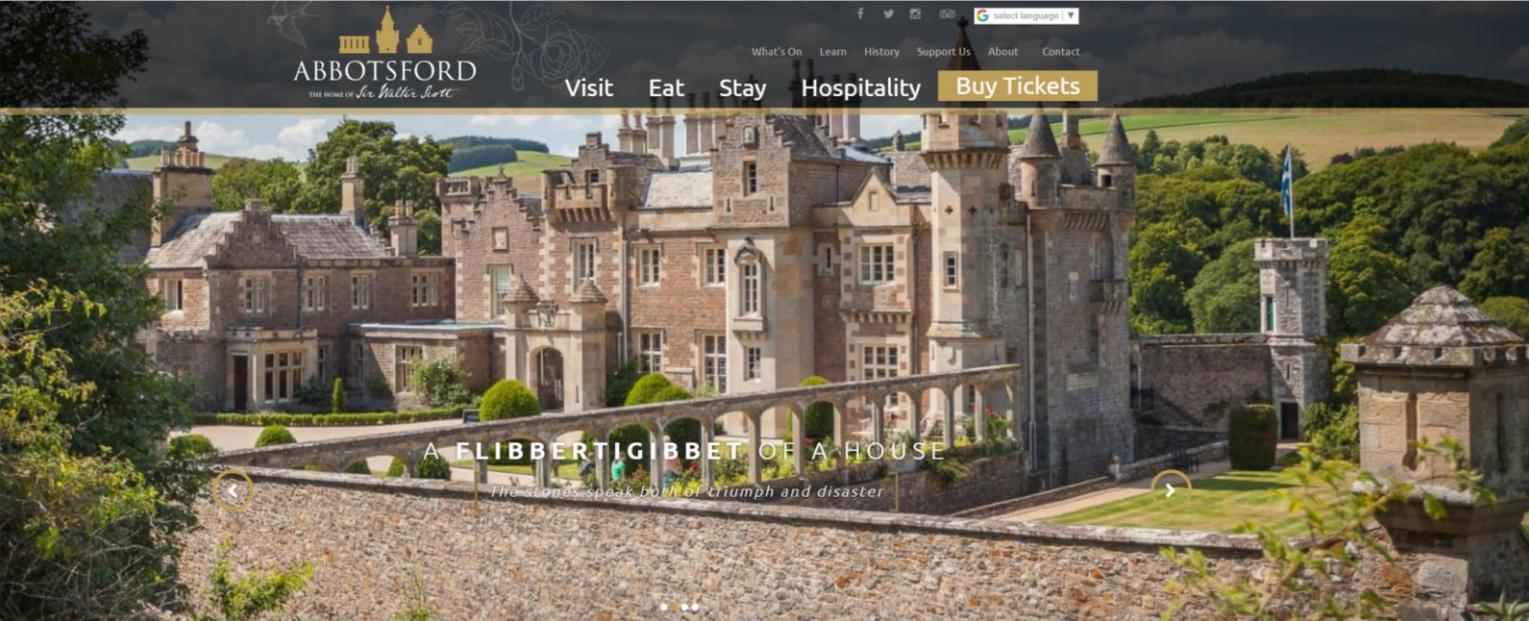
Literary Britain
@literarybritain

The Royal Hotel, [#GreatYarmouth](#). Charles Dickens stayed here in 1849, writing *David Copperfield*. It was while staying in Yarmouth that he witnessed a family living on the beach in an upturned fishing boat. [@DickensFellowHQ](#) [@DickensMuseum](#) [@MartinCoulterDS](#) [#Norfolk](#)



Gads Hill Place, Higham, Kent.

