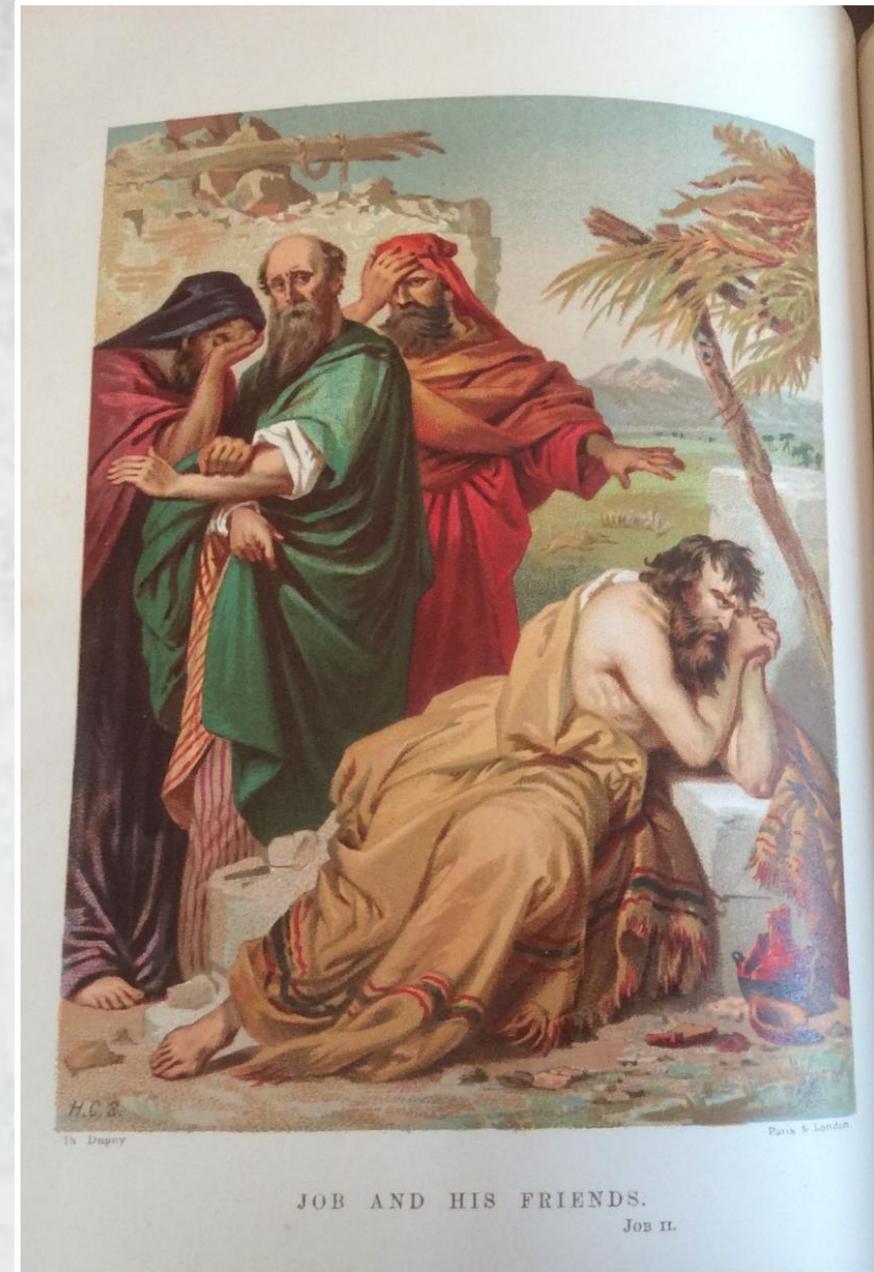


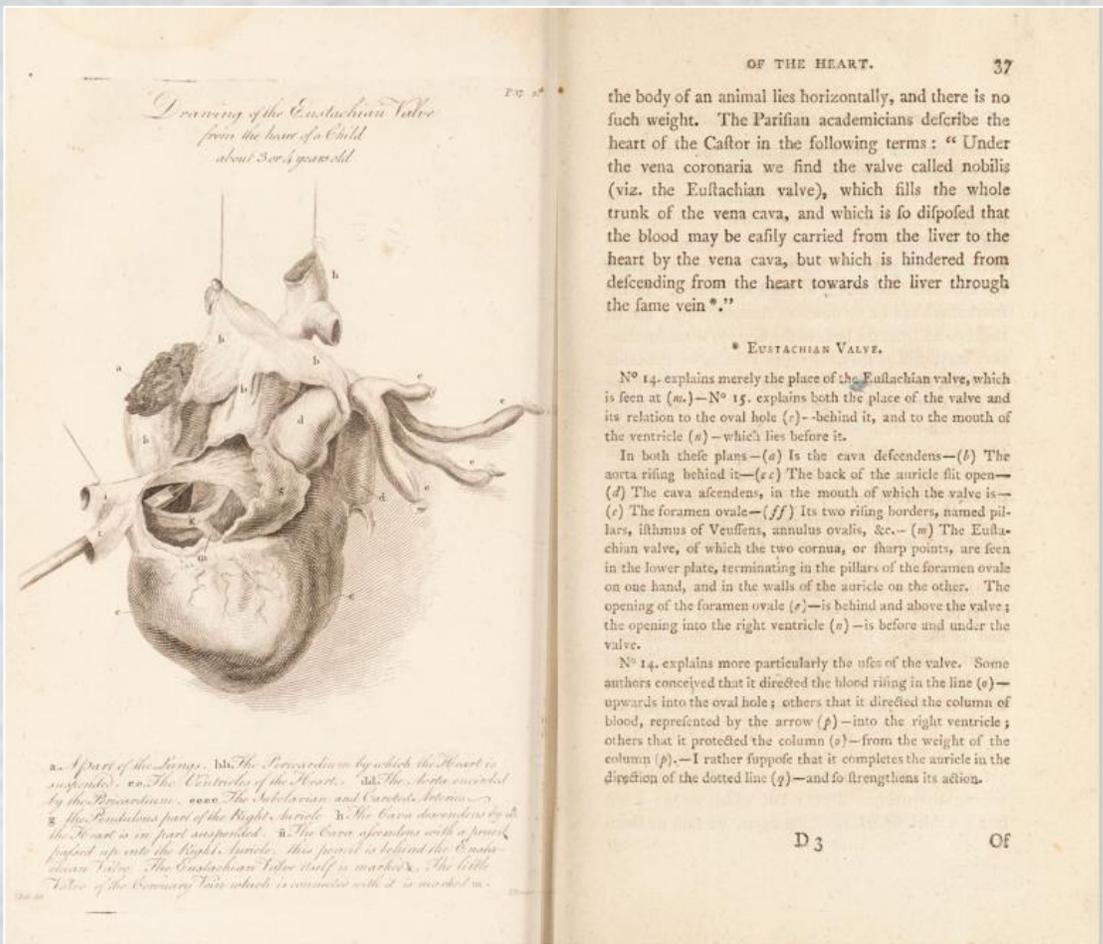


From Thomas and William Daniell, *Oriental Scenery* (1795-1808)



From J.M. Gonsalves, *Lithographic Views of Bombay*, 1826





ordinary size, and produce a close spike of flowers, sometimes two feet in length. This, we believe, is the only species indigenous to the northern part of the United States, which is worth the trouble of reclaiming, the others being comparatively mean looking plants. The Epilobiums, as well as most, if not all the Evening Primrose tribe, have few good qualities besides their appearance, possessing no useful properties of any consequence.

BORAGO OFFICINALIS—BORAGE.

Natural Class, Dicotyledones; Order, Boraginæ. Linnæan Class, Pentandria; Order, Monogynia. Generic Distinctions:—calyx, in five deep segments; corolla, rotate; tube, very short; throat, with short, erect, emarginate scales; stamens, exserted; filaments, bifid, the inner fork bearing the anther.

B. Officinalis. (L.) Lower leaves, obovate, obtuse, attenuated below; segments of the corolla, ovate, acute, flat, spreading; grows in waste places and rubbish; flowers, blue.

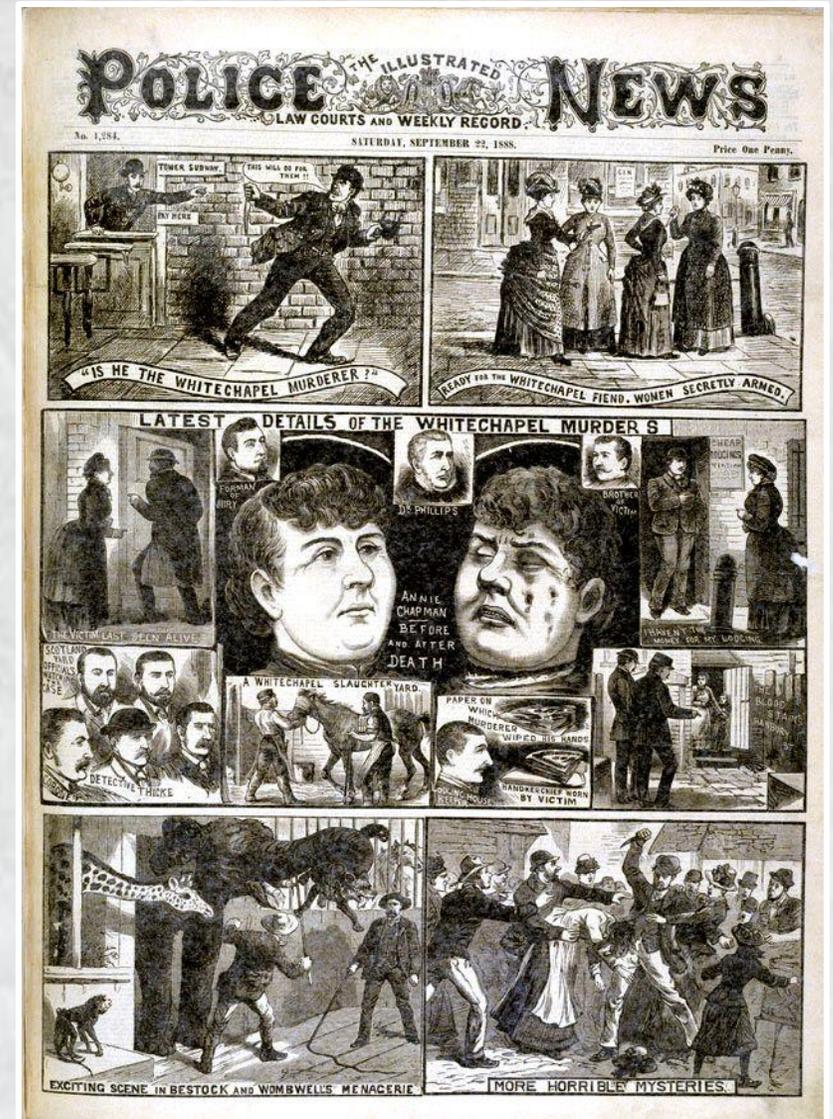
This genus forms the type of the natural order Boraginæ. The species represented in the engraving is the only one much known in this part of this country, though nearly all are inhabitants of temperate climates. Their number appears to be much smaller in America than in Europe. Borage is possessed of some useful qualities. It abounds in mucilage, and is sometimes cultivated for the sake of the leaves and young shoots, which are boiled as 'greens' in the spring, but are far inferior for that purpose either to those of the Dandelion, or the Asclepias. It also gives a coolness to liquids in which it is steeped, and for that reason as Main says in his "Hortus Dietetica," an odd book, with an odd title, "the flowers are required in the composition of *cool-tankard*, a favorite beverage amongst *aldermen in warm weather*." The flowers undergo a remarkable change of color. At their first appearance, the petals are of a bright red color, which becomes a brilliant blue when they are fully expanded. This phenomenon is probably caused by the loss of some acid principle. To those who are fond of tracing analogies between the higher and

“To say that the Victorian world was a visual culture, a precursor to our own, is not entirely accurate. This was an illustrated culture.”

