

Critical Interpretation of Charles Dickens



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CONTENTS

Chapter 1. Times of the Critical Interpretation of Charles Dickens	1
—Dr. Rishabh Chitranshi, Dr. Divya Prakash	
Chapter 2. An Analysis of the Growth of Man and Writer	8
— Dr. Rishabh Chitranshi, Dr. Divya Prakash	
Chapter 3. Understanding of the Story–Teller: A Review Study	17
— Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 4. Application of the Art, Veracity and Moral Purpose	25
— Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 5. An Analysis of the Dickens' Characters Characterization	33
— Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 6. A Comprehensive Review of the Satiric Portraiture.....	41
—Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 7. Critical Interpretation of Charles Dickens Women and Children.....	50
—Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 8. An Analysis of the Humour and Pathos.....	58
— Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 9. Exploring the Importance of Master of Prose: A Review Study	66
—Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 10. Creation of the Daily News: An Analysis.....	73
— Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 11. Comparisons of the Literary Traits of Dickens.....	82
—Mrs. Sarita Sharma	
Chapter 12. Compromise of the Credit and Independence: A Review Study	88
— Mrs. Sarita Sharma	

CHAPTER 1

TIMES OF THE CRITICAL INTERPRETATION OF CHARLES DICKENS

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ABSTRACT:

The passing of Charles Dickens occurred more than three decades ago. The era that produced him and sent him forth is now so distant from us that it is only a topic of historical study for the younger generation. The era that knew him as one of its leading figures and owed a great deal to the influences of his wondrous personality is now distant due to a social revolution that he witnessed only the beginning of. It appears feasible to evaluate Dickens from the perspective of posterity; to consider his life, to analyse his writing, and to gauge his whole output as belonging to a period that can be easily distinguished from our own. Charles Dickens was 25 years old when Queen Victoria ascended to the throne. He was twenty years old in 1832, which emphasizes more clearly the time of his maturation into a man.

KEYWORDS:

Characters, Dickens, Maturation, Superior.

INTRODUCTION

Dickens started working as a shorthand writer and journalist at least a year before the Reform Bill a suitable term of the day passed and gave governmental power to English capitalism. He had already started working on *Pickwick* before 1837 when he wrote his *Sketches* and published them in volumes, giving the moniker "Boz" considerable notoriety. The Middle Class, sometimes known as the "Great" of the new power in political and social England and which owed its development to coal, steam, and iron mechanism, rose to prominence during Dickens' years of apprenticeship to life and writing. This young man, endowed with original genius and the indomitable vitality required for its exercise under such circumstances, observed in a spirit of lively criticism, not a few times of jealousy, the class so swiftly achieving wealth and rule by birth superior to the rank of proletarian, inferior to that of capitalist. He lived to become a typical member of this affluent society in appearance and, to some extent, in mental attitude, but his criticism of its flaws and serious failings never abated.

The landed owner of Gads hill could not forget the great writer could never wish to forget a miserable childhood spent imprisoned in the underbelly of squalor us London; his resentment of this memory was fundamentally a class feeling; to the very end, his personal victory satisfied him, even though unconsciously, as the justification of a social claim. A Study of Charles Dickens, Critical Walter Scott, who inherited gentle ancestry and feudal fervours, rejected the doctrines of '32 until the very end, but ironically owed his downfall to business. Charles Dickens, who was born modestly and fought for those in similar circumstances from the beginning to the end, wore himself out before he died trying to establish his reputation as a gentleman on something more substantial than glory. According to this perspective, the other was too totally of his time while the one entered the world too late. A period of hardship, strife, growth, and advancement. We learn about rioting construction workers who destroy equipment in Dickens, and how force is used to quell their antics. Many additional pieces of machinery, including power looms and threshing machines, are destroyed between

that time and 1834, the year the Poor Law Amendment Act was passed, but starving masses had little hope against steam and money.

Statisticians demonstrate to us the enormous rise of population and business with rows of data. For example, during these same years, it is reported that the populations of Sheffield and Birmingham expanded by 80% between 1821 and 1841. Additionally, it should be commended that savings bank deposits significantly expanded throughout the same years. However, the need for new workhouses is so great as a result of the new Poor Law that in around four and a half decades, we discover an expenditure of sterling in this encouraging direction. Undoubtedly, a tendency toward pauperism was endangering the nation, or at least those areas of it that could not be saved by coal, steam, or iron. Following the end of the Napoleonic wars, there were three decades of difficulty for everyone save the inherently wealthy and those who could grab time by the forelock; hence, we can see the beginnings of both widespread riches and widespread suffering side by side. Pauperdom was undoubtedly fostered by the previous regulation, which allowed the needy to receive outdoor aid, but the new, stricter ordinance was met with criticism for being too punitive, and Dickens himself was one of those who opposed it. A series of lean years, failed harvests, and unusually severe hunger occurred while this point of contention was being debated.

These circumstances gave rise to the Chartist movement, which served as a reminder that the middle-class victory of 1832 was far from final because a class much larger in terms of numbers existed behind that great class. At the same time, the Corn Law struggles continued. When reading Ebenezer Elliott's poetry, one cannot help but think about the opportunities available in 19th-century England for a fiction writer to approach his work in the spirit of the rhymers, free from any pressure to make his novels humorous. However, the author of a novel about everyday life had already begun working on it, doing it in his own unique style, and capturing the England that he knew with uncommon vividness. Fate had also blessed him with a spirit of unbounded laughter. Dickens shows hints of the pervasive but hidden suffering that surrounded him in his formative years. For instance, we read in *Oliver Twist* that "in some villages large painted boards were fixed up, warning all persons who begged within the district, that they would be sent to jail" when the kid is described as walking to London. And even when it had no place in the overall structure of a story, in his mind there must have always been a background of this knowledge, influencing his work.

One aspect that is sometimes overlooked and by the historian easily disregarded, but is of the utmost importance as it serves to highlight some of Dickens's best writing, demands attention in a quick overview of the early nineteenth century. Lord Ashley (later known as Lord Shaftesbury) began his protracted battle in 1833 on behalf of young children who worked in English mines and industries for pay. He did so with ruthless zeal. The law that was in effect at the time banned children under the age of thirteen from working in this capacity for more than thirteen hours each day. The legislators of the time were so moved by the humanity of the rule that no amount of persuasion could get them to consider replacing it. When Lord Ashley was guilty of persisting in his anti-social craze, of standing all but alone, year after year, the advocate of filthy little creatures who would otherwise have given nobody any trouble, howling insult or ingenious calumny, long served the cause of his philosophic opportunism. Members of the reformed House of Commons were naturally committed to sound economic views on supply and demand.

Anyone who likes to exalt the commercial history of nineteenth-century England should look through some dusty bookshelves for some Commissioners' Reports on the employment of children during this time of Lord Ashley's activity. They will find a story of cruelty and avarice that casts doubt on the memory of a generation that was so infamously focused on its

own wealth. Those Reports demonstrate that at least a portion of contemporary English exists today. A Study of Charles Dickens, Critical A Study of Charles Dickens, Critical 2 Prosperity is the consequence of children's labour, including babies as young as five and six, who spent their lives in the hot, dusty coal mines. Although the topic has served as inspiration for poetry, no verse can touch readers' hearts and consciences in the same way that a Commission's businesslike words may. Lord Ashley's other lawmakers laughed off these rumours at the time.

Employers of baby labour would naturally not listen to a romantic dreamer, but it could have been assumed that voices in define of "these little ones" would at least come from one direction, that of the Church. But according to the philanthropist's diary, "the representatives of any religious denomination only occasionally appeared on the platform with me, as did any millowner." This understated comment serves to serve as a reminder that Dickens was not without his justifications for a spirit of mistrust towards established religion as well as towards various other forms of religion. This spirit, particularly in his early career, was frequently misunderstood as hostility to religion in itself, a wanton mocking at sacred things. When reading Dickens, this truth should always be kept in mind. The only reason it is included here is for historical context; Dickens' religious beliefs will require separate discussion. Dickens, more than any other writer, has been linked to the idea of a troubled upbringing.

His choice of subject matter for creative purposes was largely limited by the circumstances of his life, and it is particularly the London child whose pains are brought to life for us by the master's pen. However, we do know that he was well aware of the horrifying depravity of that child labour in mines and mills, and he was always conversing in order to locate the miserable little characters he needed for his fiction. Consciously, to a generation known for its ignorance and callousness toward all of its less fortunate children. He may have had a similar impact in this area as in any other. Be it remembered that an Englishman of noble birth, who by all accounts would have been deemed likely to persuade his compatriots to any honourable purpose, fought for such a basic act of kindness and justice for so many years in vain and amid every manner of obloquy. Dickens possessed a weapon that was more powerful than merely sincere zeal. He had the ability to make people laugh.

Once the crowd has joined in on the laughter, it won't mind if you cry a little; in fact, it might even make nice resolutions and follow through on them occasionally. It was a period that was far more harsh, vulgar, and ugly than our own. Take the hanging matter, for example. Dickens is fascinated with the gallows throughout all of his writing, which is understandable. The graphic tale of a mother who inherits her son's body after his execution and seeks a doctor's help in an effort to bring the boy back to life can be found in his Sketches, and one of his finest works, *Great Expectations*, published much later, contains a brief glimpse of the murderous Newgate. It is said that his account of a hanging in a daily newspaper played a role in ending public executions, but that was relatively late in his life; at the time when he was most impressionable, Londoners regularly enjoyed watching old and young, men and women, be hanged. Although manners had undoubtedly advanced from those depicted in Hogarth by the time Dickens was a young boy, the difference is hardly noticeable from our current vantage point, especially in poorer London.

It was a time when the English character seemed determined to display all of its filthiest, meanest, and most foolish traits. Aristocracy was losing its better influence and power was passing to a well-fed multitude, remarkable for a dogged practicality that, oftentimes, meant ferocious egoism. The sheer ugliness of everyday life had reached a limit that could not be easily surpassed; thick-headed national prejudice had marvellously developed as a result of

great wars and British victories; and thick-headed national prejudice had become a major political issue. With all of this, there is a predominance of ugly vices like servile snobbishness and religious hypocrisy. Our current era has many flaws, some of which may be more dangerous than the worst characteristics of our forefathers mentioned here, yet it is undoubtedly far more cleanly in face and hands, and unquestionably more graceful in its everyday routines. Mr. Pickwick and his friends all drank brandy; they did so as the easiest and most practical refreshment, at home or abroad; they did so at dawn or at midnight; they did so in the seclusion of the bedchamber or by the genial fireside; they offered it as an invitation to good company. Samuel Johnson once observed that "He who aspires to be a hero, must drink brandy"; in this way, the Pickwickian show true heroism.

DISCUSSION

He would have been a miserable Pickwickian who admitted to a morning headache. However, to state that they "come up smiling" after it is to use an insufficient expression, even though it is suited to those times. If such a thing unadvisedly existed, there was the adage's equivalent of "a hair of the dog" treatment available. It is conceivable that in the future, a Pickwick scholar may point to the divine liquor known as brandy as the clear explanation for the marvellous flow of life and good times among the people of Dickens' Day. Brandy is undoubtedly more ethereal and potent than any beverage known to later mortals. Two masters of the fiction genre emerged amid the young century's brutal, unlovable, but abundantly vibrant existence. One of them was tasked with imagining England from its rosier perspective the world of rank and great wealth with only infrequent looks, these, however, being more notable than is often acknowledged at the people below [1]–[4].

The immense obscurity of lower town life, which up to that point had never been used for literary purposes, belonged to the other. At a slightly earlier time, admirable presentation of the rural poor had been made in the verse of Crabbe, a writer in truth, the father of what is now known as "realism" whose most unjust neglect may be largely attributed to the unfortunate vehicle of his writing, the "riding-rhyme," which has lost its charm for the English ear; however, poverty amid a wilderness of streets and that Class of city population just raised above harsh necessity, no one had seriously imagined. Even though the lifestyles they depict are very different from one another, Thackeray and Dickens complement one another and, in a remarkable way, validate one another's perceptions of a particular period in English history. Both of them faced accusations of partiality and exaggerated focus in their day. The accusation is understandable and, to a certain extent, may be granted given that both parties claim to be satirists.

It will be part of my effort to defend Dickens against the common criticism that, no matter how reliable his background, the figures based on it are typically just forms of fiction in the instance of Dickens, with whom alone I am here concerned. When I go back and read his writing, I am not generally impressed by Dickens' characters. I consider him to have been, what he always claimed to be, a highly accurate painter of people, not least of the social situations he saw around him, with some reservations that will become clear in the course of my article. He is always noticeably at his best when dealing with an ill-defined order of English people, a class or classes that are known for their dullness, prejudice, obstinate individuality, and, to put it mildly, uninteresting manners. He chose the live characters for his story from this list, and they seem to me to be just as accurately representational as the people Thackeray chose to symbolize a higher tier of existence. Readers of Dickens who complain about the "unreality" of his characters are likely to be unfamiliar with the English lower classes of today [5]–[7].

One might also observe that the English people stand out among other nationalities due to the extreme mutual ignorance that exists between its social classes. Dickens is said to have given us types rather than persons, and they are types of the most abstract kind similar to the characters in the old Moralities embodied deceit, greed, pride, and other vices that masquerade as common mortals. I believe this to be an impulsive conclusion. Dickens' characters will be presented to us and carefully examined; generally speaking, I see in them not abstractions but rather people with loud quirks, who are so aggressively unique in voice, form, and habit that they constantly declare themselves to be of a particular nation, era, and rank. Clothed abstractions cannot capture the imagination and the memory the way that these characters from Dickens did from the moment they were born. The actuality of the figures themselves held the key to this subtle force.

There are characters in Dickens who were intended to be the main actors in the play but who instead failed to live up to their potential; we may remember their names, but everything else has vanished. Why has this happened, as opposed to the persistence of less significant characters? Simply said, Dickens has given us types and abstractions here. Although there have been significant societal changes over the past 60 years, it is nevertheless clear to anyone who has spent any time in London's lower middle class that many of Dickens' original characters are still around today, continuing to behave in an ugly or hilarious manner under new names and in new forms. The Englishman, who has always been angular and self-assured, had grown flagrant in his egoism during the long period of combat with menacing powers; education had not yet set up its grindstone for all and sundry; and people considered odd even in such a society abounded among the high and low. Sixty years ago, grotesques and eccentricities were more prevalent than they are today.

Dickens had a keen eye for these peculiarities, especially among the lower people, and they were shown to him in *Charles Dickens: Critical Analysis A Study of Charles Dickens*, Critical 4 measure overflowing; in modern times, he would have to look for them among the crowds that had been trained to be uniform, yet there, the same creatures are dressed differently. Dickens is such an accurate historian of his time and generation precisely because his works are filled with the excesses of human nature. A time of ugliness, including ugly clothing, ugly furniture, horrible religion, ugly law, and ugly interactions between the rich and the poor. What would Charles Dickens have thought of all of this if he hadn't had the sense of humour. However, it is not just his sense of humour that will keep him around for the enjoyment of young and old, much alone for the teaching of the diligent. There is a core of permanency in his work, but to locate it, we must consider his early years and the lessons he learned to prepare him for his life's work [8], [9].

Charles Dickens

Many people consider Charles John Huffam Dickens to be the greatest novelist of the Victorian era. He was an English writer and social critic who lived from 7 February 1812 to 9 June 1870. Dickens is noted for creating some of the most well-known fictional characters in history. During his lifetime, his writings attained an unusual level of popularity, and by the 20th century, critics and academics had acknowledged his literary brilliance. Today, many people read his books of short tales and novels. Dickens was born in Portsmouth, and after his father John was detained in a debtors' prison at the age of 12, he dropped out of school to work at a boot-blackening factory. He went back to school after three years before starting his writing career as a journalist. Dickens spent 20 years editing a weekly journal, produced hundreds of short stories and non-fiction pieces, 15 novels, five novellas, numerous lectures and readings, was a prolific letter writer, and actively promoted social reforms like education reform, children's rights, and other issues.

Dickens' writing career took off with the serial publication of *The Pickwick Papers* in 1836, a publishing hit that inspired Pickwick products and spin-offs in large part due to the introduction of the character Sam Weller in the fourth episode. With his humor, satire, and acute observation of people and society, Dickens quickly rose to literary stardom on a global scale. His works, the majority of which were released in monthly or weekly sections, pioneered the serialization of narrative fiction, which eventually took over as the main Victorian novel publishing format. His serial publications' cliffhanger conclusions kept readers on the edge of their seats. Dickens was able to gauge his audience's reaction thanks to the installment structure, and he frequently adjusted the plot and character growth in response to this feedback. For instance, Dickens gave Miss Moochers in *David Copperfield* more endearing traits when his wife's chiropodist voiced concern over how the character seemed to resemble her own limitations. He meticulously crafted his plots and frequently incorporated details from current events into his stories. Countless illiterate impoverished people would each pay a halfpenny to have each new episode of the month read to them, introducing and encouraging a new class of readers.

His 1843 novella *A Christmas Carol* is still widely read today and has been the subject of numerous artistic adaptations. Like many of his books, *Oliver Twist* and *Great Expectations* are widely adapted and conjure up visions of early Victorian London. His best-known historical fiction book is the 1859 novel *A Tale of Two Cities*, which is set in both London and Paris. The most well-known celebrity of his time, he later embarked on a number of public reading tours in response to public demand. When something is similar to Charles Dickens and his novels, it is referred to as Dickensian. Examples include deplorable social or working conditions and delightfully unpleasant people [10]–[13].

CONCLUSION

At his Coke town school, principal Mr. Gradgrind declares at the beginning of the book, "Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these kids nothing but facts," he says, questioning one of his students, Cecilia also known as Sissy, whose father works for a circus. Gradgrind requests the definition of a horse because her father deals with horses on a daily basis. Her classmate Bitzer provides a zoological profile of a horse when she is chastised for her failure to accurately define a horse, and Sissy is reprimanded for joking that she would cover a floor with photos of flowers or horses. After school to watch the traveling circus that runs only to run into their father, who sends them home. Adam Smith, named after the well-known proponent of laissez-faire economics, Malthus, named after Rev. Thomas Malthus, who authored *An Essay on the Principle of Population*, warning of the risks of future overpopulation, and Jane are Mr. Gradgrind's three younger children

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CHAPTER 2

AN ANALYSIS OF THE GROWTH OF MAN AND WRITER

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ABSTRACT:

There is no need to go into great depth on Charles Dickens' life. All the details of his life that could legitimately become public property and some that the public had no concern with were known to every reader of his time, and they still don't appear to be in danger of being forgotten. He was regarded with a warmth of personal interest that no other English writer had ever inspired. By mistake, he was not a native Londoner, but his life in the city started while he was still a young child. However, his first impressions were from Rochester and Chatham, where he attended what was referred to as a school. During this period, he started to educate himself on his own by reading eighteenth-century writers. Dickens' ability to spend these early years of his life somewhere other than London was a good development for him and for us. He describes himself as "not a very robust child sitting in by-places near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza"; this is preferable in every way to learning about English life and literature inside the brick walls of Camden Town, where he first encountered them.

KEYWORDS:

Countryside, Dickens, Development, Rochester.

INTRODUCTION

Dickens always had a genuine love of the countryside, especially when it was close to picturesque old towns with historical interest. Without his early years at Rochester, he might not have grown to possess this most priceless quality, to which we owe some of the sweetest, most recent pages in his work. He has a very strong connection to that Kent neighbourhood, which, like the majority of other places that are easily accessible from London, has long since lost its ancient attractiveness. The eventful journeys of *Pickwick* begin in Rochester; the Gads hill home is located close by; and Rochester served as the setting for his unfinished narrative *Edwin Drood*. London brought with it unhappiness. *David Copperfield* popularized the image of the pitiful little boy toiling away at menial activities in a back alley close to the Thames. David cleans bottles for a wine merchant; his previous employers were a firm of blacking producers.

We are aware of how deeply this memory bothered the successful author; he withheld this information from his wife until after their marriage and reportedly could not bear to discuss it with his children. This has been used as evidence of a sensitiveness that cannot be distinguished from snobbishness, in my opinion. Dickens would not, like Josiah Bounderby in *Hard Times*, shout from the rooftops that he had been a poor boy working for a few shillings a week, and he undoubtedly would have preferred to reflect on a childhood like that of his friends and neighbours; however, much of his reluctance to recall this was because it involved a grave reproach upon his parents. In the portion of his autobiography that Forster has saved he says, "It is wonderful to me how I could have been so simply tossed aside at such an age. It amazes me that, even after I descended into the pitiful little slob I had been since we arrived in London, no one had compassion enough to suggest that something might have been spared, as undoubtedly it might have been, to place me at any common school."

I was a child of exceptional abilities who was quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt physically or mentally. I assume that our pals were worn out. Nobody displayed a sign. My mother and father expressed their satisfaction. If I had been twenty years old, a top student at a Grammar School, and headed to Cambridge, they would hardly have been more so. The tone of feeling in this text is clear; just as the youngster felt unjustly humiliated, the guy experienced tremendous emotional pain whenever he thought back on that terrible period. He kept silent out of a very natural reserve. A Study of Charles Dickens, Critical In his middle age, Dickens remarks that his father became a better man the longer he lived. Who could suggest that the older Dickens has no fondness for that sort of jovial impecuniosity when to us he is invariably Mr. Micawber? Undoubtedly, the novelist owed little more to his father than the cheerful disposition that played such a significant role in his achievement. Only one major fact about his mother is known: Mrs. Dickens vehemently opposed any change when, at last, a chance to free the lad from his toil in the blacking warehouse presented itself. An uncomfortable subject; suffice to mention in passing that the son's mentality has undoubtedly been permanently impacted by this experience.

The novelist's development was greatly influenced by the two years of infantile misery he endured in London (1822–1844), which gave rise to one of the most picturesque and pitiful chapters in English literature. He drew on memories of that time to create literary works throughout all of the years of his peak productivity. The only way he could have learned about obscure London's way of life was by really being a part of it, struggling and suffering amid its filth, at a time when the strongest impressions are made. It didn't stay long enough to taint his mind's inherent sweetness. Imagine Charles Dickens being imprisoned in the blacking warehouse for ten years; imagine him struggling fruitlessly to find the words to express the ideas that were inside of him; imagine him rejecting all but the company of rascals and borers; imagine him perhaps trying in vain to become a successful actor; imagine him measuring the chasm that separated him from everything he had hoped; it is all too simple to imagine the outcome knowing the character of the man so well [1]–[3].

But when he turned twelve, his parents sent him to school, and ever since, he has made steady progress toward success in the outside world. Despite everything, he was one of fortune's favourites; what he had gone through ultimately worked to his benefit, and the man who, at the age of 24, found himself the most well-known author in his time and country, might be encouraged to look on the bright side and to laugh with his varied audience. Dickens' biographer makes the improbable claim that the novelist's ability to portray low life with such clarity in his writings is due to his early observation of it (between the ages of ten and twelve). It is not to be assumed for a moment that the boy, who was familiar with London's grimmest side and spent time working in cellars, living in garrets, eating in cookshops, and visiting a debtor's prison (his father spent some time in detention) escaped the contamination of his surroundings. The boy's memory was permanently imprinted with London's filth. His good fortune accomplished the rest; all he had to do was flee in time. He attended a day school in North London in 1825, which is to say that it was at least as good as not attending school at all. It was a typical day school at the time.

One cannot prove that he learned anything there or from any other purported teacher outside of the fundamental basics of knowledge. Again, this is a subject on which Dickens felt some resentment throughout his life; while he aspired to be seen as intelligent, he was well aware that there were many areas in which he would never be able to make up for early training deficiencies. In those days, having a "classical education" was more socially significant than it is today, and he was unfamiliar with the classics. Those sections in his books that satirically discuss or make references to Greek and Latin studies are unmistakably written with a personal note. True, it is equally impossible to dispute that there was an abundance of

insincerity in this specific area of English life. Dickens took great pleasure in portraying classical professors as boring humbugs and in implying that they were such by the very necessity of the case, whereas Carlyle (who, by the way, was no Grecian) scorned "gerund-grinding" with justice. buddy, toils hopelessly over a Greek lexicon that he has no chance in hell of ever finishing. The side-hits against this educational hero of affluent England are numerous. For all of that, keep in mind David's pride when, with his school days behind him, he believes that he is "well-taught"; in other words, that he is in possession of the fruits of Strong's obsessive study of extinct languages. Dickens had far too much common sense and honesty to publicly declare his ignorance in a situation.

The part in the Goncourt's' Diary from the first volume, when the vile brothers describe a fight with Saint-Victor, a supporter of the Ancients. They, in their massive stupidity, finish the Charles Dickens: A Critical Study. A French book by the name of Adolphe was declared to be superior than Homer from all angles in discussion. Dickens should have known better, but having found legitimate fodder for ridicule in the educational follies of the day, he indulged that personal pique I have previously mentioned and probably thought that, in any case, he had not really missed the assistance of the ancient heathens in his struggle with life. After his own boys had completed the required courses for public school and university, he had a more open mind towards the matter. in Edwin Drood, one of the most endearing characters in his later writing, is a classical instructor who is devoid of humbug. In fact, he is possibly the only character in all of Dickens that bears a passing similarity to the modern sort of English gentleman. Talking about what a man may have done if he had been in significant ways a different man is pointless.

It is abundantly clear throughout Dickens' life narrative that his lack of schooling was a severe personal flaw, and there is no denying that it occasionally manifests as a hindrance in his writing. I am not concerned with criticism like Macaulay's attack on *Hard Times*, which claimed that it revealed a hopeless misunderstanding of the issues and strategies of political economy; I believe Dickens produced a book of little merit in this instance, but this is entirely unrelated to the issue of its economic instruction. However, one believes that Dickens' lack of familiarity with a variety of literary genres and forms of thought is partially to blame for the flaws of a novel like *Hard Times*. The concept is admirable, without a doubt, but the way it is presented shows an astonishing naiveté, which is clearly the result of an untrained intellect and an inadequately stored mind. His writing contains numerous examples of this. While we're at it, it's important to keep in mind that not all of Dickens' contemporaries joined in the chorus of joyful acclaim that greeted each new book; occasionally, he was subject to harsh criticism from the more serious literary outlets, and most of the time, this criticism targeted this weakness specifically.

It was believed that Dickens deliberately chose to address issues outside of his purview and expressed his opinions with a venom that was wholly unreasonable in someone who had nothing but prejudice or, at most, humane sentiment to guide them. Some of his letters attest to how strongly he felt this type of criticism, which, of course, had no effect other than to reaffirm his own opinions and speech patterns. In reality, even if many people may point out Dickens' limitations as a thinker, only one person could create literature like his, enhancing a significant portion of the human race with immeasurable gifts of joy and generosity. Despite opposition, he followed his own path and completed the task assigned to him.

DISCUSSION

We'll talk about how his neglected childhood has affected his life's aspects in the paragraphs that follow. It would have been fantastic if a well-balanced character had grown from such humble origins on its own. As a man and an artist, Dickens occasionally lacked equilibrium

and restraint. One so heavily gifted with the genial characteristics would have undoubtedly benefitted from greater education, even in the common sense, to help control this flaw. He need not have lost his capacity for creativity. We can easily imagine Charles Dickens maturing to the level of wisdom that would have ensured him a more contented life and, consequently, a longer one. But in order to achieve that, different teachers are required from those who purported to teach the unappreciated son of the naval pay officer and actually did so. If one wonders (as one may) how it happened that an uneducated man produced *Sketches by Boz* at the age of three and twenty-five a book so original in subject and treatment, so wonderfully true in observation, and on the whole so well written, there is of course only one explanation: the man had genius. Even brilliance, though, requires assistance from time to time. The parent responded, "Why, indeed, sir, ha! ha! he may be said to have educated himself," in response to someone asking the elder Dickens, "Pray, sir, where was your son educated." How early this self-instruction began we have already had a hint in that glimpse of the child sitting by Rochester Castle "with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza." [4]–[6].

Produced Sketches

It's possible to assume that Sancho Panza is well-known even now. But who were the others? Who today even knows anything about the great authors who influenced Charles Dickens when he was a young man? Smollett and Fielding might, after all, be better off not providing our young people with amusement. Charles Dickens devoured them when he was eight or nine years old and nearly learned them by heart. He claims that they had no negative effects on him, which is easily believed. A boy who is to contribute to the world's literature may well be fed on these ancient novelists, but other boys may do better to grow up on gentler nutrition. Charles Dickens: The list of his early reading is crucial; it should be given here as it appears in *David Copperfield*, with any additions made elsewhere. Along with volumes of essayists from *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, *The Idler*, *The Citizen of the World*, and a collection of farces edited by Mrs. Inchbald, there are also titles by Roderick Random, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights*, and *Tales of the Genii*.

These were iteming the youngster had discovered in his father's home in Chatham. He brought them with him to London and used them there as comfort throughout his two years of savage servitude. This list is significant not just because it confirms Dickens' early reading but also because it represents the total number of books that remained in his life, with very few exceptions, near and dear to his heart and imagination. Almost exclusively the novels he read first were those that had an impact on Dickens' writing. We must also include the Bible (with a focus on the New Testament), Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Sterne, as well as Scott and Carlyle among his own contemporaries. With that, we can wrap up this story about the authors he particularly admired and read throughout his formative years of study and his literary career. He never had much time for reading and probably never had a strong desire to read after success came [7]–[9].

Particularly appreciate

He was said to particularly appreciate travel-related literature, but they were just for fun. He did not discover any new authors during his own trips through Europe, and when he did try to read a French novelist, he reportedly found the dialogue to be unbearably monotonous. He acquired the ability to speak French and Italian, but he rarely used it. Few truly brilliant men could have had such a limited intellectual base. When we look at his practical interests, a different image emerges; for the time being, I will just speak about the book lore that influenced his thinking and guided his writing. The amazing mastery of language displayed

even in his earliest sketches is attributable to this early knowledge with English classics. When I talk about Dickens's style, I'll have enough time to mention his flaws that are immediately apparent. He uses vulgar language in his apprentice work, but it's amazing that they weren't more prevalent. If it weren't for the literary component of his self-education, which good fortune had allowed him to pursue, they undoubtedly would have been. A deep understanding of the aforementioned literature enabled him to grasp the racy language required by his subject and by the way he approached it.

Destined to have a position among the writers who are uniquely English, he discovered a natural heritage in the works of his forebears and was prepared for his work without the need for in-depth thought. No, the old masters of the English book are not read nowadays, but anyone who wants to understand the English must read them. When the young Dickens started writing fiction, his settings and characters made a natural continuation of the tales given by Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith. They gave him a picture of life as it was still going on around him; not much had changed. At the start of the 20th century, Nicholas Nickleby describes a social life that is as remote from our own as that in Roderick Random, but in another sense, these books are closer to us and have a more familiar feel than any novel, no matter how recent from the press or popular it may be [10], [11].

