

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

CHARLES DICKENS



EDITED BY EDGAR ROSENBERG

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

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Charles Dickens
GREAT EXPECTATIONS



AUTHORITATIVE TEXT

BACKGROUNDS

CONTEXTS

CRITICISM

Edited by

EDGAR ROSENBERG

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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Preface

T. S. Eliot somewhere envisioned a work of literature that would cut across all stratifications of taste. I suppose that on the available evidence *Great Expectations* lives up to Eliot's ideal as nearly as any novel in English now being read; and in the past sixty years, certainly, since Bernard Shaw's judgment of it as Dickens's "most compactly perfect book," it has retained not only its place in the pantheon of English fiction but also its overarching appeal. Its idolators range from the adolescent in Roger Martin du Gard's *Les Thibault* who "wept ecstatically for having guessed from the outset that Pip would give poor Biddy up for the exotic charms of cruel Miss Estella" to the frostbitten explorers in James Michener's *Journey* who try to keep warm in their hut in the Klondike by reading *Great Expectations* not once but twice (" 'This,' said Trevor Blythe, 'is a damned fine novel' ")—though even two readings aren't enough to keep them from being hexed by a woman named Favisham. Closer to home, a recent nationwide poll among college teachers ranked it first among the novels that, given the choice of any one novel, they should most like to teach; and some twenty-five years earlier George Ford, tabulating Dickens's most widely read novels in England and in America by looking at sales figures and indulging in some intelligent guesswork, found *Great Expectations* coming in second in both stables—since *David Copperfield* ranked first in England with *A Tale of Two Cities* coming in seventh, and *A Tale of Two Cities* ranked first in the States with *David Copperfield* coming in sixth, *Great Expectations* easily totes up the highest combined point value. Crossing the Atlantic and the Channel, we find that some fifteen years before Ford's survey, in a competition sponsored by *Figaro Littéraire* to pick the dozen greatest nineteenth-century "foreign" novels (the jury including François Mauriac and André Maurois), *Great Expectations* took first honors handily. The French seem anyhow to enjoy a special rapport with the book. The best two full-length studies we have are the productions of French critics: Anny Sadrin's cogent discussion and René Belletto's big poststructuralist exercise; one of the finest editions remains Sylvere Monod's *Les grandes espérances*, which he prepared for Garnier in 1960, and if the author of the third (forthcoming) scholarly text happens to be an American specialist in the field—Jerome Meckier—at least his name sounds French. And though every Dickensian knows that Dickens called *David Copperfield* "his favourite child," it's nice to discover that the father of fifteen placed *Great Expectations* next in line—in this assessment, by the way, light-years ahead of his contemporaries.

To be sure, *Great Expectations* has never quite enjoyed the legendary fame thrust on *Oliver Twist* or *A Christmas Carol*—books that almost dissociate themselves from their author and attain to the near-anonymity that is one of the trademarks of mythopoeic literature. In still purer form, this kind of literature would include books like *Robinson Crusoe* or, for that matter, the

Sherlock Holmes stories: if you asked, say, fifty college seniors how many had heard of *Robinson Crusoe*, chances are that they would look insulted, but if you asked them who wrote it three would be likely to raise their hands. *Great Expectations* contains no characters who have turned into household words on the order of Scrooge, a name that can be found in any dictionary—a recent student of mine who happened not to know the meaning of “miser,” once I explained the meaning to him, said, “Oh, you mean a scrooge!” (In much of Continental Europe, Latin America, and the Middle East, books like *Oliver* are taught—like *Robinson Crusoe* and *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*—as juvenile classics, first cousins to *Ivanhoe* and *Treasure Island*.) Webster’s may record a “Scrooge” and a “Pecksniff,” but it has yet to register a “Pip” or a “Pumblechook.” And in a recent radio interview, the director of the new *Lolita* movie quoted a friend of his telling him, “I’ll bet you called her Lolita because she is one!”