Julia Thomas, *Nineteenth-Century Illustration and the Digital: Studies in Word and Image* (2017)

“deliberate invocation of the sister art of painting by literary artists of the nineteenth century, as well as of painterly allusions to themes and techniques from literature” motivated by, “the desire to reinforce the material and cultural status of each”.

Alison Byerly, ‘Effortless Art: The Sketch in Nineteenth-Century Painting and Literature’, (1999)



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present work completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. WAVERLEY embraced the age of our fathers, GUY MANNERING that of our own youth, and the ANTIQUARY refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes, in which I have endeavoured to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with Mr. Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinctured with the most interesting and beautiful of Scottish

- ❖ The term “illustrate” or “illustration” has different definitions according to its historical and medial context and is **not always linked strictly with the visual**.
- ❖ The definition of a visual, accompanying picture that, like notes and appendices, *illustrates* a notion that might seem abstract or complex, appeared in the late C18th.
- ❖ “By the early nineteenth century, the sense of ‘illustration’ meaning ‘an illustrative picture; a drawing, plate, engraving, cut’ etc was well established”.

Richard Maxwell, “Walter Scott, Historical Fiction, and the Genesis of the Victorian Illustrated Book” (2002)

Aims of the Lecture:

1. To introduce you to the **Language of the Visual** as utilised in prose literature
2. Consider examples in which novels use **ekphrasis**

ekphrasis, n.

Originally: an explanation or description of something, esp. as a rhetorical device. Now: *spec.* a literary device in which a painting, sculpture, or other work of visual art is described in detail.

3. Provide **critical tools** for reading visual images within and without the novel.
4. Consider the role played by the **means and contexts of production.**

OVERALL, to consider **impact** of visual culture on literary experience and vice versa.



The Language of Art

The Language of Art: “Sketch”

- ❖ *n.* “A rough drawing or delineation of something, giving the outlines or prominent features without the detail, a rough draught or design”;
- ❖ *n.* “A brief account, description, or narrative giving the main or important facts, incidents, etc., and not going into the details”;
- ❖ *n.* “performance of slight dramatic construction and usually of a light or comic nature”;
- ❖ *v.* to mean the act of creating/outlining the above nouns.

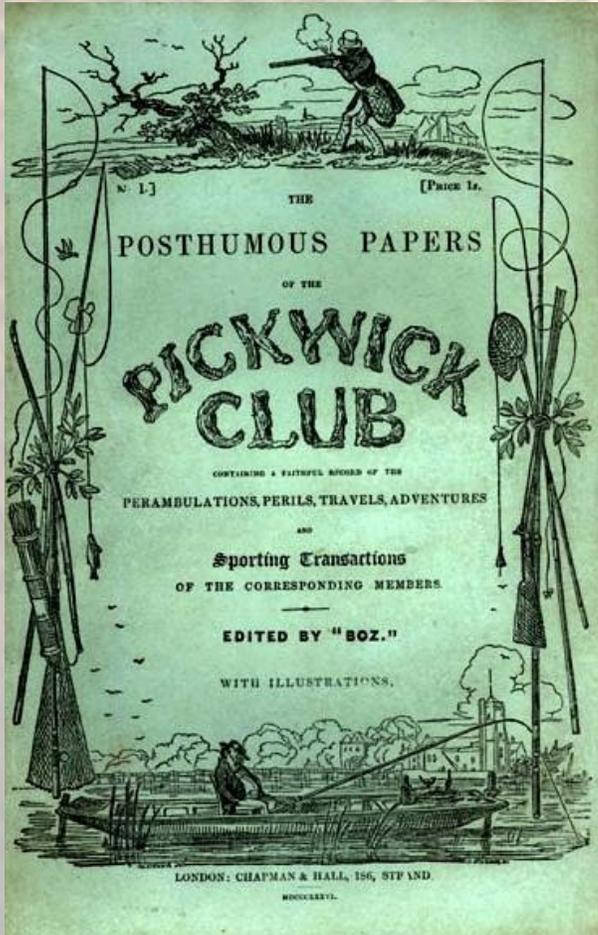
**EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION
TO
THE ANTIQUARY.**

“THE ANTIQUARY” was begun in 1815; the bargain for its publication by Constable was made in the October of that year. On December 22 Scott wrote to Morritt: “I shall set myself seriously to ‘The Antiquary,’ of which **I have only a very general sketch at present**; but when once I get my pen to the paper it will walk fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone, and try whether it will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it,—a hopeful prospect for the reader!”

‘Oh, yes; but I don’t want to hear any more about crusts!’ said Dora. ‘And Jip must have a mutton-chop every day at twelve, or he’ll die.’