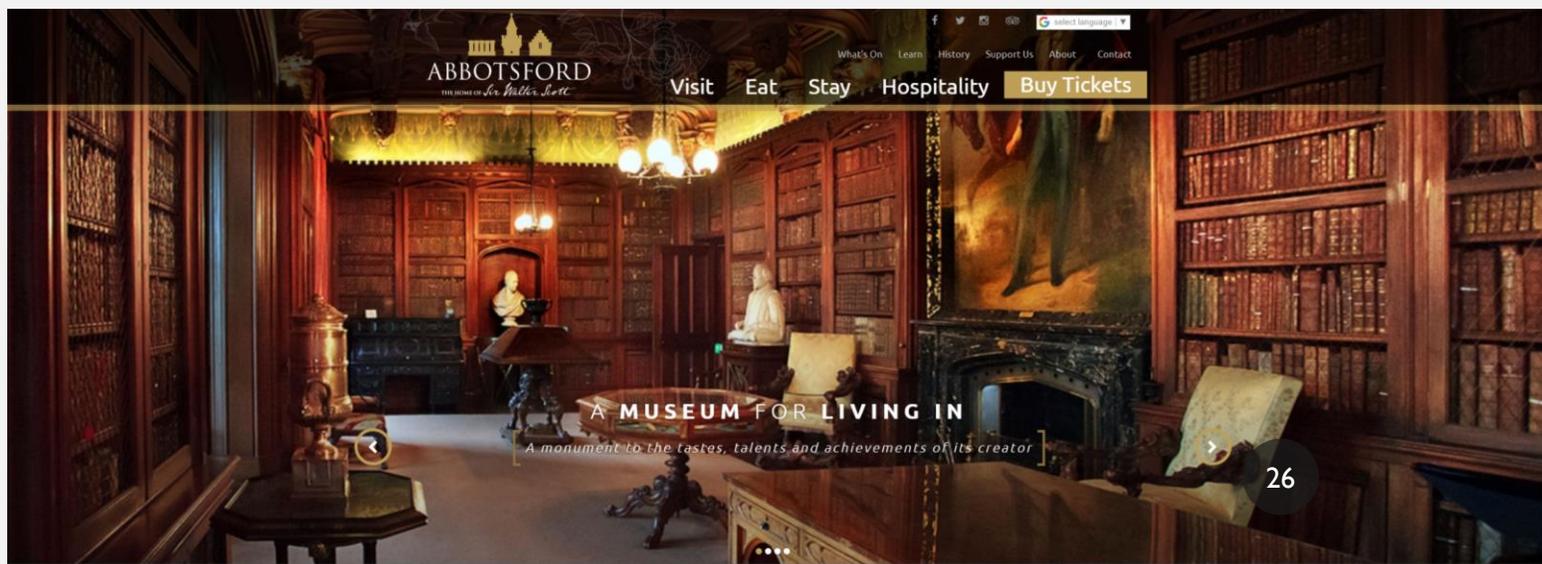




Abbotsford by Henry Fox Talbot, 1844

WALTER SCOTT'S ABBOTSFORD

- Estate bought and house completed by Scott in 1824
- Open to the public from 1833.



THE BRONTË'S

The Brontë Society
Brontë Parsonage
MUSEUM

ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND Supported using public funding by ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND

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Discovering the Brontës in Brussels

Helen MacEwan

Charlotte Brontë's lost short story to be published

L'Ingratitude, which she wrote for ardent-inspiring tutor, rediscovered in museum a century after it was last heard of



▲ Charlotte Brontë with her sisters. L'Ingratitude, dated 16 March 1842, is the first-known piece of homework set for her by the Belgian tutor Constantin Heger. Photograph: Jon Jones/Sygma/Corbis

A long-lost short story written by Charlotte Brontë for a married man with whom she fell in love is to be published for the first time after being found in a Belgian museum a century after it was last heard of.

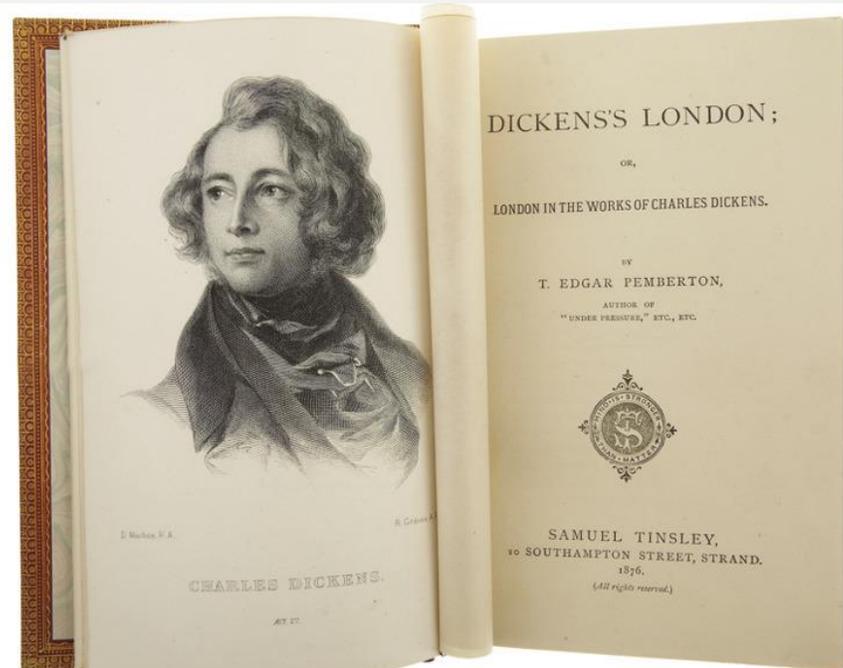
The tale, written in grammatically erratic French and entitled L'Ingratitude, is the first-known piece of homework set for Brontë by Constantin Heger, a Belgian tutor who taught both her and her sister Emily, and is believed to have inspired such ardour in the elder sibling that she drew on their relationship for her novel *Villette*.