A book like *Great Expectations*, then, is apt to appeal both to readers of these nearly anonymous fictions and to the more learned specimens who, though they may not know whether Goncharov wrote *Oblomov* or Oblomov wrote *Goncharov*, know that Dickens alone could have written *Great Expectations*. On the level of narrative, *Great Expectations* maintains a degree of suspense that few books of its caliber can match. But this suspense itself is rooted in deeply troubling questions, questions that touch on the problematic sources of wealth (how can money have both such literally criminal and affectively altruistic origins and uses?); on the sham claims of emotional and petty financial parasites; on the rights and wrongs (mostly the wrongs) of the legal machinery and the judiciary; on the “process” by which venal men turn spoiled young women into spoiled and embittered hags; on the ways in which the past mines the present; and on all the evil committed under the sun by “that friendly foe, *Great Expectations*.” These are the salient motifs of many of Dickens’s novels, from *Oliver* to *Our Mutual Friend*. But in *Great Expectations* they are given a special urgency; and it’s hardly a coincidence that the opening of the novel is one of the most celebrated in fiction. *Great Expectations* begins almost as a Christmas requiem: in a graveyard on Christmas Eve; the chimes that ring in the festive rites are the great guns from the prison ships a few miles off, warning that convicts are on the loose, of whom one “has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver”; the Christmas dinner itself culminates in a hideously spun-out fantasy in which the child-hero is butchered and turned into roast pig—as novels go, surely Pip’s Christmas meal is equaled by the one young Stephen Dedalus recollects.

Remembrance is of the essence of *Great Expectations*, and of Dickens’s three first-person novels this is surely the most poignantly satisfying. Not that Pip teases us as an “unreliable narrator”: given his small leads and great illusions, Pip is remarkably frank—more candid than his favored older brother, David, and more of a piece than Esther, the much admired, much maligned heroine of *Bleak House*, who half the time forgets who she is and talks pure Dickens. The striking thing about Pip’s recital lies not least in his beautifully nuanced and pliant range of emotive language—and in that still rarer quality that Graham Greene defines when he detects in the novel “the tone of Dickens’s secret prose, that sense of a mind speaking to itself with no one there to listen.” Greene goes on to quote the passage from chapter 35 in

which Pip returns to his childhood home to confront a death in the family and reflects how "the very breath of the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me." The long passage two pages later that describes his sister's burial happens also to be one of the funniest in the book, without Dickens's generating the least discomfort at such indecorous mirth in funerals. How he manages to lull us into these genial mood swings remains, I suppose, his trade secret.

II

The text of the present edition of *Great Expectations* (like the texts of the Norton Critical Editions of *Hard Times* and *Bleak House*) has been established by a thorough comparative study of all surviving versions of Dickens's novel. These consist of the "Wisbech" manuscript—the only major Dickens MS that is not shelved in either of the two chief repositories, the Forster Collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London or the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, but is hidden away in the Fens of Cambridge-shire. We have next two earlier fragmentary sets of corrected proof at the V & A, of which the first is almost certainly first proof; a nearly complete set of what is ostensibly very late proof at the Morgan Library; the American serial run in *Harper's Weekly*, a version the more revealing to students of Dickens's texts for having been set up from uncorrected proof sheets; the serial version in Dickens's own weekly *All the Year Round*; and the book editions that appeared in Dickens's lifetime. The only significant early texts are the first three-volume edition of 1861 and, less pressingly, the "Charles Dickens Edition" of 1868; this, in turn, is based largely on the earlier "Library Edition" of 1862 and not only perpetuated most of its errors but added a few of its own. In selecting my copy-text, I have not only departed from the practice of using the fallible '68 edition, which has been adopted (without serious damage to the integrity of the book) by a lot of modern trade publishers, but (more gamely) departed from using the first book edition of '61, which has served the editors of the variorum Clarendon Dickens and most Norton Critical Editions of Dickens as copy-text.

In setting aside the principles followed by editors like John Butt, Kathleen Tillotson, and Sylvère Monod, I have been guided by a number of principles, if you can call them that. For one thing, compared with the changes Dickens introduced in proof in his other novels, the changes he introduced in *Great Expectations* are very slight—possibly because of the unpremeditated mode of publication he found himself forced to adopt a mere eight or nine weeks before the book began to appear in *All the Year Round*. As K. J. Fielding pointed out long ago, nearly all changes in proof are virtually exhausted by changes in accidentals, chiefly in punctuation. Thus, by the time *Great Expectations* came out in book form, the text had to all intents been established, apart from a number of substantive changes—by no means all for the better—that he prepared for the '61 edition. Second, as my parenthesis suggests, on the few occasions on which *All the Year Round* and first edition go separate ways without my being satisfied that the road not taken by earlier editors was the road Dickens himself chose not to take, I selected what struck me as both the more plausible and more plausible reading, a procedure that, in nine cases

