



THE
DICKENS MUSEUM
BY
CHARLES DICKENS.



1852. fol.

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 150, STRAND
MDCCCXXXII.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

quality of your head and heart – as an assurance of the truth and sincerity with which I shall ever be,

My dear Sir,

Most faithfully and sincerely yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

48, Doughty Street,
September 27, 1837.

"constant succession" - that's serial publication for you!

PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION, 1837

THE author's object in this work, was to place before the reader a constant succession of characters and incidents; to paint them in as vivid colours as he could command; and to render them, at the same time, life-like and amusing.

Deferring to the judgment of others¹ in the outset of the undertaking, he adopted the machinery of the club, which was suggested as that best adapted to his purpose: but, finding that it tended rather to his embarrassment than otherwise, he gradually abandoned it, considering it a matter of very little importance to the work whether strictly epic justice were awarded to the club, or not.

The publication of the book in monthly numbers, containing only thirty-two pages in each², rendered it an object of paramount importance that, while the different incidents were linked together by a chain of interest strong enough to prevent their appearing unconnected or impossible, the general design should be so simple as to sustain no injury from this detached and desultory form of publication, extending over no fewer than twenty months. In short, it was necessary – or it appeared so to the author – that every number should be, to a certain extent, complete in itself, and yet that the whole twenty numbers, when collected, should form one tolerably harmonious whole, each leading to the other by a gentle and not unnatural progress of adventure.

It is obvious that in a work published with a view to such considerations, no artfully interwoven or ingeniously complicated plot can with reason be expected. The author ventures to express a hope that he has successfully surmounted the difficulties of his undertaking. And if it be objected to the Pickwick Papers, that they are a mere series of adventures, in which the scenes are ever changing, and the characters come and go like the men and women we encounter in the real world, he can only content himself with the reflection, that they claim to be nothing else, and that the same objection has been made to the works of some of the greatest novelists in the English language.

The following pages have been written from time to time almost

At this point in his career, CD feels the serial mode as a challenge imposing strict limits on what he can do.

modest aim: only a "tolerably harmonious whole"; the mode of publ. seems to preclude complexity (but that's just what a mid-career novel is)

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

as the periodical occasion arose. Having been written for the most part in the society of a very dear young friend³ who is now no more, they are connected in the author's mind at once with the happiest period of his life, and with its saddest and most severe affliction.

It is due to the gentleman⁴, whose designs accompany the letter-press, to state that the interval has been so short between the production of each number in manuscript and its appearance in print, that the greater portion of the Illustrations have been executed by the artist from the author's mere verbal description of what he intended to write.

The almost unexampled kindness and favour with which these papers have been received by the public will be a never-failing source of gratifying and pleasant recollection while their author lives. He trusts that, throughout this book, no incident or expression occurs which could call a blush into the most delicate cheek, or wound the feelings of the most sensitive person. If any of his imperfect descriptions, while they afford amusement in the perusal, should induce only one reader to think better of his fellow men, and to look upon the brighter and more kindly side of human nature, he would indeed be proud and happy to have led to such a result.

Ten years later, CD now feels he under-sold the degree of coherence & organization he could achieve in serial form.

PREFACE TO THE CHEAP EDITION, 1847

AN author who has much to communicate under this head, and expects to have it attended to, may be compared to a man who takes his friend by the button at a Theatre Door, and seeks to entertain him with a personal gossip before he goes in to the play.

Nevertheless, as Prefaces, though seldom read, are continually written, no doubt for the behoof of that so richly and so disinterestedly endowed personage, Posterity (who will come into an immense fortune), I add my legacy to the general remembrance; the rather as ten years have elapsed since the Pickwick Papers appeared in a completed form, and nearly twelve since the first monthly part was published.

It was observed, in the Preface to the original Edition, that they were designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents; that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered very feasible by the author in connexion with the desultory mode of publication adopted; and that the machinery of the Club, proving cumbrous in the management, was gradually abandoned as the work progressed. Although, on one of these points, experience and study have since taught me something, and I could perhaps wish now that these chapters were strung together on a stronger thread of general interest, still, what they are they were designed to be.

In the course of the last dozen years, I have seen various accounts of the origin of these Pickwick Papers; which have, at all events, possessed – for me – the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence.

