



THE UNIVERSITY OF  
BUCKINGHAM

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS

ESTABLISHED MAY 3, 1850

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

IN THREE VOLUMES

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DICKENS JOURNALS ONLINE



*The Uncommercial  
Traveller* 研究

— Dickens 文学の一つの完成 —

田 辺 昌 美

"The UT:  
A Perfect  
Dickensian Literary Expression"

A Study of  
"The UT -  
A Perfect Literary Expression"  
Sublimation  
A Paradox of Dickens' Literature

Dai-ichi Gakushūsha  
Tokyo, Kyoto + Hiroshima  
Masaru, Tanabe

*The Uncommercial Traveller* 研究  
— Dickens 文学の一つの完成 —

昭和44年9月20日 発行 Sept. 1969

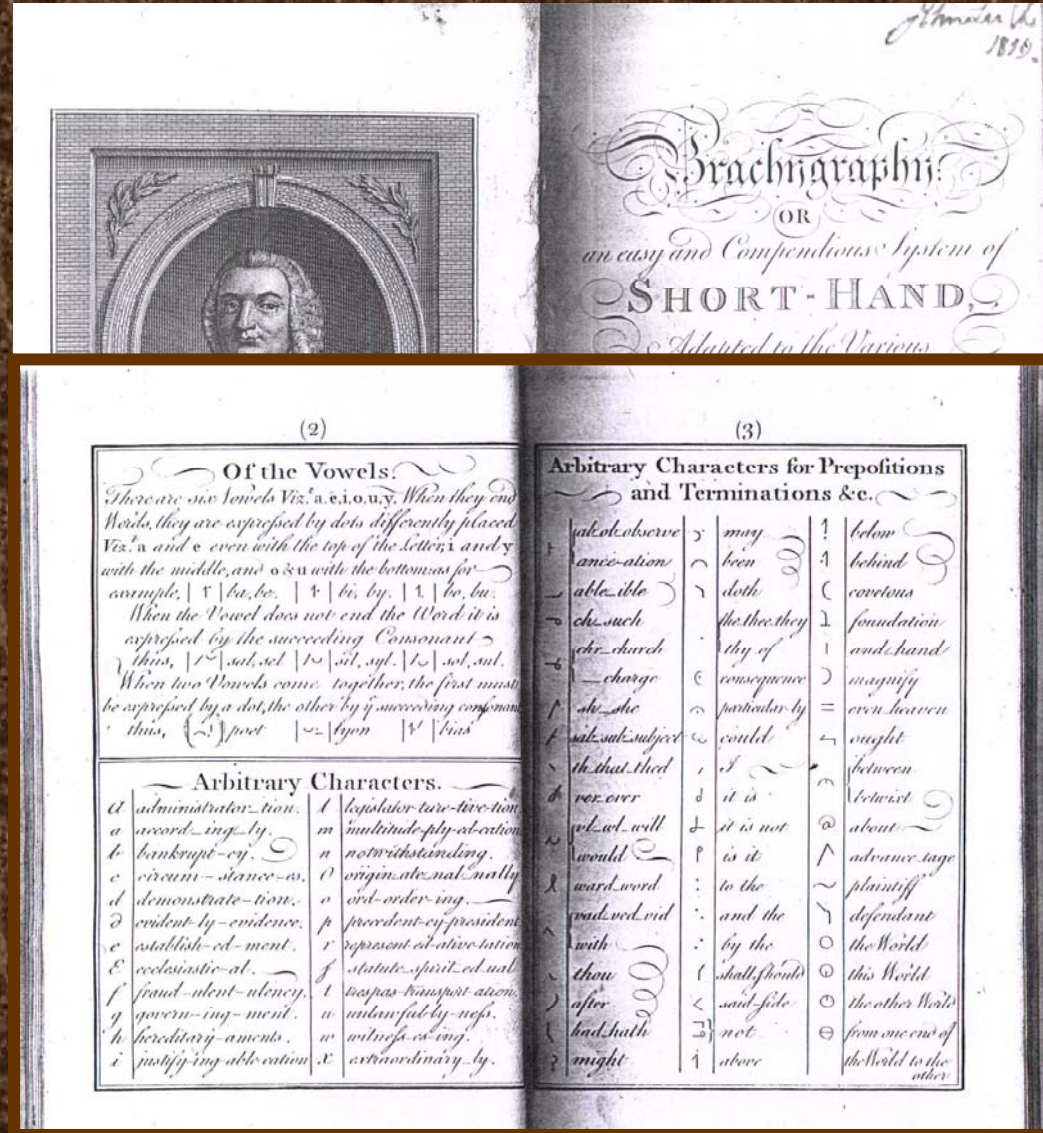
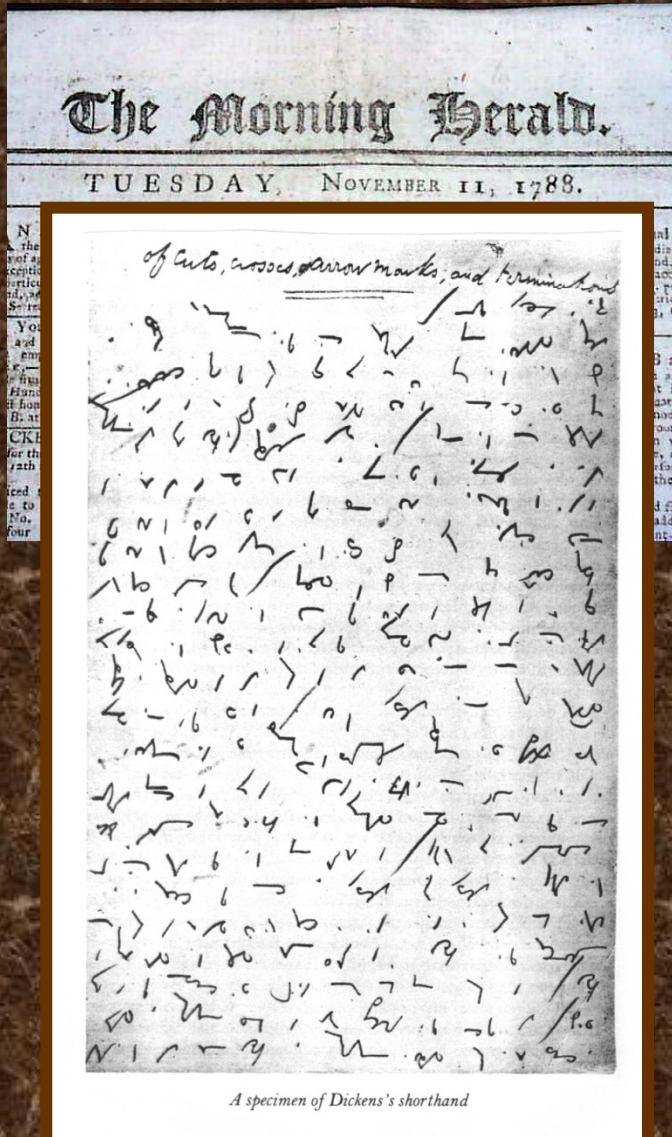
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¥ 2,000