Component of our national identity

They are both a component of our national identity; they contain our own essence. England remains, and is probably going to remain, the same at its core as the England of our eighteenth-century writers, despite the significant changes on the surface of life. By communicating with them, one can see behind the facades of contemporary culture, evaluate the significance of "progress," and develop the ability to identify historically crucial elements. Before the conclusion of this article, I will have emphasized numerous times the importance of Dickens' writing as an expression of national spirit and life. He was obviously born with the ability to use such a phrase, and he could not have had a finer education than in Chatham's lumber room library. He first recognized the voice of his own ideas there. If the chaos of modern life leaves us with any desire or free time to research the circumstances that gave rise to Charles Dickens, we must also turn to those works. His choice of a pseudonym for the title page of his Sketches is noteworthy because, as he himself explains, "Boz" was just a playful nasal contraction of the moniker "Moses" that was used in his family; the original Moses was none other than the son of in the Vicar of Wakefield.

This tight relationship between Goldsmith and Dickens, whose spirits are so similar in their gentle compassion, has a particular delight to it. Dickens did in fact hold a special place in his heart for the Vicar of Wakefield. He claims that he wants to write a narrative that is roughly the same length as The Vicar when considering his first holiday novel (and who could have loved A Christmas Carol more than Oliver Goldsmith?). One may easily draw comparisons between the works of the two authors, and it is likely that none of the factors that shaped Dickens' writing had a greater impact than the example of Goldsmith's fiction. The two novels, among those named above, that are least associated with English customs and thought, demand a term. Dickens' day saw greater reading of The Arabian Nights and Tales of the Genii than our own, and most children today probably wouldn't even be aware of Eastern romance if it weren't for the Christmas pantomime. Oddly enough, Dickens seems to reference the Arabian Nights more frequently than any other book or author throughout his writing.

He is not prone to quoting or making literary allusions, but those Eastern fairy tales give him plenty of examples to draw from, and not just in his early novels. Is it just wishful thinking to think that this passion could be an illustration of the mentality that caused him to find endless

romance in London's less-than-glamorous life, rather than an explanation for it? Whereas the average person only observes daily routine, Dickens is filled with the perception of wonderful possibilities. He frequently infused his depictions of life by the Thames with elements from the *Arabian Nights*. He once found it irritating when someone referred to his books as "romances," which is understandable given that he never wrote one in the traditional meaning of the word. However, his perspective was completely different from that of a contemporary fiction writer who seeks accuracy. He looked for wonders in the mundane lives of ordinary streets, and possibly learning about the brilliant Eastern fables, which he consumed alternately with the novel from the eighteenth century, helped to stimulate his intellect in this regard as well. The Essayists must have contributed significantly to the development of his intellect; it's likely that reading Addison and Steele brought him closer to education than anything else he was interested in as a young lad. I greatly tend to the notion of a kind of Spectator (Addison's) that is extremely inexpensive and rather often, he wrote to Forster about his idea for a periodical publication (which would later become *Household Words*).

What an odd sound it makes to our ears! Who among today's editors would aspire to use Addison as his model? Dickens, however, was considerably closer to the era of gracious leisure and had, on one side of his nature, much benefited from its lessons. He doesn't appear to have mentioned Sir Walter Scott very often, but one of his lectures in America shows that he genuinely liked that higher spirit. And it appears to me that Scott's impact on *Barnaby Rudge*'s story is not in question. There was one artist—a painter using a brush and burin—from whom Dickens undoubtedly learned, but I don't think it's possible to compare their works as Forster and others have. Although Hogarth's creativity was far different from that of *Pickwick*'s author, it was natural that a mind preoccupied with thoughts of poverty and all of its consequences would be drawn to, even enchanted, by his profound studies of life and character. Additionally, Dickens' marriage at the age of twenty-four to Miss Hogarth, a woman who claimed ancestry from her famous namesake, led to a curious interest in the artist's name. It would be difficult to find any other similarity in the ways that the two men presented the facts, despite the fact that they were both ardent moralists. In terms of humour, I can't find anything in Hogarth that even comes close to matching Dickens' humour. Hogarth does smile, but how gloomily! He possesses an unyielding energy that the novelist had nothing at all of. Imagine a work of fiction written by the author of *Gin Lane* and *The Harlot's Progress* alongside the books that have delighted English readers since *Pickwick*. Both men identify as Puritans; Hogarth displays his religion more sternly while Dickens gently avoids anything that may offend the virtuous, with that compromise constituting the very core of his artistic conscience, whereas the other hated it [12], [13].

Artistic perspective

Actually, their artistic perspective was different. Dickens was not a self-deceiver; at any moment, his feet would take him to areas of London where he could see and had frequently seen scenes as horrific as those the artist had painted in black and white. He stared steadily at such things and, when the time was right, could speak about them. However, when he picked up the storyteller's pen, his brilliance forced him to use and interpret painful truth in such a way that audiences who prioritized calming entertainment instead of anything else loved him rather than feared him. I'll have more to say later on this topic. Enough so that the young writer's focus on the topics he would approach in his own unique style was surely helped by the great limner. If more proof were needed, it can be found in the preface to *Oliver Twist* where, after discussing the romanticized forms of mischief that are then Charles Dickens.

Prevalent in fiction,

He claims that Hogarth's works are the only ones to depict the true thief. Dickens was introduced into personal relationships with one artist from his own era. The *Sketches* and *Oliver Twist* were both illustrated by George Cruikshank, and a silly rumour that was troublesome at the time claimed that Oliver's background was suggested by some of Cruikshank's own pictures. For my part, I can only appreciate a select handful of the well-known etchings in these early books; it seems to me that the late Fred Barnard, a writer with less inventiveness than Cruikshank, did better job with his illustrations for the books, better in the sense that they were more accurately illustrative. However, Dickens and Cruikshank were so similar in their propensity for the grotesque that it is possible to grasp the untrue story that Dickens went to great lengths to disprove.

Cruikshank's painting

The *Bottle* when it was released a few years later as a blow for temperance, albeit he had issues with the way it presented its lesson. Beyond the fact that Dickens liked the artist's designs from the start of his own career, nothing, as far as I'm aware, can be advanced in support of the claim that he was inspired or guided by Cruikshank's genius. This is because the lines on which these workers worked in different arts could not help but be similar, and there could not help but be a great deal of sympathy between them.

Dickens prepared himself to work as a reporter at one of the offices in Doctors' Commons the amazing area made famous by David Copperfield first following in the footsteps of his father by mastering shorthand, and then in the gallery of the House. he had made it thus far. He immediately established himself as a notable journalist in the field to which he was limited with the vivacious enthusiasm that was always his defining quality. Before this, he managed to read a lot at the British Museum while working as a clerk in an attorney's office and spending the most of his evenings at the theatre. It is safe to say that his evening entertainment had a much greater impact on his research findings than any formal studies he conducted, unless and this is a not implausible assumption he, like Charles Lamb, primarily used the Museum's reading room for dramatic literature. Dickens had already made up his mind to pursue a career in theatre at this point in his life. He felt equally at home as an actor or a dramatist and had no preference in the matter. Even though he put in a lot of effort, he merely put up with his day's toil in the vain expectation that it would end when he found his time on stage. He undoubtedly would have been successful in both roles, albeit with a success that was considerably less brilliant than what fate had in store for him.

In the end, he did develop into, if not exactly an actor, then at least a public entertainer whose most powerful effects were created by the use of theatrical talent; as an amateur, he performed frequently throughout his life. His attempts at writing for the stage—*The Strange Gentleman*, a farce that was performed in 1836; *The Village Coquettes*, a libretto that was produced in the same year; and *The Lamplighter*, a farce that was written in 1838 but never performed—did not demonstrate his abilities in this area and were hastily abandoned as his literary fame was just getting started. However, a year or two before he penned his *Sketches*, when he became restless in his mechanical job as a shorthand writer due to his awareness of his nebulous talent and great ambition, he applied to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre for a chance to demonstrate his abilities. Due to advancements in journalism and the accident of illness interfering with his position, his application was not renewed. Dickens obviously came dangerously close to embracing the actor's world, and his relationship with the theatre runs so deep that it is impossible to dismiss this event as a minor footnote in his early life story.

It declares an innate mental bent rather than the flitting propensity that is frequently felt by young men who are more or less talented. We observe a significance in Dickens' choice of a play when, in the zenith of his power, he staged dramatic performances to entertain himself and further humanitarian goals. He selected *Every Man in His Humour* by Ben Jonson, in which he plays Bobadil. I'm not sure when he started reading Ben Jonson, but I'd like to know that it was during his time spent at the British Museum, while he still had all of his work in front of him. One may well see Dickens' excitement at becoming the acquaintance of unique Ben. Forster does a great job of describing the intensity and enthusiasm with which his friend adopted the persona of Bobadil; how for a few weeks he truly took on the role of Bobadil, talking about him and writing about him whenever possible. What could be more natural than his admiration for the honourable old author whose strength rested in the display of exuberant humour? Dickens didn't lead the same life as the Elizabethans; in contrast, his world was starved and impoverished; however, he made richer use of the humours of the men he knew, humours precisely in Jonson's sense, than anything of that kind previously found in English literature since the golden age.

CONCLUSION

The title of Jonson's play may sum up all of Dickens; Ben himself is hardly the only figure who represents a "humour" that occasionally runs into excess. He performed in this play on multiple occasions between 1845 and 1850, and it's hard to deny that it contributed to confirming his propensity for exaggerating ugly characterization. So much for the portion of his self-education that was obtained from books. Dickens was the best person to learn how to store and apply the vast experience that life had been giving him in the meantime. Theophile Gautier, an observer of a completely different kind, once said of himself: "All my value is that I am a man for whom the visible world exists." In Dickens, this was by no means the only attribute or the most important one, but undoubtedly few individuals have had such a good eye for detail. A student is typically unobservant of exterior things, but Dickens, who was far from a bookish lad, gazed about him during those years of battle for survival with an attention to detail that didn't miss even the smallest detail. He reportedly had extraordinarily bright eyes that gave everyone who saw them a sense of his keenness. They were keen, but not in the conventional sense; rather, they penetrated beneath the surface and, in Lamb's words, "distinguished the quiddity of common objects." Everything he saw was recorded in his mind so that he could recall it at any time and, using his command of language and eye for beauty, explain it to others. His time as an attorney's clerk was not quite two years, and it appears that his time as a court reporter in the Doctors' Commons courts was even shorter. Nevertheless, during this time, he likely gained the majority of the legal knowledge that was first evident in *Pickwick*.

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CHAPTER 3

UNDERSTANDING OF THE STORY–TELLER: A REVIEW STUDY

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ABSTRACT:

Looking through the literary history of the age when Dickens was learning the trade reveals the fictional characters Disraeli, Peacock, Mrs. Norton, Bulwer, Ainsworth, and Marryat. Even if the incoming master claimed to have a great regard for Lord Lytton's romances and shared the literary tradition with Captain Marryat, all of them mean very little to him. Browning had published a poem, Tennyson had already appeared, and Sartor Resorts had "got itself published" and was waiting for readers. Tracts for the Times were causing a stir in another area, and the young student of life probably already had an opinion on the subject. It is more interesting to notice that Chambers' Journal and Knight's Penny Magazine were founded in 1832. This is a sign of the emergence of a new audience, a group of readers that no author had previously directly addressed and who could only be reached by publication in the cheapest form. We learn that highwaymen romances were very popular at the time from the prelude to *Oliver Twist*, and that Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* was his response to the demand.

KEYWORDS:

Appeared, Browning, Captain, Sheppard.

INTRODUCTION

Dickens directed his first novel, which is how it should be termed, in opposition to this pervasive celebration of mischief. *Pickwick* is simply a fantastic book; it cannot be categorized as a novel. Everyone is aware that the idea for it came from a publisher, who suggested that the creator of *Sketches by Boz* write a few witty chapters to go along with a few witty illustrations. The joke was meant to be directed towards Cockney sportsmen. Dickens received approval to write in his unique style. Mr. Winkle with the gun is still the key component of the initial idea; yet, this piece of hackwork ended up becoming far more than the author had originally intended. Evidently, he had only the haziest of plans when he began; even the character of his key figure was unclear to him. A forgivable mistake given the circumstances, but the same flaw can be found in all of Dickens's earlier works. He only managed to fix it once his creative fervour had started to wane, and in the end, he tried to make up for the loss of much more significant qualities by inventing an elaborate plot. I suggest focusing on Dickens' story structure in the first place when analysing him as an artist. Please note that I only address the books from this perspective in the current chapter, deferring discussion of the aspects of the master's work that represent his strength and grandeur. I think that despite how poorly written it was, *Pickwick* was never uninteresting. It is possible to discuss it in polite terms by pointing out that it is part of an extremely old school of narrative and pointing out parallels to works as diverse as *Don Quixote* and Mr. *Pickwick*, who are in some ways the antitypes of the Knight of La Mancha and Sancho, respectively.

There is none apart from in the Dodson and Fogg offices. The message is intended to hit the reader's diaphragm, but instead ricochets to his heart. We have a typical London landlady, a breach of promise case, and a debtors' prison here, along with Lord Campbell's declaration

that he would rather have written *Pickwick* than served as Chief Justice of England. However, these are just the ramblings, accidents, and undignified antics of some Londoners, one of whom was accompanied by a manservant that he picked up at an inn as boots. What a dull subject to write about in 1837, unless you knew how to use it to your eternal advantage! In this second book, which is not yet a novel but contains tendencies that will soon reach full maturity, just as we discovered the seed of all Dickens in the *Sketches*. The theme itself doesn't allow for much variation in tone, so we turn to the tried-and-true method of episodic stories. One of them demonstrates the melodramatic tendencies that would play such a significant role in later works, while *Gabriel Grub's Tale* gives an early glimpse of the Christmas fantasies that helped their author win the hearts and minds of the public.

The conclusion provides our first illustration of Dickens' unwavering optimism. The goal is to make everyone (or all but everyone) happy for the rest of time. Gracious hearts are softened by appreciation, and good hearts throb with contented altruism. The public like this kind of material, and they would be fortunate if it were frequently provided to them with Dickens' level of deep sincerity. *Oliver Twist* continues the English novel-writing heritage, making us instantly Charles Dickens. A Critical Study the Storyteller 13 was reminded of the old books at the Chatham Library. Although the settings, characters, and tonality are new, the manner has been used for so long. In terms of construction, there is a very slight amount more than in *Pickwick*; yet, it is poorly managed, to the point where one tries to excuse the flaw by recalling that *Pickwick's* final act and *Oliver's* early acts were being worked on at the same time. Dickens, however, demonstrated an astounding lack of talent when it came to creating believable scenarios in other books than this one.

Later, through pure willpower, he showed enough ingenuity often too much for his purposes, but he never mastered the art of tailoring simple probabilities to the goals of a story. Unfortunately, he rarely considers the obvious reasons for human life in his storylines. He frequently likes some far-fetched peculiarity, some piece of knavishness, or some odd occurrence about which to construct his yarn note that I am speaking about his plots. And this, in my opinion, is directly related to his love of the theatre. He prepared a story as if he were preparing a play. He could disregard the footlights when the demands of intrigue did not weigh heavily on him, which thankfully was frequently the case in his roomy stories. However, as soon as an "effect" is required, both gas and limelight are turned on. Can't we hear the incidental music frequently? As a writer and a person, Dickens' love of the stage was undoubtedly a mistake for him. We have genuine stage work in the fictitious riddles that are created to surround *Oliver* and in the unbelievable frailty of what is supposed to be the story's darkest chapter. A paragraph mocks the period melodrama, which is described as a collection of medieval villains; Dickens, in these worst instances of his imagination, used the conventional melodrama's motivations on a modern subject.

This is occasionally even shown in the dialogue. As Bill Sikes runs from his pursuers, he yells an odd exclamation for a burglar in London: "Wolves tear your throats!" And once more, after the murder, he refers to one of the shocked thieves as "this screeching Hell-Babe," a phrase that would sound at home on the Adelphi Theatre's stage but be out of place in a slum in London. The section of the book where Rose Maylie and her boyfriend are shown has more of a theatre than a circulating library feel to it. When Rose was in despair, "a heavy wildness came over her soft blue eyes," according to the text. I don't believe Dickens ever used a term just like this again, but the theatric vice is present throughout his entire structure. He overdid it in the years 1838 and 1839. *Oliver Twist* was started long before it ended, much as *Nicholas Nickleby* was started before *Pickwick*. He was under such pressure from ill-considered commitments that in February 1839, he wrote to his publisher pleading for patience and stating that "the conduct of three different stories at the same time, and the

production of a large portion of every month, would have been beyond Scott himself." It naturally followed from his unexpectedly remarkable success. Finally, he found peace by simply refusing to be held accountable for his commitments. This was a drastic measure, but it had to be weighed against the calculating interests of a cunning publisher. It is obvious that *Nickleby* was under excessive stress since, despite its popularity and future qualities, it is the least satisfying of the books written prior to Dickens' first trip to the United States.

Five books in five years, from *Pickwick* in 1837 to *Barnaby Rudge* in 1841, is a record that is in no way comparable to that of Scott, but is nonetheless fantastic considering that the author only had half as much expertise to rely upon. Since *Nickleby* is lengthier than its predecessor, the flawed design is more noticeable and wears on the reader; that is, if one thinks about it at all, which one should never do when reading Dickens. Once again, we find ourselves caught up in melodrama of the most pathetic kind; at the conclusion of the narrative, there are wastes of stagey language and action that are unintelligible to all but the youngest readers. All of this is completely unworthy of the author, but in keeping with *Oliver*, it revealed his limitations as a novelist. Dickens was good at event, but he never had control over "situation". Where his resources have always failed him, a major circumstance must be preceded by careful and skilled prediction in character and event. As a result, scenes that he intended and may have felt would be quite effective wind up failing due to their lack of substance.

A knowledgeable reader walks away in disgust and, if he adheres to a hasty school of contemporary criticism, claims that Dickens is hopelessly out of date and has always been greatly exaggerated. For the last time, we get episodic stories, which are acceptable in a book that, despite its flaws, has such an air of leisurely old fiction. *The Old Curiosity Shop*, which followed next, features more inventive design: instead of smelling like a theatre, it has delectable fresh scents from England's fields and alleys.

Charles Dickens

A Critical Study. Obviously, the habit Dickens had at the time of starting to write without a clear plan led to an initial sin of construction. Master Humphrey begins by talking about himself before moving on to a story about something that happened to him when he was traveling. At this point, the author realizes that he must leave the scene, and the area is now inhabited by the characters he introduced. In other words, Dickens transformed the piece of writing that he had started as a sketch or gossip into a formal book when readers of the periodical known as *Master Humphrey's Clock* expressed some irritation with its desultory style.

Today, it would be next to impossible for a writer of fiction to republish a work with such a design flaw that was accidentally written and serialized; a very slight amount of literary conscientiousness, as we understand it, would impose this duty; in fact, fear of the public would exact it. Dickens, however, never thought of it that way. He was conscientious in areas pertaining to his craft, as we shall see, but the craft itself was less exacting in his day; many people cheered, so why should he interfere with what they had so vehemently praised? The similar thing happens when Walter Scott discovers two or three chapters of an old book, he wrote that was started and abandoned in the past. After reading the pages and smiling while doing so, he sits down to finish the novel. *Waverley's* two parts have a significant stylistic and tonal difference, with the latter chapters being more mature and masterful. Scott must have been fully aware of this when reading the *Waverley* proofs, if not earlier. He could have rewritten the beginning in a matter of hours, but why? He was amused by the entire situation. The general population, on the other hand, was more than amused. And our severe taskmaster, the solemn *Art of Fiction*, had nothing to do with it. *The Old Curiosity Shop*, on the other hand, is vastly superior to the earlier books in this regard. The story is more

symmetrical, progresses more steadily to its conclusion, and that conclusion is far more pleasant. It stays in one's memory as a whole, with no part that one feels is intrusive, out of place, or overly wimpy [1]–[3].

DISCUSSION

Dickens was so absorbed in his idea when penning the final section that he wrote at odd hours, which was obviously not typical for a guy with his social instincts. Thus, the book's effects became more consistent. One of the most wonderful stories we have in our language, it is a narrative in the truest sense. The final member of this first group, *Barnaby Rudge*, is both a story about a private life and a historical novel. It was created over the course of five of the happiest years in human history. Although the two sections are not cohesively joined, *Barnaby* is clear of Dickens' greatest design flaws. Before we reach the conclusion, the interest we started with is lost in much wider interests. Despite the plan's flaws, it is well-crafted and its details are not poorly thought out. Dickens has a flaw that has been brought to our attention: he is unable to deftly reveal details that, for the sake of the plot, he has long kept hidden. With regret for using such a derogatory term, he must be held responsible for having botched all of his effects of this nature.

Dickens is unmatched

There is little doubt that uncovering the riddle surrounding *Edwin Drood* would have shown the previous incapacity. Dickens is unmatched by any master of fiction if he is given the freedom to depict his life as it actually was, but if you force him to tell a manufactured tale, he immediately cedes to the lower echelons of novelists. This book has the odd habit of beginning each chapter with a few old-fashioned moralizing sentences, usually on life's rewards. Later, Dickens discovered a joyful replacement for this kind of stuff in his peculiar style of good-natured satire, which had a more focused but still practical focus. A significant turning point in his career occurred in 1842. He made his first trip to America and returned having expanded his thinking on a variety of topics. He finished what is arguably the best of his writings, *Martin Hazlitt*, in 1844 after publishing *American Notes* and the first of his Christmas books, the *Carol*. The fact that such a judgment is feasible demonstrates how little Dickens' novels' distinctive quality has to do with their completion as artistic works; after all, it would be difficult to find a novel more amorphous or a narrative less coherent than *Martin Chole*t in any body of literature. Repeated readings are ineffective in cementing the events in one's memory as a series of happenings; we are familiar with the characters and can recall several scenes, but everything else is just a hazy memory. I will reiterate that one can only be astounded by such a man as Dickens' failure to plan more effectively than this in *Charles Dickens* [4], [5].

A Critical Study

Shoots at a series of "effects" that are all uninteresting to people or, at worst, an outrage to probability after being duped by the footlights. He gets himself into sticky situations that demand extraordinary feats of perverted ingenuity. And last, when it becomes clear that his story has little chance of success, he cuts through obstacles, makes problems disappear, and plays up his characters for a dramatic climax; he is so confident in his ability to touch readers' emotions that he can ignore their confusion. The novel would benefit from skipping the first chapter, an extremely tedious and drawn-out piece of mockery against the alleged benefits of "birth," which has nothing to do with the plot. Dickens is not at his best when he is enraged, which is unusual. *Chole*t outperforms all of his other books in terms of the theatrical conventions of its grand finale and wonderful concluding scene. All the dramatists have gathered around old *Martin* (in the middle of the stage), whether or not they belong there;

Mrs. Gamp, Poll Sweetlips, and young Bailey enter the scene without rhyme or reason only to complete the circle.

The triumphant triumph of theatres heritage is spectacular. However, it is insufficient; something more is required to fully satiate the reader's desire for a happy ending. As a result, just before the book comes to a close, the miserable emigrant family that Martin and Tapley had left behind in the wild west of America shows up in the centre of London! At the foot of the Monument, near to Rodgers', they are on purpose, ready to shake hands with everyone and fill the cup with charitable joy. Who, other than Dickens, has ever ventured to take such a risk? Who will ever muster the bravery to hit that note once more? It is important to keep in mind that the author started releasing these novels with only three or four sections finished, and that there were twenty parts total. A writing style like this explains a lot of things. Dickens acknowledged some drawbacks, but he consistently believed that this was the best method to further his artistic goals. The book naturally turned into an improvisation.

The decision to transfer Cholet's hero to America was made suddenly after a diminishing sale revealed that the monthly instalments were no longer as alluring as normal. At the time *Hazlitt* was first written, he had absolutely no intention of doing so. No matter how hard the artist's conscience pleaded for it, it is never conceivable to change a story's opening chapters; in Dickens's case, it was also impossible for him to mentally view the project he was working on as a whole. He had written it, and it needed to do what he had intended. One can only bemoan the fact that these flaws marred his unique traits. Till 1848, when the next great book was completed, Dickens had travelled and lived on the Continent, which was a happy period in his life but had little effect on his writing [6]–[8].

Strange environment

The man is typified by his Italian sketches; more cannot be said. *Dombey and Son* was one of the books he struggled to write while in the Alps because of the strange environment. I suppose this is partly the effect of two years' ease, and partly of the absence of the streets and numbers of figures. I can't express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain, which I cannot bear, when busy, to lose. He tells Forster, "You can hardly imagine what infinite pains I take, or what extraordinary difficulty I find in getting on fast.... He claims, and we are inclined to believe him, that while he was writing, he visited every bed in Paul's school's dorm and every pew in the chapel where Florence was married. In this context, it's important to note that Dickens didn't keep any kind of literary journal until 1855. He felt reluctance after finishing all of his best work, which inspired him to take notes. A French or English realist with a library of documents can think about this fact and draw any conclusions he wants from it.

The first book with a clear moral message is *Dombey*, which is about pride. We get the impression that the book was constructed with tremendous care and endless effort to create a unity. There is no question that Dickens had established the broad strokes of his plot in advance and had kept to them. The progress is undeniable (although we have undoubtedly lost something), but one cannot help but notice that with Paul's passing, a novel that is finished in and of itself comes to an end a novel that is, in my opinion, more successful than what comes from the extended effort. Dickens describes the struggle it took to shift the focus of his story from the deceased boy to his sister Florence right away in letters; the unfortunate necessity for it. As per usual, we have raucous melodrama next to humor that is unparalleled for its delicate touches of reality and fantasy. There may not have been a time when Charles Dickens more brazenly disregarded the modesty of his Charles Dickens: *A Critical Study* 16nature as here, both in character and circumstance, as with the young girl Alice and her disreputable mother, pendants to Edith Dombey and Mrs. Skewon. discovery of the location

where his wife has fled is an example of a fantastical and laborious plot, compounded with a great deal of improbability. There is nothing simpler than achieving the same goal using reasonable and straightforward means, yet Dickens had a "effect" in mind of the kind that so oddly satisfied him. His melodrama accomplishes a goal that is novel to *Dombey* but later becomes commonplace [9]–[11].

it brings characters together in weirdly intimate relationships so they can take pleasure in it. His most effective use of the motivation illustrating social extremes. Dickens' first published work was *Bleak House*, and in his final pages, there is a startling example. The novelist first considered using his own youth as inspiration for a work of fiction as he was presenting the tale of little Paul, who was the victim of overprotective parents. According to Forster Dickens wrote a chapter of memories in 1847 that he originally meant to serve as the prologue to an autobiography. He quickly abandoned this idea, perhaps wisely, but the memory of his own unhappy upbringing lingered and served as the inspiration for his next book, *David Copperfield* (1850). The world has since agreed with Dickens that this is his best work. In no other does the story progress from beginning to end with such complete force. He wrote from the bottom of his heart, vividly describing everything he had gone through as a boy and even mentioning the domestic strife he would later experience. *David Copperfield* is challenging to discuss in terms of cool critique, but for the time being, I must set aside the allure of its subject matter and focus just on its form. Once more, though, we see a lack of originality and abuse of drama along with opulent abundance of description, character, sadness, and humours.

Simultaneously dramatized

After her childhood, Emily's entire story is unhappy in conception. Such a subject fell completely outside Dickens's purview, and could not be dealt by him in any manner other than insufficiently (of course, this portion of the book was simultaneously dramatized and acted). Even Mr. Micawber, in all his solid actuality, has to stroll among these airy figments and play his theatrical role; the riddles surrounding Mr. Wickham, the knaveries of Uriah Heep, have no claim on our belief; intrigue is half-heartedly presented simply because intrigue seems essential. The orchestra plays quite loudly during the scene between Emily and Rosa Dartle in Chapter L; each syllable has an accompanying squeak or tremolo. But enough; one doesn't have the heart to ruminate on a book's flaws. However, it should be observed how frankly Dickens acknowledges the commonality of a first-person narrative. Without apologizing, David describes in great detail discussions that occur before he is even born. How could he? The absorbed reader never realizes the point. Such audacity is not displayed in *Bleak House*, where the same tactic is adopted (in part), but the convention still calls for a significant amount of probability to be sacrificed.

The first-person narration of *Great Expectations*, which grants the narrator nothing less than Dickens' own equipment of genius, retains verisimilitude with amazing care. Nothing is described as having been seen or heard that the writer could not have seen or heard. This example demonstrates that Dickens was aware of his creative shortcomings and took steps to remedy them. However, he had already reached the pinnacle of his creative life, and even a modest gain in technical accuracy could not make up for the world's loss when his distinctive strength started to falter and his natural force started to wane. The construction of *Bleak House* (1853) is just perfect. Here, Dickens laboriously worked on polishing the kind of story he had always envisioned and came up with a superb illustration of a theatrical storyline. In this instance, it cannot be said that the intrigue is difficult to recall because it is a jigsaw that is deceptively straightforward and the pieces fit together flawlessly. Even if she might willingly recognize a few of the performers as her offspring, poor untidy Life disavow any

involvement with these actions. There are mistakes, to be sure. How could Dickens expect a reader to believe that Lady Dedlock, who was unaware of her lover's employment as a law writer, recognized his handwriting in a piece of work he had completed? What unfortunate circumstances arose for him that prevented him from coming up with a mechanism more persuasive than this for such a straightforward goal? But even with a pointless goal, the author managed to succeed here. When combined with Dickens' genuine powers, the story achieves its intended effect. We move through a world of choking fog and squalid pitfalls, amid plot and counterplot, cold self-interest and overwrought passion, and we can never resist paying attention to the magician who reveals it all. Charles Dickens: A Critical Study have left it to this place to speak of the sin, most gross, most palpable, which Dickens everywhere commits in his abuse of "coincidence Bleak House is the supreme example of his recklessness.

It seems never to have occurred to him, thus far in his career, that novels and fairy tales (or his favourite Arabian Nights) should obey different laws in the matter of incident. When *Oliver Twist* casually makes acquaintance with an old gentleman in the streets of London, this old gentleman of course turns out to be his relative, who desired of all things to discover the boy. When Steerforth returns to England from his travels with Emily, his ship is of course wrecked on the sands at Yarmouth, and his dead body washed up at the feet of David Copperfield, who happened to have made a little journey to see his Yarmouth friends on that very day. In *Bleak House* scarcely a page but presents some coincidence as glaring as these. Therein lies the worthlessness of the plot, which is held together only by the use of coincidence in its most flagrant forms. Grant that anything may happen just where or when the interest of the story demands it, and a neat drama may pretty easily be constructed. The very boldness of the thing prevents readers from considering it; indeed, most readers take the author's own view, and imagine every artificiality to be permitted in the world of fiction. Dickens was content to have aroused interest, wonder, and many other emotions.

CONCLUSION

The conception of the book is striking; the atmosphere could hardly be better; even the melodrama (as in 'rook's death by spontaneous combustion) justifies itself by magnificent workmanship. No doubt the generality of readers is wise, and it is pedantry to object to the logical extremes of convention in an art which, without convention, would not exist. One wishes that Esther Summerson had not been allowed to write in her own person or rather to assume, with such remarkable success, the personality of Charles Dickens. This well-meaning young woman, so blind to her own merits, of course had no idea that she was a great humourist and a writer of admirable narrative; but readers (again the reflective few) are only too much impressed by her powers. Again, one closes his eyes, and suffers a glad illusion. But for the occasional "I" one may easily enough forget that Miss Summerson is speaking. I must pass rapidly over the novels that remain. Of *Little Dorrit* (1855), as of *Martin Hazlet*, who can pretend to bear the story in mind? There is again a moral theme: the evils of greed and vulgar ambition. As a rule, we find this book dismissed rather contemptuously; it is held to be tedious, and unlike Dickens in its prevalent air of gloom. For all that, I believe it to contain some of his finest work, some passages in which he attains an artistic finish hardly found elsewhere; and to these I shall return.