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend MR GEORGE CRUIKSHANK), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers – then only

The association
that Shelling &
conveyed in 1831

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

known to me, or I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life.

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion – dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street – appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion by-the-bye, – how well I recollect it! – I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.

The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by MR SEYMOUR, and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humourous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a 'NIMROD Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which, MR SEYMOUR made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr Winkle expressly for the use of

PREFACE TO THE CHEAP EDITION

MR SEYMOUR. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. MR SEYMOUR's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication,* by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows.

'Boz,' my signature in the Morning Chronicle, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.

It has been observed of Mr Pickwick, that there is a decided change in his character, as these pages proceed, and that he becomes more good and more sensible. I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers, if they will reflect that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first, and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him.

Lest there should be any well-intentioned persons who do not perceive the difference (as some such could not, when OLD MORTALITY was newly published) between religion and the cant of religion, piety and the pretence of piety, a humble reverence for the great truths of scripture and an audacious and offensive obtrusion of its letter and not its spirit in the commonest dissensions and meanest affairs of life, to the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds, let them understand that it is always the latter, and never the former, which is satirized here. Further, that the latter is here satirized as being, according to all experience, inconsistent with the former, impossible of union with it, and one of the most evil and mischievous falsehoods existent in society – whether it

*This book would have cost, at the then established price of novels, about four guineas and a half.

i.e. Evangelicalism

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

establish its head-quarters, for the time being, in Exeter Hall, or Ebenezer Chapel, or both. It may appear unnecessary to offer a word of observation on so plain a head. But it is never out of season to protest against that coarse familiarity with sacred things which is busy on the lip, and idle in the heart; or against the confounding of Christianity with any class of persons who, in the words of SWIFT, have just enough religion to make them hate, and not enough to make them love, one another.

I have found it curious and interesting, looking over the sheets of this reprint, to mark what important social improvements have taken place about us, almost imperceptibly, even since they were originally written. The license of Counsel, and the degree to which Juries are ingeniously bewildered, are yet susceptible of moderation; while an improvement in the mode of conducting Parliamentary Elections (especially for counties) is still within the bounds of possibility. But legal reforms have pared the claws of Messrs Dodson and Fogg; a spirit of self-respect, mutual forbearance, education, and co-operation, for such good ends, has diffused itself among their clerks; places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience and advantage of the Public, and to the certain destruction, in time, of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses, and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers; the laws relating to imprisonment for debt are altered; and the Fleet Prison is pulled down!

With such a retrospect, extending through so short a period, I shall cherish the hope that every volume of this Edition will afford me an opportunity of recording the extermination of some wrong or abuse set forth in it. Who knows, but by the time the series reaches its conclusion, it may be discovered that there are even magistrates in town and country, who should be taught to shake hands every day with Common-sense and Justice; that even Poor Laws may have mercy on the weak, the aged, and unfortunate; that Schools, on the broad principles of Christianity, are the best adornment for the length and breadth of this civilised land; that Prison-doors should be barred on the outside, no less heavily and carefully than they are barred within; that the universal diffusion of common means of decency and health is as much the right of the poorest of the poor, as it is indispensable to the safety of the rich, and of the State; that a few petty boards and bodies – less than drops

PREFACE TO THE CHEAP EDITION

in the great ocean of humanity, which roars around them – are not to let loose Fever and Consumption on God's creatures at their will, or always to keep their little fiddles going, for a Dance of Death!

And that Cheap Literature is not behind-hand with the Age, but holds its place, and strives to do its duty, I trust the series in itself may help much worthy company to show.

London, September, 1847.

*Contrast his broad
social reformer's
vision here
with the extra-modest
claims of the
mere entrepreneur
made in 1837.*

PREFACE TO THE
CHARLES DICKENS EDITION, 1867

IT was observed, in the Preface to the original Edition of the 'Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,' that they were designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents; that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered very feasible by the author in connexion with the desultory mode of publication adopted; and that the machinery of the Club, proving cumbrous in the management, was gradually abandoned as the work progressed. Although, on one of these points, experience and study afterwards taught me something, and I could perhaps wish now that these chapters were strung together on a stronger thread of general interest, still, what they are they were designed to be.

I have seen various accounts of the origin of these Pickwick Papers, which have, at all events, possessed – for me – the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence.