"I am a despot in nature, that is perfectly true; and every strong willed man is a natural despot; but a despot is not always a tyrant, nor am I one. I cannot help feeling strongly; my constitution was given to me by my Maker. I cannot help my tendency to prefer my own views to other people's. I have acquired all I know amidst suffering and privation, ... A self educated man is always strongly opinionated – for he feels he owes his mental superiority to no other man's teaching. Such a man is ever jealous of other people's control – and is never likely to seek fetters for his opinion."  
(Thomas Cooper, *Leicestershire Mercury*, 1842)

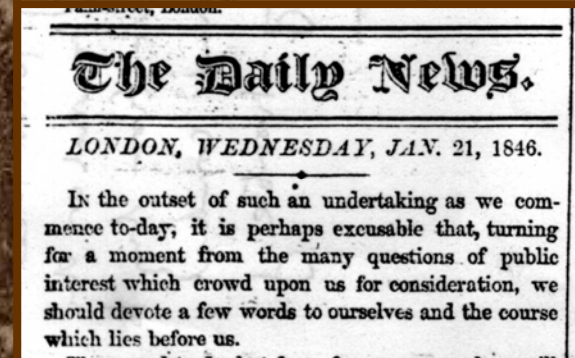
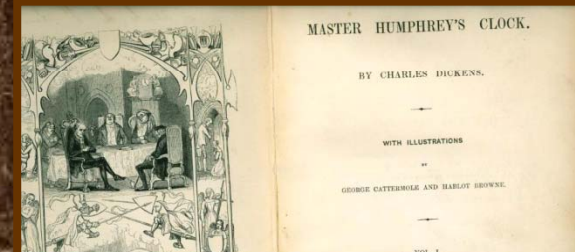
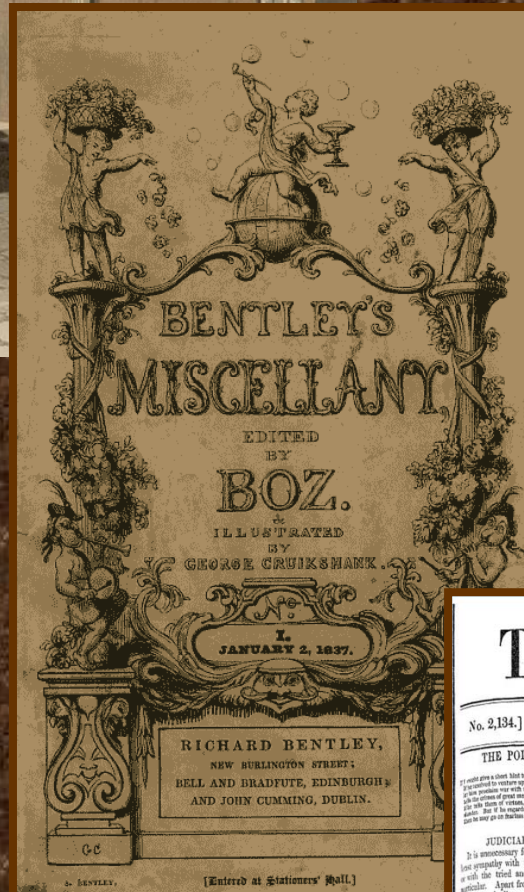