out of ten, led me back to *All the Year Round*. Third, if the proximity of serial to manuscript bears any relevance and the proof on which *All the Year Round* is based shows no changes in wording or accidentals, the text closest to the MS seemed to be the more dependable—though I realize that this is not always a textually watertight argument. (*Harper's*, of course, is textually insignificant, except as a literary curiosity.) Fourth, it seemed to me reasonable to assume that both as editor of *All the Year Round* and contributor to it, Dickens, who spent hours in correcting the sentences of his journalistic hirelings, would be more than ordinarily vigilant in going over the weekly portions about to be sent to as many as one hundred thousand readers, and though not downright cavalier in introducing later changes, he appears to have been comparatively “relaxed.” On the other hand, where the '61 reading suggests an intentional change, I have (reluctantly) adopted the '61 reading; and with a much better conscience I have restored manuscript readings where both the MS reading is clearly superior and the printed reading rests almost certainly on a typesetter's error. How much Dickens's printers had to put up with and how astoundingly few mistakes they committed is something I discuss in the essay on Dickens's compositional habits. If I had to allege yet a fifth reason for choosing one text over another, I should have to express my assurance that out of, say, fifty thousand readers of *Great Expectations*, perhaps as many as thirty would notice the difference; and they are all friends of mine.

III

“All works which describe manners,” Dr. Johnson observes with his customary air of having settled *that* hash, “require footnotes, in sixty years or less.” He doesn't specify the number of footnotes, though, nor legislate their length. Annotators have their choice. Thomas Mann, perhaps to justify the length of a thousand-page book, writes that “only the truly exhaustive is truly amusing,” and one of Macaulay's dinner companions complained to his host that “the gentleman gives more information than society needs.” Assuming Dr. Johnson's figure to be reasonably realistic, I note that the moratorium on easily accessible information expired at least as far back as 1921 if we use the publication date of *Great Expectations* as our yardstick, and some forty years earlier if we go by the date of action. To check my own tendency toward opulence, I tossed the whole problem of footnotes to four bright seniors and two graduate students, handed each a copy of *Great Expectations* (I forget the edition I gave them) and asked them to underline whatever they thought needed explanation. They underlined everything, underlined so unsparingly that I had to deprive them of a few notes. Naturally, there is only so much you can say about a “jack-towel” or a “whitlow” or the distinctive features of Brentford, once you have gotten beyond its dirt. On the other hand, we have gone to extensive and sometimes peculiar lengths to explain features that strike us as important features of Regency England but are apt to be lost on the present-day reader, especially the American reader: things like early-nineteenth-century penology, elementary education, and amusements, from fictitious dirigibles to debased *Hamlets*. In their introductory note to *Bleak House*, the Norton editors point out that of the novel's fourteen opening

words only seven are intelligible to the nonspecialist (including two prepositions, a connective, the definite article, and the place-name London), but what are lay readers to make of "Michaelmas Term," "Lord High Chancellor," and "Lincoln's Inn Hall"? *Great Expectations* is a less densely topical book than *Bleak House*, and so ours is a correspondingly less taxing job. Even so, nobody is born with a knowledge of "Hulks" (even Pip pretends not to know what they are), nor the difference between a hackney-coach and a hackney-cab, nor, for that matter, between an Inn and an inn. Then also (to descend to the perishable vocabulary on which comedy thrives) people no longer call each other "Bounceables" or talk about "dabs" and "lags." Nor are they intercepted at birth by a specimen known as an "accoucheur-policeman." They no longer wear "mourning rings" left to them by condemned convicts, nor ride down Main Street on caparisoned coursers, or plain coursers. In coping with dated and substandard vocabulary, I have occasionally relied on earlier lexicographers of slang and cant on the order of Grose and Hotten—Hotten published the second edition of his glossary the same year Dickens began to write *Great Expectations* and is thus doubly useful. Once in a while I have even briefly explained a word that readers could look up easily enough in even a medium-good dictionary—on the presumption that they won't. As someone who still speaks Remedial English himself, I am naturally sympathetic to anybody who wants to know what a plenipotentiary does for a living, and a potman.