I was a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when MESSRS CHAPMAN and HALL, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper, or had just written in the Old Monthly Magazine (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by MR GEORGE CRUIKSHANK), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers – then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion – a paper in the 'Sketches.' called MR MINNS AND

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

HIS COUSIN—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.

The idea propounded to me, was, that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by MR SEYMOUR; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor, that a 'NIMROD Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I would like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which, MR SEYMOUR made his drawing of the Club, and his happy portrait of its founder:—the latter on MR EDWARD CHAPMAN'S description of the dress and bearing of a real personage whom he had often seen. I connected Mr Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr Winkle expressly for the use of MR SEYMOUR. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. MR SEYMOUR'S sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with only two illustrations, and remained so to the end.

It is with great unwillingness that I notice some intangible and incoherent assertions¹ which have been made, professedly on behalf of MR SEYMOUR, to the effect that he had some share in the invention of this book, or of anything in it, not faithfully described

PREFACE TO THE DICKENS EDITION

in the foregoing paragraph. With the moderation that is due equally to my respect for the memory of a brother-artist, and to my self-respect, I confine myself to placing on record here the facts:

That, MR SEYMOUR never originated or suggested an incident, a phrase, or a word, to be found in this book. That, MR SEYMOUR died when only twenty-four pages of this book were published, and when assuredly not forty-eight were written². That, I believe I never saw MR SEYMOUR'S hand-writing in my life. That, I never saw MR SEYMOUR but once in my life, and that was on the night but one before his death, when he certainly offered no suggestion whatsoever. That I saw him then in the presence of two persons, both living, perfectly acquainted with all these facts, and whose written testimony to them I possess. Lastly, that MR EDWARD CHAPMAN (the survivor of the original firm of CHAPMAN and HALL) has set down in writing, for similar preservation, his personal knowledge of the origin and progress of this book, of the monstrosity of the baseless assertions in question, and (tested by details) even of the self-evident impossibility of there being any truth in them. In the exercise of the forbearance on which I have resolved, I do not quote MR EDWARD CHAPMAN'S account of his deceased partner's reception, on a certain occasion, of the pretences in question.

'Boz,' my signature in the Morning Chronicle, and in the Old Monthly Magazine, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz. Boz was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.

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from (847)
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THE PICKWICK PAPERS

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PREFACE TO THE DICKENS EDITION

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THE PICKWICK PAPERS

applications made to him by Mr Snodgrass, Mr Winkle, and Mr Trundle, to act as godfather to their offspring; but he has become used to it now, and officiates as a matter of course. He never had occasion to regret his bounty to Mr Jingle; for both that person and Job Trotter became, in time, worthy members of society, although they have always steadily objected to return to the scenes of their old haunts and temptations. Mr Pickwick is somewhat infirm now; but he retains all his former juvenility of spirit, and may still be frequently seen, contemplating the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery, or enjoying a walk about the pleasant neighbourhood on a fine day. He is known by all the poor people about, who never fail to take their hats off, as he passes, with great respect. The children idolise him, and so indeed does the whole neighbourhood. Every year, he repairs to a large family merry-making at Mr Wardle's; on this, as on all other occasions, he is invariably attended by the faithful Sam, between whom and his master there exists a steady and reciprocal attachment which nothing but death will terminate.

THE END.

APPENDIX A

Addresses to the Reader, 1836-7

IN the course of *Pickwick's* serial publication, Boz, the 'Editor', addressed the reader on four separate occasions. Dickens also probably helped to compose the lavish first announcement of the novel, which despite its generalities indicates something about his earliest plans.

1. Advertisement, from The Athenaeum, 26 March 1836:

On the 31st of March will be published, to be continued Monthly, price ONE SHILLING, the First Number of THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB; CONTAINING A FAITHFUL RECORD OF THE PERAMBULATIONS, PERILS, TRAVELS, ADVENTURES, AND SPORTING TRANSACTIONS OF THE CORRESPONDING MEMBERS. EDITED BY 'BOZ.' And each MONTHLY PART embellished with FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS by SEYMOUR.

The PICKWICK CLUB, so renowned in the annals of Huggin-lane, and so closely entwined with the thousand interesting associations connected with Lothbury and Cateaton-street, was founded in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-two, by Samuel Pickwick – the great traveller – whose fondness for the useful arts prompted his celebrated journey to Birmingham in the depth of winter; and whose taste for the beauties of nature even led him to penetrate to the very borders of Wales in the height of summer.