# Charles Dickens's Weekly Magazines (1850-70) and the 'business of leisure'



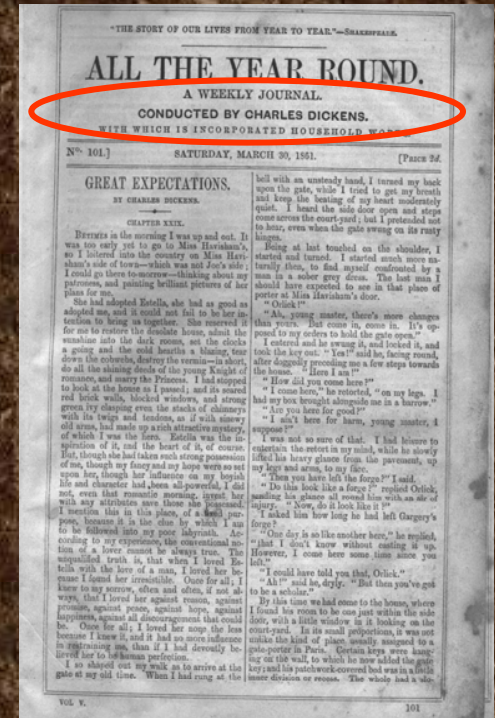
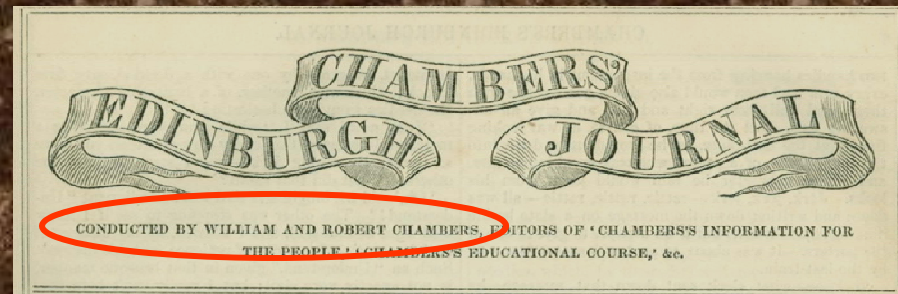
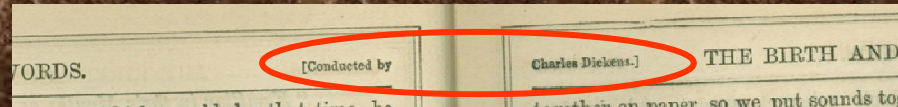