In dealing with the entertaining subject of entertainment and with Dickens's zany literary allusions, I have followed the practice of earlier annotators who, instead of merely citing chapter and verse ("from a glee for three voices by Thomas Moore"), convey a much better sense of Dickens's tomfooleries by quoting a few lines from his sources. The procedure provides its own rewards in demonstrating in epitome the range—and limits—of Dickens's culture: in nearly all his allusions beyond references to biblical commonplaces, he zeroes in on Shakespeare, on eighteenth-century drama and verse, and on mythology, and in talking about them he can barely keep a straight face. Often in annotating a prominent fixture of Pip's England, I have found the most helpful sources in Dickens's own descriptions elsewhere in these crowded books, not least in his early *Sketches by Boz*, which are especially useful as near-contemporaries of Pip, and in the later polemical pieces, in which he expresses his views in the transparent language more suited to the writer of editorials than of romance. Similarly, where I have unearthed a striking verbal or pictorial or narrative echo or analogue in his other novels, I have cf.'d the pertinent note as a way of calling attention to some of Dickens's abiding tics and fixations. In a very few instances I have gone even further afield. Words and social customs that call attention to themselves in *Great Expectations* have a way of popping up in very different, unneighborly writers—Austen, James, Conrad, Aldous Huxley—and where I thought these pick-ups informative, as hitchhikers often are, I hauled them on board. But "vether it's worth while goin through so much, to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet," is a matter of taste.

For that matter, where I have found the procedure helpful, I have even foisted footnotes on the backpage essays, over and above the page references the writers themselves have provided. More often than not their allusions are

as remote to students as anything to be found in *Great Expectations*. What on Earth is an Apprentice's Vade Mecum? It sounds like patent medicine, or a requiem. If somebody owns an antimacassar, does it follow that he owns a macassar? Probably not. Thanks to *Les Mis* everybody knows all about Jean Valjean. But Marcel? Odette? And what newborn male infant has ever been heard to betray his good manners by thrice crowing "A boire! A boire! A boire!" I pause for a reply.¹ I have unstintingly raided earlier annotators of *Great Expectations*; where I felt that my creditor held a monopoly on the note I stole, I have indicated the source of my piracy. To Edward Guiliano, Philip Collins, and Sylvère Monod I owe a special debt for filching as many notes as I did; their names appear at the foot of the page with embarrassing regularity. If David Paroissien were not about to publish whatever there is to be annotated in *Great Expectations* in the series of substance notes issued by Helm Information, I might lay to my soul the flattering unction that the next editor of *Great Expectations* would borrow from me as I have borrowed from those who preceded me. For that, to paraphrase Miss Prism's definition of fiction—that is what scholarship means.

IV

The rationale for the selection of the pieces filed away under the brief rubric "Contexts" is very simply my own sense of fitness or "relevance," which may be no rationale at all. Even so, certain extracts ought to stand the test of suitability. *Great Expectations* starts out with a scene in a churchyard; our selection starts out with an "irreligious cross" between a parody and a replay of the scene in the same churchyard. Given Pip's early experiences, it would seem perverse not to say something about the conditions of childhood in Regency and early Victorian England and the obtrusive link to the world of criminals, from Dickens's impressions of fairy-tale Captain Murderers to Pip's experiences of real murderers about to be shipped off in real prison ships. The Nurse's spine-chilling stories at the young Dickens's bedside are separated by a very few years from their social correlatives: the sadistic or else appallingly inept kinds of "education" to which wealthy fathers and pauperized gamblers submitted their young: either by treating them to an edifying outing to view a hanging man or by placing an illiterate crone in charge of indigent schoolchildren and cramming the lot into a classroom (or cellarage) that is generically "close, crowded, and dirty." Even before he succumbs to the narcotic effects of the village school, and many years before his London tutor defines the nature of true gentility, Pip gets his first taste of a "gentleman"—who is also a suave and cowardly convict about to be remanded to Botany Bay, where gentlemen of his ilk thrive like mushrooms. And since there can be no great expectations where there is no Botany Bay, I devote some pages to the subject (a recurrent topos in the Victorian novel) of penal servitude down under. If criminal spectacles like hangings formed one of the

1. In annotating, I have drawn the line in one respect: I can't bear the idea of annotating my own sesquipedalia, Latin commonplaces, and allusions to Marx, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the Apocrypha. It's perfectly fine to annotate Peter Brooks where he hasn't footnoted Gide, or Ian Watt where he hasn't footnoted Erik Erikson, but to footnote myself for some reason strikes me as asinine. You will therefore not find a clue to Roger Martin du Gard, the cruel Estella, and *de haut en bas*, though had anybody else used any of them, I should certainly have explained them.