This remarkable man would appear to have infused a considerable portion of his restless and inquiring spirit into the breasts of other members of the Club, and to have awakened in their minds the same insatiable thirst for Travel which so eminently characterized his own. The whole surface of Middlesex, a part of Surrey, a portion of Essex, and several square miles of Kent, were in their terms examined, and reported on. In a rapid steamer, they smoothly navigated the placid Thames; and in an open boat they fearlessly crossed the turbid Medway. High-roads and by-roads, towns and villages, public conveyances and their passengers, first-rate inns and road-side public houses, races, fairs, regattas, elections, meetings, market days – all the scenes that can possibly occur to enliven a country place, and at which different traits of character may be observed and recognized, were alike visited and beheld, by the ardent Pickwick and his enthusiastic followers.

The Pickwick Travels, the Pickwick Diary, the Pickwick Corre-

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

spondence—in short, the whole of the Pickwick Papers, were carefully preserved, and duly registered by the secretary, from time to time, in the voluminous Transactions of the Pickwick Club. These transactions have been purchased from the patriotic secretary, at an immense expense, and placed in the hands of 'Boz,' the author of 'Sketches Illustrative of Every Day Life, and Every Day People'—a gentleman whom the publishers consider highly qualified for the task of arranging these important documents, and placing them before the public in an attractive form. He is at present deeply immersed in his arduous labours, the first fruits of which will appear on the 31st March.

Seymour has devoted himself, heart and graver, to the task of illustrating the beauties of Pickwick. It was reserved to Gibbon to paint, in colours that will never fade, the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire—to Hume to chronicle the strife and turmoil of the two proud houses that divided England against herself—to Napier to pen, in burning words, the History of the War in the Peninsula—the deeds and actions of the gifted Pickwick yet remain for 'Boz' and Seymour to hand down to posterity.

From the present appearance of these important documents, and the probable extent of the selections from them, it is presumed that the series will be completed in about twenty numbers.

2. Announcement of Seymour's Death in Part II:

BEFORE this Number reaches the hands of our readers, they will have become acquainted with the melancholy death of MR SEYMOUR, under circumstances of a very distressing nature. Some time must elapse, before the void which the deceased gentleman has left in his profession can be filled up; the blank his death has occasioned in the Society, which his amiable nature won, and his talents adorned, we can hardly hope to see supplied.

We do not allude to this distressing event, in the vain hope of adding, by any eulogium of ours, to the respect in which the late Mr Seymour's memory is held by all who ever knew him. Some apology is due to our readers for the appearance of the present number with only three plates. When we state, that they comprise Mr Seymour's last efforts, and that on one of them, in particular, (the embellishment to the Stroller's Tale), he was engaged up to a late hour of the night preceding his death, we feel confident that the excuse will be deemed a sufficient one.

Arrangements are in progress which will enable us to present the ensuing numbers of the Pickwick Papers on an improved plan, which we trust will give entire satisfaction to our numerous readers.

April 27th, 1836.

*This shows us
a form being adopted,
settling into it.*

3. Announcement of R. W. Buss's Pictures in Part III:

ADDRESS FROM THE PUBLISHERS

WE announced in our last, that the ensuing Numbers of the Pickwick Papers, would appear in an improved form: and we now beg to call the attention of our readers to the fulfilment of our promise.

Acting upon a suggestion which has been made to them from various influential quarters, the Publishers have determined to increase the quantity of Letter Press in every monthly part, and to diminish the number of Plates. It will be seen that the present number contains eight additional pages of closely-printed matter, and two engravings on steel, from designs by MR BUSS—a gentleman already well known to the Public, as a very humorous and talented artist.

This alteration in the plan of the work entails upon the Publishers a considerable expense, which nothing but a large circulation would justify them in incurring. They are happy to have it in their power to state, that the rapid sale of the two first numbers, and the daily-increasing demand for this Periodical, enables them to acknowledge the patronage of the Public, in the way which they hope will be deemed most acceptable.

May 30th, 1836.

*This was before
the real take-off in #4.*

POSTSCRIPT FROM THE EDITOR

Always anxious to amuse our readers by every means in our power, we beg to present them with the following *verbatim* copy of a letter, actually addressed and sent by an anonymous correspondent to the Editor of the Pickwick Papers, a fortnight since. Our correspondent's notions of punctuation are peculiar to himself, and we have not ventured to interfere with them.