# Charles Dickens's apprenticeship in journalism



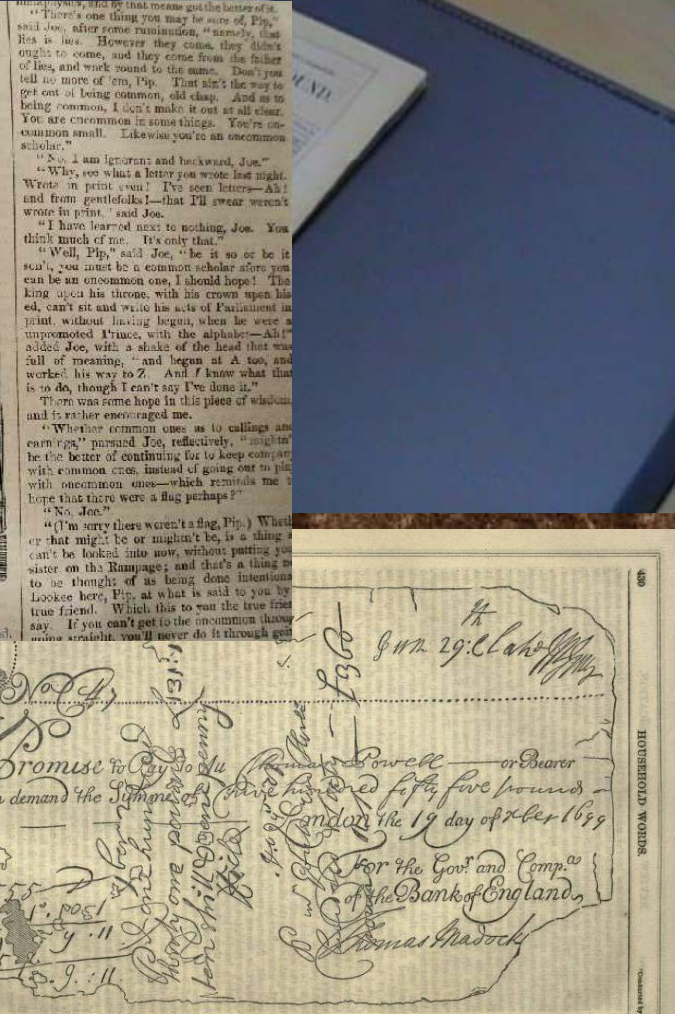
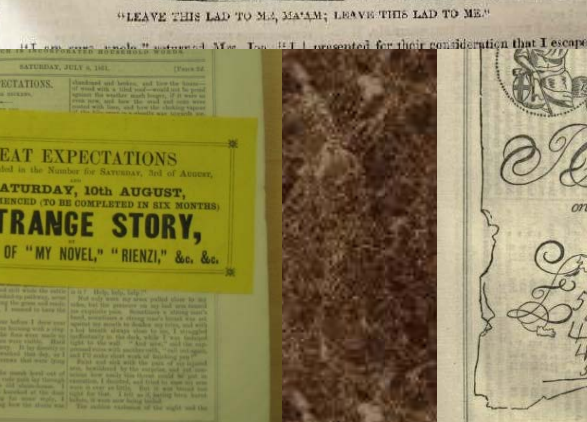
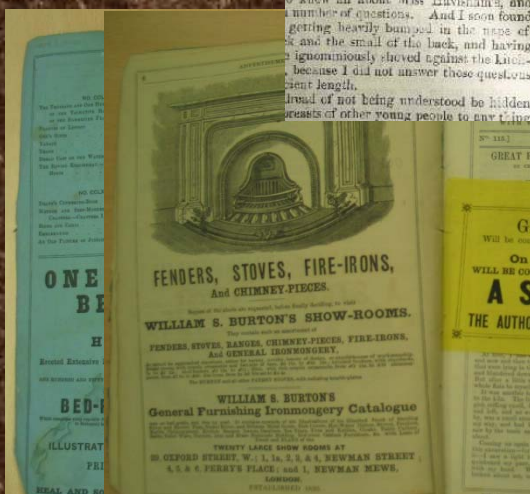
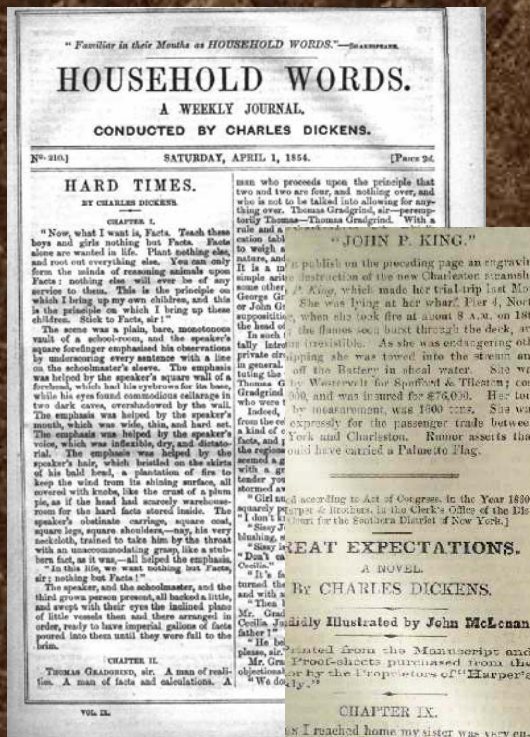


# ‘Conducted by Charles Dickens’





# ∞ Formats and 'hybrids' ∞





## VOLUME VI



# ❧ Fiction for the Working Man ... of Leisure ❧

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.  
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.  
CHAPTER I. THE PERIOD.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the

season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual notions were concurred to England at a favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcoat recently attained her five-and-twentieth birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cook-lane ghost had been laid a round dozen of years, after rapping on messages, as the spirits of this very year last (supernaturally deficient in originality) reported theirs. Mere messages in the earthly of events had lately come to the English and People, from a congress of British soldiers in America: which, strange to relate, proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through the chickens of the Cook-lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole in matters spiritual than her sister of the shield trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness on her greasy pole, making paper money and spending it under the guidance of her Christian pastor

work with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough out-houses of some fillers of the heavy lands ad-

Charles Dickens.]