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CHAPTER 4

APPLICATION OF THE ART, VERACITY AND MORAL PURPOSE

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ABSTRACT:

It is a thankless effort to write disparagingly about a person like Dickens. I can't wait to finish my article and be in a position to talk freely, concentrate on the brilliance of the master's creation, and laud him where he is unparalleled. But a path must be made plain. The philosophy and practice of fiction in modern-day England have undergone such significant transformation that we must now view Dickens as, in many ways, obsolete. As long as there are no weapons of mass destruction involved, being antiquated in art is not necessarily a bad thing. However, as a result of the previous chapter, we believe that Dickens suffers from comparisons to other novelists, including some who were strictly his contemporaries. We must now consider what other areas his work significantly departs from how we now view the craft of novel writing. Theoretically, it will be clear that he had little in common with the school of pure authenticity, or realism, as you may like; a school that, independent of extravagances, has guided fiction in a direction it is likely to follow for many years to come.

KEYWORDS:

Concentrate, Disparagingly, Significant, Transformation.

INTRODUCTION

A novelist who avows and extols his moral purpose, who would in no way give the cheek of a middle-class person a blush, who at any moment tampers with the truth of circumstance so that his readers may have joy rather than sorrow, is the target of harsh criticism from young writers whose zeal far exceeds their discretion and knowledge. Well, we must investigate this matter, and, as Captain When attempting to assess Dickens as a man of his time, it is important to consider the mindset with which he approached his work and the goals he actively set out to pursue with his storytelling. Sincerity of purpose is one thing that will never go out of style in a mocking way. Modern novelists prioritize being perceived as sincere in their depictions of life. If Dickens' actions confirm that he is no less honest, we must next consider the factors that set him apart from us in terms of his artistic conception and execution. Forster's biography has received a lot of criticism for giving the biographer an excessive amount of importance.

Since I am unable to join in this criticism, I will instead repeat Thomas Carlyle's laudatory statement: "So long as Dickens is interesting to his fellowmen, here will be seen, face to face, what Dickens's manner of existence was." I believe that Carlyle had good taste in biographies; as a writer, he valued this detailed portrayal of a coworker. Since it depicts the plot and style of Dickens's work in such rich detail, portraying him at his desk day by day while recounting his hidden struggles and secret triumphs, I should say that there is no book more inspiring and empowering to a young man beginning his struggle in the world of letters than this one by Forster. In short, it brings the man to life before us the most noble portion of his life. Whatever our opinion of the outcome, his fervor and intensity belonged to a true artist. Numerous passages from his letters may be cited to demonstrate how much he delighted in the labor of creation, how deeply he immersed himself in the imagined universe with which he was preoccupied, and how it was impossible for him to devote anything less

than all of his magnificent force to the task at hand. The following is a suitable illustration. He writes to inform his friend Forster of a personal irritation that had the potential to interfere with his day's job. After reading that Charles Dickens: A Critical Study note to you to calm my nerves, and walking around the room a bit, I started working on it again and quickly became so engrossed that I blazed away until nine last night, only pausing for ten minutes for dinner. I suppose I wrote eight printed pages of C.D.

He carried out his responsibilities as a magazine editor with exactly the same level of diligence. He then writes to Forster, saying, "I have had a story accepted from a contributor who is only marginally qualified. It has taken me four hours of close attention to hack and hew the story into some form for Household Words this morning." Dickens devoted four hours of his attention to this topic in 1856. Whereas an average editor or more specifically, his assistant would have been fine with a few blettings and insertions, confident that "the great big stupid public," as Thackeray put it, would not have been made happier by such labor. The public was not everything to Dickens; he was unable to rest until those writing's imperfections were fixed and stopped offending his eye. But nonetheless. The paradox that irritates Dickens' harsher critics, the artistic generation of today, is when he honestly asks Forster, "Do you think it may be done, without making people angry?" He had in mind to use a character from *Dombey and Son* in a particular.

They argue that when a great writer gets a truly brilliant idea, he should hold off on acting on it until he has carefully considered whether Messrs. Mudie's subscribers will find it acceptable or not. Just the suggestion is vexing. And they loudly assert that Dickens was constantly doing this. He may have labored like a Trojan, but what good is artistic labor if it is done in hourly dread of Mrs. Grundy? Can you picture the Continental novelist who has been blamed for everything being in such a sad state? Why, nothing would have made him happier than to know that he was upsetting the public! In reality, the only way one's work has a chance of being good is when one does this! Regarding the speakers, all of which might be true enough. It makes no difference in terms of Dickens. Dickens never craved the freedom to insult his audience, and he had no such artistic ideal before him. To him, empathy with his readers was the fundamental essence of existence; the greater the depth of that empathy, the higher he valued his work. He was fully aware of the limitations placed on him, and there is evidence that he could understand the creative benefit that would come from loosening the restraints of English delicacy, but he never thought to publicly challenge the prejudices in place.

Dickens would never have thought it was within the purview of a storyteller to try and persuade his audience of a new set of literary morals. He would utilize all of his artistic resources to combat social injustice or political stupidity because he knew that good people would support him in doing so. It would have appeared to him like a sort of practical bull to write a novel with the intention of alienating everyone save a very small number of his fellow countrymen; isn't the first and fundamental rule of novel writing that one should endeavor to please as many people as possible? In the preface to *Pendennis*, Thackeray addressed this issue in a straightforward manner. Since Tom Jones, no English novelist had been granted such frankness, he openly warned his readers not to anticipate finding the complete truth about a young man's life in his book. Dickens makes a similar criticism in a letter that Forster publishes. In it, he criticizes English people for being inconsistent, complaining that "the hero of an English book is always uninteresting" while living abroad and reading other authors. The letter was sent from Paris.

Then, he continues, "But O my smooth friend, what a shining impostor you must think yourself to be, and what an ass you must think me to be, when you suppose that by putting a

brazen face on it you can blot out of my knowledge the fact that this same unnatural young gentleman (if to be decent is to be necessarily unnatural), whom you meet in those other books and in mine, must be presented to you in that unnatural aspect by reason of your morality, and He could easily see this, but for the mentioned reason it never bothered him. We can be sure that Thackeray gave the matter considerably more attention and did it in a more serious manner, which led to him allowing himself more freedom than Dickens did though not without opposition from the many-headed. These two men were different from one another. Thackeray possessed a kind of artistic strength that his brother lacked. The only way the general people can show their sympathy for an author is by buying his books. Therefore, Dickens must have given attention to the fluctuating demand for his whole books or for the individual monthly chapters at the time of publication. Another stumbling block for the uninterested artist reading Dickens' life can be found here. We can pick two really important instances.

Martin Chalet was first published after the first trip to America, and it was immediately apparent that the monthly installments were not as well received as the prior works. nearly 60,000 frequent buyers saw a reduction of nearly two-thirds. Whatever the reasons, Forster writes, "There was the undeniable fact of a grave depreciation of sale in his writings, unaccompanied by any falling off either in themselves or in the writer's reputation. It was very temporary; but it was present, and it to be dealt with accordingly." Dickens dealt with it by having his hero decide to go to America out of the blue. Number Four concluded with that proclamation, and it is said that its effects led to an extra 2000 buyers. However confident an author may be that he is doing his best, a decline in the sale of his work must inevitably cause him grave mental disturbance; nay, that it must naturally prompt him to changes of plan and careful calculation. Forster's words, of course, represent Dickens's perspective on the matter. In other words, he must write while keeping a constant eye on the sale room of his publisher, never losing track of that gauge of public opinion.

To anyone with a tinge of modern conscientiousness in artistic works, the term "to be dealt with accordingly" is more repulsive than one can possibly convey. As I've already mentioned, it may be explained in a way that does Dickens no harm at all, but how much more enjoyable it would be to read some decidedly unparliamentary statement in its stead, like the one Scott used in response to William Blackwood's suggestion that he rewrite the ending of one of his stories. From this vantage point, it seems strange to highlight Scott while disparaging Dickens. As a diligent worker, Dickens is incomparably superior than Waverley's creator, who never imagined going to such lengths as with the other novelist became routine. We also know that Scott openly wrote for profit and changed his topics to suit shifting public tastes. But suppose his books were published in monthly installments and he had the same unfortunate experience as Dickens. Can we easily see Walter Scott, in a dejected commercial mood, thinking carefully about the topic of the situation is absurd.

It distinguishes between two epochs as well as two men. Dickens did not mature into a man without consequence in 1832, the year Sir Walter bid adieu to a world he no longer recognized, despite his enormous endowments. The Carol, Dickens' first Christmas story, is the second instance I believe merits note. Christmas publications did not then debut three or more months in advance of the holiday they were meant to commemorate. The Carol first appeared just before Christmas Eve; it was eagerly embraced, and edition after edition was published. The publisher, regrettably, had not exercised caution in the "cost of production"; the profits were modest, and as a result, we have the following letter, addressed to Forster in January 1844: "Such a night as I have passed! I really believed I should never get up again until I had passed through all the horrors of a fever. I found the Carol accounts awaiting me, and they were the cause of it.

DISCUSSION

It would be unfair to imagine Dickens writing constantly out of concern for declining sales or shaking with cupidity every time he opened his publishers' finances. The commercial aspect of the guy must be noted in order to comprehend him as a whole, but his brilliance shielded him from the worst effects of the commercial mentality. He needed more than just money to survive. Remembering his theatrical tendencies helps one comprehend how significant the stimulant of praise was to him. Dickens' relationships with his audience were especially personal from the beginning, as has frequently been noted. In his study, he sat almost surrounded by listeners who were happy to be there in a different way than that already noted. His drive for rapid acclaim was similar to that of an actor, which is exactly what he eventually became. Dickens could never have battled the lack of appreciation for such a long time.

He would have gone to a different endeavor after seeing the literary criticism of his work with coldness. Martin Chuzzlewit is concerned most by the lack of widespread sympathy when his readers fail him again. With a charming deference to the voice of the crowd, he questions himself most nervously what the possible cause could be and is tempted to believe that he has become less interesting. For example, note that Dickens never imagines himself writing to his audience while he strives for success. He is completely incapable of doing that since he is too aware of the prerequisites for literary achievement. Never before has the deliberate pursuit of a low objective led to considerable popularity, in any class. The stupidest narrative that has ever gained widespread popularity among the silliest readers was a true reflection of the author's thoughts, as only writing of this sincere yet foolish nature elicits a response from a large audience. Dickens occasionally changed his theme or his objective, but he never did so with the intention of coming across as patronizing.

A real democrat in this regard, he believed probably without ever giving it much thought that what the public deemed as superior in art was always the case. At the same time, no man has ever worked harder to support the public's decision. How does this way of thinking influence Dickens' credibility as a writer interested in the realities of daily life? To what extent and in what ways does he feel free to change the truth or circumstances in order to make someone happy or prevent offense? No such paltering with the "truth" will be tolerated by our "realist." Without considering Pilate's question, he assumes that the truth can be discovered and that it is his moral obligation to record it unequivocally; alternatively, if he is less crude in his perceptions, he holds that truth, for the artist, is the impression made on him and that to convey this impression with complete sincerity is his only purpose for existing. Dickens was never introduced with this idea of the artist's responsibility. For him, the reason that something is art is because it is not natural. Even our realists might acknowledge this and admit that choosing and disposing under the threat of punishment if the outcome is deception is the business of art. Dickens, however, went above and beyond; he had a moral purpose the thing above all others scornfully prohibited in our stringent "naturalism" institutions [1]–[3].

Don't forget that he made his public protest against smooth conventionalism reasonable enough but nonetheless. He argues against those who criticized him for not making his hero "always blameless and agreeable" in the preface to *Nicholas Nickleby*. According to him, there was no justification for deviating from the obvious truths about human nature. This is intriguing when we consider *Nicholas'* nature, who must have been around pretty sophisticated company for his humanity to come off as rude. However, the English book was in a poor state at the time, and it's likely that Dickens genuinely thought he had made a daring move towards naturalism (had he known the term). In fact, was he not right to believe that? If not Dickens, then who established the later school of English literature? The honor of an

innovator can rightfully be attributed to the young man who unknowingly followed Goethe's advice by seizing the nearest existence to him, using it for writing, and establishing its value. Charles Dickens.

A Critical goal

The introduction to *Oliver Twist* strikes a note of compromise while defending the author's choice of subject and simultaneously states the author's goal in plain terms. After discussing the then-popular highwaymen romances that he believed to be harmful because they were so far from reality, he describes how he made the decision to portray a real group of thieves because he saw no reason "why the dregs of life as long as their speech did not offend the ear should not serve the purpose of a moral" This makes it clear that we shouldn't expect his characters' speech to be entirely realistic. He also makes it clear that he only uses these characters to frighten people, or at the very least, to arouse fear. How accurately can a foul-mouthed person be portrayed while yet taking care to use words that don't "offend the ear" must be a question I must consider when I come to discuss Dickens' portrayal in detail. Here, I merely want to highlight the constraints Dickens placed on himself. It is obvious that he had no reservations.

Bill Sikes, Nancy, and Charley Bates seemed like convincing characters to him, despite the fact that they all said foul words frequently. He didn't purposely compromise accuracy for elegance. Additionally, he was certain that he had served the world morally. The strangest thing of all to us who work so hard for "atmosphere" and insist so vehemently on "objectivity" in the author should indomitably appear to be the fact that both of these ends were achieved with the aid of unequaled buoyancy of spirit, an unceasing flow of the healthiest mirth, and the kindest humor. Dickens, however, bothered himself with no theory or defense in this subject. He could not have written more effectively than his soul directed. Despite acknowledging and even enjoying his limitations, he was nonetheless filled with a sense of the absolute realism of whatever he imagined. He unavoidably would have referred to himself as a realist if the term had been in vogue [4]–[6].

One of the biographical clichés about Dickens is this. Everyone is aware of how he became giddy over his writing, how he grieved and laughed with his imaginary friends, and how he almost passed out from grief over the deathbed of Paul Dombey or little Nell. This obviously indicates that his imagination had the most freedom and potential while never clashing with the preconceptions of his audience. Dickens could not possibly have benefited from being given permission to write in the same style as Smollett and Fielding. He was the innate storyteller of a particular time and class. Once more, he sees himself as a meticulously faithful painter of his own universe rather than its creator. He makes every effort to keep the illusion alive. Dickens could never have committed the grave offense against artistic integrity that Anthony Trollope did so casually, starting a paragraph in one of his novels with phrases like, Now, if this were fact, and not a story. Despite this, Trollope was the more exact replica of reality.

However, unlike Dickens, whose figures did in reality produce humans who instantly and permanently became representative of their time, his personas do not endure. He was at work, so no questions bothered him. However, when discussing the outcomes, he occasionally gives us a peek into his head; we can see how he balanced art and reality. The closest example I can think of is his remark about "Doctor Marigold," the Cheap Jack, who he painted with such a loving portrait. It is "wonderfully like the real thing," he claims, "of course a little refined and humorous." Observe the of course. Not nature, but art. He had to make his Cheap Jack look decent, hide anything repulsive, and highlight all of his intriguing and appealing traits. He would not have thought that the man's literal being was within his purview. But the "refining"

and "humoring" that results in idealism is precisely what many people today consider to be treason. Dickens' idealism occasionally goes too far and causes him to distort social reality. Even from his perspective, refining and humor have their boundaries, which he completely exceeded in a figure like Lizzie Hexham, the protagonist of *Our Mutual Friend*. Lizzie was raised in the harshest conditions, the offspring of a Thames side loafer, and she employs language and sentiment that would be appropriate for a woman in any position. In the same manner, the character of Alice Marlow from *Dombey and Son*, who has such a dramatic role, represents an absolute impossibility because she combines a lowly beginning and a lowly life with a stunningly developed mental ability.

No artist who works in the real world would be able to get away with something like this. It is morally wicked, to use a phrase relevant to our issue. Many novelists have sinned in this regard, most notably young writers who are misled by motivations unrelated to art and who take pleasure in idealizing girls from the lowest social classes. When Dickens wrote *Our Mutual Friend*, he was past that point of excusable weakness. He obviously intended to compare the illiterate Lizzie Hexam to characters in the same story who are said to be of good birth and breeding and show her how inferior she was; however, this only serves to highlight his error because the comparison is so blatantly unfair. In this context, I'm reminded of a character from Thackeray: the illiterate girl who Arthur Pendennis makes a risky acquaintance with. One of the most realistic characters in all of literature, Fanny Bolton is so uncomfortably accurate that readers who are unaware of her socioeconomic background would assume the author created her with social bias in mind [7]–[9].

His hand had never been more admirably just. When I mentioned Thackeray's ability to describe life in contexts other than those with which his name is linked, one of the examples I had in mind was Fanny Bolton. Dickens romanticized in order to appease himself. When we observe him deliberating over a design whose widespread acceptability he doubted, it all came down to the same issue. In *Dombey and Son*, Walter Gay, whose career has been so gloriously successful, appeared briefly to be doomed to a quite different end. 'I think it would be a good thing to disappoint all the expectations this chapter seems to raise of his happy connection with the story and the heroine, and to show him gradually and naturally trailing away from that love of adventure and boyish lightheartedness, into negligence, idleness, dissipation, dishonesty, and ruin. To show, in short, that common, everyday miserable declension, of which we know so much in our ordinary life,' writes Dickens in a letter. it couldn't; he knew it couldn't, even while the artist deep inside him mulled over the issue, and he almost immediately gave up. Forster notes that Bleak House would eventually make use of a similar concept. Richard Carstone, however, does not succumb to "dissipation, dishonesty, and ruin" despite the fact that he wastes his life. Where the image would have been too terrible for both the author and the audience to always, or almost always, feel such complete sympathy, the hand was stopped. The term "making people angry" has significantly less of an impact than it would in a modern fiction. To return to *Our Mutual Friend* for a moment, I never read that book without having the sneaking suspicion that Dickens originally intended.

miserly curmudgeon

A true change of character, to become in truth the miserly curmudgeon which we are told he only pretended to be. A careful reading of the chapters that address this issue has reaffirmed my opinion, but I am not aware of any evidence to support it in Forster or elsewhere. Dickens may have experienced heart failure in this situation because he was confronted with a painful truth. If so, I want to emphasize that he did not alter his plan out of a spirit of dishonest compliance. He may have questioned again, "Will it make people angry?" Making people upset would have been counterproductive to his own main goal. Given the choice between

two Mr. Coffins one who actually behaves like a miser and one who plays one for the sake of good it is clearly preferable to select the one who will result in raucous laughter and abundant goodwill.

Avoiding difficult subjects because they are unsuitable for artistic expression is Dickens's guiding concept. Naturally, this leads to a very significant omission from his view of life. Dickens had no need to travel to Boulogne to observe English "vulgarity and insolence," though he did once write from there and describe the pier as he saw it in the evening, saying, "I never did behold such specimens of the youth of my country, male and female, as pervade that place. They are really in their vulgarity and insolence quite disheartening. One is so fearfully ashamed of them, and they contrast so very unfavorably with He either ignored it or only displayed it when he was amused rather than disgusted. Dickens gave the Boulogne pier walker, a notable figure of the day, a passing glance before continuing on. I can still recall two instances where he was in the mood for unfavorable straight facts.

These are the notable examples of Dickens' "realism" moments when, for whatever reason, he felt it necessary to express a hard truth without any mitigation that have been unearthed, in my opinion. One can be found in Doctor Marigold's short story. We've seen that the Cheap Jack's persona was "refined and humorous," but not his wife, the vicious lady who abuses and all but kills their child. No amount of humor can soften this image's stark reality, and no random incident can stop the woman's vile cruelty. The second example is Explanation by George Silverman, a short novella that is written from beginning to end in an unrelentingly caustic tone. Given that Silverman is the one telling the story, its constant melancholy is both clever and Charles Dickens [10]–[12].

A Critical Study fitting

We have a representation of pietistic virulence in this passage that is unique to Dickens; it is hard, unvarnished truth; there is never a grin to soften the impact; and there is no attempt to tamper with the rigor of fate. This short narrative, which is anything but typical, is yet a powerful illustration of Dickens' abilities. If the author were not known, it would be assumed that they were ardent members of the "naturalist" school. Dickens never strays from his obligation to impart a moral lesson, as he saw it. From this perspective, he is always aware of the extreme importance of his work. Not that it bothers him and weighs on him as he writes, as it did with George Eliot; rather, he sees his subject as a moral lesson naturally and calmly, without suspecting a pose or troublingly searching his conscience, and he finds it difficult to comprehend the position of an artist for whom such thought never occurs. And he has one of the most straightforward moral codes; a few simple laws serve as a guide for people, and breaking them will result in more or less severe punishment. By choosing the right road, one can assure some degree of success and receive an endless supply of joy. The majority of readers enjoy seeing a rascal get what's coming to him, and Dickens generally provides them with plenty of satisfaction. No compromising. When Pecksniff is revealed, we get the pleasure of witnessing him beheaded in front of a cheering crowd. This is also insufficient; he and his daughter Cherry now roam the shady alleys as real beggars after forfeiting all good people's sympathy. Nothing could be more improbable than such a fate for Mr. Pecksniff or for his daughter, who was more than capable of taking care of herself.

CONCLUSION

It would also be obvious that the continued success of both would convey a deeper moral, but Dickens and his audience were eager to see the rascal in the mud and the shrew beside him. Sampson Brass and his sister, who committed a far more serious crime against society, spend their later years in the same pitiful defeat, but we are confident that the virile Sally, on the

whole, fought much better against the repercussions of her mischief. Due to her singularly unpardonable transgression, Lady Deadlock is driven from her opulent mansion by regret and passes away in one of London's grimmest neighborhoods. Even if it were sincere and long-lasting, regret alone would not seem to be a sufficient punishment; instead, we must see the proud lady, the immoral woman, be figuratively lowered low, to the level of the miserable wretch who served as her accomplice. Less obvious criminals are excused from punishment with a light-hearted penalty, yet they are nevertheless punished. It all seems so wonderful and completes our view of existence.

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CHAPTER 5

AN ANALYSIS OF THE DICKENS' CHARACTERS CHARACTERIZATION

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ABSTRACT:

The widespread critique of Dickens' characters being "so unreal" a criticism common in tolerating outright veracity in fiction comes from people who would be the least likely to understand and be somewhat vindicated by the dramatic conduct of his works. What unreality there is comes primarily from "plot" requirements. This can be demonstrated by comparing two figures where both are beloved favourites' because the master embodied so much homely sweetness and rectitude. Leggott, a boatman, and Joe Margery, a blacksmith, are modelled after one other; in each, a sweet personality is evident beneath a hardness appropriate to their professions. The stories in which each character appears share a certain similarity as well; innocent in their simple virtues, both grow intensely attached to a child not their own living under the same roof and both experience great heartbreak as a result of this love; the boatman's niece is seduced from him to her ruin, and the blacksmith's little relative develops into an arrogant youth ashamed of the old companion and the old home. I assume that Piggott and Joe are more well-known to readers in general, with *David Copperfield* being read more frequently than *Great Expectations*. However, if we compare the two characters' "reality," we must choose gadgetry.

KEYWORDS:

Characterization, Children, Dickens' Characters, Dramatic, Memory.

INTRODUCTION

Main reason sticks out in the memory so much more than Little Emily's uncle is that he lives in a world where cause and consequence don't only happen occasionally. The story of Emily and Steerforth, as it is recounted, with its grandiose events and blatantly manufactured development, makes more demands on one's ability to suspend disbelief than the criminal Magwitch and his bizarre activities do. We are able to overlook Pip's drab interactions with Satis House because he is so vividly alive. But who can believe Peggotty as he embarks on a search for his niece throughout the continent of Europe? Who can still have any faith in Emily after she has broken her engagement to Ham? One may just as easily think David Copperfield overheard the missing girl and Rosa Dartle having that utterly amazing conversation in the guesthouse. There are several instances of good or masterful portrayal being ruined by the need for strong intrigue. We quickly pronounce that the character and setting are both unreal when we think of this or that individual in conditions where they cannot be given credit. And herein is a further issue that merits discussion. According to what I have heard, most people now criticize Dickens based on what they remember reading as children; they do not approach him with mature minds and, in most cases, never read him again after their formative years. This is a clear reason for a lot of injustice. Like all great imaginative writers, Dickens is recommended reading for all stages of life.

Children should read him alongside Don Quixote. But who can speak authoritatively about Cervantes if they only know him via a 10-year-old acquaintance? Dickens is, or ought to be, fascinating to a child's mind (alas for the entire topic of children's reading today!) and a large part of that fascination is due to his romantic treatment of everyday life, which is undoubtedly one of his accomplishments but has less significance and appeal to an older mind. Children don't understand much of his best humour, his exquisite description, or his pinnacle of characterization. When individuals "read" Dickens "as read," they cause harm to the author and themselves. Who among us ever enjoyed *Little Dorrit* as a child? The explanation is obvious: Dickens' characteristic buoyancy is noticeably lacking in this novel, which is written in a graver key throughout. The reader will remember when a home falls down in a very thrilling fashion, but he won't care about anything else. Accordingly, we learn that *Little Dorrit* is a terrible character and that nothing positive can be said about him in *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study*, Chapter V, Characterization.

A competent judge, picking up the book as he would any other, will discover some of the best work Dickens ever produced in it, particularly in this area of characterization. He will be tempted to rank *Little Dorrit* among the best novels because of the pictures that are so wholly admirable, so marvellously observed, and so exquisitely presented. Again, it is common to look for things in Dickens' characters that he never intended to have; in other words, his figures are frequently disparaged because they represent a class in society that lacks many qualities coveted by educated readers and prominently displays the repulsive characteristics that such a critic could easily do without. For instance, you might put down Thackeray's *Pendennis* and pick up *Dombey and Son* shortly after. There are comparisons. While you are reading about Major Bagstock, you find yourself daydreaming about Major Pendennis; while you are reading about Toots, you find yourself suddenly remembering Foker. What could this contrast's immediate result.

Aristocratic Major

The aristocratic Major and his affluent young jackass are so much more "real," or so much more familiar, than the promoted vulgarian Bagstock and the affluent whipper-snapper Toots, that it is hard to dispute Thackeray's tremendous superiority in character design. A hurried person might be able to assert that Dickens had clearly borrowed ideas from Thackeray and used them poorly. But note that *Pendennis* debuted in 1849, whereas *Dombey and Son* first appeared in full in 1848. Observe the explanation for the situation as well: Bagstock and Toots depict people in a given class as accurately as is humanly feasible, just as Thackeray's characters represent people who are clearly in a higher position. If Thackeray was aware of this absurd connection (he required no help from other authors' books), we can only be impressed by the finesse and ability with which he came up with it. But he was certain that he had no animosity against Dickens's performance. They had worked with many materials. Even in this age of change, social disparities are fairly evident; fifty years ago, they were considerably more pronounced. In *Bagstock* and *Toots*, the cultivated reader is specifically alienated by what is nothing more nor less than proof of the veracity of their author. When one looks intently at the works of a novelist who is interested in the lower, sometimes the lowest, ebbs and flows of life in a large metropolis, a larger question arises.

Gamp is the most well-known name Dickens memorialized among all the others. Everyone agrees that Gamp is a creation that can only be found in the best writers; a person who is both unique and typical; a marvel of comedic presentation; and essential to the highest degree possible by this form of fiction. Since the day she made her stage debut, Mrs. Gamp has been a delight, a wonder, and a byword. She is exceptional; no other novelist can demonstrate a piece of work, of the same kind, deserving of a place next to her. For the notion of

comparable strength, we must look to the very pinnacles of world literature, to the author of *Dame Quickly* and Juliet's nurse. Given that Mrs. Gamp is undoubtedly real, what and who is she? Well, a so-called nurse who resides in a filthy room upstairs on Kingsgate Street, Holborn, and is frequently called upon to provide nursing services of all types by people of various socioeconomic statuses who are unfortunate enough to be unaware of a less insulting alternative. According to what is said and what we can accept.

Gamp was an institution in 1844 the year *Martin Chuzzlewit* was published), carrying her despicable vices and criminal incompetence from home to home in affluent areas of London. Dickens was intimately familiar with her, had studied her during times of household upheaval, had learned her vocabulary, and was able to recreate it (or the most of it) with startling accuracy. So, to put it simply, we are talking about a lady who is slutty, inebriated, avaricious, and dishonest. Meeting her in person should cause us to recoil in revulsion because of how well her filthy appearance matches her basic mentality. We should turn away in half-amused scorn after hearing her talk. Although we never dream of calling Mrs. Gamp to account for her moral behaviour, we can never have enough of her company when we see her in Dickens' writing. The more we laugh, the more infamously she chooses to behave. Now, how does this literary character fit the definition of a copy of the human original? I am quite aware of how fundamentally connected to the theory of art this question is. I don't have enough room or the right time to address all the issues raised by a question this straightforward and natural, but if we're going to talk about Dickens' characters in any depth, we need to understand what it means to say that they are true, lifelike, and expertly presented. Is it not amazing in and of itself that a writer of fiction can create something that we Charles Dickens.

Exact features

An inimitable portrayal by (it seems) neglecting those exact features that in life most strongly affect us. That he can make us happy in exchange for our disdain while yet making us swoon over his realism. Try a different kind of the arts. Open the large Hogarth volume and have a look at the many female figures that fairly correlate to. Gamp's. We are impressed by the artist's keen observation, remarkable skill, moral relevance, and even bleak humour, and we feel relieved as we put the book away. Who would want to relax for hours with these faces? The work is extremely well done, and we are happy about it. We will appreciate the artist without reservation. However, his degradingly sneering and smirking women should not be displayed on the wall for all to see and discuss. In the strictest definition of the word, Hogarth has copied. We are unable to handle the life he provides us. The Mrs. Gamp from our book is a fine example of idealism. It is the sublimation of Gamp's essence. No novelist says what you will ever offer us a realistic depiction of life; yet, there are different levels of power and purpose. In our middle-class England, we cannot quite do away with the outspoken dame of Verona; we Bowdlerize her, of course harming her in the process. Juliet's Nurse is an idealized portrayal, but it is much closer to the genuine thing than Gamp.

Although Berry in *Richard Feverel* is glorified, readers of boudoir magazines might find her too realistic. Despite the author's elusive directness, Moll Flanders herself is affected and softened. Dickens has performed his own Bowdlerizing in Mrs. Gamp, but with a finesse that only serves to increase the impact of his figure. He departs with unparalleled vulgarity, which is the essence of the affair; Mrs. Gamp's remark is vulgarity. On the other side, vileness is magically transformed into grotesquerie and the source of laughter. Her speech, which is among the crudest ever heard from the human tongue, is transformed into an inexhaustible source of pleasure and a source of quote for laughing lips incapable of dirty expression by a process of incredible complexity. Then idealism: admitted idealism. But let's look at another

character from a different book who is also a woman and is meant to represent a period of London's underworld.