I was charmed with her childish, winning way. I fondly explained to Dora that Jip should have his mutton-chop with his accustomed regularity. **I drew a picture of our frugal home, made independent by my labour—sketching in the little house I had seen at Highgate, and my aunt in her room upstairs.**

David Copperfield

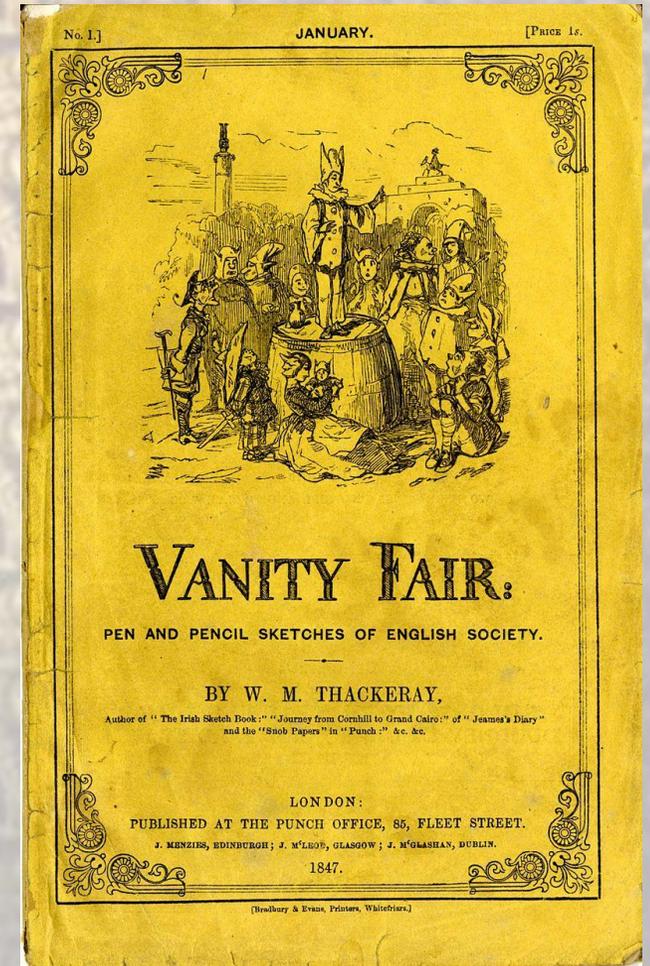


“The literary use of the term [sketch] hinged on its primary artistic meaning: a rapidly drawn [verbal] picture that sacrifices aesthetic finish for a sense of spontaneity”

Writers such as Dickens and Thackeray “appropriated the style and subject matter of the visual sketch in order to cast themselves in the role of the casual artist, the type of dilettantish observer, or flaneur”

“by emphasizing the **process**, rather than the product, of artistic creation, they attempted to disguise the **economic necessity** that engendered their production of these pieces.”

Alison Byerly, ‘Effortless Art: The Sketch in Nineteenth-Century Painting and Literature’, (1999)



A year after the birth of Sidney, his only child, he became a widower. An intelligent, warm-hearted man, the one purpose of his latter years was to realise such moderate competency as should place his son above the anxieties which degrade. **The boy had a noticeable turn for drawing and colouring;** at ten years old, when (as often happened) his father took him for a Sunday in the country, he carried a sketch-book and found his delight in using it. **Sidney was to be a draughtsman of some kind; perhaps an artist, if all went well.** Unhappily things went the reverse of well. In his anxiety to improve his business, Mr. Kirkwood invented a new kind of '**composition**' for printers' use; he patented it, risked capital upon it, made in a short time some serious losses.

There was not much in the room to distinguish it from the dwelling of any orderly mechanic [...]
The walls, it is true, were otherwise ornamented than is usual; **engravings, chromo-lithographs, and some sketches of landscape in pencil,** were suspended wherever light fell, and the choice manifested in this collection was nowise akin to that which ruled in Mrs. Peckover's parlour, and probably in all the parlours of Tysoe Street. **To select for one's chamber a woodcut after Constable or Gainsborough is at all events to give proof of a capacity for civilisation.**

George Gissing, *The Nether World*

The Writer as Artist, and Artist as Writer

What was in painting, such very nearly is Mr. Dickens in prose fiction. The same turn of mind – the same species of power displays itself strongly in each. Like Hogarth he takes a keen and practical view of life – is an able satirist – very successful in depicting the ludicrous side of human nature, and rendering its follies more apparent by humorous exaggeration – peculiarly skilful in his management of details, throwing in circumstances which serve not only to complete the picture before us, but to suggest indirectly antecedent events which cannot be brought before our eyes.

Thomas Henry Lister, “Review of Dickens’s early works”. *Edinburgh Review*, (1838), 75–97

The Writer as Artist, and Artist as Writer

“less conclusive but not less literary in character are the works of Wilkie [...] whose pictures abound in ingenious designs, happy satires, instructive points, like Scott’s ‘Antiquary’.”

Hippolyte Taine, *Notes on England*, 1872.

The interior of the Mucklebait’s cottage on the death of their son: “a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterises his enchanting productions.”

Scott, *The Antiquary*



David Wilkie, *The Blind Fiddler*, 1806.

The Writer as Artist, and Artist as Writer

Correlations between Scott's works and art “reveals the artists’ **changing attitude toward their narrative material**” in the nineteenth century, and provides an “indication of a shift in public sensibility and of a growing taste for a **literature and an art of narrative**”.

Catherine Gordon. “The Illustration of Sir Walter Scott” *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, (1971)

Narrative, or Genre Painting



The Outcast by Richard Redgrave, RA. 1851.
Oil on canvas. Royal Academy of the Arts, London.

Put in the broadest terms, genre is the painting of *social and material presence*. Everyday events and activities are represented and improved upon — not through idealization but through being *made vivid*. There are, of course, many works of genre that are merely slight and decorative. However, genre works of a more serious kind (even light-hearted ones) tend to tell stories and/or represent states of affairs *with visual fullness* — *in terms of volume, detail and texture, and tonal modelling*. They emphasize the particularities of the scene represented, rather than the generalized beauty of the Ideal, or the prettiness and frivolity [...] This means that they are more "realistic" or "naturalistic," comparatively speaking, than other pictorial idioms.

Paul Crowther, *Awakening Beauty: The Crowther-Oblak Collection of Victorian Art* (2014)



John Everett Millais, 'Trust Me' (1862)
Oil on canvas



Ford Madox Brown "Work" (1852-65)

The painting attempts to portray, both literally and analytically, the totality of the Victorian social system and the transition from a rural to an urban economy.

http://manchesterartgallery.org/fmb/docs/fmb_catalogue.pdf

The heroic [...] has been deposed; and **our artists**, in its place, **cultivate the pathetic and the familiar** [...]. The younger painters are content to exercise their talents on subjects far less exalted: a gentle sentiment, an agreeable, quiet incident, a tea-table tragedy or a bread-and-butter idyll, suffices for the most part their gentle powers.