Brian Bracken, a Brussels-based archivist and Brontë expert, found the manuscript in the Musée Royal de Mariemont. He said the short story had been last heard of in 1913, when it was given to a wealthy Belgian collector by Heger's son, Paul. The *London Review of Books* (LRB) is to publish the story in full on its website on Wednesday and in its paper edition on Thursday.

During the early part of his occupation at Blackfriars, David lived with Mr. Micawber, at his residence, Windsor Terrace, City Road. Windsor Terrace will be found about half way down the City Road on the right hand side as you walk from Finsbury Square, and not very far from the well-known "Eagle," or the "Bird," as it is commonly called among its patrons in the immediate neighbourhood. Windsor Terrace is a somewhat peculiarly-formed block of houses, standing back from

"David Copperfield." 123

the road, with a dismal round plot of neglected grass, surrounded by a rusty iron railing, standing in front of it; but it is the most genteel of the residences to which Mr. Micawber aspired.



Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

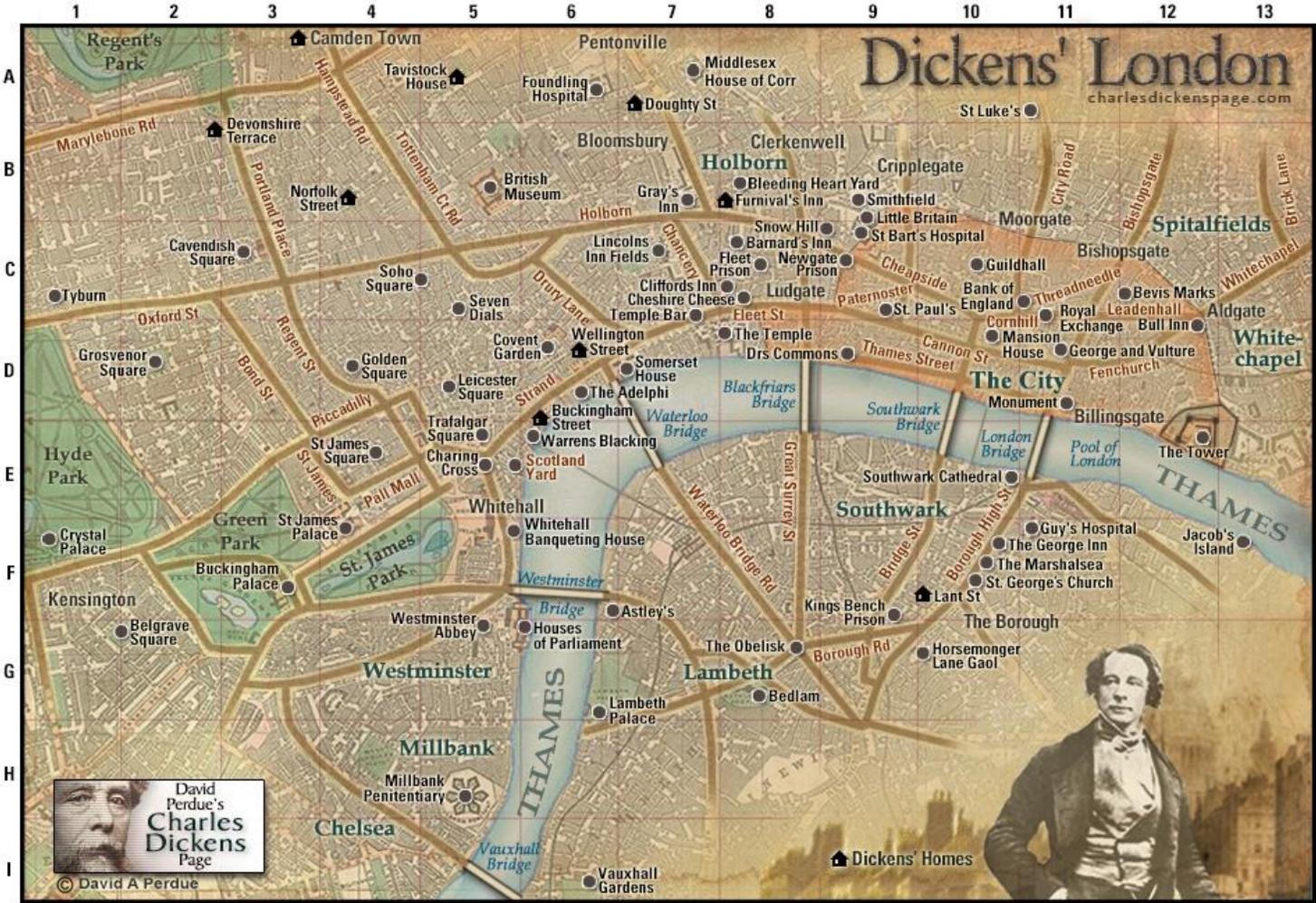
“nineteenth century was, in fact, the period which first saw the practice of visiting places associated with Anglophone authors in order to savour book, place, and their interrelations” thus “socially and geographically” expanding the itinerary of travelling aristocrats of previous centuries who had visited “a range of places of purely literary interest” to allow “both highbrow and middlebrow readers” to “visit the graves, the birthplaces [...] to contemplate the sites that writers had previously visited and written in or about; and eventually to traverse whole imaginary literary territories, such as ‘Dickens’ London’ or ‘Hardy’s Wessex’.”