Do you remember the swindler who deprived young Florence Dombey of her clothing? Do you recall that this creature had a daughter by the name of Alice Marlow, who was perhaps a domestic servant, a shopgirl, or another person of a similar nature before being misled by Corker of the dazzling teeth and evolving into a roaming nondescript? Now, idealism is there in Alice Marlow, but in a different way. While walking into London on a bitter night, this kid of the wonderful Mrs. Brown is found by Mr. Carker's sister on the side of the road and generously taken home.

After agreeing to this charity and accepting money, the girl leaves. She discovers who has become her buddy that same night and immediately runs back (a few miles) through storm and darkness to throw the alms at the giver. story's outlines are adequately dramatic, but the conversation! One struggles to comprehend Dickens' motivation for writing the lengthy passages he inserts into the lips of this puppet. It is unlikely that one could choose just one line or one phrase that the real Alice Marlow may have used. She has a fierce enthusiasm that makes nothing difficult. She uses language that would be appropriate for even the most dramatic of wronged heroines, whoever they may be. Any novel ever written will not have a character that is less realistic. However, Dickens undoubtedly intended it as a valid idealization; a kind of archetype for the pitiful mass of betrayed women. He intended it to elevate ordinary fact through imagination. The fact, however, is not elevated; it has merely disappeared. Additionally, the imagination is of a kind that is useless for any subject. A chunk of the truth is left out Gamp, while false information is substituted in Alice Marlow.

DISCUSSION

True idealism can be attained through the former procedure; however, through the latter, nothing but attitude and fake is attained. Of course, concealment and omission are insufficient to produce Mrs. Gamp. Dickens' alchemy allowed him to control humour, which is the only element strong enough to achieve such a conversion. Be it recalled that humour and compassion go hand in hand. It not only allowed him to find humour in this brutish creature, but it also gave him the kind of broad tolerance that sees beyond the surface, weighs the circumstances, and maintains a modesty, a humility, in human judgment. We might imagine what Mrs. Gamp would have turned into in the hands of a severe realist, with contempt and disgust (inevitably implied) replacing humour. We reject the image because it offers us nothing in terms of art or life. Humour softly deals with reality and fate; there is patience in its grin, and there is kindness in its laugh. Charles Dickens [1], [2].

A Critical Study

No matter how well-intentioned, deception cannot coexist with it; after serving as a solvent and removing the grotesque adherents, the core truth is left. Do you wish for the Platonic concept of the early in Queen Victoria's reign hired nurse in London? Dickens depicts you as embodying it. What else can one do but chuckle at such a monster, creeping between earth and heaven? Its existence is baffling and amazing. The group it represents must be eliminated as soon as possible; that's OK; we can't stand such a blight on the community. But the type will live on forever because to the genius of a brilliant writer's keen sense of humour and become known as Mrs. Gamp. Compare for a minute this masterpiece to a painting where Dickens used his idealism to a subject that was more promising, but it was sought in surroundings that were sufficiently similar to those described in the description of Kingsgate Street. Larrier is the most popular character in his Christmas-themed writings. She belonged

to a class that was characterized then, as it is now, by its filthiness, rapacity, cunning, and ignorance [3]–[5].

A guesthouse in London

Dickens has not typified a class in this instance by portraying an individual. He idealizes this woman, but he discovers in her the goodness, tenderness, and joyful honesty that are ready at his disposal, so there is no need to change an unpleasant subject. Even at a London lodging-house, Larrier is perfectly possible; in the flesh, though, we shouldn't precisely want her company. Her speech, while well imagined, would frequently jar on the ear, and she would be, to put it mildly, unappealing. In the book, she has lost these positional accidents that initially made us laugh before luring us in and making us fall in love with her. She suffers from the regrettable flaw that the cyclical artificiality of plot threatens to make her dull, but Larrier overcomes this. We remember her as someone we knew who was in a miserable situation and surrounded by gloom, but who had such a sweet disposition that we forgot her unavoidable flaws just as we would someone, we actually knew who had a similar personality. Do we not see life's events differently when we look back on them than we did when we were first experiencing them? The rough is softened, the worst of everything is forgotten, and the good things are brought into focus.

Compelling case

This compelling case for optimism is comparable to Dickens' writing. Like Time, he highlights what we are happy to remember while hiding the unpleasant. When Dickens' art is pure, neither time nor he himself falsify. Let's now discuss his literary approach. It is the one used by all notable novelists. He merely describes and narrates in order to present his reader with the image that is so clear in his own mind. In general, we have a pretty clear and complete picture of what's going on outside—the face, the gesture, the habit. Dickens succeeds in this area; he shows us how distinct the mental image he drew from was through the sheer power of the visual detail. We discover the voice quality and utterance technique; he said that he could hear every word said by his characters. Then the man begins to expose himself in conversation, sometimes all at once, sometimes gradually over the course of several chapters, though this rarely happens. We are aware of these individuals since we can see and hear them. He contributed deliberate analysis in a few cases, but it was never properly done and was always unnecessary. Character analysis in fiction has only infrequently been shown to be justified. Dickens was unable to employ the method since it was foreign to him. Ralph Nickleby's inner self is the subject of some dull pages in the first novel that best exemplifies all of his flaws, *Nicholas Nickleby*; given that the outer is just shadowy, these details are uninteresting, and they also display a great deal of crudity and conventionality of thought [6]–[8].

Later, a rigorous, protracted analysis of *Dombey* is attempted. Understanding Paul's father, who is one of Dickens' most unsatisfactory main men, does not help us in the least. It is reasonable to assume that the author was aware of this and made an extra effort to give the illustration more life. Dickens rarely uses circumstance to create character as a result of his weaknesses in the organization of tale and incident. Conversions definitely occur, but we don't really believe in them since they seem staged. Young Martin Chuzzlewit might be an exception, but he never seems to have much life. From this perspective, *Pip* in *Great Expectations* is Dickens' best piece of writing. *Pip* is the story's narrator and demonstrates how a character develops and how character and event interact admirably. One must never lose sight of the real author; while being considerably more alive than Esther Summerson, *Pip* nevertheless feels humiliated despite sharing her humor-giving ability.

It is clear who is speaking from behind the scenes. We acknowledge a true self-revelation aside from this. What could be more accurate than a little boy's portrayal of his mental state after he leaves his boyhood home in the country and moves to London after discovering that he had "great expectations"? I came up with an outline for a plan to serve everyone in the community a dinner of roast meat and plum pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescending (chap. xix). It is just one of the many little details that make this book so valuable. Dickens generally had less success figuring out character the more intricate his notion was. He made a concerted effort to portray individuals with extraordinarily intense passions, the kind of people that stand out on the boards while grimacing, clenching their fists, and uttering horrible words. Beginning with the character known as Monk in *Oliver Twist*, the killer then appeared in *Barnaby*, while Cholet featured an old sawdust puppet known as Old Martin.

Diligent and laborious

Later, the efforts in this regard are more diligent and laborious, but they rarely provide better results. One possible exception is Bradley Headstone, Lizzie Hexham's boyfriend, whose occasionally overpowering passion persuades due to its clever contrast with the personality of the man Lizzie prefers. On a lower level, Charley Hexham is also lifelike. Sidney Carton is being pleaded for by the loud voice; indeed, he is brilliantly presented, but he is also very forgettable. On the other hand, consider the extensive list of women who were intended to be tragic but who were all ultimately failures. When instructed to make the sacrifice by her idiotic mother, Edith Dombey, with her mute rage and ridiculous behaviour, goes along with it dumbly before ranting at the old worldly for the suffering she unnecessarily inflicted upon herself. Rosa Dartle was initially a bright idea, but she quickly devolved into hyperbolic publicity seeking. Which of the two wax figures of Lady Deadlock and her maid Hortense is more obvious? One laments. Clennon's impossibility in *Little Dorrit* because she is crafted so meticulously and set in such a beautiful situation; her so-called discourse is possibly less reading than anything by Dickens. The same book reveals, or attempts to reveal, Miss Wade and Tatty Coram, both of whom we find unbelievable.

One has resentment for Miss Havisham since her spectral presence tries to ruin an excellent book. All of these women are just female in name, which upsets the master's admirers and makes his idler detractors laugh. When it comes to ladies who are average height, the situation definitely changes. These are so numerous and vital to understanding Dickens's capacity for characterization that I feel compelled to devote a whole chapter to them. He wasn't particularly skilled at being a villain, despite taking satisfaction in his accomplishments in this role. The first-person worth mentioning is Jonas Hazlet, and all that is known about him is that he is a surly thug. Although the character stays mechanical, the "setting" of his part is quite strong, and much great writing is used to explain his history. Corker scarcely strives for such total scoundrel Dom, but he would be a vicious rogue if he weren't so determined to show off his teeth, which like working wires. Other forms float in horrifying obscurity. Last but not least, it is doubtful that John Jasper would have made any progress. In the first part of *Edwin Drood*, he is only briefly and picturesquely depicted. No indication of a true tragedy is found. We find the man to be a pretty vulgar assassin, thus we could care less what happens to him. Dickens has shown us the legal landscape of his time in the gallery of portraits, which are set against various backdrops. Here, he used natural subjects and painted them with the passion of an artist. One's eye sweeps along a sequence of masterpieces, from the solicitors and barristers of *Pickwick*, who are amusing in and of themselves and a source of endless laughter in others, to the Old Bailey practitioners so admirably grim in *Great Expectations*.

It is pointless to use a picture to describe these individuals because some of them have a lot of blood on their hands while others have it in their veins. Whether we watch the light-hearted comedy of Jerkins' and Skellow or take Jagers' sombre gravity, we can be sure that they won't be forgotten. Dickens can only be called to idealize in this area of his work in the sense of the highest art; no compliment can overstate his skill in presenting these illustrations of the highest realism. Bleak House is his best work as a depiction of real life in a particular small universe; from office worker to judge, everyone who lives in "the valley of the shadow of the Law" is represented here. Despite how much one could appreciate it, it is impossible to go through the list. Just picture Voles. There isn't a more vivid figure in all of fiction than this one, who is shown in such brevity but with such completeness, with such accuracy in each gesture and such an impressiveness in the overall impact, that it almost seems miraculous [9]–[11].

These dingy figures are unaffected by any strain of implausible intrigue. The law stationer always stands face to face with Turkington Inspector Bucket has warmer flesh than any other investigator in the library of detective literature; the clerks are just as alive as their employers in Charles Dickens *A Critical*. When it comes to Jagers and Womack, we should assume that they are unbeatable even if we were unaware of their forebears. They would establish a writer's reputation. The Father of the Marshalsea must be mentioned as one of the best instances of characterization (I postpone an examination of the figures which correspond more obviously to satire). If ever evidence is needed, as it inevitably will be, that Dickens is capable of high humoral, it can be found in the 31st chapter of *Little Dorrit*, book I. Old Mr. Nandy, a workhouse pensioner, will be shown being amused and patronized by the old Marshalsea prisoner and half-life bankrupt.

I have a tendency to believe that this moment is the most delicately handled and exquisitely observed in all of the novels. There is no sign of exaggeration; nothing makes one laugh; at most, one smiles, and one may very well remain grave due to intense attention and a certain sensation of amazement. Despite the fact that we are in a debtors' prison with impure people, this study of human nature's fine finish precludes us from holding it to anything less than the highest standards. The Dorrit brothers are both well-drawn and excellent characterizations, and this moment is the pinnacle of the author's brilliance. The fact that it does it covertly is merely the last guarantee of complete power. Dickens rarely expresses care for the average in character, or what (all things considered) we would call wholesome normality. There are, of course, his domestically focused "little women," about whom more will be said elsewhere.

And then there are his good old guys, as I like to refer to them, whom one would want to be able to class with regular people but who cannot strictly be taken into account here. There are enough instances of walking gentlemen, friendly shadows like Tom Pinch's pal Westlock, and figures meant to be noticeable like Arthur Clennam. There are still a few instances of true categorization that falls within reasonable bounds. I disagree with the perception that Dickens never depicts a gentleman. He has done so at least twice, with the intriguing distinction that in one instance he portrays a gentleman of the old school, while in the other, he represents the sophisticated manhood that emerged (or became widely recognized) in his later years. I don't see any vulgarity in John Jarndyce; he comes across to me as a man of good intelligence, honour, and sensitive heart. His peculiarity is not without limits, albeit it becomes less noticeable as we get to know him. It is obvious that he has a liberal education and that his tastes are serious, despite the fact that we are not explicitly informed of his intellectual accomplishments. It is impossible to not admire and like Jarndyce.

CONCLUSION

When compared to Mr. Pickwick or the Cheryle's, we can immediately notice the author's hint of social superiority, not to mention his improved portraiture skills. The second character, from a different era, is Crisp Arkle, for whose benefit in particular one laments Edwin Drood's incompleteness. His easy-going demeanour, his active lifestyle, and his pleasant voice do not convey the wrong impression of a classical tutor who is neither a rebel nor a purist. Dickens was meticulous in his name selection; we can see how he came up with Crisp Arkle and can appreciate its appropriateness. Two additional names come to mind, but their bearers barely fit the bill as common people. They have a suggestion of actual gentility, if the phrase is allowed. Although not in any way unsympathetically depicted, Sir Leicester Deadlock is more in the realm of mockery. He is a gentleman and is intended to be a class representative, but his unique attribute overcharges the painting. He was incomparably more human than his wife, and with less satirical emphasis, he may have been a true gentleman. Then, in *Dombey and Son*, does one not remember Cousin Feenix? This time, the name is unlucky since the scion of the nobility should have been treated better.

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CHAPTER 6

A COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW OF THE SATIRIC PORTRAITURE

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ABSTRACT:

Dickens is not simply England's satirist; he also gives poetic form to the finest aspects of English life. His satire, which was frequently directed against abuses that were only temporary in nature, has in some ways lost its sharpness and would only have historical interest if not for the great preservative of humour that permeates all of his works. However, much of it is of enduring significance and serves as a reminder that the more serious flaws of Englishmen cannot be remedied by a few years of popular education, an increase in comfort and refinement, or the spread of a democratic spirit. True, some of these flaws are more or less universal to humanity, but in Dickens's England, the worst of them seemed inextricably linked to the national character. Despite how much they adored and exalted Charles Dickens, his fellow countrymen did not shirk from protesting when they were offended by the severity of his satirical portraiture. "Exaggeration," was the scream. Naturally, this outcry was especially loud at the publication of Martin Chuzzlewit, a book that strongly attacked a vice thought to be peculiarly English.

KEYWORDS:

Charles Dickens, Democratic, Humanity, Satiric Portraiture.

INTRODUCTION

Dickens used the preface as an opportunity to address his critics. He noted that character quirks frequently go unnoticed until they are pointed out, and he questioned whether the accusation of exaggeration levelled against him might not simply refer to the fact that he, as a self-described student of life, saw more than the average person. There was without a doubt truth in the argument; Browning gave Fra Lippo Lippi the same idea as an apology for art. Dickens saw unquestionably a lot more in each day of his life than his typical readers did in three score and ten years. But it was still debatable if the satirist made this peculiarity the entirety of the person in an effort to stigmatize an unacceptable quirk. Unquestionably, Pecksniff's portrayal was exaggerated in that no man is capable of portraying a bad mental habit with such consistency. The figure was out of proportion and lacked human symmetry. Similar to how the one-sided depictions of American life in the same book were inaccurate. Dickens wrote satire that was as sharp and potent as any in literature.

Let the galled jade wince as a multitude of voices cried out in protest, appealing to common sense. It should be observed that these same sensitive reviewers never complained to "exaggeration" when the subject was purely artistic; they only became aware of the flaw in their favourite author's work when it was a moral or national character issue. Dickens did not, however, ever put his reputation in risk by merely being a satire. As was already noted, Martin Chuzzlewit's less popular reception than the books that came before it had nothing to do with its moral message and must instead be attributed to factors that occasionally influence how well-received each author's work is; not long after it was published, this book rose to become one of the most popular. There is satire that leaves the average person cold or alienates them because it goes over their heads or goes against their deeply held prejudices. Then there is satire that, by appealing to his better self, that is, to a moral code that he

theoretically or actually accepts, commands his sympathy as soon as he notices its direction. Dickens benefited greatly from having the "popular conscience" on his side and from being able to make people laugh even as he was imparting a lesson.

This complete understanding between author and audience, which allows a man of genius to express out with impunity what all of his listeners say within themselves dumbly, inarticulately, is among the rarest of things. Dickens never overstepped his bounds or attacked the widespread sincerity of the people's conviction. Imagine him suggesting critique of the prevalent view of sexual morality in some irrational time. Would it have helped him if he had served the state in any way? Would force or argument have even temporarily persuaded someone to listen to him? We are aware that he had no desire to incite such conflict. He was, in general, one with his readers, and that gave him the strength to effect change. Regarding the accusation of exaggeration, Dickens didn't exaggerate any more in his satire than in his empathetic depiction, in actuality.

It is a pointless defines. Naturally, he overstated on all pages save one. I mentioned rare examples of literal or suppressed truthfulness in the previous chapter. He did not attain his successes with them; instead, they are waiting for the inquisitive to find them. Given his idealistic approach, such criticism is off-base. Simply said, we are more deeply moved when a character is shown to be packed with treachery or monstrous cruelty than when it displays actual goodness. The only issue we can legitimately raise is if his portrayal is true to itself. I think the answer must be yes in the vast majority of circumstances. If it weren't the case, Dickens' reputation would still exist today only among the ignorant and those who are ready to laugh no matter how it is generated. His satire touches on many aspects of public and private life in England. Education, charitable giving, religion, social morality in its broadest sense, society in its most limited sense, legal procedure, political machinery, and governmental structures.

Having the freedom to express himself, he takes aim at every obvious wrongdoing of the day with levity or sternness, but always with the same wonderful attitude. He writes an entire book about that most egregious instance of the law's delay, which had destroyed countless homes. He also does a brilliant short sketch during a Christmas performance that makes everyone laugh at the ridiculous flaws of railway rest areas. We are astounded by such depth of tireless observation for the benefit of people. It would be impossible to follow him through all of his *A Critical Study* I can only choose a few examples from each category while going in the direction already mentioned. It makes sense that he would focus on abuses that were happening in the parish, the school, and the house of worship during the start of his career. These were nearby; they had been staring at him since he was a young boy and during his career as a writer. Stiggins are the next people we encounter [1]–[3].

The Yorkshire schoolmaster is the one of these three people who is most susceptible to being accused of exaggeration, but who can say with certainty that violence exceeds what is likely in his time and culture? Both the portrait and the painting of the Sotheby's, whose overcharging undermines its own purpose, display poor craftsmanship. The seamless fusion of jocosity with horror is this piece of work's outstanding quality. Sotheby remains an example of the overflowing spirits in a genius; Dickens would have made it far more remarkable later, when he had complete control of his resources. Seeing the passionate zeal with which the Squares family pursues their huge enterprise, we can barely help but feel friendly toward them. The children who suffer because of them are so ethereal that we are unable to feel the injustice as we should; such a scene ought to destroy the heart, yet we continue to laugh. Of fact, Dickens did not intend for this grouping of slain children to have a real-world impact. It is sufficient that he brought attention to the presence of a horrible state

of affairs; thinking will follow; his immediate concern is story-telling, or enjoyment. He performed a fantastic job of matching means to ends; in fact, we discover that nothing could have been virtually more effective than this display of peculiar gaiety. Despite arriving sooner, Mr. Bumble actually does a better job than squares. If you carefully read *Oliver Twist* chapter IV, you'll learn probably to your surprise that the "parochial" functionary is, after all, a person.

In one gentle passage, Oliver shows Bumble being softened to the point of a lengthy stillness by his request for considerate treatment. Such an event has never happened in the history of squares. And we understand why. The master of Sotheby is just supposed to serve as an example of a despicable institution; he is not intended to be the subject of an objective examination of a human being. Accepting a hidden humanity gives us a hint about potential reform. Observe the absolutely human behaviour of some of the guardians in front of whom Oliver appears, and the parochial system then, as flawed as it was, was necessary and simply required a thorough renovation; nevertheless, with the Yorkshire schools, it was root and branch, and they had to be swept from the earth. I don't believe this is overly refined; Dickens' genius was evident in his adaptation of literary devices to a variety of ends, and regardless matter how immature the performance's technical aspects, he demonstrates this exquisite accuracy in effect right away. Of course, Sotheby was an unusual approach to child parenting even in these difficult times. Dickens must battle blockheaded ignorance across the entire field of education, not cold-blooded cruelty.

We have observed his attitude toward the classical education system; the affluent private schools of his day encouraged mockery and gave him some of the material for his most amusing chapters. The establishment of Bhimber is a good example of the type of thing that pleased well-off parents; mild derision is all that is necessary to denounce it. Dickens, however, went further and emphasized the development of the ludicrous system. Despite having a unique personality, Pip chin's approach to dealing with young children who had just left the nursery was not unique. Dickens, who had a lifelong passion for these tiny ones, grasped the terrible effects of the carelessness or misguided zeal that were all too typical in houses of all socioeconomic classes, even though he never came to a very clear vision of reform. He was a pioneer in this as well as in many other areas, and he encouraged his readers to value children at a time when England needed an educational awakening more than most. He realized that the majority of social vices could be linked to these poor beginnings. His so-called sentimentality as well as his sarcasm served a significant purpose.

Little victim's agony and Paul Dombey's deathbed provided comfort. We see, of course, that he pursued his humane task here, seeking in all possible ways to lessen the harshness of institutions which pressed hardly upon the poor and weak, despite the fact that it has been "proved to demonstration" by people who care for such proof that his tenderness of heart led him astray in his bitterness against the new Poor Law. He was unable to dissuade those who believed or appeared to believe that a man had no obligations to his fellow human beings beyond the precise language of the law. *Hard Times*, a very bad novel, has some value in this regard, but *Gradgrind* and *Bounderby* illustrate how disastrously he might fail when humour was disregarded or all but disregarded. The "old gentleman in the white waistcoat" from *Oliver Twist* is unquestionably more successful as satire and portraiture in Charles Dickens: *A Critical Study*. Apologists for the workhouse, or rabid glorifiers of the institution, such as those who appear in Christmas books shouldn't be taken too seriously because they appeared at a season of unrefined joy and fit in with beef barons, piles of plum pudding, and other similar heavy extravagances.

DISCUSSION

They don't exist in one's mind, and I don't believe any of Dickens' characters that are designed to parody the abuses of the law by the poor do either. His art didn't help much in this situation; his spirit took care of everything. When it comes to his criticism of religious hypocrisy, the numbers cited are sufficient. Dickens can hardly contain his enthusiasm when he comes across a religious humbug, especially one of the coarse varieties. He is always happy to offer a humbug. Brother Stiggins shines immortally beside Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers in the same books. He should be compared to Despite the fact that they are the same men, one lived in 1837, and the other in 1853. Brother Stiggins is, to put it simply, an alcoholic; would feel ashamed to be overtaken even once; he enjoys tea and muffins. In addition to other undignified situations in which the reverend gentleman finds himself, it suited the author's mood and the day he was writing to have soundly defeated in a pugilistic encounter with Tony Weller; however, may speak about for however long he pleases without fear of such outrage.

It is impossible to view the man who has so rudely shaken our sides with anything other than disgust or dislike, which is why these lectures rank among Dickens' most amusing passages. The satirist openly exalts in the race of and to us he is a joy forever even though it could be best for the world if they vanished (a consummation that is yet far off in the distance). While we have several glimpses of similar personages that are constantly shown to us with boundless enthusiasm, this is the best of the full-length photographs. For instance. He is described in a little paragraph of *Dombey and Son* with what extravagant humor, with what an ecstasy of vigorous joy! I have to indulge my desire to duplicate it. The Rev. Melchizedek Howler announced the end of the world for that day and the next two years at ten in the morning and opened a front parlour for the reception of ladies and gentlemen of the ranting persuasion, upon whom, on the first occasion of their assembly, they were discharged from the West India Docks on the false suspicion (got up expressly against him by the general enemy) of screwing gimlets into puncheons and applying his lips to the orifice This uncontrollable joy has a purely childish quality, but the paragraph was written more than ten years after *Pickwick*. Except for the finale, it remains the same [4]–[6].

Merriment over back-parlour proselytes

A thoroughgoing humbug is treated with affection by Dickens. He revels in wild merriment over back-parlour proselytes and the braying's of Little Bethel because he is reverent of all pure religion and inclined to resentment at respectable failings in the high places of the Church. Perhaps he offended many people who might have otherwise been among his followers deeply and permanently in this one way alone. Later, in *Our Mutual Friend*, he could depict or attempt to depict sympathetically a clergyman of the Established Church, and in his final book, he could speak warmly of Canons; but he never reconciled himself to Dissent. I think that some families who hold austere beliefs still refrain from reading his writings for religious reasons. When we consider the England he presents to us, the fact that such antagonism did not become more apparent when he was making light-hearted fun of Stiggins, Chadban, and the Rev. Melchizedek is arguably the finest testament to his power.

His best satirical picture of Pecksniff is related to religious hypocrisy but expertly kept aside from it. Consider everything that this vile vice represents, and be in awe of the deftness with which a hundred traps of the cavalier satire are skilfully avoided. A moral hypocrite, an embodiment of middle-class respectability in the worst sense, in the sense so detested by Carlyle and by every other intelligent man then alive, yet he never made any references to topics taboo in the home or said anything that Mr. Pecksniff's famous Pod snap could possibly object to. Although it would appear impossible, the job was accomplished. Let the

mind interpret what is not explicitly stated; as in all great work, much is indicated but not stated. Mr. Pecksniff approaches us and talks, making both the young and old laugh, but exhibiting one of the most egregious flaws that any group or individual can possess. He appears in a book that is anti-self-interest in all its aspects. We witness the cunning conman and the gullible victim whose deceit results in murder. We observe the Chlewich family congregating around their wealthy relative's sickbed like vultures, and among them is the gentlemanly phrase smith who, upon hearing himself referred to as a hypocrite, announces his superiority with the immortal line: Charity, my dear, when I take my chamber candlestick tonight, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying Anthony Chazz.

This individual is distinct from Tartuffes; he is from a different time and place. His prayers are inextricably linked to the chamber lamp, a banal object in the spirit of British respectability. His religion is not an end in itself, and he has no wish to be revered as a saint. All of Dickens' religious pretenders exhibit a similar subordination; their language never offends the average reader merely because it avoids using religious terms and expressions and appears to have a solely temporal purpose. Chadban is a trader who deals in a type of encouragement that his listeners unanimously refer to as spiritual and value at a specific amount in terms of worldly currency; religion in its genuine sense is never in doubt. He announced his habit of prayer because it was expected of an Englishman with a position to uphold and a stake in the nation to pray over the chamber candlestick. Pecksniff, of course could have become a bright light in some big conventicle, but destiny has made him a layman. However, a reputation for piety would not be sufficient for his self-respect and the needs of his business.

He adds an all-encompassing kindness, and his grin showers everyone he encounters on a regular basis like the glorious sun. This is what so impresses Tom Pinch, who is a simpleton. Tom, an Englishman who is thorough despite all of his virtues, would not be drawn in by a display of purely religious exaltation; faith must be demonstrated through good deeds. He must have a positive impression of Pecksniff, believing him to be a decent man who is kind, kind, and excellent at what he does. In other words, Tom believes in a Pecksniff who embodies English quality and is obviously a good example for the rest of the world to follow. Such individuals exist, have existed, and will continue to exist; we rarely discuss them, despite their dying wish that we should; they live, for the most part, in silence, for the honour of their race and of humanity. But ever since the Puritan movement, it has unhappily felt necessary to our countrymen as a whole to declare in an odd fashion certain odd form of religion, and this habit, gradually combined with social biases resulting from high wealth, produces the respectable man. Carlyle broke this individual down into his constituent parts and discovered that "keeping a gig" was one of, if not the, most important things for him to do. One recalls that Mr. Pecksniff's gig wasn't a very imposing vehicle; it "looked like a gig with a tumor." The great man, who was at this point intoxicated, adds, "Let us be moral"[7].

This is where we come to the truth of the situation. The Englishman must avoid being accused of immorality even though he can go without a gig and yet be respected. The inebriated sage pursues, "Let us contemplate existence." When we do this, we English discover that morality encompasses all that, in our hearts, we value most highly (clearly more so than religion). Do we put our faith in a man based on his accepted morality. We are a practical people who like to point to our material richness as proof. Our experience has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that chastity of thought and deed is a nation's top defines. Could we just accept the conviction and put it into practice? It is insufficient. We must firmly believe that respectability not only never makes mistakes but also never succumbs to temptation. The quantum of the sin is so grave, the hazard of concealing so momentous, in English eyes that we form a national conspiracy to exhibit English nature as different, in

several points, from the merely human. A poet who never asked to be thought respectable put his thought about immorality into words we shall not easily forget: "I waive the quantum o' the sin, The hazard of concealing; But ouch! it hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling!" Thus, a distinctive delicacy and singular refinement that, at their best, produce extraordinarily pleasant and noble lives; thus, a balanced vice that would dearly like to atone for vice in the more traditional sense of the word. Even though everything within may be irreparably brittle and the sensation petrified into a tiny idol of egoism, everything we value will be on display outside.

A Critical Study truth, respectability

the language it influences is prone to nausea. Uriah Heep is positioned under Pecksniff yet stands in clear brotherhood with him. This example of a low-born man who, on the off chance that he has wits, thinks it better to exploit them for dishonest reasons, won't give in to the greatest in the land in terms of the fundamentals of respectability. Although he is unassuming and poor, his morals must never be questioned. His tower of strength is the unavoidable truth of poverty, which he accepts and makes the most of. Mr. Pecksniff, who is aware of having a large wallet, adopts a certain modest demeanor as a prelude to that affectation in the wealthy that offers such a chance for comedy in the modern era. In order to demonstrate to his social superiors his equality in the soul, Uriah Heep wallows in continuous humility. Regarding this slimy character, we immediately observe that he is a victim of circumstance, the result of subpar education, and of a sickly culture. At the time, there were many people who were like him; today, they will be harder to find.

The tenet "A man's a man for a' that" has solidified, and our victorious democracy will soon feel ashamed of such a demeaning maxim. Heep, however, saw no opportunity when he was standing erect; it was only when he was crawling that a chance of escape from that too meek an existence became apparent. He had heard the warning, "Remember your place!" since he was a young child. This primary obligation is constantly on his mind, prompting him to declare that he comes from a very humble family and that he is the humblest mortal. Envy, hatred, and venom are consuming the man's vitals in the meantime. Because of his indoctrination, he cannot respect himself, and all other people are his enemies. When he is discovered during criminal processes, we are very harsh on him. Dickens is powerless to pity this victim of everything Dickens despises in the society.