Londoner's grand entertainments, he found more sanitary escapes to other killing fields: pantomime, melodrama, and all the pop theatricals Dickens and Pip delighted in—not only the Dickens of Pip's young manhood but the middle-aged magician of whom a friend remarked that the great man thrilled to the sight of elephants dancing onstage. To valorize this part of Pip's experience, I have turned back the clock to the eighteenth century and paired those spectacular rivals, Samuel Richardson and Henry Fielding. The *Hamlet* scene in *Great Expectations* surely warrants a free ticket to Garrick's Hamlet in Fielding's *Tom Jones* ("Compare Eighteenth- and Nineteenth-Century Versions of Parody and Critique"); and if Richardson's manual dwells on the temptations lying in ambush for young London rakes rather than rustics like Pip, the play he recommends as a universal prophylactic happens also to be the most important drama Dickens exploits in *Great Expectations*. My aim has been to straddle reminiscences, juvenile fiction, reports of governmental commissions, some brief letters, personal and polemical essays by and about Dickens, twentieth-century commentaries, and Literature.

The inclusion of the pieces by Humphry House and especially Robin Gilmour displays the futility of drawing the line between criticism and the sort of miscellany I have heaped together under the earlier rubric. Still, most of us recognize criticism when we see it, even in hybrid form. The contemporary reviews make for a mixed bag of goods—which is the way I chose them—but even where we ourselves might cry foul their very intemperance is refreshing. So are their irreconcilable differences. Take Wemmick (whom you haven't met yet any more than you have met Biddy, the cruel Estella, and the bewitching Miss Favisham). Wemmick is a middle-aged clerk in an attorney's office who lives in an imitation castle with his deaf father and courts a middle-aged lady. One reviewer calls Wemmick "a specimen of oddity run mad." Another calls him "a conception worthy of Dickens's happiest days." Another describes him as "the great creation of the book, and his marriage as the funniest incident," and he goes on to ask the kind of rhetorical question a reviewer ought never to ask: "How often will future jokers observe, 'Halloa, here's a church; let's have a wedding.'" Beginning with Gissing and Shaw² and continuing with the later commentators I have bagged, things get slightly trickier and more ponderous. I should say "we" have bagged since I picked the critical essays the way I picked the footnotes: I ran some hundred essays by my students and told them to grade the whole stack and to pick anywhere from a dozen to twenty pieces they wanted Norton to print. Some of the critics, like Wemmick, naturally gave rise to sordid arguments. A number of the essays collect themselves: Shaw's, Van Ghent's, Moynahan's, Brooks's. Others—Gervais, Raphael—we felt ought to be better known than they are. Our choices finally came down to our plain admiration for the critical commentary, the range and variety of interpretation, and their usefulness in providing a kind of running argument. Shaw argues with Dickens's (unprinted) enemies. House argues with Shaw. Moynahan argues with Van Ghent. Fielding argues with House and Moynahan. The E. M. Forster whose paragraph

2. Shaw is everywhere. In calling him "the Nestor of our age" in his obituary notice in 1950, Mann no doubt had in mind not only Shaw's longevity but his fabled memory and invincible loquaciousness. Thus he appears not only in his own right in his essay but also in his comments on Dickens's letters, the double ending and the sins of Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens's thefts from Charles Lever, and much else.

ushers in the “Essays” is at odds with the E. M. Forster who strikes the fashionably *de haut en bas* Bloomsbury note in his most famous critical work a year later. *Great Expectations* (to get the mandatory truism down and out) has been immensely written about: George Worth had collected more than eleven hundred entries by the time he completed his great bibliography—fifteen years ago. Confronted with so much plenty, an editor is bound to display a certain waffiness.³ I have supplied linking bridges in the few instances where the complexity of the essay or the length of the omitted matter seemed to me to call for these aids, but not elsewhere.