Nor surely ought one to quarrel at all with this prevalent mode. **It is at least natural, which the heroic was not.** Bread and butter can be digested by every man; whereas Prometheus on his rock, or Orestes in his strait-waistcoat, or Hector dragged behind Achilles' car, or "Britannia, guarded by Religion and Neptune, welcoming General Tomkins in the Temple of Glory" — the ancient heroic, allegorical subjects — can be supposed deeply to interest very few of the inhabitants of this city or kingdom. We have wisely given up pretending that we were interested in such, and confess a partiality for more simple and homely themes.

William Makepeace Thackeray. "Letters on the Fine Arts"

Ekphrasis

It represented a woman, considerably larger, I thought, than the life. I calculated that this lady, put into a scale of magnitude suitable for the reception of a commodity of bulk, would infallibly turn from fourteen to sixteen stone.

She was, indeed, extremely well fed: very much butcher's meat – to say nothing of bread, vegetables, and liquids – must she have consumed to attain that breadth and height, that wealth of muscle, that affluence of flesh. She lay half-reclined on a couch: why, it would be difficult to say; broad daylight blazed round her; she appeared in hearty health, strong enough to do the work of two plain cooks; she could not plead a weak spine; she ought to have been standing, or at least sitting bolt upright. She had no business to lounge away the noon on a sofa. She ought likewise to have worn decent garments; a gown covering her properly, which was not the case: out of abundance of material – seven-and-twenty yards, I should say, of drapery – she managed to make inefficient raiment.

Then, for the wretched untidiness surrounding her, there could be no excuse. Pots and pans – perhaps I ought to say vases and goblets – were rolled here and there on the foreground; a perfect rubbish of flowers was mixed amongst them, and an absurd and disorderly mass of curtain upholstery smothered the couch and cumbered the floor. On referring to the catalogue, I found that this notable production bore the name 'Cleopatra.'

From Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*





*Producing and Reading
the Illustrated Novel*



Frontispiece: “decorative or informative illustration facing a book's title page”



THE ANTIQUARY.

Oldnick took him kindly by the arm. "Come, come," he said, "Saunders, there is no work for you this day - I'll send down Shaving's the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account."

“a self-conscious proliferation of persuasive tactics throughout and around the text, including its expansive paratext.”

Maeve Adams, "“The Force of my Narrative”: Persuasion, Nation, and Paratext in Walter Scott’s Early Waverley Novels." (2015)

“Paratext”

The textual and visual material that *surrounds or supplements* the main body of a published work, both as part of its physical format (the peritext, e.g. front cover, introduction, footnotes, etc.) and outside of this (the epitext, e.g. reviews, advertisements, interviews, etc.); such material considered together as *a frame which contextualizes a text and informs its interpretation.*



1836 Steel engraving by E. Finden after a drawing by J. M. W. Turner of a scene from ch.7 of Scott's novel *The Antiquary*; Depicts Edie Ochiltree guiding Sir Arthur and Isabella Wardour through the storm. From *Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels*, vol. I. London: Fisher, Son & Co., 1836-38



Drawn by H. Melville.

S. 165

Engraved by J. C. Bentley.

The Antiquary & Lovel.

L'Antiquaire et Lovel.

Engraving by J. C. Bentley after a drawing by Henry Melville (1836) Depicts Oldbuck accompanied by Lovel bargaining over the price of fish with Maggie Mucklebackit, who is seated alongside buckets of fish, with cottages and fishing boats forming a part of the larger background. [Ch. 11] *From Landscape-Historical Illustrations.*



Steel engraving by G. Presbury after a drawing by H. Melville of a scene from ch. 25 of Scott's novel *The Antiquary*, depicting the funeral procession for the Countess of Glenallan filing away from the Priory of St. Ruth (reputedly based on Arbroath Abbey)
From Landscape-Historical Illustrations.

The Priory of St. Ruth.

Priory of St. Ruth.



Engraving by George Cruikshank of a scene from ch. 43 of Scott's *The Antiquary* depicting Jonathan Oldbuck's glee at the receipt of important papers. *From Landscape-Historical Illustrations.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The series of Plates now presented to the Public, is intended to illustrate the novels of Sir Walter Scott, from "Waverley" to "Woodstock." It has been the object to record real scenes, and not imaginary subjects, and this plan, with two exceptions, has been rigidly adhered to.

Some of the novels, as will be seen, did not afford so many subjects for the pencil of the artist as the others, but as equal a distribution as could be obtained, has been observed.

The slight notices attached to the Plates have been added as a matter of accommodation to the possessors of former editions, and for those also who prefer binding them up separately from the novels.

George Newenham Wright, *Landscape-historical Illustrations of Scotland, and the Waverley Novels* (1826)

ANTIQUARY.

QUEENSFERRY.

"So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey, that when they descended the hill above the Hawes, (for so the inn on the southern side of Queensferry is denominated,) the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, that the hour of tide was past."

Queensferry is a village of moderate extent nine miles north of Edinburgh, in the county of Fife, situated on the Forth, exactly opposite to the royal borough of Queensferry; between which there are regular passage-boats. This little village has a pompous local government, and unites with Stirling, Dunfermline, Inverkeithy, and Culross, in returning one member to Parliament.

It is said to derive its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Kenmore, who had frequented the passage.



Queensferry

Engraved by E. Finden

ANTIQUARY

London: Published by Charles Taylor, 11, Strand, 1826.