Something might have been said for Uriah if he had refrained from committing a crime, but the man is fatally logical. We are unable to comprehend logic of that kind for the time being, but we will take extraordinary care to ensure that the logic we use in the police court and assizes is flawless. Both Pecksniff and Uriah possess some intelligence. Dickens introduces us to the gigantic humbug who is also an outrageous fool in his final novel. Sap sea, who is a respectable man who weighs a lot of stone, wears pricey tailoring and a heavy watch guard, very openly worships himself. Sap sea has developed a fixation of self-importance as a result of his constant extolling of his own merits in front of a world that is always, more or less, listening when such a speaker has social weight. His thick hide and stoicism are beautifully exhibited, but it seems to me that in this case Dickens has committed an act of exaggeration that completely goes beyond the bounds of art; this may be the one time that his illusion fails to persuade us to accept an extravagance even for a brief period of time. I'm referring to Sepsi's tombstone inscription from *Edwin Drood*, chap. iv. When we compare this to anything in Pecksniff or Uriah Heep, even in his most fantastical works, we can see the tight limitations of his satire imposed by art. Dickens used the one strategy that, given all of his brilliance, could have given him such a strong hold over the populace at the time [8]–[10].

He did so with extraordinary skill. His skill, particularly as a satirist, is in the subtle application of stress and repetition. Emphasis alone would not have served his aim; the important point must be repeated until even the most ignorant listener knows it by heart. We sometimes take pride in the increased sophistication and taste of the general populace today, and it is true that some well-known authors appease their fans by making an appeal in a more restrained tone. But who enjoys the same level of popularity as Charles Dickens? If another writer emerges who can be likened to him for authenticity and acceptability worldwide, Goodman Dull will once more be summoned in his distinctive voice. We may be educated and intellectual, yet, to put it mildly, some millions of us turn away from pages of intense art with drowsiness. In a London Hall fifty years ago, those who didn't could have been gathered from the English-speaking world without feeling crammed in. Dickens, like other reformers, educators, and entertainers of his day, was forced to be noisy to the crowds of half-awake people. He did it naturally, as a man of his generation. Carlyle was far more adamant and repeated his points over the course of a much longer life. Regardless of education, these will once more be the traits of any writer for whom fate reserves a huge following in the upcoming century. Yes, it is true that Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff, Uriah Heep, and all of Dickens' well-known characters repeatedly say the same thing in the same way. This is covered in detail in *Charles Dickens*.

A Critical Study

The literary elite frowns, and the man of letters smiles while shaking his head. Remember: These beloved fictional characters appeared on a regular basis for twenty months, and not even the most dim-witted Englishman forgot about them between months. Who will use the approach to this end now that it is available to everyone? Dickens had less success with the "high life" in his satires than he did with the middle class. Although I mentioned Cousin Feenix and Sir Leicester Wedlock the latter of whom was particularly well done and had characterizations worthy of the author they are not remembered by most people. His first attempt at this sort of thing failed miserably; Lord Frederick Oversight and Sir Mulberry Hawk are comparable to the intellectual woman in *Pickwick* who penned the ode to an Expiring Frog, a work of fiction with no connection to reality. The youthful author of *Nicholas Nickleby* may have believed he had depicted a normal baronet and lord, but it is more likely that he worked deliberately in reference to the theatre [11], [12].

We are introduced to certain wealthy or well-connected characters in *Little Dorrit* who purposefully offend readers, but it is impossible to recollect their identities. The study of an old worldling in Edith Dombey's mother, Skewton, is far superior. We do not accept Skewton as a typical person, notwithstanding the beautiful and horrific realism of her paralytic seizure and her death in life. Dickens is severely at a disadvantage in this instance and would have been better off avoiding any comparison to Thackeray's work at all. Though one would be loath to lose the Circumlocution Office, it's possible that the same could be said of his forays into political humor. There seems to be reason to believe that those pages of *Little Dorrit* are not much less true than funny; at any rate, they are brilliantly written. Despite the fact that by choosing such a name, he seems to forbid our anticipating any picture of reality, there seems to be reason to believe so. We accept the member of the Barnacle family who is described as intelligent and young with ease; in fact, this young guy is quite a gentleman and represents the remaining Civil Service of that era; in a competitive system, he alone would have a chance. His family are significant enough, but they don't lead particularly long lives. Dickens was angry when he wrote about them, which was never the case in his masterful satire. Undoubtedly, there is ample cause for anger. However, at the same moment, another opponent of the English government was speaking out with greater wrath (this time, from Chelsea). Dickens did not feel at home in this Barnacle environment; his depiction of its

oppressive qualities reflected this. He was a talented writer, but lacked the composure needed to develop characters that would last. The newcomers in business and speculating were more within his purview. Montague Tigg remains in one's memory, but mostly, in my opinion, as the materialistic braggart rather than the prosperous knave. Although readers generally aren't familiar with Merle and his name never appears in a paragraph, there is still something astonishing about him, possibly more in the description of his surroundings than in the man's physical attributes. In *Our Mutual Friend*, the Veneering's come across more favourably on a second reading than in one's remembrance of a long-ago encounter with them. Dickens frequently experiences this, which is a major argument in his Favor.

CONCLUSION

They have a strong furniture polish Odor, and being exposed to them for the first time makes one feel anxious. Reading about them brings back past experiences. Being only sketches, they must be all emphasis (in Dickens' technique); we never lose sight of their satirical intent; and even their names, like the Circumlocution Office's, denote caricature. Dickens now re-establishes his connection to literary canon; we are brought back to the names of English drama's Justice Greedy, Anthony Absolute, Mrs. Malaprop, and the others. He only engages in this poor habit, which is so detrimental to illusion, with his subordinate figures, and only then on occasion. He generally chooses or invents names with considerable talent, which is obviously different from Balzac, who strives for a different kind of efficacy. Gamp, Micawber, Bumble, and Pinching are all so well-known to us that we automatically link them with certain personalities, but everyone can see their perfect rightness. Pecksniff is bolder and pushes the boundaries of delicate discretion. In a very small number of instances, he used the list of hideous names that anyone may collect from a directory, names that are typically worthless in fiction simply because they are real, like Venus.

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CHAPTER 7

CRITICAL INTERPRETATION OF CHARLES DICKENS WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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ABSTRACT:

Dickens was never a big hit with female readers. One is very certain that their contribution to *Pickwick's* success was minimal at best. They undoubtedly found something of fascination in the angelic Oliver, and from that point on they may have "taken to" the successful novelist due to the sorrow of his child's existence and, to some measure, due to his note of domesticity. Dickens wrote primarily for men, albeit, in general. Women who open a volume of his works on purpose today must be quite rare. The comic has never particularly engaged that audience. Furthermore, it makes sense that a writer who is so frequently loud, who deals with such a significant amount of life's rougher parts, who gives us little of what is typically referred to as softness and a lot of bloodthirsty brutality, should cede to many others in women's choice. Dickens is simply "vulgar" to some of them, and that's the end of it; they can't enjoy reading him any more than they can his predecessors from the eighteenth century. He is essentially unknown to moms and daughters who spend a lot of free time reading other forms of fiction, and members of this public have been known to talk ill of him in a class where this might not be honestly perceived as an objection.

KEYWORDS:

Children, Charles Dickens, Domesticity, Women.

INTRODUCTION

It appears that there are deeper causes for such coldness in supposedly compassionate hearts than what at first appears to be the case. We should not be shocked that typical members of her sex see in Dickens something akin to a personal adversary, a confirmed libeller of all who speak the feminine speech, especially given that George Eliot was of the opinion that Shakespeare demonstrates himself unkind to women, and on account of that could not entirely worship him. Because it is clear that Dickens wrote about women in his liveliest spirit of satire, leaving aside his would-be tragic figures the Lady Deadlocks and Edith Dombey's, about whom enough has been said and neglecting for the time being his role models in domestic life who are doubtfully sympathetic to female readers of our day. The countless images of more or less abhorrent widows, wives, and spinsters that emerge throughout his writings are wonderful as actuality and admirable as art.

They must be unquestionably considered among his best pieces; just one portrait would validate his claim to greatness. And I believe it might be convincingly argued that Dickens' gallery of dumb, absurd, or obnoxious women is the best place to look for unquestionable evidence of his faithfulness in recreating the life he knew. Most of these exceptional species come from a single tier of existence, which we obliquely refer to as the lower middle class. Their lives are generally comfortable; they experience no hardship other than childbirth, which they do not perceive as a hardship; all that is required of them is a quiet and amicable performance of domestic duties; and they are accorded great, frequently extraordinary, consideration by their male kin. However, they are known for their quick temper and

unrestrained use of offensive or obscene language. Making everyone around them feel uncomfortable is the real purpose of their life. They are invariably uneducated, stupid, and frequently blatantly stupid. If such people can be claimed to have any virtues at all, such virtues themselves become a curse. Their sounds are loud to the fearful ear in the byways and highways of life, by the fire, and in the bedchamber.

It is impossible to conceive how death might suffocate them; one imagines them standing at the entrance to another planet, causing commotion among discontented spirits who had believed to have attained calm. No historical research is required to confirm the veracity of these claims. Such women can still be found among the less fortunate, especially in London. They are so numerous that no man can count them, and you can find one or even two of them in almost every home in the low-rent suburbs for the purpose of fighting when men aren't around. Education hasn't done much to help ladies in this rank's temperaments and intellects thus far. A contemporary comedian believes that people fight because they have no other way to get thrill, which would explain their disagreeable behaviors. This does, in my opinion, contain some truth, but not all of it. Many women who frequent movie theaters and music venues, go shopping, and live quite opulently have honed the arts of bad temper to an extreme degree. If Dickens were still writing today, I believe he would have to add to Charles Dickens:

increase of liberty is not tending to exasperate these evil characteristics in women vulgarly bred. Mrs. Snagsby is genuinely terrified at the notion that the subservient law-stationer may be hurt; Mrs. Varden, who genuinely loves her husband, would never consider physically harming him. These women would live considerably longer lives now, would purposefully ignore their children (if they wanted to have any), and would calm their anxieties by hurling any domestic item at the obstinate husband during moments they meticulously planned. Dickens must have observed these social annoyances often throughout his early years. Such a voice would undoubtedly be heard in whatever lodging establishment he entered. His women speak in ways that no man could have invented; he was always well aware of the vocabulary, grammar, and figurative inflections of this revolting language. "God's great gift of speech abused" was the commonplace of his world. Another man, obtaining his release from those depths, would have turned away in loathing; Dickens found therein matter for his mirth, material for his art. When one thinks of it, how strange it is that such an unutterable curse should become, in the artist hands, an incitement to joyous laughter! As a matter of fact, these women produced more misery than can be calculated.

That he does not exhibit this side of the picture is the peculiarity of Dickens's method; a defect, of course, from one point of view, but inseparable from his humorous treatment of life. Women who might well have wrecked homes, are shown as laughable foils for the infinite goodness and patience of men about them. Justly, by the by, a matter of complaint to the female critic. Weller, and Varden, and Snags by, and Joe Gaggery are too favourable specimens of the average husband; in such situations, one or other of them would certainly have lost his patience, and either have fled the country, or have turned wife-beater. Varden is a trifle vexed now and then, but he clinks it off at his cheery anvil, and restores his jovial mood with a draught from Toby. Snags by coughs behind his hand, is nervously perturbed, and heartily wishes things were otherwise, but never allows himself a harsh word to his "little woman". As for Joe Gaggery, what could be expected of the sweetest and humanist temper man was ever blest withal? No, it is decidedly unfair. Not even Jonas Chlewich can outbalance such a partial record of long-suffering in husbands. It is worthwhile to consider with some attention these promoters of public mirth. Pickwick would have been incomplete without this element of joviality, and we are not likely to forget the thorn in the flesh of Mr. Weller, senior. Sam's father is responsible, I suppose, for that jesting on the subject of

widows, which even to-day will serve its turn on the stage or in the comic paper; it is vulgar, to be sure, but vulgarity in *Pickwick* becomes a fine art; we cannot lose a word of the old coaching hero. Mrs. Weller it is hard to describe in moderate terms; taking the matter prosaically, she has all the minor vices that can inhere in woman; but the mere mention of her moves to chuckling.

On her death-bed, we are given to understand, she saw the error of her ways. Such persons occasionally do, but her conversion comes a trifle late. Enough for Dickens that we are touched by the old man's spirit of forgiveness. It is the bit of light in a picture felt, after all, to be grimy enough; the bit of sweet and clean humanity which our author always desires to show after he has made his fun out of sorry circumstance. In *Oliver Twist*, the feminine note grows shriller; we have Sowerberry, sordid tyrant and scold, and the woman who becomes Mrs. Bumble. We are meant to reflect, of course, that the "parochial" dignitary gets only his deserts; he who marries with his eye upon a pair of silver sugar-tongs, and is a blustering jackass to boot, can hardly be too severely dealt with. So Mrs. Bumble exhibits her true self for her husband's benefit, and, so far as we know, does not repent of her triumphs as an obese virago. *Barnaby Rudge* is enriched.

Varden and her handmaid Miggs. Now of Mrs. Varden it can be said that she typifies a large class of most respectable wives. She is not coarse, she is not malignant, she is not incapable of good-humour; but so much value does she attach to the gleams of that bright quality, that not one is suffered to escape her until her household has been brought to the verge of despair by her persistent sourness and sulkiness. No reason whatever can be assigned for it; when she takes offence, it pleases her to do so. She has in perfection all the illogicality of thought, all the maddening tricks of senseless language, which, doubtless for many thousands of years, have served her like for weapons. It is an odd thing that evolution has allowed the persistence of this art, for we may be quite sure that many a primitive woman paid for it with a broken skull. Here it is, however, flourishing, and like to flourish. The generations do not improve upon it; this art of irritation has long ago been brought to its highest possible point. Who knows? A future civilization may discover lapses of common-sense and a finesse of fatuous language unknown.

A Critical Study Varden

The present, she points a limit of possibility in these directions. Her talk is marvellously reported; never a note of exaggeration, and nothing essential ever forgotten. The same is always to be noted in Dickens's idiotic women; their phrases might have been taken down by a phonograph for reproduction in literature. Such accuracy is a very great thing indeed; few novelists can compare in it with Dickens. His men he may permit to luxuriate in periods obviously artificial; their peculiarities are sometimes overdone, their talk becomes a fantasia of the author's elaboration, but with his women (of the class we are reviewing) it is never so. Partly, no doubt, because one cannot exaggerate what is already exaggerated to the not power; but it was very possible to miss the absolutely right in such a maze of imbecilities, and I believe that Dickens does it never. Varden repents, Mrs. Varden is stricken with remorse, Mrs. Varden becomes a model wife.

Let the Jew believe it! Not even on her death bed did it happen, but simply because she had a fright in the Gordon riots. Yes; for one week, or perchance for two, she might have affected even felt penitence; after that, Heaven pity poor Gabriel for having taken her at her word! The thing is plainly impossible. Such women, at her age, are incapable of change; they will but grow worse, till the pangs of death shake them. Mrs. Varden would have lingered to her ninetieth year, mopping and mowing her ill humour when language failed, and grinning illogicality with toothless gums. She is converted, to make things pleasant for us. We thank

the author's goodness, and say, 'tis but a story. Miggs, the admirer of Sam Appetit, is idiocy and malice combined. To tell the truth, one does not much like to read of Miggs: we feel it is all a little hard upon women soured by celibacy [1]–[3].

DISCUSSION

Dickens's time was hard indeed on the unwilling spinster, and we do not think it an amiable trait. Nowadays things are so different; it is common to find spinsters who are such by choice, and not a few of them are doing good work in the world. Sixty years ago, every unmarried woman of a certain age was a subject of open or covert mockery: she had failed in her chase of men, and must be presumed full of rancour against both sexes. As for Miggs, of course the detestable Mrs. Varden was largely answerable for her evil qualities; when the handmaid was turned out of doors, the mistress should by rights have gone with her. She amuses a certain class of readers, but has not much value either as humour or satire or plain fact. There looms upon us the lachrymose countenance of Mrs. Gummidge.

This superannuated nuisance serves primarily, of course, to illustrate the fine qualities of the Peggotty household; that she is borne with for one day says indeed much for their conscientious kindness. The boatman, delicately sympathetic, explains her fits of depression by saying that she has "been thinking of the old 'un". Possibly so, and the result of her mournful reflection is that she behaves with monstrous ingratitude to the people who keep her out of the workhouse. I'm a lone loran creature, and everything goes contrary with me. This vice of querulousness is one of the most intolerable beheld by the sun. Dickens merely smiles; and of course, it is large hearted in him to do so: he would have us forbearing with such poor creatures, would have us understand that they suffer as well as cause suffering to others. One acknowledges the justice of the lesson. But we have not done with Mrs. Gummidge; together with the Yarmouth family, she emigrated to Australia, and there became a bright, happy, serviceable woman! Converted, she, by the great grief that had befallen her friends; made ashamed of whining over megrims when death and shame were making havoc in the little home [4]–[6].

Well, it may have been so; but Mrs. Gummidge was very old for such a ray of reason to pierce her skull. In any case, we do not think of her in Australia. She sits for ever in the house on Yarmouth sands (sands not yet polluted by her kin from Whitechapel), and shakes her head and pipes her eye, a monument of selfish misery. Behold Mrs. Snagsby. To all Mrs. Varden's vices this woman adds one that may be strongly recommended for the ruin of domestic peace when the others have failed if fail, they can. She is jealous of the little law-stationer; she imagines for him all manner of licentious intrigues. That such imagination is inconsistent with the plainest facts of life in no way invalidates its hold upon Mrs. Snagsby's mind. She will make things as unpleasant as possible in the grimy house in Cook's Court; the little man shall have rest neither day nor night; his life shall become a burden to him. And goodness knows that the house, at the best of times, falls a good deal short of cheerfulness. There is Guster. Who shall restrain a laugh, hearing of Guster? Plainly described, this girl is an underpaid, Charles Dickens.

A Critical Study underfed

Overworked slavey, without a friend in the world, unless it be Mr. Snags by, and subject to frequent epileptic fits. And we roar with laughter as often as she is named! It is Dickens's pleasure that we shall do so, and, if it comes to defence of so strange a subject of humour, one can only say that, from a certain point of view, everything in this world is laughable. Look broadly enough, and it is undoubtedly amusing that such a woman as Mrs. Snags by should coarsely tyrannize over a poor diseased creature, who toils hard and lives on a pittance. But,

in strictness, the humour here perceivable is not of the kind we usually attribute to Dickens; it has something either of philosophic sublimity or of mortal bitterness. For my own part, I think Dickens points, in such situations as this, to larger significances than were consciously in his mind. I may return to the matter in speaking expressly of his humour; here we are especially concerned with the exhibition of personality. Happily, she undergoes no moral palingenesis; by the date of *Bleak House* her creator had outgrown the inclination for that kind of thing. We are sure that she made the deferential little man miserable to the end of his days; and when she had buried him, she held forth for many years more on the martyrdom of her married life. She is decidedly more hateful than Mrs. Varden, by virtue of her cruelty to the girl, and more of a force for ill by virtue of her animal jealousy. In short, a most amusing figure. It certainly is a troublesome fact for sensitive female readers that this, a great English novelist of the Victorian age, so abounds in women who are the curse of their husbands' lives. A complete list of them would, I imagine, occupy nearly a page of this book. Mrs. Jelly by I have already discussed [7]–[9].

I have spoken of the much more lifelike Mrs. Pocket, a capital portrait. I have alluded to the uncommon realism to Dickens's later manner. In such work as this, his hand was still inimitably true, and his artistic conscience no longer allowed him to play with circumstance as in the days of Mrs. Varden. The blacksmith's wife is a shrew of the most highly developed order. If ever she is good tempered in the common sense of the word, she never lets it be suspected; without any assignable cause, she is invariably acrid, and ready at a moment's notice to break into fury of abuse. It gratifies her immensely to have married the softest-hearted man that ever lived, and also that he happens to be physically one of the strongest; the joy of trampling upon him, knowing that he who could kill her with a backhand blow will never even answer the bitterest insult with an unkind word! It delights her, too, that she has a little brother, a mere baby still, whom she can ill-use at her leisure, remembering always that every harshness to the child is felt still worse by the big good fellow, her husband. Do you urge that Dickens should give a cause for this evil temper? Cause there is none save of that scientific kind which has no place in English novels. It is the peculiarity of these women that no one can conjecture why they behave so ill. The nature of the animals nothing more can be said.

Notice, now, that in Mrs. Gaggery, though he still disguises the worst of the situation with his unflinching humour, Dickens gives us more of the harsh truth than in any previous book. That is a fine scene where the woman, by a malicious lie, causes a fight between Joe and Orlick; a true illustration of character, and well brought out. Again, Mrs. Joe's punishment. Here we are very far from the early novels. Mrs. Gaggery shall be brought to quietness; but how? By a half-murderous blow on the back of her head, from which she will never recover. Dickens understood by this time that there is no other efficacious way with these ornaments of their sex. A felling and stunning and all but killing blow, followed by paralysis and slow death. A sharp remedy, but no whit sharper than the evil it cures. Mrs. Gaggery, under such treatment, learns patience and the rights of other people.

We are half sorry she cannot rise and put her learning into practice, but there is always a doubt. As likely as not she would take to drinking, and enter on a new phase of ferocity. Of higher social standing, not perhaps better educated but certainly better bred, are the women who acknowledge their great exemplar in Mrs. Nickleby. This lady all things considered, the term may be applied without abuse has passed the greater part of her life in a rural district, and morally she belongs, I think, rather to the country than the town; there is a freshness about her, a naïveté not up to a certain point disagreeable; her manners and conversation are suggestive of long afternoons, and evenings of infinite leisure. Mrs. Nickleby is, above all, Charles Dickens [10].

A Critical Study well meaning

according to her lights she is gracious and tolerant; she has natural affections, and would be sincerely distressed by a charge of selfishness. Unhappily the poor woman has been born with the intellectual equipment of a Somerset ewe. It would be a delicate question of psychology to distinguish her from the harmless, smiling idiot whom we think it unnecessary and cruel to put under restraint. One may say, indeed, that this defect is radical in all Dickens's female characters; the better-hearted succeed in keeping it out of sight in the others it becomes flagrant and a terror. Sixty years ago, there was practically no provision in England for the mental training of women. Sent early to a good school, and kept there till the age, say, of one and-twenty, Mrs. Nickleby would have grown into a quite endurable gentlewoman, aware of her natural weakness, and a modest participant in general conversation. Allowed to develop in her own way, and married to a man only less unintelligent than herself she puts forth a wonderful luxuriance of amiable fatuity.

Thoughts, in the strict sense of the word, she has none; her brain is a mere blind mechanism for setting in motion an irresponsible tongue; together they express in human language the sentiments of the ewe aforesaid. Mr. Nickleby died in the prime of life; what else could be the fate of a man doomed to listen to this talk morning, noon, and night? With Mrs. Nickleby one cannot converse; she understands the meaning of nothing that is said to her; she is incapable of answering a question, or of seeing the logical bearings of any statement whatsoever. One conviction is impressed upon her (pardon the word) mind: that throughout life she has invariably said and done the right thing, and that other persons, in their relations with her, have been as invariably wrong. Let events turn how they may, they do but serve to confirm her complacent position. Having exerted herself to the utmost in urging a particular line of conduct, which, on trial, proves to have been the worst that could have been followed, Mrs. Nickleby blandly reminds her victims that she had known from the first, and repeatedly declared, what would be the result of such manifest imprudence. Should this lead to an outbreak of masculine impatience, not to say anger, the good lady receives a nervous shock, under which she pales, and pants, and falters as the domestic martyr, the victim of surprising unreason and brutality.

As it happens, she does not bring her children to the gutter and herself to the workhouse; we acknowledge the providence that watches over exemplary fools. And after all, as men must laugh at something, it is as well that they should find in Mrs. Nickleby matter for mirth. She is ubiquitous, and doubtless always will be. She cannot be chained and muzzled, or forbidden to propagate her kind. We must endure her, as we endure the caprices of the sky. An ultimate fact of nature, and a great argument for those who decline to take life too seriously. This was early work of Dickens, but not to be improved upon by any increase of experience or of skill. A good many years later, he produced a companion portrait, that of Flora Finching in *Little Dorrit* the neglected book which contains several of his best things. We are told that the picture is from life as was that of Mrs. Nickleby, and that the exuberant Flora, in the bloom of her youth, had been to Dickens himself even what Dora was to *David Copperfield* a piece of biography in which one is very willing to put faith. I am disposed to credit Flora Finching with mental power superior to Mrs. Nickleby's; the preference may provoke a charge of subtlety, but I adhere to it after a long acquaintance with both ladies. Indeed, one rather likes Flora. Of course, she has killed her husband; but one chooses to forget all that. Flora, to tell the truth, has some imagination, a touch of poetry; in her heart she is convinced that as Mrs. Cleona she would have been a happier woman. Yet she has sense enough and fantasy enough only to play with the thought; it becomes something graceful in her commonplace life; a little lacking in delicacy, she causes her old lover some embarrassment, but never seriously hopes to win him back.

When McLennan marries little Dorrit, Flora behaves admirably the all-sufficient proof of what I have just said. Her character is in truth a very strong plea for the fair education of women. Flora needed but that; it would have made her, I really think, rather a charming person. Nowadays one will rarely meet any one suggestive of her; for she was at all times an exception in the vulgar world, and her like have since been schooled into the self-restraint, of which, under favourable conditions, they are perfectly capable. The species of sentimentality seen in Flora was at that time fed upon songs and verses congenial to the feeble mind; born thirty years later, Flora would have been led to a much better taste in that direction, with the result of greater self-command in all. She is a kind soul, and doubtless became a very pleasant, even useful, friend of little Mrs. Clennon. Such a woman is only dangerous when she feels that the law has surrendered to her a real live man has given him, bound hand and foot, to her care and her mercy. As a maid, as a widow, she will do no harm, nor wish to do any, beyond distressing the tympanum and tasking the patience of anyone with whom she genially converses. Charles Dickens [11].

CONCLUSION

Though it seems unjust to put her in this place, I must mention Susan Nipper, the nurse of Florence Dombey. Susan begins well on the pattern of her class; she is snappy, and brief-tempered, fond of giving smacks and pulling hair; one sees no reason why with favouring circumstances she should not develop into a nagger of distinction. But something is observable in her which imposes caution on prophecy; we see that Susan, though a mere domestic, has a very unusual endowment of wit; she is sharp in retort, but also in perception; in any case she cannot become a mere mouthing idiot. In course of time, we see that she has a good heart. And so it comes to pass that, in spite of origin and evil example, the girl grows in grace. She is fortunately situated; her sweet young mistress does her every kind of good; and when she marries. Toots we have no misgivings whatever as to that eccentric gentleman's happiness. And the woman herself (one lingers over her affectionately) may be dismissed as vulgarity incarnate. Her profession, her time, even her sex, may, from this point of view, be called accidents. Desiring to study the essential meaning of the vulgar, one turns from every living instance, every acute disquisition, and muses over Sarah Gamp.

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CHAPTER 8

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMOUR AND PATHOS

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ABSTRACT:

To even mention Dickens is to assume his sense of humour. It may have appeared at times that I criticized his work without considering a significant counterbalance due to the structure of my essay, but I was never able to lose sight of the supreme quality of his genius, which needs to be discussed in this section with complete focus. Dickens gained fame as a humourist, and looking back on his life's work, it is clear that his most sincere goals relied on this delightful talent, which he shares with practically all of the greatest English writers. Dickens naturally regarded as the most precious of his gifts that by virtue of which he commanded such a large audience as he did because he believed that the primary duty of an author is to influence his reader for good. Without his sense of humour, he could have been a strong proponent of social reform, but he would undoubtedly have failed as a novelist. English history is replete with examples of men who have advocated for significant reforms despite having just eloquence and earnestness on their side. Many people only started talking about the question his page posed because they were laughing so hard with him.

KEYWORDS:

Criticized, Dickens, Humour and Pathos, Snodgrass.

INTRODUCTION

If humour removed, his talents as a storyteller remain, but they could never have guaranteed success. On the other hand, they wouldn't have helped him in the better endeavour of pursuing artistic perfection. The heart of his work is humour. Like the human soul, it permeates a living fabric that would have never existed if not for its creative breath. His earliest writings hardly have a hint of this quality. The Sketches have a small amount of genuine humour, but (apart from the benefits of keen observation and strong descriptive ability there is a lot more just young exuberance that tends toward the absurd. A play like *The Tuggs's at Ramsgate* is clearly farcical and not particularly brilliant in its field. Dickens continued to write in this style throughout his career, frequently to great success. One must distinguish between his humour in the strict sense of the word and the elements of his writing that merely cause hilarity. It is not my place to describe a concept that has long since been well explained; enough so that the humourist does not always have a giggle in his throat; even at his most successful, he rarely manages to make us laugh louder than what can be seen in a thoughtful smile. However, there is a perfectly valid and tolerably vast range for the antics of a laughing spirit, and *Pickwick* abounds in it, now very different from and now almost mingling with the higher quality.

As a writer of pure farce, I believe Dickens has never been surpassed. One may suppose that the author's Sketches' reception by the public gave him a push that suddenly propelled him into realms of exuberant brightness and hilarity. The farce on the first several pages is the frankest. Farcical characters Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupman continue throughout, but Mr. Pickwick does not. The election at Eutawville, the argument between the competing Editors,

and numerous other well-known passages are all farces. Being so eminently young is a pleasure that only a man of brilliance can enjoy. How could one better depict that overflowing cheeriness that engulfed Dickens' first audience than in these lines from the book itself? "Though the merriment was rather boisterous, still it came from the heart and not from the lips; and this is the right sort of merriment after all." Or consider how elderly Wardle was described as greeting Mr. Pickwick while "out of breath with his own anticipations of pleasure" when he entered the early morning sunshine.

Unfortunately, even when they are laughing, old gentlemen do not become breathless in this way; nevertheless, young people may, and Dickens, a mere lad himself, was writing for the breathless boyhood of many generations to come. Except possibly when the drive of satire becomes too strong for him, the farce in his earlier work usually derives from this exuberance of spirits. Later, he inserts it purposefully and with conscious craft. One remembers his best efforts in this direction with ease. The opening chapter of *Hazlitt* finds him unluckily reverting to it just as he was about to create a masterpiece of genuine humor. The wild lunacy of the Muffin Company at the beginning of *Nickleby* shows him still in his juvenile mood. We will laugh to the very end about the "dominion egg" and the "donation bow-wows" thanks to Mr. Antolini's great sense of humor. At this point, Dickens was capable of using a sarcastic descriptive word that alluded to the dangers associated with the notoriety he had attained. When he had written that passage and allowed it to stand, his genius warned him; I don't recall anything so dangerous in later years. "Madame Mantling wrung her hands for grief and rung the bell for Charles Dickens.

She fell into a chair and a fainting fit simultaneously." Dick Swivelled allows us to reach higher planes of existence; Quill, at his finest, is rich entertainment. The scene between young David Copperfield and the waiter strikes me as farce, despite being very well written. Country innkeepers were never accustomed to putting a dishful of cutlets before a young child who requested dinner, and not even the most cunning of waiters could convince people that it was the young boy's accomplishment. However, the comic vigour of the scene is unstoppable. Even better is Jack Busby's forced union with the legendary Massinger. This is where Dickens, in my opinion, hits his pinnacle. It is not "screaming" farce; it appeals to people outside of the groundling community.