At Norton’s prodding, I have no sooner let the hero and heroine loose in chapter 59 than I have stalked them with long textual commentaries. A good deal of this material has already appeared in one packaging or another. The essay on the endings has been cited often enough (and even provoked a rebuttal twice as long as my own *longueurs*) to justify its inclusion, I think—I have of course taken into account the literature that has appeared since I published the piece and performed a couple of critical somersaults in the hope of provoking a few more long articles. A few other random passages have been lifted from a still more megalosaurian article. The essays on the preliminaries to the novel and on the Wisbech manuscript, apart from one sustained section, are mostly new. Some of these materials necessarily overlap (a few may even contradict each other), but I have preferred to risk a sense of *déjà lu* to the omission of what seemed to me substantive issues where the context called for a second take. What I have tried to do in most of these pieces is to go beyond the immediate (and ostensible) subject to convey some ideas about Dickens’s editorial practices, the sort of journal in which *Great Expectations* got its start, Dickens’s (often astonishing) working habits, both the sloppy and the fastidious fellow novelists who as it were fed into and out of *Great Expectations*. Along the way, I have tried to say something about the demands of serial writing, the nature of Dickensian coincidence, the advice he dished out to aspiring writers.

The monthly installments are indicated by Roman numerals in brackets on left-hand pages, while the weekly installments are indicated by Roman numerals on the right-hand pages as well as by a printer’s mark at the end of each weekly; this information, together with the serial dates of publication and the corresponding monthly divisions as Dickens conceived (and paginated) them, appears more fully in Tables 1 and 2 on pages 400–02. The numbered cue lines are intended to expedite the location of words and phrases to which the textual matter refers. And to convey the richness and novelty of Dickens’s vocabulary in *Great Expectations* as this is reflected in

3. I keenly regret the omission of five essays in particular: Elliot L. Gilbert’s “In Primal Sympathy: *Great Expectations* and the Secret Life”; Robert Newsom’s “The Hero’s Shame”; Murray Baumgarten’s “Calligraphy and Code: Writing in *Great Expectations*”; Jeremy Tambling’s “Prison-Bound: Dickens and Foucault”; and Jay Clayton’s “Is Pip Postmodern? Or, Dickens at the End of the Twentieth Century.” I couldn’t have reprinted any of them in their entirety, and to edit them would have been a rather daunting job as well as a disservice to the writers. Providentially, the first three have been assembled in one volume (*Dickens Studies Annual* 11 [1983]); at least Gilbert’s and Tambling’s pieces have been anthologized elsewhere, and Clayton’s is one of a handful of essays in Janice Carlisle’s edition of *Great Expectations*, which appeared so recently that it would have been idle even to ask for a poaching license. Next time.

the many citations from the novel that have found their way into the *Oxford English Dictionary*, I have signaled their inclusion by placing the bracketed abbreviation [OED] at the end of the pertinent footnote. In other words, these are illustrative examples taken from *Great Expectations* to pinpoint the meaning of a given word at a particular date by reference to the novel. The parenthetical notation (OED) merely gives the dictionary as a source of the note.

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An edition that has been twice as long in the making as the Jarndyce suit in *Bleak House* and the construction of the Great Wall of China faces minimally four handicaps. For one thing, nobody in the editor's position can expect to fulfill expectations he has aroused for decades and well-meaning colleagues have, all embarrassingly, aired in print for decades. For another, the people who might have retained the faith in and even a certain curiosity about this project have long fallen asleep with boredom and turned their attention to greener pastures. For a third, since the mill of Dickensians grinds at an alarming pace, the discoveries I should have been the first to bring to light, as if they were so many lost plays of Aeschylus—the location of the novel's first ending in proof, the single sustained change Dickens undertook between manuscript and first printed version, the autobiographical touches he removed as too close to home, the marketing of the first editions—have long since been found out by my colleagues, even if I anticipated them in unloading all this booty on learned journals.² I am, of course, most grateful to the editors who published chunks of the articles I reprint below, especially the editors of *The Dickensian*, *Dickens Studies Annual*, and *Dickens Quarterly*, and to Professor Joel Brattin for inviting me to take the manuscript essay for a brief airing.

By far the saddest penalty I have to pay for my trauancies is that so many of my creditors are beyond the reach of my acknowledgments. I would particularly like to record my thanks to the late Mrs. Madeline House for allowing me to inspect her file of the Dickens letters; to the Wisbech and Fenland

1. From *World's End and Other Stories* (Boston, 1980). Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company. I have had to place this paragraph in quotation marks and provide it with a superscript because I didn't write it, obviously, and because the writer, Paul Theroux, has done for acknowledgments what Cervantes has done for prefaces and dedications—crippled any attempt to express a sensible "valentine" without cracking up.
2. Dr. Margaret Cardwell will forgive me, I hope, for mentioning (for the record merely) that a lot of the more exciting features of her scrupulous edition of *Great Expectations* in the Clarendon Dickens—including the items I just docketed—were first excavated and printed by me. I should not bother to raise this issue if the reviewers of her edition hadn't singled out just these excavations for their special tribute to Dr. Cardwell's text. This in the friendliest and most collegial spirit and without the least imputation, I trust, of my sounding like somebody out of *Pale Fire* or "Pierre Menard." Though I had done my textual homework by the time her edition appeared, I greatly profited by her apparatus in verifying my textual annotation.