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

[January 28, 1860.] 321

formidable Duke of Bracciano was the murderer, if not by his own hand, by that of his hired assassins. Here, then, was a rare opportunity of observing the character and tendencies of the man who was expected to be shortly pope. Would grief and natural indignation be allowed to have their natural course? Would the future pope throw down the gauntlet to the most powerful and audacious subject in Rome?

### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

ALLOW me to introduce myself—first, negatively.

No landlord is my friend and brother, no chambermaid loves me, no waiter worships me, no boots admires and envies me. No round of beef or tongue or ham is expressly cooked for me, no pigeon-pie is especially made for me, no hotel-advertisement is personally addressed to me, no hotel-room tapestried with great-coats and railway-wrappers is set apart for me, no house of public entertainment in the United Kingdom greatly cares for my opinion of its

Tug-steamer lying a little off the shore, the Lighter lying still nearer to the shore, the boat alongside the Lighter, the regularly turning windlass aboard the Lighter, the methodical figures at work, all slowly and regularly heaving up and down with the breathing of the sea, all seemed as much a part of the nature of the place as the tide itself. The tide was on the flow, and had been for some two hours and a half; there was a slight obstruction in the sea within a few yards of my feet: as if the stump of a tree, with earth enough about it to keep it from lying horizontally on the water, had slipped a little from the land—and as I stood upon the beach and observed it dimpling the light swell that was coming in, I cast a stone over it.

So orderly, so quiet, so regular—the rising and falling of the Tug-steamer, the Lighter, and the boat—the turning of the windlass—the coming in of the tide—that I myself seemed, to my own thinking, anything but new to the spot. Yet, I had never seen it in my life, a minute before, and had traversed two hundred miles to get at it. That very morning I had

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal  
CONDUCTED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS  
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 27. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1860. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### WRECKED IN PORT.

A SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK HEART."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV. CANTASSING.

SPLENDID AS WAS THE OPPORTUNITY JUST

while he devoted the half of his time thus saved to his political duties.

But being, as has been said, thoroughly happy in his then career, Joyce would never have thought of entertaining the proposition made to him through the medium of Messrs. Potter and Fyfe had it not been for the desire of revenging him-

on Marian Creswell by opposing to the and, if possible, in every honourable way, by defeating her husband. Joyce felt perfectly certain that Mr. Creswell—quiet-going old gentleman as he had been some years, and more likely than ever to disinclined to leave his retirement and rattle in the world since his son's death—was a mere puppet in the hands of his wife, whose ambition had prompted her to make her husband seek the honour, and whose vanity would be deeply wounded at his failure. Walter Joyce's personal vanity was also implicated in the result, and he vainly would not have accepted the situation had there not been a good chance of success; but Mr. Harrington, who, out of his business, was a remarkably sharp, cold, and far-seeing man of the world of business, spoke very positively on the point, and declared their numbers were so strong, and the popular excitement great in their favour, that they could only fail of success, provided they had the right man to bring forward. To win the day against her, to show her that she was basely rejected and put aside was forced, in a great struggle, to the man had chosen; that the position which she so coveted for her husband, and towards attainment of which she had brought to play all the influence of her wit and money, had been snatched from her by poor wretch whom she had found good enough to play with in her early days, but