There has never been a more gloriously justifiable reason to laugh, and there has never been a more effective way to get rid of the megrims. It is absurdity in its purest form, free from any kind of cruelty and with nothing but pleasant self-forgetful laughter as a byproduct. We can see how Dickens tempers the sting of the truth with extravagant farce. We are told that Sally Brass cut "two square inches of cold mutton" from the joint and commanded her victim never to say she had not had meat in that house when she went down into the filthy subterranean kitchen to give the little slavey food. Who could resist laughing at this? Who could have withstood it if he had avoided dramatization and shown us the famished, ragged girl eating the kind of food that was actually placed in front of her? For an appreciation of Dickens' brilliance and fame, the point is crucial. It is the secret of Dickens's ability to do good that "two square inches" can make the difference between excruciating realism and generally embraced fiction. In addition, another instance might be set.

In *Bleak House*, Judy Small weed has a similar little slavey who she tyrannizes; a child who has also gained a lot of our sympathy and whose harsh treatment we could not bear to witness. Although Judy Small weed is a humorous figure, no one takes her actions seriously despite the fact that she is severely mistreated. Again, harsh language and mangled meats make us chuckle when, in reality, we should be sobbing. How wise Dickens' approach was given his eventual goal! After the fun, the reader thinks, "But what a shame!" and from that

point on, they feel sorry for the poor little ladies, whether they are being controlled by evil trolls or working in more pleasant settings. Without the joke, the tale becomes too painful to recall. The distinction between Dickens' farce and his humorous situations is clear. We find nothing enlightening in Montalcini or Jack Buns by; they amuse, and that's it. But genuine humour always raises a question and sheds light on human nature.

The best humor is endless, always fresh when we return to it, and as our understanding of life grows, more suggestive of wisdom. The humorist may not be fully aware of his own meaning; in fact, he always implies more than he can possibly have thought out. The Wellers are both purely comical creations. For starters, they are all socially represented; in addition, they are all distinct human types that have withstood the test of time. Be aware that neither the elderly coachman nor his son is ever depicted in an outrageous or impossible circumstance; the capers are not cut, even when they cause us to laugh the loudest. The fantastic is unnecessary in this situation; nature has acted with rapacious intent, and we are aware of this at all times in their everyday lives. No one falls in love with Mantalini, but Tony and Sam end up becoming our true friends, and despite how unlikely it seems, by getting to know them, we grow to know ourselves more fully. They are unexpected manifestations of the human soul, which is destined to take on many forms. The fun is in observing how this spirit responds to an unusual event and finds a way to laugh about it.

It is a subject of stress for old Weller; his challenges, which are never too terrible, bring out the man's quaint philosophy and make us smile in companionship. Sam, who is at peace in the world, turns everything into a joke, and there is nothing better than sharing a laugh with someone who is so astute and sincere in their emotions. Sam, Dickens' own child, cannot get away with a humbug in this regard. Face him off with Job Trotter, and see how his countenance lights up and how his mouth is let loose! Sam makes it a point to engage in friendly fight with Job Trotter because the latter's weapon of ridicule is ultimately unstoppable and a Cockney serving-man can deliver a number of blows that are beneficial to humanity. Of course, he is unaware of it; that is our responsibility as we observe, feel the warmth of compassionate merriment in our hearts, and express gratitude to the great joker who has taught us so much.

A critical analysis of Charles Dickens

A review of all his comedic figures would amount to reiterating the same statements in essence. I don't have room to discuss the numbers that have already been presented to us from this angle. But one word about Mrs. Gamp. She and Falstaff occasionally cross my mind, and I'm inclined to argue that their union has a certain air of legitimacy. Since Shakespeare, where else have we encountered a comic presentation of basic humanity with such power? Of course, the two figures are situated on different planes. In Falstaff, intellect and breeding are at odds with the flesh, despite the fact that the body has been severely damaged; in Sarah Gamp, little intelligence and less breeding are to be sought after, and the flesh prevails; yet, I find certain character similarities. Is there not even the slightest relation between the attitude that inspired this exquisite fiction and the temperament that the protagonist of Gads hill was born with, if Betsy Prig's terrible claim about Mrs. Harris must be taken as proof? A whim; disregard. However, in my vision, the thick-tongued, snide, but partially kind woman strolls down Kingsgate Street just as visibly as that mountainous man in East cheap.

The literary prowess displayed in both portraits is of the same calibre; the same idealistic perfect method is employed to transform things that, in real life, are repulsive or nauseating into sources of pleasure; and in both instances, the sublimation of character and circumstance is accomplished by a humour that seems unsurpassable. When Mrs. Harris is mentioned, one very naturally moves on to OpenFlow and Jerkens for a similar but less amusing bit of hum

or. It was obviously pulled directly from life; we are aware of this without the need for confirmation. At this very time, you can be sure that more than one Mr. Skellow is using Mr. jerkin's' rigidity as an excuse to justify his necessity or his meanness. However, only a man of genius observes such a thing and permanently stores it among human characteristics [1]–[3].

DISCUSSION

The passages in Dickens that serve as examples of manners rather than personal character are quite rich in Dickens' humoral. Consider the incident at Kennings' incarceration, a beautiful chapter in the frequently brittle and vulgar *Nickleby* pages. It is done so subtly but with such vivid detail; there is never a hint of the excessive; and every aspect of the situation is presented to us exactly as it would have been in reality but with such comical relevance. Or, instead, consider Mr. Dombey's servants' hall, which is so much nicer since it is carried out with such greater goodwill than the life that takes on upstairs. Or imagine Mr. Guppy treating Jobling to dinner at a chophouse. We would hear the clink of plates and glasses, feel hungry as Jobling accepted each fresh delectable proposal, and see the legal clerk winking at Polly the waitress as they totalled up their bill. Among all things, "Todber's" is preeminent. Every time I happen to be in the vicinity of the Monument, I immediately think of Lodgers' house instead of the London fire; I have the impression that the house is still there and might be found with enough diligence. Any age that has not outgrown our language cannot possibly forget this priceless description, which is filled with humorous truth in every syllable. How generous the scale is, too! Here, there is no "hitting off" in a few pages; instead, there is a wide canvas full of detail that never gets old and never uses an unnecessary touch. By way of the most minute portraiture, the residents of dodgers are not only brought to life for us both collectively and individually, but the building itself and its furnishings also imprint themselves on our minds. Each room and each table are so vividly described that they take on symbolic meanings that a casual observer would never have suspected.

The gloomy old city of London has suddenly opened up a little bit to us, and we can now see a museum of human quirks, follies, and vices there. This small number of residents is crammed into the brick-and-mortar maze; everybody is enormously significant to himself yet tiny in the grand scheme of things. They move around like busy ants and seem to be acting so seriously, but we know that they are just as concerned about us as we are about them, so we stop laughing and go do the same. According to me, the scene in which the Father of the Marshalsea entertains his elderly pensioner Nandy in one of Charles Dickens' books is the subtlest humoral in all of his works. However, more relatable images of daily life tend to be more popular. Dickens was always content when working with the traveling show, which was then just as common as it is now, whether it was Punch and Judy, an equestrian or theatrical performance. He never failed in such comic visualizing. Crumples and his troop in *Nickleby* to Chops the Dwarf in a story created for *All the Year Round*. Examples like Coddling and Short are typical. These people never stop being terribly true; they always amuse simply because of their humanity. Another entity that is similar to this order of beings is the inn waiter, with whom he had an exceptional acquaintance [4]–[6].

Read *Somebody's Luggage's* waiter's autobiography again (or perhaps for the first time). This is not satire; it is fact made vocal. It is also such a beautiful example of unconscious self-disclosure that we are unable to marvel at the author's sympathetic awareness Charles Dickens: *A Critical Study* adequately. He is unmatched in his ability to make idiocy humorous. Old Willet, the proprietor of the Maypole, is one of his finest. Willet is essentially a born fool in the true meaning of the word, and Dickens uses that "all but" as a springboard for a complex portrayal. The male can be compared to the dim-wittedness of Dickens' lower-

class women (whatever one that may be), and there is much room for speculation in the comparison. Being a man, Willet is tactful with his words; his greatest asset is a blank glare of idiotic resentment, suggesting a sense of self-importance that the gods themselves may regard with a mixture of amazement and amusement. Unparalleled the finesse with which this champion of human decency is finally revealed to be suffering from a mental shock—a shock so terrible that it nearly renders him deaf and mute. We had doubted his ability to stoop intellectually, so when it happens, we can only applaud the author's reserve of strength. He is sitting there, in the midst of his grand old inn's devastation, gazing at the kitchen boiler, his longtime friend. Upon seeing him in this light, we are reminded of the fact that he was, in his own unique way, a capable landowner who had kept the Maypole immaculate for many years.

This may allude to an aspect of English conservatism and character that is consistent with some of Dickens' opinions on the subject. I can't forget to highlight the sketches of actual grotesques, not quip-like extravagances, that occasionally appear at strange points in the text. These sketches are marvels of quick character sketching and hum or instinct. The two best illustrations I can think of are those of Mr. Nadette in the elderly Tamaroa in chapter xxxii of the same book. Language is limited in its ability to conjure up a vivid mental image, and this result is mostly attributable to the author's witty insight. There is no clearer comparison between Dickens' understanding and presentation of a little portion of observable fact a portion of human nature versus the technique that contemporary critics, incorrectly but understandably, refer to as photography. Both Tamaroa, the young Bailey's replacement at Todgers', and Midgett, the hunter of sinister riddles, gain an imaginative significance comparable in sort (though not to the same extent as) that of the most prominent fictional characters. Such contours are genius in action with each stroke.

The gift of sadness is inextricably linked to that of humor. Dickens' unfortunate circumstance was that he occasionally developed melancholy scenarios in the theatrical sense due to mental habits that have already been thoroughly described. I don't think he was coldly insincere, which is typical of playwrights' work, but he occasionally lost self-control and unconsciously reacted to popular audiences' unsophisticated ideals. Even though they were necessary for such listeners, emphasis and repetition were inappropriate in this dismal narrative. As a result, he is accused of being mawkish, however there are many who genuinely like his humor for its ability to make people cry while simultaneously flipping the pages quickly. I think that the death of Paul Dombey is what these critics primarily have in mind, but they might also mention the deaths of Jo, the crossing sweeper, and tiny Nell. After reading these chapters again, I don't think there is anything that can be said to defend Jo; on his deathbed, he is an impossible person, and this is one instance when moral purpose has unquestionably killed every artistic quality. It seems to me that the alternative tales have been judged too quickly. Undoubtedly, the one sentence that depicts Paul's mother's death is superior to the hundreds of pages that show the decline of Paul; however, I cannot label these pages as mawkish because I do not believe that they are blatantly false. We are actually standing by the bed of a sweet young child who is precociously talented and brutally overwrought, and depending on how we are set up, the tear may or may not rise. If the issue is to be shown at all, it may have been handled much worse. "Cheap" pathos is what it is described as [7]–[9].

Dickens possesses

I can only reiterate that Dickens had a purpose in focusing on children's claims to attention because, in his day, children's lives and happiness were quite cheap. Dislike for the Old Curiosity Shop's protagonist as a pitiful creature strikes me as being dumb. She is a product

of romance, and her passing represents the hasty end to any charming, innocent, and fragile life. Heaven forbids that I should assign an intentional allegory to Dickens, but in thinking of those poor children who were then being tortured in England's mines and factories, I like to see in Little Nell a type of their sufferings; she, the victim of avarice, dragged with bleeding feet along the difficult roads, constantly pursued by heartless self-interest, and finding her one safe refuge in the grave. Who can argue with the beauty of that excellent novel's ending? Regarding the literary style, I will have something to say shortly, but as a story of a peaceful death, it is exquisitely imagined and heartbreakingly recounted. Dickens possesses a lot of genuine pathos, as *A Critical Study*. The earliest example that comes to mind is the Chancery prisoner's death in *Pickwick*, which is briefly detailed but has a significant emotional impact. It merits ably belongs among the humorous scenes that enliven that section of the book.

We are struck by how drastically different the prisoner's existence was from what was happening just a few yards away in the free world, and we see an unfathomably miserable death. Dickens is at his best when he brings out the pathos of child life, as seen in a scene from another book, *Bleak House*. This moment is also tied to the horrible system of imprisonment for debt. The person Skimpole knew only as "Caginess" has passed away, and the children of curviness are now living by themselves in a garret, where their father's calling has earned them the scorn of the neighbourhood. The eyes sparkle as we look, despite the fact that they are presented as simply as possible with no obvious stage emphasis. I must cite one or two lines. Esther Summerson recalls, "We were looking at each other and at these two children, when a very little girl entered the room, childish in figure but shrewd and older looking in the face pretty faced too, wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her, and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. But for this, she might have been a boy. We can notice the tight relationship between a "quick observation" and the real pathetic. Another image shown to us in Esther's story the baby's death in the starving labourer's cottage moves by the standards of respectable art. More of it may be felt in the story of Doctor Marigold, the Cheap Jack, who is playing the clown in front of the public while his child is dying in his arms. This work is admirable and defies criticism.

The story is given by the man himself in the most straightforward manner possible; he never presses home how sad his situation is. Between his professional shouting and the laughter in front, we can hear him whispering to the youngster. When he realizes that his words of tenderness have had no effect, he looks closer and leaves the platform. A work that might atone for literary transgressions far worse than anything Dickens ever did. Both the pathos and the hum or in *Little Dorrit* are strong. When dealing with the filthy jail environment, Dickens' touch was extraordinarily sure thanks to his childhood experiences, and he found that life there was just as rich in sorrow as death. Very frequently, it is intricately entwined with his humours; who is to judge which aspect of his creativity predominates in the details of the Marshalsea painting? When comparing it to the similar scenes in *Pickwick*, we notice a subtle change in tone that results from both riper art and advancing years. As we watch the Dorrits leave the jail door, the atmosphere is different from that which accompanied Mr. Pickwick's release. *Great Expectations* stands out for its pathos, which is of this darker and subtler variety. Dickens intentionally ended the novel in a minor tone. Even if he cannot be described as having a tragic personality, the old prisoner Magwitch has enough emotion to pique the reader's interest and, in the end, develops a dignity through suffering that is really amazing [10]–[12].

Is there not a lot of pathos in Pip's story, as is well observed? It would be clearer if we could discard Lytton's idiotic recommendation and reinstate the story's original ending. Most readers believed and possibly still believe that Dickens' best pathos was found in his holiday novels. However, not even in the *Carol* can we look for anything to be seriously compared

with the finest qualities of his novels. Two of those pieces suited their function wonderfully, while the other two displayed a failing vitality. These small works are truly valuable since they purposefully illustrate a subject that preoccupied Dickens from beginning to end. He sets out to demonstrate these qualities in an idealized portrayal of the English home because he is writing during the season of peace, goodwill, and joy. The kind of domestic beauty he naturally discovers beneath a modest roof. And we only need to take a quick look back through the countless volumes of his life's work to see that his most delicate, brightest hum or and his purest melancholy are in those uninteresting pages that capture the daily lives of working-class and rural English people.

Quintessential elements

This is Dickens's most endearing quality, and in my opinion, it will last the longest of all that he has left behind. His brilliance casts a cozy light on the quintessential elements of small-town England. No man ever loved England more, and image after photo of her simple, traditional existence in roadside inns and cottages, small homes hidden among the city's size and commotion, strange musty stores, booths, and trailers serve as evidence of this. When he finds comfort or joy, he revels in it to the hilt. He rubs his hands together, glistens, and makes us laugh along with him. When he encounters suffering and misery, he is affected like nowhere else, extends the hand of true brotherhood, and expresses his outrage and anguish to the world. There would be no end to the passages that could be chosen for illustration, but we must think back on a few for fun. You must always turn to the Jolly Sandboys, where Nell, her grandfather, and the traveling showmen all sought shelter. Try to picture the warmest welcome of a cozy small inn at the end of a long, lonely road. According to *Old Curiosity Shop*, chap. xxviii, "There was a deep ruddy blush upon the room, and when the landlord stirred the fire, sending the flames skipping and leaping up when he took off the lid of the iron pot, and there rushed out a savoury smell, while the bubbling sound grew deeper and richer, and an unctuous steam came floating out, hanging in a delicious.

Whose is it, then? What dyspeptic person can help but chuckle insatiably at such a description? The photo of Ruth Pinch at the butcher shop is equally as good. "There was nothing savage in the act. Although the knife was large and keen, it was a piece of high art. It was to forget breakfast instantly to see him slap the steak before he laid it on the block, and give his knife a sharpening perhaps the greenest cabbage leaf ever grown in a garden was wrapped around this steak before it was delivered over to Tom. But the butcher had a sentiment. As one reads this, one can't help but feel remorse that Dickens overloaded much of the pages with melodrama rather than the everyday activities of the ordinary street! In a fantastic chapter of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Kit and Barbara visit Astley's for the evening together with their moms, tiny Jacob, and the Baby. It would have seemed impossible to make so much nice fun of some of the homeless people in London. Dickens accomplishes this through his intense, abiding empathy with them. When they are happy, he is happy too. He knows exactly what makes them happy and why, and hearing Kit guffaw and young Jacob's shrill laughter makes him feel good inside. Where else in literature does such boundless joy expressed in such wonderful whimsy After the circus, Kit invites all of his friends around for an oyster feast by the way, Sam Weller reminds us that poverty and oysters were inseparable in those days.

CONCLUSION

No one else loved the meal more than the one who was giggling as he described it. Dickens is beloved by the underprivileged in London. However, they can hardly be claimed to have read him at all since his works are always available. Keep in mind that a situation like this was novel and innovative in writing. When Dickens sat down to write about the happiness of

servant boys and girls with their washerwomen and seamstress mothers, he had no model to follow. However, in spirit, he carries on the works of two authors he always admired, Goldsmith and Sterne. Goldsmith's sweetness and compassion, as well as No one can ever believe that two such people have ever been in such relationships, but as this is immaterial, we never consider it. All we know is that a spell has been cast upon us, causing us to alternate between smiling and laughing. Who has ever stopped to consider that lodger, the old coasting Captain, must have been quite unattractive to a young lady coming straight from a grand mansion in the west of London in terms of persona, manners.

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CHAPTER 9

EXPLORING THE IMPORTANCE OF MASTER OF PROSE: A REVIEW STUDY

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ABSTRACT:

Dickens is considered to be a master of prose, yet there are caveats to that statement. When it comes to true idiomatic flow and mastery of delicate melodies, he cannot be compared to Thackeray. He is usually kind to the point of exhaustion, but he has one flaw that violates the fundamental rule of prose production. Despite all of this, he used the English language in a distinctive way, and his writing style must be seen as one of the arguments for his inclusion in literature. It started off with great attributes; his sketches are written with energy, diversity, and a soundness of construction that he owed to his studies of the eighteenth century. His first book, which mostly deals with vulgarity, is remarkably clear of vulgarisms. He refers to your invite in one of his first letters to Forster, yet there is no such thing on his printed pages. Facetiousness is occasionally to blame for a poorly written sentence, and this error occasionally appears in later novels. When someone in *Pickwick* throws his cushion at the elderly woman, "the effect of this act of ejaculation was twofold, it is described as having a grin that agitated his countenance from one auricular organ to the other.

KEYWORDS:

Delicate, Dickens, Fundamental, Master of Prose.

INTRODUCTION

Dickens avoided these dangers without much effort; what would have happened to him if not for his superb models and his good judgment, we may infer from the writing of some of his more or less conscious followers. Slovenly English he never wrote; the nature of the man prevented it. And in this regard, he stands in stark contrast to everyone other than the finest of his time. I recall a passage in Henry Kingsley's *Ravenshoe*, where a dog is trying to get his master's attention; we read, with a little shock of surprise, that "the dog wagged his tail and pawed his waistcoat," as an example of what a generally sound writer could permit himself in the hurry of writing a "mere novel." But Dickens respected himself and his audience, which was never a trait shared by the average English novelist. The propensity of writing in meters has been his most serious flaw, one that he never really conquered from *Oliver Twist* on. In his sin, he is not acting alone. Charles Kingsley does a terrible job of illustrating it in some of his prose, most notably, the *Heroes*, as I recall. Open Richard Jefferies' article "The Open Air" if someone wants to discover how far the trick can be taken unconsciously, of course.

They will find several pages written precisely in a meter made famous by Longfellow, with very few breaks. As in "All the cunning brooklet's sweetness where the iris stays the sunlight. All the wild woods hold of beauty. All the broad hills' thyme and freedom. Thrice a hundred years repeated." This obviously shows that the author has an undeveloped ear for the harmonies of prose, but the worst part is that many readers would find it delightful and praise it. Many years ago, I came across a magazine article headed "Dickens as a Poet," the ludicrous goal of which was to demonstrate admirably how many sections from the novels by

Charles Dickens: A Critical Study 60 could be transcribed and read as blank verse. Unfortunately, there is no disputing the truth. Dickens was greatly affected by emotion while writing this. He noticed the trend, claims he can't do anything about it, and doesn't seem bothered by it. It is clear toward the end of the *Old Curiosity Shop* that the habit overpowered him while he was in a tender mood. On the other hand, when he is angry, he is not so tempted; just as a piece of prose, the paragraph providing a general picture of the kids at *Datebooks* is good, well-balanced, and free of any odd rhythms. However, let's look at a line from the *American Notes* that Forster cited as a wonderful example of Dickens' concern for the underprivileged. Although it is noble felt and quite nicely written, the five-foot cadence is occasionally obvious. But bring him here, to this crowded deck; remove his lovely young wife's silky garment; pin her pale cheek with care and much hardship; and so forth. One is tempted to believe that Dickens did that on purpose because he thought it was better than simple prose.

One can go to *Barnaby Rudge* for a straightforward, forceful style. All things considered, this is possibly the best written of his works; best in the sense of presenting the smoothest and most consistent narrative strain. There are no interruptions in the meter; the periods flow, and the wording is vibrant but muted. It stands out among the first few books for this unusual quality. Its relative brevity may be one of the causes. On the other hand, *Nickleby* has obvious stylistic flaws since the author was forced to write more than they intended. The chapter depicting Nicholas's journey from London via Surrey with Smikle is one of its most tightly linked. We inhale the very downs air and take in the beautiful scent of the hedges beside the road. Dickens has a fantastic ability to evoke a rural setting. We can see and feel the open-air surroundings despite the fact that he hardly ever refers to a tree or flower by name, never elaborates, and possibly never even paints a landscape.

The key lies in his personal enjoyment of the highway and the meadow, as well as his limitless capacity for suggestion through seemingly careless language. He always does a great job of describing quick journeys in narrative. The Muggleton coach's journey in *Pickwick* is the best coach drive ever described. It is tremendously exciting and would give a man sweltering in the tropics a healthy glow similar to a lovely crisp morning. It surpasses the much longer description in *Chilewich*, which is far more tedious after numerous paragraphs beginning with the identical phrases. The story of Inspector Bucket's posting journey in *Bleak House* is said to have been written by Miss Esther Summerson, but in reality, Charles Dickens's creative mind was at work with all of its trademark vigor. He was familiar with every step the travelers took; he noticed the lamps' glimmer and the fleeting illumination of the travelers' features; the very horses brought out fresh were familiar faces. Such writing requires more than just carefully choosing and arranging words; it requires a vision that is exceptionally clear. Dickens claims that even during anxious or difficult times, he was still able to write; all he had to do was sit down at his desk and write.

Whereas as would occur, he saw untruthfully, a mere fantasy projected by the mind, his hand immediately lost its dexterity. He always had the ability to make it so that others could see it, even when vision was just a marginally improved recollection. Consider the simple graphic ability that Dickens possessed and contrast it for a moment with the outcomes of the same painstaking efforts made by the French novelist Flaubert. On the one hand, here is a man who, although working diligently and diligently, finds constant delight and occasionally rapture in his work. On the other hand, there are grunts and growls, labor that moves slowly while sweat drips from the toiler's brow, and little to no relief for him at the conclusion of all his suffering. Furthermore, not a single page of Flaubert demonstrates the same level of vision and comprehension as a thousand pages of Dickens. This is not something that comes through fasting and praying or even from thinking a lot about art. You either have it or you

don't. Dickens was preoccupied with seeing as a child or young person; as a man, he picked up a pen and started to write about what he had observed. And compared to its own feeble, blind sight, the world saw far more clearly with him. The narrative style in the account of David Copperfield's trek on the Dover Road is among the best in English.

The quick flashback passages in which David tells us about his later boyhood are also excellent; they are a concentration of memory infused with the best humor. It is difficult to describe the course of a year or two of completely uneventful marriage in Charles Dickens: A Critical Study perfect proportion of detail, with interest that never for a moment drops; but read the chapter titled "Our Domestic Life" and try to give the great artist who composed it adequate credit. Who can identify a line where it could be improved? One can easily suggest how the chapter may have been ruined by a tiny bit of excessive pathos or unwarranted mockery. Nothing more or less can be said about the writing; it is flawless. The funeral of old Anthony, conducted by Moulid, is described in the nineteenth chapter of *Chilewich* as another example of descriptive writing. What about the scope stated in comparison between this chapter and the one from *Copperfield* that was just mentioned? Since I would be unable to choose between their merits, I would not wish to state that one is superior to the other. Where is the alleged "extravagance" that foretold Dickens' demise Moulid and his retainers, the entire funeral from house to grave, seems to me to be the best possible example of realism; it is the clearest vision and narrative, without even the slightest suggestion of effort, and it stands there for eternity.

Quip's demise is a wonderful example of the darkly picturesque. The description of the day and night leading up to the goal delivery where the rioters are to be hanged in *Barnaby Rudge* is superior because it is more humane. Although it bears the appearance of being quick, it is actually quite detailed and inventive. We watch Dennis, Hugh, and Barnaby in their cell as the hours quickly pass while also being aware of what is happening outside. Not one of the numerous wide and subtle touches that abound across these pages could be deemed extraneous, and the intended impression is fully realized. Although description is a necessary component of narrative, Dickens excels in detailed description as well as intricate imagery, as opposed to hints, which are frequently used to forward his agenda. Before I discuss the well-known instances, I'd like to bring up the first chapter of *Little Dorrit*, which if the word is not tautological shows a scene from London on a dismal Sunday. The reading is quite intriguing. Dickens is once again completely devoid of humor and viewing the enormous city in a state resembling a splenetic rage.

The passage is perfect for creating an impression because it accurately captures how one could have felt when walking through the dark, lifeless dwellings beneath a depressing sky. Dickens could have only rarely felt and seen in this way. Compare that to Mr. Guppy's "London particular" depiction of the fog from the opening of *Bleak House*. Because we are guests in the company of a man who allows nothing to hinder his pleasure of life and who can joke unaffectedly even in such circumstances, the apparent darkness makes one happier than it otherwise would. *Little Dorrit*'s first few pages, which are wonderful works of art, give an idea of the kinds of books Dickens might have written if he hadn't used humor. But he wouldn't have written them if that were the case. *Pickwick*'s account of the Fleet reveals his typical demeanor. It would seem challenging to paint a convincing, vivid picture of such a location while excluding elements that are repugnant or unbearable to the senses, but it is accomplished here. The same artistic expression may be seen in his masterworks of characterization; nothing is faked, but something is hidden. He occasionally had the ability to sketch quickly, forcefully, and with the broadest lines possible to convey a tremendous amount of information, as in the portrayal of the Gordon rioters viewed from a higher

window as they marched down the street in their drunken rage. Dickens called attention to this passage in a letter he had just written at the time, expressing how proud he was of it.

DISCUSSION

The features of London he depicts in his writings are countless; imagine compiling these passages into a lovely small book! We only get glimpses of the West End, but one remembers the very genteel yet stuffy corner where Barnacle's mansion was located, as well as the neighborhood where Miss Tox lived. His artistic inclination is for the small, obscure neighborhoods or the gloomy and lurid, out of which he created his own picturesque. He does not show us the stately and opulent London. I am afraid the conventional idea of the beautiful is associated with such suffering and degradation that a new picturesque will have to be formed as the world moves on, the author writes in a letter from Naples (where he was simply disappointed and disgusted, we can see why). His thoughts and presentations were obviously not conventional, but for the most part, they are intimately associated with suffering and depravity. Jacob's Island and Tom Alone's have the appearance of exquisite, wild etchings that are just lit enough to reveal the main elements and hint at less desirable parts. Krook's house and the area around it are a crucial part of the world that Chancery shadows; they are utterly disgusting and oppressive, yet so well-illustrated that they don't hurt the reader's imagination. Such scenes are romanticized by Dickens [1]–[3].

His intelligence allows him to find romance in the banal and the filthy, just as much as in the coziness and cleanliness of home. Chapter xlvi of *Chilewich* illustrates what he can eke out of a pitiful tiny room of a few feet square in a densely populated, seedy neighborhood. Jonas, who has turned into a murderer, is hiding in his own home and picks a spot where he is unlikely to be seen. Nothing could be more irrational than this: The room in which he had shut himself up was on the ground floor, at the back of the house. It was lighted by a dirty skylight, and had a door in the wall, opening into a narrow, covered passage or blind alley. It was a blotched, stained, moldering room, like a vault; and there were water-pipes running through it, which, at unexpected times in *Great Expectations* may be considered its outdoor companion. As I entered Smithfield, the disgusting location with its dirt, fat, blood, and foam seemed to stick to me. So, I quickly scrubbed it off by turning into a street where I could see the enormous black dome of Paul's bulging at me from behind a dreary stone structure that a passerby identified as new gate Prison. Following the wall of the jail, I found the roadway covered with straw to deaden the sound of passing vehicles; and from the quantity of people standing about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials.

This is "locality" as good as the bit of human portraiture which follows Jaggers walking through the throng of his clients); and higher praise could not be bestowed. I suppose there is no English writer, perhaps no writer in any literature, who so often gives proof of wonderfully minute observation. It is an important source of his strength; it helps him to put people and things before us more clearly than, as a rule, we should ourselves see them. Two examples only can I find room for; but they will suffice. Pigott's purse, given to little David on his departure from Yarmouth, was found to contain "three bright shillings, which Peggotty had evidently polished up with whiting for my greater delight". And again, little Pip, after being washed by his sister, is led to make the remark: "I suppose myself to be better acquainted than any living authority with the ridged effect of a wedding-ring, passing unsympathetically over the human countenance". You will come across no such instances as these in any other novelist, of observation, memory, and imaginative force, all evinced in a touch of detail so indescribably trivial; its very triviality being the proof of power in one who could so choose for his purposes among the neglected incidents of life.

When Dickens writes in his pleasantest mood of things either pleasant in themselves, or especially suggestive of humorous reflection, his style is faultless; perfectly suited, that is to say, to the author's aim and to the matter in hand. His Christmas number called *The Holly Tree* begins with a chapter on Inns; we rise from it feeling that on that subject the last word has been said, and said in the best possible way. His book of collected papers, *The Uncommercial Traveler*, consists almost wholly of such writing. Whether its theme is *City of London Churches*, or *Shy Neighborhoods*, *Tramps*, or *Night-walks*, or *London Chambers*, he is invariably happy in phrase, and in flow of language which, always easy, never falls below the level of literature. In such work he must be put beside the eighteenth-century essayists, whom he always had in mind. His English is not less idiomatic than theirs, and his views of life find no less complete expression through the medium of a style so lightly and deftly handled [4]–[6].