The great end of the whole art of engraving is to render the spirit and genius of a great artist accessible to the thousands, or the millions, by embodying them in cheap and portable forms...So completely did the 'Penny Magazine' bring the art of engraving on wood into general notice, that a certain young lord is reported to have said, wood engraving was invented with the 'Penny Magazine.' ([Henry Cole] 'Modern Wood Engraving', *London and Westminster Review* (1838), 268–69)

Engravings have of late become a very essential feature in book-making, so that their very frequency alone, as testifying the direction of public taste, requires that this long silence and oblivion of their merits should be broken, and they should be forthwith acknowledged as a subject of criticism.

Edward Burne-Jones, 'Essay on *The Newcomes*',
Oxford and Cambridge Magazine (January 1856).

The improvements in the art of wood-cutting, or of embellishment in relief, have been followed by their natural consequence – a great increase in the demand, greater means of supply, a lower price for ‘the article,’ and a corresponding increase in the ‘factories,’ some masters employing from twenty to thirty, or even more hands...

A natural effect of all this is, that those means, which at first were in to aid, now bid fair to supersede much of descriptive writing: certainly they render the text of many books subsidiary to their so-called illustrations. In this partial return to baby literature – to a second childhood of learning – the eye is often appealed to instead of the understanding... a low utilitarian wish to give and receive the greatest possible amount of knowledge at the least possible expense of time, trouble, money, and we may add, of intellect. Verily it is a superficial knowledge which now pervades the country...

([John Holmes] ‘Illustrated Books’, *Quarterly Review* [1844] 170–71)

Illustrations are not simply:

“an addition to works of prose fiction or poetry, serving to embellish them, partly for the sake of sales, and partly because the images are pleasing to the lover of books”

“communication between a writer and sections of his or her public more adept at reading images than complex verbal texts.”

“far from being a minor cultural form [...] literary illustration in fact occupied a **central place in Victorian visual and verbal culture**...in developing and transmitting conventions of representation of the modern world and modern life, and hence in the formation of cultural meanings and ideology.”

David Skilton, “The Centrality of Literary Illustration in Victorian Visual Culture...” (2007)

“I was naturally vexed to find that these wishes had not been in the least attended to: surely no one has a right but myself to fix on the illustrations for my own book.”

Ellen Wood to the Dalziel Brothers (16 September 1862).

“Of Sensation Literature we hear talk enough; but we are beginning to be overwhelmed also with what may be called a Sensuous Literature,—a literature in which the eye is appealed to at every step in aid of the intelligence or the fancy, in which woodcut and engraving assist or dominate the text.”

‘Illustrated Literature’, *Reader* 12 December 1863, 687.



“THE HAND HOLDING THE DAMP CLOTH WITH WHICH SHE HAD BEEN CLEANING THE INSCRIPTION DROPPED TO HER SIDE; THE OTHER HAND GRASPED THE MARBLE CROSS,” ETC.

LE
D548
YKJ

DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS

CRUIKSHANK, SEYMOUR, BUSS, "PHIZ," CATTERMOLLE
LEECH, DOYLE, STANFIELD, MACLISE, TENNIEL
FRANK STONE, LANDSEER, PALMER, TOPHAM
MARCUS STONE, AND LUKE FILDES

BY

FREDERIC G. KITTON

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES DICKENS BY PEN AND PENCIL," ETC.

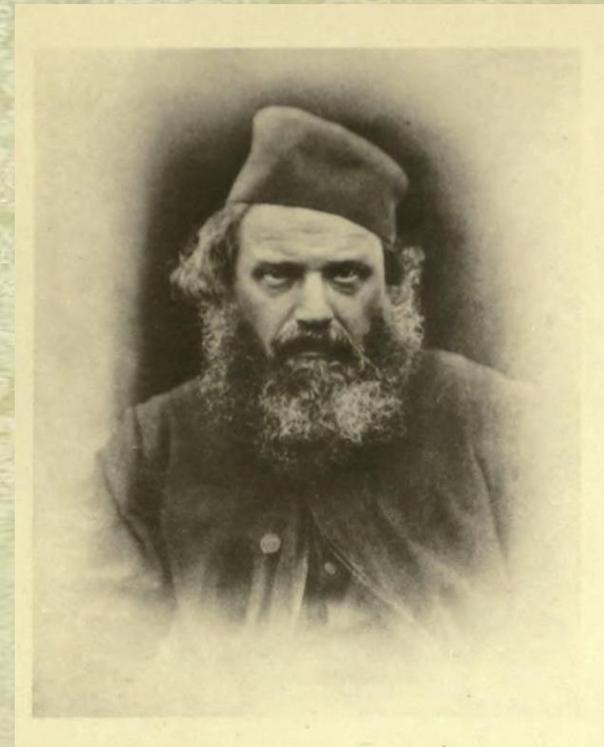
WITH TWENTY-TWO PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES OF
SEVENTY ORIGINAL DRAWINGS NOW REPRODUCED
FOR THE FIRST TIME

SECOND EDITION

LONDON
GEORGE REDWAY
1899

383756
27.8.40

“We are perhaps even more indebted to the excellent illustrations than to the Author’s descriptions for the ability to realise the outward presentments of Pickwick, Fagin, Micawber, and a host of other characters, simply because the material eye absorbs impressions more readily than the mental eye.”