## ⌘ Merging into Modern Times ⌘

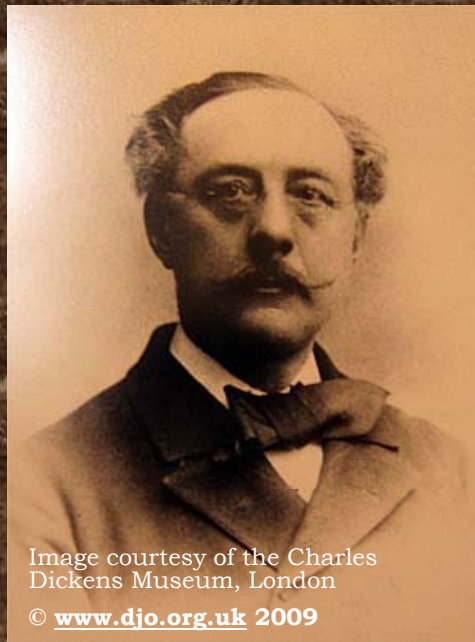
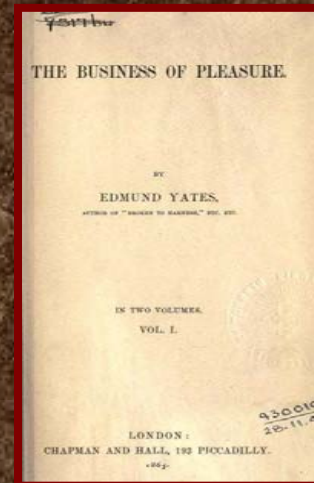
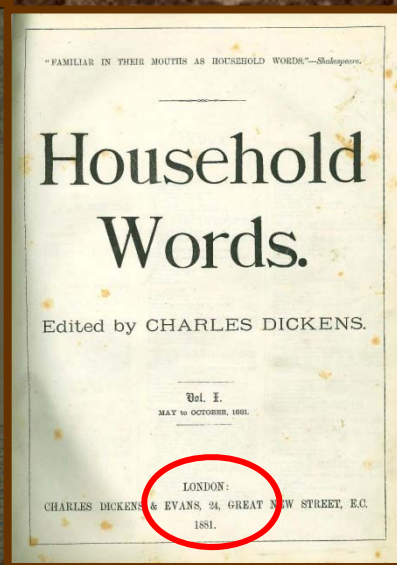
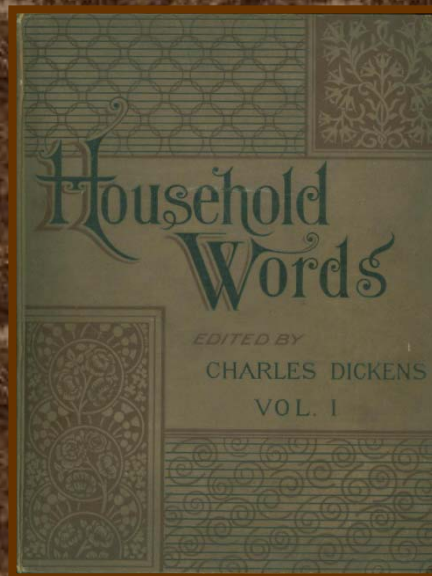
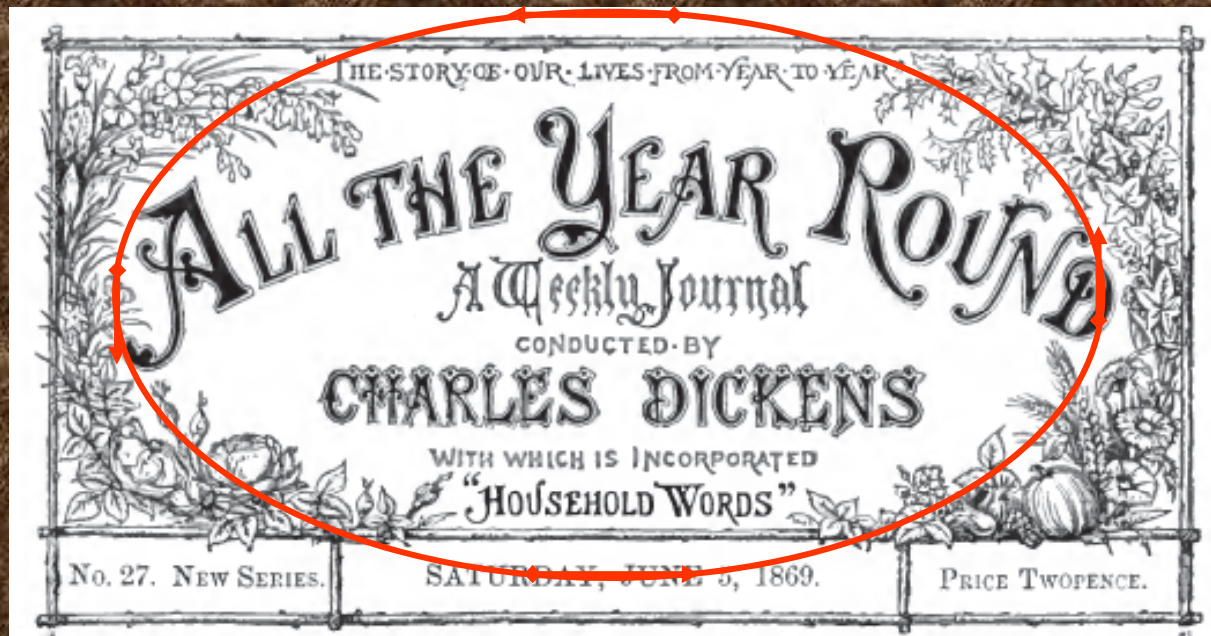


Image courtesy of the Charles Dickens Museum, London  
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**DICKENS JOURNALS ONLINE**



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IT was fortunate for me that I had to take precautions to ensure (so far as I could) the safety of my dreaded visitor; for, this thought pressing on me when I awoke, held other thoughts in a confused concourse at a distance. The impossibility of keeping him concealed in the chambers was self-evident.  
— *'Great Expectations' All the Year Round* (18 May 1861)