Research of master

A Master of Research degree is an internationally accepted advanced postgraduate research degree in England, Singapore, Australia, China Hongkong. In most cases, the degree is aimed to prepare students for doctorate research. Increasingly, the degree may be advantageous for students seeking professions outside of academia, where high-level research skills are prized but a PhD certification is not necessary. A Master of Research may be recommended where a student is undecided if they would like to pursue a PhD program, or if they do not have the qualifications or expertise to achieve direct entry into a doctoral program. It can provide a helpful understanding of what doctorate research is like, but simultaneously allowing the student to achieve a Master's level certificate. In some circumstances it is also regarded a foundation for conducting research in professional contexts.

For fields that do practice-led research, a Master of Research provides a chance for understanding the nature and potential of research study through, for example, art and design practice. The Master of Research may be especially intriguing to people in the field of Medicine who seek to enhance academic research skills to enter competitive specialties such as surgery or public health. At some universities, the degree is given in a specific discipline, for example, a Master of Research (Science) or a Master of Science by Research [7]–[9].

United Kingdom

Master of Research degrees are increasingly popular with a number of the Russell Group and other elite universities; such as University of Glasgow, University of East Anglia, University of Edinburgh, Cardiff University, University College London, Imperial College London, University of Bristol, University of Manchester, Newcastle University, University of Liverpool, University of Southampton, University of York and the University of London; as well as in universities with significant art and design departments, such as the Faculty of Arts (University of Brighton), University of the Arts London, and the Royal College of Art. In most cases, the degree is aimed to prepare students for doctorate research. For universities with considerable capabilities in Practice-led research, a research master's degree preparation provides a chance for understanding the nature and potential of research study through, for example, art and design practice [10].

Programmed structure

Research master's degree programmed are different from taught master's degrees by placing particular focus on a lengthy dissertation (usually between 35 and 40,000 words), or a comparable practice-led research project, in addition to fewer (or no) taught modules. Research master's degrees curricula courses in the UK must guarantee that at least 70% of the content is project focused since it is "geared to those wishing to pursue a research career

afterwards. This will generally include training in Research Methods, as well as education in Research Ethics and professional practice problems such as writing proposals, making funding applications and publishing.

Award instead of doctoral degree

Some universities may give this degree to a doctoral candidate who has not finished the required term of study for a doctorate, but has completed a sufficient dissertation and taught content to be acceptable for a Mires.

In several Russell Group universities this degree is awarded to doctoral candidates who commence on the Doctor of Engineering (Eng.) route but choose to pursue a non-academic profession before the entire Doctor of Engineering programme is complete. In most circumstances, however, a PhD candidate will go down to the level of a Master of Philosophy at British universities. The main difference between an MPhil and an MRes is that MRes sometimes but not always has taught components although the main focus is still on research and therefore might require a first year taught component during the doctoral studies, such as modules from an associated Master of Science degree. Research performed for a Master of Research degree is often shorter in duration to that of an MPhil or PhD around one to two years, as opposed to two or three, full-time. For humanities disciplines, MPhil theses are normally 60,000 words while MRes or MA(Res) are usually approximately 35–40,000 by thesis, or lesser for courses with a teaching component (a blend of smaller essays and a dissertation). Some universities demand an oral exam (*viva voce*) in addition to a written thesis for successful completion of an MRes degree [11], [12].

Australia

In Australia, a Master of Research is a postgraduate level research training degree. The curriculum consists of a coursework component and a supervised research project, including a thesis of 20–25,000 words. An MRes is finished within two years, or part-time equivalent. The degree is now only provided at a limited number of universities, having initially being introduced at Macquarie University. Entry into a Master of Research degree program usually only requires a bachelor's degree with a sufficiently high-grade point average (GPA), as opposed to Master of Philosophy programs which often require a Master of Research degree or an honors degree (sometimes with grade point average, weighted average mark or other grade-related requirements).

The University of Technology Sydney provides a Master of Research in specific fields through its faculties. The institution also offers trans-disciplinary research through entities such as Master of Sustainable Futures (Research) sponsored by the Institute for Sustainable Futures. A Master of Research may be undertaken as a gateway certification to a Doctor of Philosophy (PhD), or as training to provide professional research capabilities.

CONCLUSION

A Master of Business Administration is a postgraduate degree concentrating on business administration. The core courses in an MBA program cover various areas of business administration such as accounting, applied statistics, human resources, business communication, business ethics, business law, strategic management, business strategy, finance, managerial economics, management, entrepreneurship, marketing, supply-chain management, and operations management in a manner most relevant to management analysis and strategy. It developed in the United States in the early 20th century when the country industrialized and firms sought scientific management. Some programs may provide elective courses and concentrations for advanced study in a particular area, for example, accounting,

finance, marketing, and human resources, but an MBA is designed to be a broad curriculum. MBA programs in the United States typically require completing about forty to sixty credits (sixty to ninety in a quarter system), much higher than the thirty credits (thirty-six to forty-five in a quarter system) typically required for degrees that cover some of the same material such as the Master of Economics, Master of Finance, Master of Accountancy, Master of Science in Marketing and Master of Science in Management.

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CHAPTER 10

CREATION OF THE DAILY NEWS: AN ANALYSIS

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ABSTRACT:

Dickens' excessive energy and the unease that frequently overcame him as a result of personal concerns occasionally caused him to distract his attention from the self-sufficient labours of literature and made him eager to test his resolve in public life. He once carefully investigated if being a stipendiary magistrate may be an option, but the responses he received were uninspiring. At another, he decided to focus on political journalism, which really led to the creation of the Daily News, a publication that, as we've seen, he edited for just a few days. The author of *Oliver Twist* had a natural desire to preside over legal proceedings, and like other writers who were deeply interested in social issues, he believed that the columns of a renowned newspaper would provide him with the best platform for spreading his ideas and changing the world. He doesn't appear to have really considered taking one of the steps that has persuaded authors to abandon their assigned tasks; he got invitations to run for office in the House of Representatives but ignored them. He was a Radical, a phrase that used to be used to define him as a politician and social reformer but is no longer widely used.

KEYWORDS:

Attention, Creation, Daily News, Spreading.

INTRODUCTION

This obviously referred to someone who wanted significant changes to give the majority of people freedom and a voice but was unhappy with the plodding pace of legislation that moved "from precedent to precedent" and the aristocratic beliefs that underpinned English society. The demands made by such folks seem hesitantly timid in an era where socialism is progressing. Our opinion is that Dickens leans conservative and never intended to use the word democratically in the traditional meaning. To understand how progressive the radical spirit was, we need to reflect on the reforms that were really implemented during his lifetime. Dickens' novels played a significant role in the good work, and they undoubtedly had a wider impact than he realized. He satirizes the House of Commons in the *Sketches* as well, and later in life, his attitude toward Parliament was no less despicable than Carlyle's. His deep conviction that England's Representative Government failed as a result of the then-common national sin known as "flunkeyism" is expressed in a letter dated 1855.

He had many reasons to be unhappy at the time and was working on *Little Dorrit* at the time. But he never looked forward to or desired a thorough political revolution. His first trip to America left him with opinions about conservatism that he never got rid of. I do fear that the heaviest blow ever dealt at liberty will be dealt by this country, in the failure of its example to the earth. If that example had proved to be in any respect hopeful, he would undoubtedly have rejoiced. He writes thence to Forster, 1842, that he trembled for any Radical who should cross the Atlantic, "unless he is a Radical on principle, by reason and reflection, and from the sense of right. He may have afterwards found some little measure of satisfaction in the realization that, overall, the vast Republic had not performed all that much better than the monarchical England. He never developed a theory of reform since it was not in his thinking

or temperament to think through such issues. The set of chapters he wrote for *Household Words* and later released as the *Child's History of England* allow us to learn what he felt about the past of his nation. It is unsatisfying as literature; too frequently, one is reminded from a great distance, no doubt of that repulsive series of books called *Comic Histories*, which someone, somewhere, embarrassed himself by authoring.

Dickens lacked a thorough understanding of history and what it actually meant; his book depicts a number of more or less hideous monarchs who pull practical jokes on the masses they are supposed to control by divine right. The unlucky youngster who received this "history" would be the most unfortunate. The one definite inference we draw from attempting to read it is that Dickens took pride in being a resident of the nineteenth century and a subject of Queen Victoria. Speaking of "the bad old times" was a component of his radicalism, and genuine history almost never vindicates him. "Good God, the greatest mystery in all the earth, to me, is how or why the world was tolerated by its Creator through the good old times, and wasn't dashed to fragments," he writes at the end of an outstanding letter of description after visiting Chillon. He believed it was far better to forget the past. He never for a second doubted that the world was progressing, but the pace of that progress was in no way consistent with his active habits.

He made a political statement during a speech at a public event that, due to the vagueness of its wording, sparked journalistic discussion. He claimed that he had little to no faith in the people in power but infinite faith in the people who were being governed. The cleverest "trimmer" could not have come up with a language structure that allowed for more interpretational flexibility, yet Dickens' intent was clear enough to anyone who did not intentionally misunderstand him. He later clarified that the first "people" should have a tiny initial letter and the second, a capital letter. However, there is still some confusion because "the people governed" might refer to either a reality or a theory. Dickens intended the former; the latter may have been indicated without contradicting his beliefs as they are expressed throughout the novels. In his heart, he always believed that being governed was for the benefit of the people; only let the governors be properly chosen [1]–[3].

He was never a democrat. Dickens would have wholeheartedly agreed with Herbert Spencer's insightful statement that "There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts" Nobody understood the vast majority of people's inability to form sound opinions about what is best for them, whether in public or private life, then Dickens. He also understood that, while the voice of the people must always be heard, it cannot always be allowed to rule. This is a pretty modest theory, but it made the man who followed it a decent Radical. The small group of educators who referred to themselves as "Christian Socialists," guys with whom Dickens had a great deal of sympathy, were in a position that wasn't much better. He had the utmost respect for Carlyle, whose enormous guns could not help but make him happy whenever they were pointed at the aristocracy and its practices of game preservation.

Carlyle was far more fervent than the novelist in his support of the underprivileged and hard-working sons of men while being an aristocrat to the core in the nobler and truer sense of the word and having little sympathy for the simpletons and weaklings whom Dickens took to his heart with such a warm compassion. Even though he was a wonderful comic, Carlyle could only laugh grimly when he looked at those "hard-entreated brothers," and he was moved to speak out against injustice in the world by the prophet's indignation. He could remind the poor of their everlasting duties with stoic sternness since he was aware of the evils of poverty, not just in childhood but also later in life when want breeds gall and bitterness in strong hearts, but the next instant he turned away to hide a tear. He had a considerably

broader perspective than Dickens did, and his compassion was also much greater. Tennyson is a magnificent name that is also correctly connected to Radicalism. The author of *Locksley Hall* and *Maud* had no partial sympathy for the uprising against local pride. In *Vere de Vere*, a tired strophe captured Dickens' innermost feelings. Tennyson moved on to other things because he had a bigger mission, but nothing he wrote on his flawless page deviated from the humane ideal he had upheld since he was a young man. Despite his inability to mimic the poet's most ecstatic mood, Dickens largely adhered to the same moral and intellectual principles.

Their messages complement one another rather than conflict with one another. It is the essence of his religion, and his religion as strange as it may sound had a great deal to do with the tone and teaching of his literary work. At the end of his will, Dickens writes, "I exhort my dear children" thus: "humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here and there." We are informed that he spent a short time attending a Unitarian church, but there was no theological heresy or, at the very least, no religiously-related mental strain associated with this. It just meant that he was annoyed and repulsed by the English church's clergy. The reasons for this sentiment are not difficult to find, but for now it will suffice to note a fact that he highlights in one of his letters: no Bishop of London spoke out before the year of grace 1848 on the importance of giving the poor decent housing. One considers the types of housing that provided shelter for the city's destitute, as well as specific events from 1948, and these two considerations aid in understanding Dickens' perspective [4]–[6].

Always thinking about Christ's straightforward teaching, he took the time to extract for his children what he believed to be the most important parts of the New Testament. It would have greatly pleased him if such a small volume had been used to instruct the children of the poor. Instead, he observed them being educated in "the church catechism and other mere formularies and subtleties," and he observed their teachers defending this weak kind of religion as though it were the Master's essential teaching a teaching that, in contrast, was being studiously ignored by the majority of them. Nevertheless, he went back to the English Church and continued to be a member till the end. how he perceived the known more violent forms of Dissent. It would be defamatory to claim that Dickens supported the Establishment because it was "respectable," but it is unquestionable that he did so in part because the Church was a component of the long-established and stable order of things in England that he never wanted to see overthrown.

Many intelligent men continue to act in the same way and for the same reason. In a broader sense, there can be no room for questioning his sincerity of religion. He was the last person to insert sacred names and associations under flimsy pretexts into his books, but whenever he refers to Christian doctrine or the Teacher himself, it is with a simple reverence that is both beautiful and moving. These are words that came directly from his own heart and connect with the reader's. Today, we don't look for fervent Christianity in political leaders. Dickens chose to be retrospective in one situation as well as in a number of others. Dickens never mentions it and likely did not take it into account because it had no place in his English ideal; he was still writing at a period when "infidelity," as it was then called, was becoming common among the inhabitants of large towns. I seriously doubt that he had any practical contact with the "free-thinking" worker. If we exclude the one novel, which I can't help but consider is a failure, a more obvious exclusion from his writings is that of the worker at battle with capitalism.

This significant conflict that had existed before him his entire life had no place in the overall plot of his fiction. He depicts destitute people who are oppressed and complain about their

difficult lives, but he never portrays a typical wage earner engaged in a struggle for justice and food. The obvious answer is that Dickens was unfamiliar with the north of England. He would never have written about the possibilities for dealing with this problem in his book *Hard Times* so unconvincingly if he had had sufficient experience of an industrial town. Stephen Blackpool doesn't stand for anything at all; he is merely a picture of meekness, and his worst misfortune a drunken wife could happen to any man anywhere. The book is an unrefined attack on materialism, a subject that would have naturally fit in nicely with a study of the combative working class. However, as I have already stated, Dickens did not focus on the working class, not even in London. It is a class that has yet to be fully portrayed in fiction; although many novels have been written about it, there aren't any first-rate works that focus exclusively on its way of life. Mrs. Gaskell explored the subject in great detail and with some degree of accomplishment, although this was not one of her best pieces.

No working-class characters in English books that I can think of have been as accurately representational as those in Charlotte Brontë's second book. If the author of *Shirley* had a little more experience, she might have shown this class in the masterpiece that we so desperately seek. Rockwell from *Bleak House* comes to mind. He is a radical who speaks and acts with vigour, yet he is an employer rather than a "hand." He travels to Chesney Wold to remove the young girl his son has fallen in love with from domestic service because it is an inappropriate situation. Rounsevell is unmistakably a member of the "great" middle class. He is a radical who aspires to become a significant capitalist. Note that Dickens did not find these things to be inconsistent. He makes it clear to us that the guy has achieved success through his own hard work and talent; as a result, he has the right to stand firmly but respectfully face to face with persons of much higher status than Sir Leicester Deblock.

DISCUSSION

It is the middle-class ideal, one that grew as England became more prosperous at the expense of things, we all agree to forget. Dickens has a great deal of admiration for and empathy for Rockwell. At this point in time, though, we find it quite hard to see why the prosperous iron founder should be a more sympathetic figure than the upright baronet. One indicates an impending victory, the other a cause that is losing ground, but it is still very unlikely that the winning order would advance human interests any farther than the cause that has suffered its fatal blow. Rockwell are quite important; most of Dickens' contemporaries view him as the model Englishman. Being the secretive housekeeper in a wealthy family as the son of a domestic servant who is also a role model, he could never for a second feel ashamed of his origins; in fact, on the right occasion, he will be proud of it. However, he is making money and looks forward to starting a "family" of his own. He explains the problem to the perplexed Sir Leicester in an elaborate yet modest manner. He informs the baronet that it is common for the son of a wealthy manufacturer to fall in love with a working girl, in which case the girl is removed from her lowly position to be properly educated and prepared for her duties as a middle-class wife. He does so with a certain amount of semi-conscious self-approval. There is no suggestion that the mothers of successful men should be freed from a position of servitude.

Here, old and modern coexist together. Rockwell would never agree to leave Chesney Wold because she values her responsibilities there highly. She "knows her place," and her son, who isn't trying to start a revolution, is quite pleased with the situation as it is. The entire event is a priceless historical artifact. Old Rockwell, Sir Leicester, and his lady stand for the past; Rounsevell, his son, and the attractive girl working for Lady Deblock represent the present. Everything is done in a polite manner; the baronet is acting only out of noblesse oblige, and the iron master is very much a gentleman. Because Sir Leicester has more reason to be

amazed by the social revolution taking place around him than Dickens himself did, our author is not totally aware of his achievement in satire. The new order's ideals are integrity, diligence, and material prosperity, and Dickens wholeheartedly endorses them. Was he not a fantastic example of a self-made man himself? Of course, he does much more than that, and as a result, he elevates himself above the limitations of Charles Dickens.

A Critical Study the much-praised system of things with a humanism of mind. Read his speeches to audiences of the new democracy, particularly the one he gave at the Birmingham and Midland Institute where he used the equivocal language about the people governing and governed that was previously cited. He explicitly states that studying should not only be done to "get on," as he frequently does in speeches in front of large crowds, but also for the moral and intellectual benefits it will provide the student as well as the ability it will give him to help others. He said it in all sincerity, but we can be sure that his audience was picturing Rockwell in their minds as they listened. The public understood Dickens' comments about progress in this way. And since he was sure that his country was making steady progress toward a brighter day, he spoke frequently and extensively about Progress. Given the nature of human nature, a period of commerce could do much worse than designate Rockwell as its patron saint. However, Sir Leicester had his own glimpses into the future. In his darkest moments, he might have imagined that Chesney weld would be acquired by some lord of millions who had no regard for the noble traditions of the past, who delighted in vulgar display, and who, through the force of his egregious example, had incited hatred and conflict between the sexes and among the world's nations [7]–[9].

Dickens was alive to witness the rise of plutocracy. He would not have exalted that kind of advancement, but he unwittingly played a role in its accomplishment. He observed one vice, ferocious gambling, which had previously been associated with aristocratic circles, spreading over society at large and spoke as befitted him. He was at Doncaster at the time of the races by chance, and in a letter, he wrote, he said, I swear to God that I can see nothing in it but cruelty, covetousness, calculation, insensibility, and low wickedness. They are truthful words. However, no man's rebuke can counteract a national calamity that is inextricably linked to capitalism's victory. Dickens' radicalism, on the plus side, was characterized by a deep empathy for the underprivileged and an unrelenting contempt for any form of social supremacy that is merely obstructive. Speaking of *The Chimes*, he said that it was his wish and hope in this book "to strike a blow for the poor. Many such blows he struck, and that right manfully. Our social experience forbids us to think that his views were always wise. He hated the new Poor Law, merely because it put an end to a ruinous system of outdoor relief and compelled the indigent to live in so-called workhouses.

One can only wonder that his feeling so much overcame his robust common-sense. Quite late in his career we come across the old animosity in his description of Betty Higden (*Our Mutual Friend*), one of the least valuable of his pictures of poor life. Old Betty lives in terror of the workhouse, and wishes to die in a ditch rather than be taken care of by the Union. This is intelligible enough; one knows that workhouses are often brutally conducted, and one sympathizes very thoroughly with a loathing of that "charity" which is not at all synonymous with charity in its true sense. But Betty, as a figure in fiction, does not interest us; she is so evidently a mere mouthpiece for criticism of a system; we do not see her, and do not believe in her talk. The practical man only scoffs. And Dickens could so easily have drawn a character at which no scoffing would have been possible. It is an obvious fault of his work, when he exhibits victims of social wrong, that it takes no due account of the effect of conditions upon character. Think of little Oliver Twist, who has been brought up under Bumble and Company, amid the outcasts of the world, yet is as remarkable for purity of mind as for accuracy of grammar. Oliver, when taken to Fagin's house, is wholly at a loss to

conjecture the meaning of words and acts which even a well-bred boy of his age could not fail to understand; the workhouse lad had evidently never heard of pickpockets.

Granted that Oliver was of gentle blood, heredity does not go so far as this. Little Dorrit, again: she is the child of the Marshalsea; and think of what that meant, even apart from the fact of her more literal parentage. Yet we find no blemish in her; she has grown up "under the lock" without contracting one bad habit of thought or speech; indeed, one does not know in what way Amy Dorrit could be morally improved. This is optimism of the crudest kind, but to Dickens and to his readers it suggested no troublesome reflections. To show either Oliver or Amy as a creature of pure instincts, struggling and stumbling towards the light and often sinking in despair, would have satisfied neither; the good character must be good in spite of everything, or the Ruler of the universe seems dishonoured. To us, in a day of sociology, such ideals are uninteresting, and it relieves us when we come across such a capital study of the everyday fact as is seen (*Dombey*) in Mrs. Toodle's graceless son, Rob the Grinder. Robert was a Charles Dickens: A Critical Study 67 charity boy, and probably a fair specimen of the breed. From the doubtless well-meaning care of the Charitable Grinders, he has come forth a very troublesome young rascal; slippery, untruthful, dishonest, and the ready instrument of any mature scoundrel who chooses to throw him a copper. This, notwithstanding the sterling qualities of his father and mother. Rob is quite capable of penitence; it makes him uncomfortable when he knows that his good mother is crying about him; but after every resolution of amendment comes a speedy relapse, and when we at length lose sight of him, it is with no certainty that he will not live to be transported. Excellent characterization, and far more profitable from the point of view of the good Radical than many crossing-sweeper Joes or declaiming Betty Higden [10]–[12].

It goes to the root of the matter. Rob has been infamously neglected by the pretentious folk who made such a merit of supplying him with bread-and-butter and a hideous garb. This was plainly not the way to make a good citizen out of a low-born child or any other child. It pointed to the need for education other than that supplied by Grinders, however charitable; and from this point of view, Rob is one of the most important of Dickens's social studies. Whilst speaking of the influence of social conditions, one ought to glance again at the small weed family, in *Bleak House*. These creatures, whether it was meant or not, plainly stand for the blighted, stunted, and prematurely old offspring of foggiest London. Impossible, we are told, to conceive of them as having ever been young. Nothing could be truer. These are typical products of a monstrous barbarism masked as civilization; savages amid the smoke and filth and clamour of a huge town, just as much as the dirty grizzled Indian crouched in a corner of his wigwam. Dickens chose to dwell on things more pleasant and, as it seemed to him, better for the soul; but he knew very well that for one Tim Linkin water there existed five thousand small weeds.

Not only in the neighbourhood of Chancery do such weeds crop up; it is the pestilent air of crowded brick and mortar that nourishes them. Statisticians tell us that London families simply die out in the third generation; on the whole, one is glad to hear it. Unfortunately, their decay leaves a miasma; and all children so luckless as to breathe it with their daily air shrivel in mind, if not in body, before they have a chance of enjoying youth. Dickens's remedy for the evils left behind by the bad old times was, for the most part, private benevolence. He distrusted legislation; he had little faith in charitable associations; though such work as that of the Ragged Schools strongly interested him. His saviour of society was a man of heavy purse and large heart, who did the utmost possible good in his own particular sphere. This, too, was characteristic of the age of free-contract, which claimed every man's right to sell himself as best he could, or buy as many other men as his means allowed. At one with Carlyle in scorning the theory that "cash was the sole nexus" between human beings, Dickens would

have viewed uneasily any project for doing away with this nexus altogether; which would mean the abolition of a form of beneficence in which he delighted.

With what gusto does he write of any red-cheeked old gentleman who goes about scattering half-sovereigns, and finding poor people employment, and brightening squalid sick-chambers with the finest produce of Covent Garden. In the Christmas Books, he went to pantomimic lengths in this kind of thing; but no one was asked to take Scrooge very seriously, either as a grasping curmudgeon, or when he bawls out of the window his jovial orders for Christmas fare. Garland and the Cheryl's and John Jarndyce and many another were presented in all good faith. We may even see Dickens himself playing the part, and very creditably, in that delightful Christmas paper of his, the *Seven Poor Travellers*; where it makes one's mouth water to read of the fare he ordered at the inn for those lucky vagabonds. In the Cheryl brothers he indulges his humane imagination to the full. That there indeed existed a couple of kind hearted merchants, who were as anxious to give money as others are to make it, we will believe on the author's assurance; but that anyone ever saw the Cheryl's in the flesh we decline to credit. They are chubby fairies in tights and gaiters; a light not of this world flushes about their jolly forms. Dickens becomes wild with joyous sympathy in telling of their eccentric warm-heartedness "Damn you, Tim Linkin water!" they exclaim unable in the ordinary language of affection to set free their feelings. To double a clerk's salary is a mere bit of forenoon fun; after dinner, we picture them supplying fraudulent debtors with capital for a new undertaking, or purchasing an estate in Hampshire to be made over forthwith to the widow of some warehouse porter with sixteen children.

The harm they must have done, those two jolly old boys! But Dickens would not hear of such a suggestion. He considered, above all, the example of self-forgetfulness, of mercy. And as "people in a book", it is likely enough that Tim Linkin water's employers are to this day bearing far and wide a true gospel of humanity. Charles Dickens: A Critical Study The very heartiness of this benevolence precludes every suspicion of offensive patronage. We know that these men do good because it gives them more pleasure than anything else; and their geniality is a result thereof. Even so in Dickens himself; he is incapable of speaking and thinking of the poor as from a higher place; no man ever pleaded their cause with simpler sincerity. He is always, and naturally, on their side, as against the canter, and the bully, and the snob; even as against a class of rich folk with whom he had otherwise no quarrel. It overjoys him to find good in anyone of lowly station, to show virtues in the uneducated. Those very cheery Ble brothers, do they not eat with their knives? We should not have known it, but he goes out of his way to tell us; he insists upon the fact with pride, and to throw scorn upon the fastidious, who would disapprove of this habit. Always it is the heart rather than the head.

A man who has been to school and college may, of course, have virtues; but how much fairer do they shine thinks Dickens in him who drops his h's and does not know the world is round! In this respect as in various others there is a difference between Dickens and that other Radical novelist, Charles Kingsley. The author of *Alton Locke* chooses for his hero a working-man whose intellect is so much above the average that he is nothing less than a true poet. One cannot imagine such a figure in Dickens. *Copperfield* by the autobiographic necessity of the case does not come of the proletariat, and I remember no instance of a person born in that class to whom Dickens gives anything more than mechanical aptitudes. It was reserved for Thackeray to make a great artist of a butler's son, and for Kingsley to show us a tailor writing "The Sands of Dee". I mention this simply as a fact, without implying any adverse criticism; it was the part of Dickens to show the beauty of moral virtues, and to declare that these could be found in all kinds of men, irrespective of birth and education. When sending forth her nephew into the world, Betsy Trotwood gave him this brief counsel:

"Never be mean; never be false; never be cruel". Better advice she could not have bestowed; and it was the ideal of conduct held up by Dickens to all his readers, from beginning to end.

CONCLUSION

If he could discover shining examples of such virtue among the poor and the ignorant, their mental dullness seemed to him of but small account. It does his heart good to play the advocate and the friend to those with whom nature and man have dealt most cruelly. Upon a Smoke or a Maggy (in *Little Dorrit*) he lavishes his tenderness simply because they are hapless creatures from whom even ordinary kind people would turn with involuntary dislike. Maggy is a starved and diseased idiot, a very child of the London gutter, moping and mowing to signify her pleasures or her pains. Dickens gives her for protector the brave and large-hearted child of the Marshalsea, whose own sufferings have taught her to compassionate those who suffer still more. Maggy is to be rescued from filth and cold and hunger; is to be made as happy as her nature will allow. It is nobly done, and, undoubtedly, an example of more value to the world than any glorification of triumphant intellect. At times, he went too far in his championship of the humble, moralizing in which it is declared that the love of home felt by the poor is "of truer metal" than anything of the kind possible in the wealthy. Twenty years later Dickens would not have spoken so inconsiderately. Sometimes, too, he goes beyond the safe mean in his exhibition of virtuous humility.

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CHAPTER 11

COMPARISONS OF THE LITERARY TRAITS OF DICKENS

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ABSTRACT:

Comparing the literary traits of Dickens and Thackeray or, I forget which of Thackeray and Dickens was a popular topic for debating groups. It's possible that people are still talking about the subject in suburban areas of London or rural towns. Of course, it was always silly because there could never be a debate in the true sense because the differences between these authors were so obvious and their literary connections so easily dismissed. Whoever can make a convincing argument as to which of the two was the "greater novelist" should be allowed to do so. Whoever has the least in-depth familiarity with the novelists' works will be the most objective in evaluation. The comparison between Dickens and one or two of his foreign contemporaries, who wrote fiction and, like the English master, were preoccupied with social issues and demonstrated a special understanding in dealing with the life of the poor, seems to me to be possible without wasting time. Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dostoyevsky, and Daudet are names that immediately come to mind when thinking about authors, therefore I won't be wrong in assuming that everyone who has taken the time to read thus far in the book is familiar with their main works. Naturally, I don't intend to cover everything that could be contrasted, but a thorough Englishman like Dickens must differ from authors who are strongly influenced by their national identity in many small ways.

KEYWORDS:

Critical Study, Debating, Dickens, Literary Traits.

INTRODUCTION

Enough to point out some similarities or differences that, if further explored, might lead to a thorough comprehension of our particular subject. Evidently, there is a difference between Dickens and the three foreign authors mentioned, a difference that appears to include the use of the rather meaningless phrase "realism". Balzac's novels are reputed to be merciless analyses of real life, whereas Dickens never makes the claim to be giving us life itself but rather a selection or adaptation. This Charles Dickens: A Critical Study revelation of the smallness of man, his frequent sordidness, and his not uncommon bestiality is said to have made Balzac, who called his work the "human comedy," smile. While Daudet, who is so similar to Dickens in a few ways, matures into a conception of the novel that would have been intolerable to the author of David Copperfield, Dostoevsky, absorbed in compassionate study of the wretched, the desolate, and the oppressed, by no means goes out of his way to spare our feelings. He also cultivates a frankness regarding the physical side of life that in England would likely have to be. We define realists as males who have an unwavering approach and are completely unconcerned with whether they cause pain or pleasure.

The distinction does not criticize Dickens in any manner. The moment a writer sits down to create a story, to develop characters, or to modify those he is familiar with to new situations, he enters a universe that is distinct from reality and, call himself what you will, he adheres to certain laws and norms, without which the craft of fiction would not be possible. Being a genuine artist, he provides us with images that reflect his own preferred perspective on life; each image is a little version of the world as he sees it. Therefore, while a master's general

notion of the human tragedy or comedy must be regarded as that without which his work could not take form, execution may be correctly criticized from the point of view of the general public. Balzac and Dickens each have a similar claim to their respective bitter smiles in the literary and artistic worlds. Furthermore, one can easily assume that "realism" in its harsh aspects is far from being merely an artistic endeavor when it comes to disparaging comparisons. The writer who exposes to us all of humanity's flaws and does it with a certain ferocity of resolve may believe that he is doing it for artistic purposes, but in reality, he is relishing an assault on the coherence of the cosmos, which is always such a seductive form of sport.