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3. I owe apologies to my colleague and friend Dr. Jane Rabb for not including a concisely excellent essay on the early illustrations that she wrote at my request (and meticulously revised a number of times) at the time I began this project. The truth is that after years in the desert I didn't have the heart (or guts) to ask her once more to update her piece and pay the price of my own delinquencies. All my shaming regrets.

and the late Dr. Kenneth Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, I am much indebted for making me feel as if I were an honorary citizen of the Fens. Opulent as this list already is, it would be churlish not to thank the students who have had a hand in the research and the cartography: Annie Ballantyne, Carolynn Bruce, Claire Colton, Laurie Fields, Susan Forster, Laura Garrity, Jacaranda Henkel, Kat Hickey, Ioannis Kantzaris, Lynn Kovach, Jean Kwon, Kathleen Morkes, Elise Shin, John Skurchak, Jacqueline Sobota, Kwan-Sen Naguib Wen, and my most persistent junta: Max Junker, Rehana Kaderali, Julie Orringer, Kelly Quimby, and Ann Tappert. And I am deeply indebted to my first editor, the late John Benedict, and (presumably) my last editor, Carol Stiles Bemis, whose desk for the past ten years has been staggering under the heavy weight of my brittle letters. That these people should have shown so much forbearance, good humor, and solicitude speaks well for all of us.

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Abbreviations

- Cardwell: *Great Expectations*, ed. Margaret Cardwell (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993)
- Collins: *Dickens: Interviews and Recollections*, ed. Philip Collins (2 vols. Totowa, N.J.: Barnes & Noble Books, 1981)
- Dickensian: Dickensian*, ed. Malcolm Andrews (London: The Dickens Fellowship, 1905–)
- DQ: *Dickens Quarterly*, ed. David Paroissien (Amherst, Mass.: The Dickens Society, 1984–)
- DSA: *Dickens Studies Annual: Essays on Victorian Fiction*, vols. 1–7 ed. Robert Partlow (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Press, 1971–78); vols. 8 to date ed. Michael Timko, Fred Kaplan, and Edward Guiliano (New York: AMS Press, 1980–)
- DSN: *Dickens Studies Newsletter*, ed. Duane DeVries (Louisville, Ky.: The Dickens Society, 1971–84)
- Falconer: William Falconer, *A New and Universal Dictionary of the Marine* . . . [1769], ed. William Burney (London: T. Cadell, 1830)
- Forster: John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens* (Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1872–74), ed. A. J. Hoppé (2 vols. London: Dent, 1969)
- Guiliano/Collins: *Great Expectations* in *The Annotated Dickens*, ed. Edward Guiliano and Philip Collins (2 vols. New York: Crown Publishers, 1986), vol. 2, 822–1115
- Grose: Francis Grose, *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* [1785] (Facsimile rept. Menston, Yorkshire: The Scolar Press, 1968)
- Hill: T. W. Hill, “Notes on *Great Expectations*,” *Dickensian* 53–56 (1957–60)
- Hotten: John Camden Hotten, *A Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words* (2nd ed. London: John Camden Hotten, 1860)
- McMaster: R. D. McMaster, *Great Expectations* (Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada, 1965)

Monod: *Les grandes espérances*, ed. Sylvère Monod (Paris: Editions Garnier Frères, 1959)

NL: *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, ed. Arthur Waugh (3 vols. Bloomsbury [London]: The Nonesuch Press, 1938)

OED: *New Oxford English Dictionary*

PL: *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, ed. Madeline House, Graham Storey, Kathleen Tillotson, K. J. Fielding, et al. (The Pilgrim Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965–)

Sadrin: Anny Sadrin, *Great Expectations* (Unwin Critical Library. London: Unwin Hyman, 1988)

Speeches: *The Speeches of Charles Dickens*, ed. K. J. Fielding (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1960)