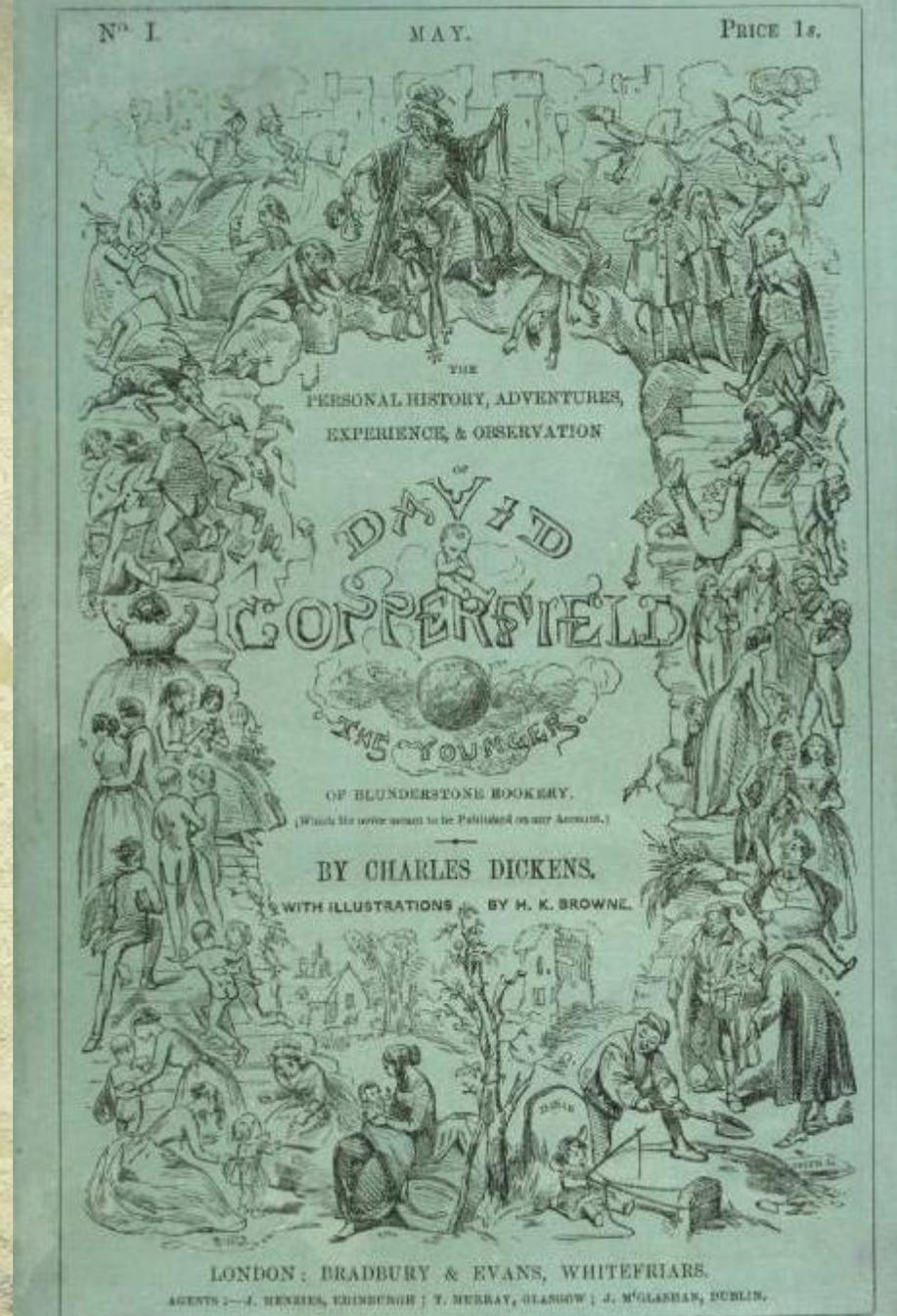


David Copperfield: *The Personal History, Adventures, Experience and Observation of David Copperfield the Younger of Blunderstone Rookery (Which He Never Meant to Publish on Any Account)* was published in 19 monthly one-shilling instalments, containing 32 pages of text and two illustrations by Phiz, with the last being a double-number.

The wrapper “design is organized in terms of a series of figures ascending on the left and descending on the right, to and from a single figure at the apex. The stream of figures is continuous, from birth at lower left to death at lower right, with the cycle beginning over again in the child playing horsey with the tombstone.[...] The total sequence recalls the Seven Ages of Man”.

Michael Steig, *Dickens and Phiz*. 1978

VIDEO Showing How Early Nineteenth-century Printing Technique Worked (watch from 1min 10 – 2.15) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bB7HshYosx4>



EXAMPLE: from Chapter XIII of *David Copperfield*

“I make Myself known to my Aunt”

Captions an example of how: “Victorian **narrative painting and illustration crossed the boundary between text and image**. This overlap was even more explicit because words themselves were frequently part of these images, whether as the writing that accompanied an illustration, the title of a painting, or texts that appeared in the picture and told its story.”

Julia Thomas *Pictorial Victorians : The Inscription of Values in Word and Image*



DAVID'S ATTITUDE AND APPEARANCE:

'My mistress?' she said. 'What do you want with her, boy?'

'I want,' I replied, 'to speak to her, if you please.'

'To beg of her, you mean,' retorted the damsel.

'No,' I said, 'indeed.' But suddenly remembering that in truth I came for no other purpose, **I held my peace in confusion, and felt my face burn.**

My aunt's handmaid, as I supposed she was from what she had said, put her rice in a little basket and walked out of the shop; telling me that I could follow her, if I wanted to know where Miss Trotwood lived. I needed no second permission; though I was by this time in such **a state of consternation and agitation, that my legs shook under me.**

[...]

My **shoes** were by this time in a woeful condition. The **soles** had shed themselves bit by bit, and the upper leathers had broken and burst until the very shape and form of shoes had departed from them. My **hat** (which had served me for a night-cap, too) was so crushed and bent, that no old battered handleless saucepan on a dunghill need have been ashamed to vie with it. My **shirt and trousers**, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept—and **torn** besides—might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I stood at the gate. **My hair** had known no comb or brush since I left London. **My face, neck, and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the air and sun, were burnt to a berry-brown.** From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust, as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight, and with a strong consciousness of it, I waited to introduce myself to, and make my first impression on, my formidable aunt.

[...]

Here my self-support gave way all at once; and with a **movement of my hands**, intended to show her my ragged state, and call it to witness that I had suffered something, **I broke into a passion of crying**, which I suppose had been pent up within me all the week.