Dickens was a belligerent author who loved his physical hits, but he only ever fought against specific individuals and schools of thinking, never against humanity or the entire globe. Orders exist for creative labor. A novel and a fairy tale are both distinct from a romance. But only a false and pointless divide between realistic and idealistic literature can be formed. It just depends on the author's temperament and degree. Two likable and eccentric characters, similar to those that Dickens may have imagined in other circumstances, appear in Balzac's *Cousin Pons*. Pons, the bric-a-brac collector, and his friend Schmucke are good, simple people, and Balzac adores them. However, because of his obsession with demonstrating how life, or at least Paris, is a vast machine for torturing and crushing the good (and thus the weak), these two elderly men end in the most miserable circumstances, as baseness and cruelty triumphs over them. Dickens' intended direction for the narrative is known.

It is a strong touch, and Dickens could not have expressed it in a book any better than he could have done it in person. There are variations in creative approach. We are free to express a preference for one way of viewing life over another, but this preference is without judgment. Numerous evidence can be presented on either side to support the artist's point of view; the critic's role is limited to asking about the work's execution. Though not by any means a greater talent, one discovers in Balzac a stronger intelligence. He sees as clearly and minutely as Dickens, but his scope in terms of character and circumstance is significantly wider. I also doubt that he ever conveys his vision with the same vividness as the English author at his best, and his prodigious amounts of description undoubtedly fall short in terms of artistic merit in comparison. They both make obvious mistakes in construction, albeit in different ways.

A Critical Study Let the critic who dismisses Dickens's characters as archetypes take a moment to consider Victor Hugo's masterpiece, *Les Misérables*. What are the characters in this story goanna be called? Put Inspector Bucket and investigator Javert side by side. It is immediately obvious that in the latter, we have a unique individual, a living man full of quirks, some professional and others inherent to himself. He undoubtedly represents the London police force of his era, but only in the way that any extremely astute, quick, and dedicated inspector would have done so. On the other side, Javert is simply a representation of the penal code. We never, ever mistake him for a being that strolls the land. He is completely superhuman and speaks in the language of an embodied idea, so no matter how common he seems or how amazing his scent for a criminal is, it cannot surprise us. It is the same thing throughout the entire book. One may compare Jean Valjean to Prometheus; he is a type of suffering mankind and stands in for all the victims of social injustice. We won't object if his experiences take any heroic or unexpected turns because he is actually more than one person. What else is Fantine if not the spirit of a woman indignant? Cosette represents childhood that has been stripped of its natural endowment and trampled by a cruel and selfish civilization.

It is incorrect to refer to *Les Misérables* as a novel; instead, it should be classified as symbolic art. And the only reason I did so was to immediately demonstrate Dickens' superiority as a fiction writer by placing it next to his work. Hugo is interested in broad historical issues and powerful forces at work in the world. He investigates society's theory, looks into individual rights, judges people, and attempts to defend God's methods. He is a global figure, and the entire modern era is a part of his huge drama. He is a true democrat; for him, the only legitimate voice that can rule is that of the people; all other potentates and legislators are merely usurpers who must be tolerated for a while. Despite being utterly dedicated to the cause of the oppressed, Dickens fights their battle on far more constrained terrain. He fights against municipal regulations that, for the most part, date back to certain periods of grace. His worldview is as straightforward as it gets, and the Sermon on the Mount contains all of his knowledge. He is not a Democrat; rather, he is an ardent English Radical [1]–[3].

His strength comes from his deep sense of national identity, which allows him to speak for an England without a voice. However, there are many places where his work and Hugo's touch together out of necessity, prompting comparison. One of them is having children. I've already mentioned Dickens' genuine pathos; nevertheless, is there anything else in any of his tales that emanates from a well of compassionate sympathy as deep as that image of Cosette setting out her wooden shoe at Christmas? The rest of Dickens's offspring are typically made of flesh and blood; Cosette, with rare exceptions, is a spirit. If we are willing to look, an inferiority in the Englishman is shown by comparing his mistreated ladies to Fantine. These are abstractions, as we've already mentioned, and serve as an example of what his people, for the most part, are not. However, when compared to a beautiful creation like the mother of Cosette, abstractions are weak, pointless, and untrue. Both authors fundamentally have the same confidence in human nature, and they extol the same qualities. However, for Dickens, life is lot easier and considerably funnier.

DISCUSSION

How quickly, in his could opinion, everything be put right if the affluent and powerful were just mild-mannered and had a decent sense of humour! He is enraged by institutions rather than bitter toward fate, as is so common in modern "realistic" books. The famous Russian novelist Dostoyevsky, whose work Dickens would have found much to appreciate and admire, exhibits something of this, if mostly unintentionally, when compared to the English works. It is depressing for a couple of reasons: first, because it discusses the Tzar's empire; second, because Dostoevsky, a poor and troubled man, powerfully conveys to us his own perspective on poverty and misery. When reading him, one is frequently reminded of Dickens, including some of Dickens' quirky humour. His writings contain a strong sense of sympathy; a compassion so strong that it frequently comes off as morbid, as it very well may have been. One book, *The Idiot*, explores the mental deterioration brought on by epilepsy. Read the opening of the story *Homilies' et Offenses'*; it is possible that Dickens' direct influence worked with the author in those pages describing the hero's kindness to the poor little waif who comes under his care; either way, spiritual kindred is evident [4].

Mark the difference between this and *Barnaby Rudge*; here we have the pathos of saddest truth, and no dallying with half-pleasant fancies. And what a strange world it is in terms of everything outside! *Crime and Punishment*, Dostoevsky's masterpiece, is filled with Dickens-esque details in its more humorous sections. Character extravagances pleased him, and he depicted them more loosely than Dickens was able to or would have preferred to use in *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study*. Suppose the Russian-born English novelist was the one who wrote the lengthy scene at the book's introduction where Sonia's crazy drunk father

introduces himself to us in an amazing monologue. The entire book, which tells the tale of a strange murder, detective cunning, a broken girl who maintains her purity, and a criminal redeemed by love and faith in Christ, could have been written by Dickens if only he had undergone such a change in birth and upbringing. The setting for the entire book is the darkness, squalor, and grotesque ugliness of Russia's capital. Dostoevsky always writes with a pure tone and, from our unusual perspective, even in a dignified manner.

David Copperfield

He is simply a better "realist" than Dickens, the author of *David Copperfield*, in that he acknowledges things that Dickens is forced to ignore or only suggest with sighing shyness. Sonia could not have been used by the Englishman as a heroine at all; instead of being a most exceptional girl by no means, I believe, impossible, she would have become a glaring unreality, providing no comfort or pleasure to any logical reader. As a subordinate figure, he would have turned her to his most stagey purposes, despite always meaning an infinite amount of gentleness and sympathy. Dickens as we know him would not have been able to write the pivotal chapter of the story the wonderful scene in which Rosolino confesses to Sonia had it not been for the flaws in education and social biases that prevented the development of his terrible genius. Dickens never sought to create a character like Rosolino, a typical Russian who is driven insane by starvation and the sight of other people who are also hungry; his motivations and reasonings would be incomprehensible to an Englishman from the lower middle class [5]–[7].

Bill Sikes, Jonas Chlewich, only hinted to the murder after we saw the skinny student sneak up the stairs with the hatchet tucked beneath his coat, after we saw him commit the murder and heard the sound of the terrifying bell tolling in the silent chamber. The murders in Dickens lack the touch of high imaginativeness and are committed for too obscene of a motive for us to be impressed, but Dostoevsky's work is indescribably strong and beautifully tragic. We learn that Dickens enjoyed *Le Petit Chose*, the debut novel of a very young author named Alphonse Daudet, as little as he cared for foreign authors. Had he not done so, it would have been very weird because Daudet at the time was the closest thing a Frenchman could have been to Charles Dickens. As an example of how one can appear to plagiarize without actually doing so, Daudet mentions in his *Memoirs* that he was about to give the little lame girl Désirée Delo belle the job of doll's dressmaker when a friend informed him of the existence of exactly such a figure in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Daudet responded to repeated suggestions that he modelled his early work on that of his great contemporary with a good-natured shake of the head. We are left to wonder about Daudet's mind's startling resemblance to Dickens' if, in fact, he did not delude himself. Not only is it a matter of literary style and the humoral that characterizes both, but the Frenchman is permeated with a delicate sense, a fine enjoyment, of the virtues and happiness of simple domestic life, and in some ways, he has done for France what Dickens in his more expansive way did for England creating examples of sweetness and goodness among humble folk that his readers have taken to their hearts. A such example is Bélisaire in *Frémont Jeune*; similar examples may be found even in his later novels, where, according to some, he was unhappy led after false gods by the literary trend of the period. As an example, "le pare Joyeuse" in *Le Nabab*, the clerk who, after losing his job, shies away from telling his family and leaves home every morning as if going to the office as usual, is a delightful sketch that is done with the utmost kindness and humoral. This is exactly the kind of artistic motive that Dickens delighted in finding. Daudet also possesses a wonderful sense of sympathy [8].

He repeats in his *Memoirs*, "I feel in my heart the love of Dickens for the disgraced and the poor, the children mixed up in the miseries of the great cities," and his writings amply

demonstrate this. Due to his expertise in construction, Daudet enjoys a significant advantage. We see what a benefit it was to him to have the Paris stage of the Second Empire in front of him rather than that of London in the early Victorian era where, as in *formant Jeune*, he structures too effectively, that is, on the theatrical model. He is also unencumbered by English conventions, which allows him to paint portraits like *Sidonie* with stunning realism and a delicate, even sensitive, touch that maintains it entirely in line with his unadulterated principles. I only discuss the period when his connection to Dickens was most obvious; notwithstanding how much I see to like and enjoy in his later writings. *Ida de Barnaby*, Jack's mother, is a completely different kind of artist than anything the English novelist has ever managed to capture in a feminine portrait. This advantage is also frequently extremely apparent in his men.

Darnton have characteristics that readily suggest characters in Dickens; however, they belong to a world with more colour and variety, and the author does not hesitate to fully depict them. Despite these factors, Dickens's work is unquestionably more expansive and significant than anything else. We may give Daudet full credit for his supremacy as a finished artist, but it will only make us more aware of Dickens' incomparable brilliance. In his description of the unfortunate boy that served as the inspiration for his Jack, Daudet points out differences between the real-life Jack and the fictional one; the actual Jack lacked some of the sophistication that makes the novel's hero so intriguing. Could such a statement have come from the pen of Dickens, even when not writing fiction? It must be said, the writer continues, "that the populace ignores well des delicatesses", des susceptibilités morale.

He was unable to speak or think about "the people," but did he not look to them for an illustration of the greatest tenderness of heart and the most perceptive moral receptivity? Daudet may not have been able to realize the potential of his youth due to his lack of faith alone. To a very astute observer, such lack of faith in the mass is not difficult to explain. It was particularly difficult to preserve in the face of a literary movement that dedicated itself to exposing the ugliest aspects of everyday life. Goncourt's brothers, Flaubert, and M. Zola were not friends who would support a naive ideal. It's conceivable that they seriously damaged Daudet's output and robbed France of the priceless gift of the works he might have produced had "realism" not triumphed. Dickens, who passed away prior to the Franco-Prussian War, could hardly have predicted the directions that literature would take in the following ten years. Until the very end, he stood in for a literary force that had exploded onto the scene with irresistible charm, had triumphed for five and a half decades, and appeared to be far from losing its hold on English readers. He is more likely to succeed in the next century thanks to his steadfast consistency than to any amount of the aesthetic perfection that only a select few can appreciate and enjoy [9]–[12].

CONCLUSION

He emphasizes in his *Memoirs*, "I feel in my heart the love of Dickens for the disgraced and the poor, the children mixed up in the miseries of the great cities," and his writings clearly reflect this. Due to his skill in construction, Daudet enjoys a huge edge. We see what a benefit it was to him to have the Paris stage of the Second Empire in front of him rather than that of London in the early Victorian century where, as in *formant Jeune*, he builds too successfully, that is, on the theatrical model. He is also unencumbered by English norms, which allows him to paint portraits like *Sidonie* with amazing realism and a delicate, even tender, touch that preserves it totally in keeping with his undiluted beliefs. I only cover the period when his link to Dickens was most clear; regardless how much I see to admire and enjoy in his later writings. *Ida de Barnaby*, Jack's mother, is a wholly different kind of artist

than anything the English author has ever managed to convey in a feminine portrait. This advantage is also frequently quite visible in his soldiers.

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CHAPTER 12

COMPROMISE OF THE CREDIT AND INDEPENDENCE: A REVIEW STUDY

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ABSTRACT:

It is the privilege of a great writer to put into his work the finest qualities of his heart and brain, to make permanent the best part of himself, and through that to affect the world. In speaking of Dickens's accomplishments as a novelist, I have felt that the most impassioned praise could not mistake by excess; every time I open his works, as the years go on, it is with ever more of astonishment, delight, admiration, and love. To point out his shortcomings as a man could give little satisfaction to one who thus thinks of him; merely for the sake of completeness in my view of his life and works, I feel it necessary to glance at those disastrous latter years which show him as a "public entertainer", all true peace and leisure at an end, shortening his life that he might be able to leave a fortune to his family. Carlyle wrote that the narrative of Charles Dickens's doings in America "transcended in tragic interest, to a thinking reader, most things one has seen in writing". We see well enough what a horrible mistake it was, and persons like as Forster, Dickens's actual friends, not only saw it at the time, but did their utmost in the way of protest. He himself had no misgiving or would disclose none.

KEYWORDS

Accomplishments, Credit, Independence, Shortening.

INTRODUCTION

In the words with which he prefaced his first paid reading (1858) he said he had satisfied himself that to adopt this career could involve no possible compromise of the credit and independence of literature, and that whatever brought a public man and his public face to face, on terms of mutual confidence and respect, was of necessity a good thing. Both assumptions may be challenged. Carlyle, and many another man of letters, recognized very significant objections to semi-theatrical "touring" on the score of the credit of literature; and as to the relations between "a public man" and his followers, it is extremely doubtful whether a novelist should hold that title at all. But Dickens's intimate contacts with the theatre made it hard for him to give appropriate weight to these criticisms. Moreover, he was a very acute man of business, and could not resist the temptation of enriching himself by means which, in themselves, were fully attractive to him. For he appreciated those passages. The first he ever presented that of his Christmas Carol to a modest group of friends was arranged on his own idea, and he read several times for charity causes before he began to do so for profit. Not without because he believed that everyone who knew him in his writings were as personal friends to him, and he to them; he enjoyed in appearing before those huge audiences, and bringing them to laughter or to tears.

A Critical Study differ as to his virtues as a reader, but it is obvious that the audience believed him unsurpassable. He had always aspired to shine as an actor; as a "reader" "it was in actuality recitation, and not reading he came very near to that especially in such efforts as the murder scene from Oliver Twist. The life, too, one of continual travel and excitement, suited him at the time when he was making severe changes in his domestic circumstances;

changes which may or may not have been unavoidable, but which doubtless served to propel him along the fateful route. Forster's Biography makes it obvious that, from 1857 onwards, Dickens suffered somewhat in character from the impact of this public life; nothing like so much as in health; but he was no longer quite the man of his best literary years. Remember the profoundly practical element in his temperament. As a very young man, he allowed himself to be put at a disadvantage with publishers; but this was swiftly, and energetically, made right; later, he handled the business of his books with high commercial aptitude. It was the same in everything; subtract his talent, and we have a very capable, upright, strong man of business the very ideal so much better than all but a few genuine examples of commercial England. It is a striking combination of attributes coupled with those which marked the novelist, Charles Dickens.

To minds of a certain type there appears to be the utmost satisfaction in pointing out that Shakespeare made money, and built "the trimmest house in Stratford town"; but who can seriously suggest that, even *mutatis mutandis*, Shakespeare's business aptitudes and success were comparable with those of Dickens? The author of *Hamlet* indubitably had common sense, but, most thankfully, commerce as it is known among us nowadays had not been conceived of in Elizabethan England, and one may very easily state that Shakespeare was no outstanding trader even in the sense of that day. Dickens may easily have become a great capitalist; and his charity would have safeguarded him against any self-reproach when treading the ways of capitalism. He pondered with displeasure on the enormous loss suffered him by the lack of American copyright; granted the opportunity, he could have put up an international arrangement in this issue which would have been a model of clear-headed fairness. After all, what was the financial reward of his great and laborious life.

He had a large family; his expenses were great; he bought himself a rural house, which became to him, as an occupation of his leisure, a tiny Abbotsford. And at his death he left an estimated sum of £93,000. The merest bagatelle, from a commercial point of view. His readings seem to have brought him, altogether, matter of about £40,000. What man of business, with a world-wide reputation, would be happy to toil to the expense of his health for such results? I delve into these details just to indicate how a man such as Dickens must have felt regarding the monetary situation. Save in reference to American copyright, he did not complain; that would have been ignoble, and incongruous with his habits of thinking. But it seemed to him vital that he should obtain more money than would arrive via his literary effort. His sons must go forth into the world as English gentlemen a term indicating so much; his daughters must be made independent; his own way of existence must be on a scale regarded as "respectable" by middle class England.

One need not be much of an optimist to foresee that, as in days gone by, so in a time to come, the spectacle of such a man so plagued will be utterly inconceivable, and the record of such a life will become a topic for wonder and melancholy smile. With the utmost accuracy of punctuality in all matters of everyday life, he mixed a character of sanguine impulsiveness, and as a result thereof could not suffer constraints and responsibilities which other men accept as a matter of routine. If he desired a thing, he must at once gain it; or at all events aim at obtaining it, and with all his force. He could work day after day the kind of work which demands a patience, an assiduity, a self-control unintelligible to the mass of mankind; could exhibit in himself, and exact from others, a rare conscientiousness in things small and great; but when it came to any kind of constraint which was not imposed by his own temperament he failed at once. The moralist may add, in his dry way, that no man can receive so much of the pleasant things of life, and remain pristine; that Dickens, too, was a most unlikely guy to go through the trial of world-wide flattery, and derive from it moral advantage. The wonder is that Dickens was spoiled so little. In a day where there exists no writer of supreme

acceptance, we are in danger of forgetting what his popularity meant. I suppose that for at least five-and-twenty years of his life, there was not an English-speaking household in the world, above the class which knows nothing of books, where his name was not as familiar as that of any personal acquaintance, and where an allusion to characters of his creating could fail to be understood. When contemplating a title for the periodical subsequently called *Household Words* it was in 1849, he really suggested "

Charles Dickens

Conducted by Himself". It was, he admitted, "a strange idea, but with decided advantages". In any other writer then alive, the concept would have been unusual indeed, and of anything but decided Charles Dickens: A Critical Study advantage. Dickens could entertain it without egotism, without ridicule; far and wide, at home and abroad, hands would have gripped eagerly at the magazine bearing such a superscription. He passed it over; yet whatever the title of the periodical he edited, *Household Words* or *All the Year Round*, the name it wore in all minds was no other than "Charles Dickens". It is easy to discern between the British feature of practicality, and the undesirable attribute of worldliness; nevertheless, the thoroughly practical man seldom escapes a tint of that adjoining vice. In discarding as "fanciful" every entrance of the pure concept, the English defend themselves against certain perils, and keep a relatively steady current of national life; yet they pay a penalty, understood or not.

Dickens is an illustration of it. I cannot do more than transcribe the lines written on this subject by his most intimate friend; they exist in the chapter which conveys all that need be revealed concerning his domestic issues. "Not his genius only, but his whole nature, was too exclusively made up of sympathy for, and with, the real in its most intense form, to be sufficiently provided against failure in the realities around him. There was for him no 'city of the mind' against outward ills for inner consolation and shelter. By his very attempts to escape the world, he was driven back into the thick of it. But what he would have sought there, it supplies to none; and to get the infinite out of anything so finite, has broken many a stout heart." This, observe, is spoken of a man who was not only "good" in most meanings of the word, but had a profound feeling for the moral significance of the religion he professed.

We observe the kind of nineteenth-century Englishmen; the race of men who produced a commercial domination which is or very lately was the marvel and the envy of the outer world. You cannot develop Lancashire and Yorkshire if at the same time you have to defend a "city of the mind"; much too embarrassing would be the multiplicity of anxious questions coming in at every new step. This typical Englishman has no "detachment". In job or play, he must move forth via the world's high-road. In 1857 Dickens wrote to Forster: "I have now no relief but in action. I am become incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break, and die, if I spared myself. Much better to die, going. What I am in that way, nature made me first, and my way of life has of late, alas! confirmed." It was a moment of peculiar stress, but that was not needed to explain the letter. As I mentioned in the early pages of this article, a better education might have done much for Dickens; yet it could hardly have assisted him to that "removed ground" where certain few men, even in booming England, were able to possess their minds in peace [1]–[3].

DISCUSSION

His life was unceasing activity, mental and physical. After an unhealthy infancy, he matured into health which perhaps was never robust, but which permitted him to expend the energy of three ordinary mortals. He thought nothing of a twenty-mile walk in the odd hours before dinner, and would not be deterred from it by rain or snow. His status compelled him to

dedicate a significant deal of time to social and official commitments yet they never interfered with his writing tasks. He was always ready to assume the chair at a meeting for any charity purpose with which he sympathized, and his speeches on these occasions were masterpieces of their sort. Three of them are worthy of a permanent place among his writings; that spoken on behalf of the Child's Hospital; that in which, at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, he gave his recollections of life as a reporter; that for the Theatrical Fund, in which he sketches, as no other man ever did or could have done, the whole world of the stage, with the drollest humors and the kindest note of pathos. With a popular crowd on such occasions, he was most fully in touch. Never for a second did his manner or ideas climb over their heads; never was there a sense of condescension. He knew how to dispense delightful flattery, without ever breaching the limits of tact and taste. If ladies were among his hearers, he invariably put in a word of jesting gallantry which was just what they liked and expected. Withal, his words usually made appeal to the good and altruistic instincts; it was always admirable common sense; it was always ethically profitable [4]–[6].

Imaginative activities

The power he had of pursuing his imaginative activities despite distractions which most individuals would find fatal, is extremely remarkable. Read Forster's depiction of the state of things in Dickens's house right before the Christmas of 1856, as *Little Dorrit* was being written. "Preparations for the private play had gone on incessantly, and in turning the school-room into a theatre sawing and hammering worthy of Babel continued for weeks." The novelist turned stage-carpenter as well as stage-manager. "All day long", he writes in a letter, "a laborer heats size over the fire in a great crucible. We eat it, drink it, breathe it, and smell it. Seventy paint-pots (which came in a van) adorn the stage." The private play was acted night after night to overflowing audiences, and not till the 20th Charles Dickens: A Critical Study 76 of January was the house clear and quiet. But fiction-writing went on as usual, with seldom a hint at difficulties owing to circumstances. In his letter-writing alone, Dickens completed a life's literary work. Nowadays no one thinks of writing such letters; I mean, letters of such length and detail, for the quality is Dickens's own.

He apparently appreciated this usage of the pen. Page after page of Forster's "Life" is consumed with transcribing from private communication, and never a line of this but is absolutely worthy of print and preservation. If he makes a journey in any region of the British Isles, he writes a comprehensive description of what he sees, of everything that happens, and writes it with such zest, such mirth, such strokes of fine visualizing, as appear in no other private letters ever presented to the public. Naturally happy beyond the average habit, a holiday gave him the excitement of a school-boy. See how he writes from Cornwall, when on a journey with two or three pals, in 1843. "Heavens! if you could have seen the necks of bottles, distracting in their immense variety of shape, peering out of the carriage pockets! If you could have witnessed the deep devotion of the postboys, the maniac glee of the waiters! If you could have followed us into the earthy old churches we visited, and into the strange caverns on the gloomy sea-shore, and down into the depths of mines, and up to the tops of giddy heights, where the unspeakably green water was roaring, I don't know how many hundred feet below.

I never laughed in my life as I did on this journey. It would have done you good to hear me. I was choking and gasping and bursting the buckle off the back of my stock, all the way. And Stanfield" the painter "got into such apoplectic entanglements that we were obliged to beat him on the back with portmanteaus before we could recover him." The mention of "bottles, distracting in their immense variety", leads one to speak of the convivial temper so constantly exhibited in Dickens's letters and books. It might be easily assumed that he was a man of

great appetite and something of a toper. Nothing of the like; when it came to actual eating and drinking no man was more regularly temperate. I am not much in the way of attending "temperance" meetings, and cannot say whether the advocates of total abstinence make a point of holding up Dickens's writings to reprobation; but I should hardly believe they look upon him with great favors. Indeed, it is an unusual thing that, writing so much about the London poor, he so little speaks to the curse of drunkenness. Of drinking there is any amount, but its results serve only for gaiety or comic excess. One remembers "Mr. Dolls" in *Our Mutual Friend*, a prey to the allurements of gin; he is a terrible creature, and Jenny, the doll's dressmaker, suffers greatly from his oddities; for all that, we are obliged to laugh at him. A tragedy of drunkenness Dickens never gives us. Criticizing Cruikshank's pictured morality [7]–[9].

The Bottle", he points out, truly enough, that the artist had seriously erred in making the habit of drunkenness arise from mere conviviality in persons well-to-do; drink, as a real curse, being commonly the result of overwork, semi-starvation, vile dwellings, and lack of reasonable entertainment. Nowadays he would necessarily have viewed the matter in a graver light. The national habits in this matter have been so considerably modified during the last half-century, that it would now be difficult to laud the flowing bowl as Dickens does in all his most popular literature. His works must have had a big influence in encouraging that Christmas joviality which of late years is obviously on the slide. Whatever the risks of strong drink, his mind could not dispense with it. One is amused to find him writing to his friend from America: "I wish you drank punch, dear Forster. It's a shabby thing not to be able to picture you with that cool green glass." How it happened that John Forster, after many years of such intimacy, did not make at all events a show of handling the "cool green glass", passes our comprehension. We detect in Dickens's comments a sense of funny, yet sincere, regret; it seemed unthinkable to him that a man could be in the enjoyment of his fireside if no alcoholic comfort was at his elbow. Scott, by the by, though as cheerful and cordial a man as ever lived, and in youth no shirker of the bottle, constantly speaks with solemn disapprobation of excessive conviviality.

Possibly a difference of position explains for this; although the upper classes were learning to live with caution and decency, the lower adhered to their old ways. Be that as it may, Dickens could not throw his weight on the side of teetotalism. He felt that, if social reforms such as he advocated could only be set in action, the ills of drink would tend to disappear of themselves. He was right; the tendency showed itself beyond argument; and if, as some suppose, drunkenness is again spreading among us, the cause must be sought in the social conditions of a new time a civilization burdened, perhaps, with nearly as many horrors as those of the old order. But not only in holiday time did Dickens live with unusual zest; at his desk he was often in the best spirits. Behold how he envisioned himself, one day at bay-window in a one-pair sits, from nine o'clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neck-cloth, who writes and grins, as if he thought he were very funny indeed. At one he disappears, presently emerges from a bathing-machine, and may be seen, a kind of salmon-color porpoise, splashing about in the ocean. After that, he may be viewed in another bay-window on the ground-floor eating a strong lunch; and after that, walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back on the sand reading a book. Nobody bothers him, unless they know he is disposed to be talked to, and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they do say he is as good as a small fortune to the innkeeper, who sells beer and cold punch." Here is the secret of such work as that of Dickens.

It is done with delight done in a sense easily, done with the mechanism of mind and body in splendid order. Even so did Scott write, though more rapidly and with less conscious care; his chapter finished before the world had got up to breakfast. Later, Dickens made works less

great with considerably more of mental strain. The consequences of aging could not have showed themselves so soon, but for the sad waste of energy involved in his nonliterary labours. Travel was always a tremendous enjoyment to him, and when on the Continent he largely appreciated the spirit of life differing to that of England. His *Pictures from Italy* are not of great value either for style or content; there are greater things in his private letters written when he went than in any volume. For Italy he had no academic preparation; he viewed everything just through the eyes of intelligence and good-humor. Switzerland and France gave him a better opportunity. Very evident is the justice he pays to the French character [10]–[12].

As a confirmation of this, and of the fact that his genius did not leave him after he crossed the Channel, nothing could be greater than his depiction of M. Beau court, the proprietor of a property he rented at Boulogne. It is a picture to be pieced together out of numerous narratives and sketches absolutely excellent for its attractiveness. In this small French bourgeois, the great novelist had met a man after his own heart loyal, mirthful, sweet-natured, and rendered only more appealing by features peculiarly humorous to an Englishman. "I see little of him now, as, all things being bien arranges, he is delicate of appearing. His wife has been making a trip in the country during the last three weeks, but as he mentioned to me with his hat in his hand it was necessary that he should remain here, to be continually at the disposition of the tenant of the property. The better to do this, he has had roaring dinner-parties of fifteen daily; and the old woman who milks the cows has been fainting up the hill, under vast burdens of champagne. And what could be more apt, more beautiful, than the words which describe M. Beau court as he exits from Dickens's presence, after a little chat in which he has exhibited all the lovely generosity of his heart.

He backed himself down the avenue with his cap in his hand, as if he were going to back himself straight into the evening star, without the ceremony of dying first." This occurred at the period of the Anglo-French alliance in the Russian conflict. How just he could be in less favorable conditions, and how starkly in contrast with that uniquely disagreeable type, the supercilious Englishman abroad, appears in an account of his experiences while leaving Italy across the Austrian frontier. "The Austrian police are very strict, but they really know how to do business, and they do it. And if you treat them like gentlemen they will always respond. The thing being done at all, could not be better done, or more politely though I dare say if I had been sucking a genetic cane all the time, or talking in English to my compatriots, it might not unnaturally have been different." Dickens could always hold his own as a man among men. At all times he was something more than a writer of books; in this sense, as in literary genius, establishing his claim of fraternity with Fielding and with Scott. Reading his biography, it is with much delight that we come to his last appearance as a public entertainer.

The comments with which he took leave of his audience at St. James's Hall have frequently been cited; they breathe a sense of relief and hopefulness quite tragic in the knowledge of what followed. "In but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own homes, on a new series of readings at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell." The garish lights had done their work upon him, but he did not recognize it; he imagined that he had but to sit down in his house at Gads hill, and resume the true, the honorable occupation of his life, with assurance that before long all would be well with him in mind and body. It was too late, and the book he promised to his hearers remains in our hands a fragment. Charles Dickens: A Critical Throughout the pages of *Edwin Drood* there is anticipation of the end. Whether it came of feeble health; whether of the melancholy natural in one who has just closed a definite epoch of his life, or merely of the theme he had chosen, there broods over this interrupted writing a shadow of mortality; not oppressive; a

shadow as of the summer eventide, descending with peaceful hush. We are in and near the old minster of a small English town; among the old tombs, to which our attention is continuously attracted [13]–[15].

CONCLUSION

It is touching to read that concluding chapter, which must have brought back to the writer's mind the days long past, when, a tiny kid, he read and dreamt amid the scenes he was now describing. There is no darkness; he offers us such a dazzling morning as, after a lifetime, will yet stay in the recollection from days of early childhood. He was fatigued, but not dejected; true to himself, he saw the sunshine above the world's gloomy areas, nourished the hope of something beyond this present. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields, penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthly odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. It was no form of words; what he said in that somber mood surely, he believed. Whatever his mistakes and his defects, insincerity had no place among them.

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