'SIR

'In times when the great and the good are largely associating for the amelioration of the Animal Kingdom, it seems remarkable that any writer should counteract their intentions by such careless paragraphs as the one I inclose!

if it is carelessness. *only*. it may be corrected if it is. bad taste. I am afraid it. will be more difficult. but perhaps you could. in another part. point out, to the obtuse, like myself, the wit or humour, of depicting, the noblest of animals faint, weary, and over driven,

'When the Knees quiver and the Pulses beat'

Subjected. to a. Brute; only to be. tolerated because he *at least* is

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

ignorant, of. the Creature and his Creator. to whom he is responsible, and whose. 'admirable frolic and fun' consists in giving. his brutal history of his horse. in bad English!!'

And then follows an extract from a newspaper, containing the Cabman's description of his Horse, from page 6 of our first number.

This is evidently a very pleasant person - a fellow of infinite fancy. We shall be happy to receive other communications from the same source - and on the same terms; that is to say, post paid.

4. Announcement at Conclusion of Part X:

ADDRESS

(is the title of the serial run)

TEN months have now elapsed since the appearance of the first number of the PICKWICK PAPERS. At the close of the year, and the conclusion of half his task, their Author may perhaps, without any unwarrantable intrusion on the notice of the Public, venture to say a few words for himself.

He has long been desirous to embrace the first opportunity of announcing that it is his intention to adhere to his original pledge of confining this work to twenty numbers. He has every temptation to exceed the limits he first assigned to himself, that brilliant success, an enormous and increasing sale, the kindest notice, and the most extensive popularity, can hold out. They are, one and all, sad temptations to an author, but he has determined to resist them; firstly, because he wishes to keep the strictest faith with his readers; and, secondly, because he is most anxious that when the POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB form a complete work, the book may not have to contend against the heavy disadvantage of being prolonged beyond his original plan.

possibility of going past 20 #s

For ten months longer, then, if the Author be permitted to retain his health and spirits, the PICKWICK PAPERS will be issued in their present form, and will then be completed. By what fresh adventures they may be succeeded is no matter for present consideration. The Author merely hints that he has strong reason to believe that a great variety of other documents still lie hidden in the repository from which these were taken, and that they may one day see the light.

With this short speech, Mr Pickwick's Stage-Manager makes his most grateful bow, adding, on behalf of himself and publishers, what the late eminent Mr John Richardson, of Horsemonger Lane Southwark, and the Yellow Caravan with the Brass Knocker, always said on behalf of himself and company, at the close of every performance -

'Ladies and gentlemen, for these marks of your favour, we beg to

APPENDIX A

return you our sincere thanks; and allow us to inform you, that we shall keep perpetually going on beginning again, regularly, until the end of the fair.'

December, 1836.

5. Announcement in Part XV after Mary Hogarth's Death:

186, STRAND, June 30, 1837.

ADDRESS

THE author is desirous to take the opportunity afforded him by his resumption of this work, to state once again what he thought had been stated sufficiently emphatically before, namely, that its publication was interrupted by a severe domestic affliction of no ordinary kind; that this was the sole cause of the non-appearance of the present number in the usual course; and that henceforth it will continue to be published with its accustomed regularity.

However superfluous this second notice may appear to many, it is rendered necessary by various idle speculations and absurdities which have been industriously propagated during the past month; which have reached the author's ears from many quarters, and have pained him exceedingly. By one set of intimate acquaintances, especially well informed, he has been killed outright; by another, driven mad; by a third, imprisoned for debt; by a fourth, sent per steamer to the United States; by a fifth, rendered incapable of any mental exertion for evermore - by all, in short, represented as doing anything but seeking in a few weeks' retirement the restoration of that cheerfulness and peace of which a sad bereavement had temporarily deprived him.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

WE receive every month an immense number of communications, purporting to be 'suggestions' for the Pickwick Papers. We have no doubt that they are forwarded with the kindest intentions; but as it is wholly out of our power to make use of any such hints, and as we really have no time to peruse anonymous letters, we hope the writers will henceforth spare themselves a great deal of unnecessary and useless trouble.

Letters from readers

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