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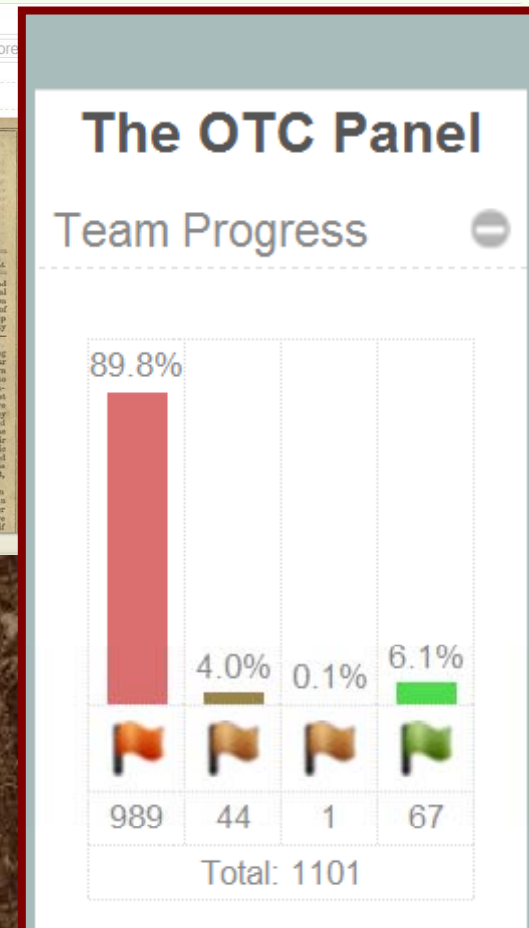
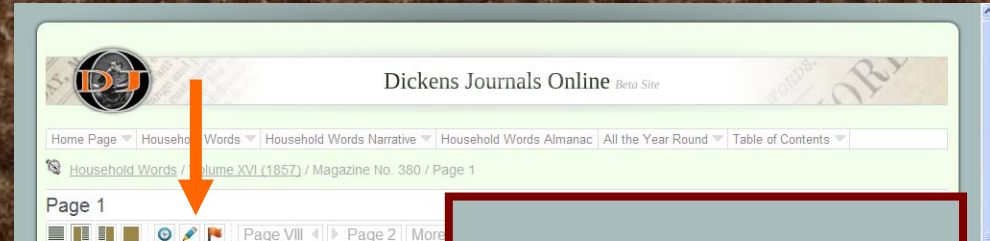
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188 [April 18, 1863.] ALL THE YEAR

as I feel now, writing this paper. I felt like a prematurely fagged-out and exhausted man. I looked with envy upon Vinny Bourne's bird, who could in secret survey the "bustle and the race-show," secure and at his ease; and as I turned to my welcome rest I might have muttered, had I not been too weary to do anything but gasp, the concluding stanza of the poem: Thrice happy bird! I too have seen

188 [April 18, 1863.]

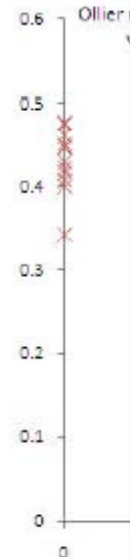
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

[Conducted by

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Figure 2.1

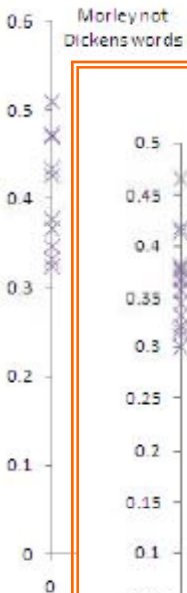
lota test: Dickens versus Ollier



The training segments appear more of the test segments

Figure 2.2

lota test: Dickens versus Morley



The pattern more like

Figure 2

TT resembles Dickens's vocabulary patterns rather than Collins's ones.


3 Zeta

∞ Data Mining ∞  
Testing attributions  
through computational  
stylistics



# Uses in Education and the Classroom

## Video and Film clips




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**Key Info**

**Charles Dickens - 'Hard Times' (extract)**

**Duration:** 04:18

Dramatised version of the first two scenes of Hard Time to introduce the novel and Charles Dickens' views on education. Dickens dialogue is reproduced faithfully. This version alters the structure the novel, moving Gradgrind's soliloquy to the front so we see his idea of himself before we see him in action.

**Subject:** English **Topic:** Writing Narrative Fiction

**Keywords:** Victorian, school, education, Charles Dickens, character study, inference, deduction, implied meaning, monologue, Hard Times, powerful texts, PowerfulTexts

**Ideas for use in class**

**Background details**

speaker's ostentatious carriage, square coat.