Nicola Watson, *Literary Tourism and Nineteenth-Century Culture* (2009)

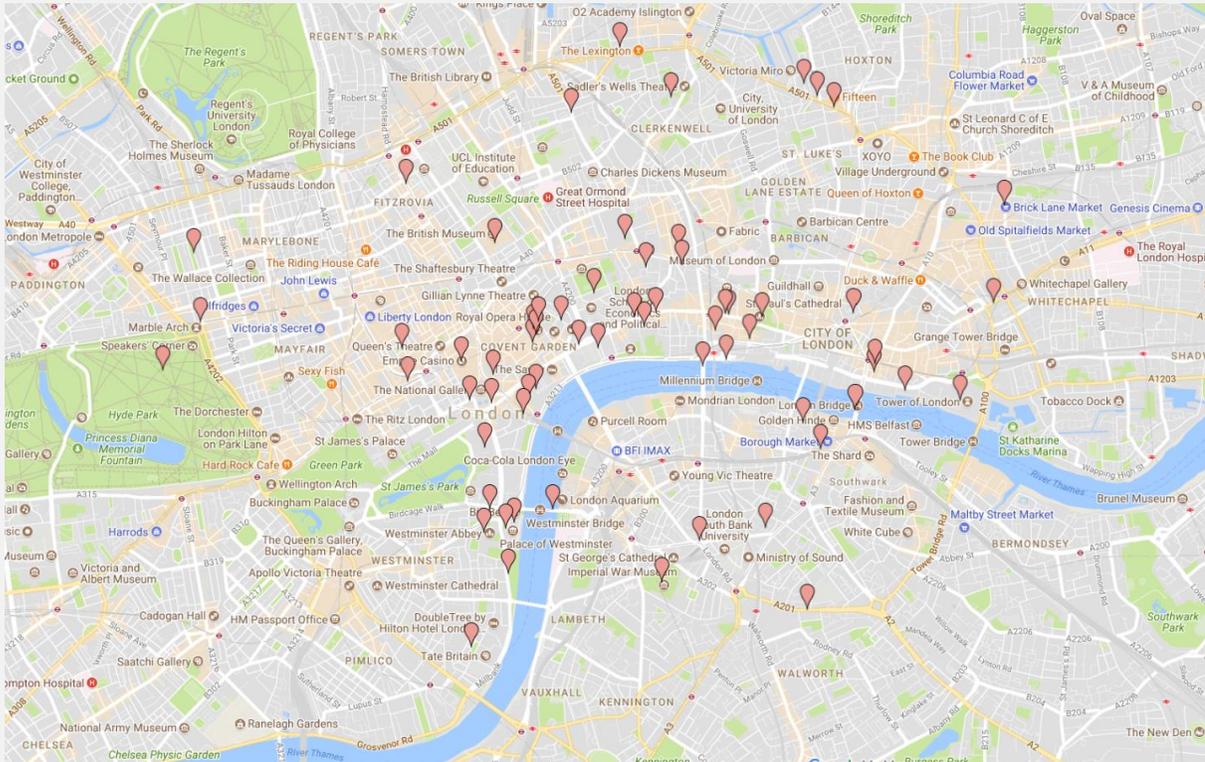
MAPPING DICKENS' LONDON

Such broad literary mapping allowed authors to conceive “of the reality of London as a multi-generic text in itself, containing and thriving on difference of topic, subject, mode, characters, period, while offering reassurance that they are all organically interconnected by the material reality of London itself.”

Nicola Watson



MAPPING DICKENS' LONDON



David Copperfield features 79 locations

<https://londonist.com/2016/09/the-london-of-charles-dickens-mapped>



SPACE

INTERIORS

PLACE

GEOGRAPHY

SOUNDSCAPES

LANDSCAPES

TEMPORALITY

EXTERIORS

{HERE BE DRAGONS}

LIMINAL

CARTOGRAPHIES

CHRONOTOPE

MAP OF THE WORLD.
On Mercator's Projection.

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