BETSEY TROTWOOD ATTITUDE AND APPEARANCE:

‘Trotwood,’ said he. ‘Let me see. I know the name, too. Old lady?’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘rather.’

‘**Pretty stiff in the back?**’ said he, making himself upright.

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘I should think it very likely.’

‘**Carries a bag?**’ said he—‘**bag with a good deal of room in it—is gruffish, and comes down upon you, sharp?**’

My heart sank within me as I acknowledged the undoubted accuracy of this description.

[...]

I was on the point of slinking off, to think how I had best proceed, when there came out of the house a lady with her handkerchief tied over her cap, and a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, wearing a gardening pocket like a toll-man’s apron, and carrying a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsey, for she came stalking out of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often described her stalking up our garden at Blunderstone Rookery.

[...]

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, **in her gait and carriage**, amply sufficient to account for the effect she had made upon a gentle creature like my mother; but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye.. **Her hair, which was grey, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mob-cap; I mean a cap, much more common then than now, with side-pieces fastening under the chin** Her dress was of a lavender colour, and perfectly neat; but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible. I remember that I thought it, in form, more like a riding-habit with the superfluous skirt cut off, than anything else. She wore at her side a gentleman’s gold watch, if I might judge from its size and make, with an appropriate chain and seals; she had some linen at her throat not unlike a shirt-collar, and things at her wrists like little shirt-wristbands.





I make Myself known to my Aunt.

THE COTTAGE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS:

[...] I followed the young woman, and we soon came to a **very neat little cottage with cheerful bow-windows: in front of it, a small square gravelled court or garden full of flowers, carefully tended, and smelling deliciously.**

‘This is Miss Trotwood’s,’ said the young woman. ‘Now you know; and that’s all I have got to say.’ With which words she hurried into the house, as if to shake off the responsibility of my appearance; and left me standing at the **garden-gate, looking disconsolately over the top of it towards the parlour window, where a muslin curtain partly undrawn in the middle, a large round green screen or fan fastened on to the windowsill, a small table, and a great chair, suggested to me that my aunt might be at that moment seated in awful state.**



I make Myself known to my Aunt.

WHICH MOMENT IS PICTURED?

‘Go away!’ said Miss Betsey, shaking her head, and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. ‘Go along! No boys here!’

I watched her, with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of her garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

‘If you please, ma’am,’ I began.

She started and looked up.

‘If you please, aunt.’

‘EH?’ exclaimed Miss Betsey, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

‘If you please, aunt, I am your nephew.’

‘Oh, Lord!’ said my aunt. **And sat flat down in the garden-path.**

‘I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk—where you came, on the night when I was born, and saw my dear mama. I have been very unhappy since she died. I have been slighted, and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey.’ **Here my self-support gave way all at once; and with a movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, and call it to witness that I had suffered something,** I broke into a passion of crying, which I suppose had been pent up within me all the week.

My aunt, with every sort of expression but wonder discharged from her countenance, **sat on the gravel, staring at me, until I began to cry; when she got up in a great hurry, collared me, and took me into the parlour.**



The Battle on the Green. 1870s. Illustration by Fred Barnard (engraved by the Dalziels) for the Household Edition of *David Copperfield* (Chapter XIII, "The Sequel of My Resolution," p. 97)





The friendly Waiter and I.

From Chapter V, "The Friendly Waiter and I"



Changes at Home.

From Chapter VIII, "Changes at Home"



My magnificent order at the public-house.

From Chapter XI, "My magnificent order at the public-house"

Phiz “must provide illustrations of David that incorporate the child as he feels himself to be and the adult reflecting back on the child he was [...] [Phiz] must show David as the child, the adult, the author, and the reader all ‘see’ him, as he looks from inside out and as the outside looks at him, and must make the child both victim and victor simultaneously.”

Robert L. Patten, “Illustration and Storytelling in *David Copperfield*”

Questions for you, as scholars, to consider:

1. What *are* literary illustrations? Visual or textual media? A hybrid?
2. Is illustration integral to the text, or can it stand on its own?

OVERALL: consider in what ways illustrations, and other visual media, their modes of production, as well as their readers generate meanings.

Reading Images: Some Guidelines

- Perform a close reading of the **visual narrative**, before assessing image in conjunction with text, or vice versa.
- When analysing the dialogue between image and text, do not simply perform a “spot the difference” type exercise; consider the **effect** of the correspondences and divergences.
- **Consider:**
 - **Where the image appears in relation to a specific textual scene.** The text facing the picture could be seen as the direct textual correspondence for me to analyse, but will this do? Must we go further back or forward to find the corresponding scene, and to what extent does the scene correspond at all? Would it spoil the plot for me to see this first?
 - Ask yourself, **at what point in reading the text, do I read the picture?** Must I break my linear engagement with the written word? Should I look at the picture or text first?
 - **Instead of taking an illustration in isolation, can we learn more, and add further layers, if we look at earlier and later illustrations?**
 - How the **point of view** of the narration compares with the pov of the illustrations.
- Remember to **avoid value judgements** and that an image does not need to be **faithful** to a text: it may complement it, but also offer its own narrative, perspective, and interpretation. It may try to capture both a specific textual moment, and simultaneously express a tone about the chapter or novel as a whole.
- **You might want to think about publishing context** – for instance, what was the relationship between author and illustrator – what bearing might this have on our reading? Was the novel serialised, and did the illustrator get to read the chapter or were they just given instructions for the picture? Did they know the story arc? Colour or black and white? Original or later editions? British or American editions? Are there any working sketches? And much more.

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- ❖ Wright, George Newenham. *Landscape-historical Illustrations of Scotland, and the Waverley Novels*. Vol. 1. Fisher, Son, & Company, 1836.
- ❖ See also the chapters on illustrations/visual arts etc in some of the **"Companions" to Victorian Fiction and/or Culture**.
- ❖ **MORE ON TALIS ASPIRE**