# Leisurely business

## The 'Uncommercial Traveller' at Chatham Dockyard

*All the Year Round* X (29<sup>th</sup> August 1863)



Image courtesy of the National Maritime Museum

**"...for that, as it seems, they come home to men's business and bosoms."**  
(Francis Bacon, Preface, *Essays*, 1625)

this is but note of preparation—the day when the scuppers that are now fitting like great dry thirsty conduit-pipes, shall run red. All these busy figures between decks, dimly seen bending at their work in smoke and fire, are as nothing to the figures that shall do work here of another kind in smoke and fire, that day. These steam-worked engines alongside, helping the ship by travelling to and fro, and wafting tons of iron plates about, as though they were so many leaves of trees, would be rent limb from limb if they stood by her for a minute then. To think that this Achilles, monstrous compound of iron tank and oaken chest, can ever swim or roll! To think that any force of wind and wave could ever break her! To think that wherever I see a glowing red-hot iron point thrust out of her side from within—as I do now, there, and there, and there!—and two watching men on a stage without, with bared arms and sledge-hammers, strike at it fiercely, and repeat their blows until it is black and flat, I see a rivet being driven home, of which there are many in every iron plate, and thousands upon thousands in the ship! To think that the difficulty I experience in appreciating the ship's size when I am on board, arises from her being a series of iron tanks and oaken chests, so that internally she is ever finishing and ever beginning, and half of her might be smashed, and yet the remaining half suffice and be sound. Then, to go over the side again and down among the ooze and wet to the bottom of the dock, in the depths of the subterranean forest of dog-shores and stays that hold her up, and to see the immense mass bulging out against the upper light, and tapering down towards me, is, with great pains and much clambering, to arrive at an impossibility of realising that this is a ship at all, and to become possessed by the fancy that it is an enormous immovable edifice set up in an ancient amphitheatre (say, that at Verona), and almost filling it! Yet what would even these things be, without the tributary workshops and their mechanical powers for piercing the iron plates—four inches and a half thick—for rivets, shaping them under hydraulic pressure to the finest tapering turns of the ship's lines, and paring them away, with knives shaped like the beaks of strong and cruel birds, to the nicest requirements of the design! These machines of tremendous force, so easily directed by one attentive face and presiding hand, seem to me to have in them something of the retiring character of the Yard. "Obedient monster, please to bite this mass of iron through and through, at equal distances, where these regular chalk-marks are, all round." Monster looks at its work, and lifting its ponderous head, replies, "I don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!" The solid metal wriggles out, hot from the monster's crunching tooth, and it is done. "Dutiful monster, observe this other mass of iron. It is required to be pared away, according to this delicately lessening and arbitrary line, which please to look at." Monster (who

has been in a reverie) brings down its blunt head, and, much in the manner of Doctor Johnson, closely looks along the line—very closely, being somewhat near-sighted. "I don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!" Monster takes another near-sighted look, takes aim, and the tortured piece writhes off, and falls, a hot tight-twisted snake, among the ashes. The making of the rivets is merely a pretty round game, played by a man and a boy, who put red hot barley-sugar in a Pope Joan board, and immediately rivets fall out of window; but the tone of the great machines is the tone of the great Yard and the great country: "We don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!"

How such a prodigious mass as the Achilles can ever be held by such comparatively little anchors as those intended for her and lying near her here, is a mystery of seamanship which I will refer to the wise boy. For my own part, I should as soon have thought of tethering an elephant to a tent-peg, or the larger hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens to my shirt-pin. Yonder in the river, alongside a bulk, lie two of this ship's hollow iron masts. They are large enough for the eye, I find, and so are all her other appliances. I wonder why only her anchors look small.

I have no present time to think about it, for I am going to see the workshops where they make all the oars used in the British Navy. A pretty large pile of building, I opine, and a pretty long job! As to the building, I am soon disappointed, because the work is all done in one loft. And as to a long job—what is this? Two rather large mangles with a swarm of butterflies hovering over them? What can there be in the mangles that attracts butterflies?

Drawing nearer, I discern that these are not mangles, but intricate machines, set with knives and saws and planes, which cut smooth and straight here, and slantwise there, and now cut such a depth, and now miss cutting altogether, according to the predestined requirements of the pieces of wood that are pushed on below them: each of which pieces is to be an oar, and is roughly adapted to that purpose before it takes its final leave of far-off forests, and sails for England. Likewise I discern that the butterflies are not true butterflies, but wooden shavings, which, being spirited up from the wood by the violence of the machinery, and kept in rapid and not equal movement by the impulse of its rotation on the air, flutter and play, and rise and fall, and conduct themselves as like butterflies as heart could wish. Suddenly the noise and motion cease, and the butterflies drop dead. An oar has been made since I came in, wanting the shaped handle. As quickly as I can follow it with my eye and thought, the same oar is carried to a turning lathe. A whirl and a Nick! Handle made. Oar finished.

The exquisite beauty and efficiency of this machinery need no illustration, but happen to have a pointed illustration to-day. A pair of oars



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ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
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A PAIR OF TWO COTTON

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