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THE CASE AGAINST AINSWORTH

Limin Chu

Professor, Department of Western Languages and Literature

National Chengchi University

Readers of the history of Victorian literature, indeed of any literary period in any land, seldom meet with such an indefatigable and consistent man of letters as William Harrison Ainsworth (1805-1882). This enthusiastic writer dabbled in ballad composition, translated a French historical romance, and collaborated with other writers in two novels in addition to producing about forty of his own and was at one time regarded as a serious rival to Scott.[1] As if turning out novels year after year, sometimes two simultaneously, was no remarkable feat, Ainsworth exerted his unbounded energy in editing or managing consecutively three magazines of noteworthy popularity, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Ainworth's Magazine*, and the *New Monthly Magazine*, the last two he owned.

He seems to have known every man in the literary circle of his time and known them well enough to have included most of them under the banner of his editorship. Besides appearing frequently in the Countess of Blessington's famous salon, Ainsworth played the part of a genial host himself at Kensal Lodge to numerous literary figures. To young, struggling writers contributing to his periodicals, he was generosity itself. And he was most prompt in paying them, a considerate act which appears to have been a rare virtue among the publishers of his time.[2]

Already an up-and-coming writer in association with *Fraser's Magazine* in the early eighteen thirties, Ainsworth shot up to fame with his first full-length novel, *Rookwood*, in 1834. This sensational adventure story of a notorious outlaw was then something entirely new and unexpected. Dick Turpin, whose activities terrorized Essex and travellers to London a century before, and whose name, kept alive in legends, still had a familiar ring to the Victorian ear, captured the popular imagination. His ride to York, an idealized version of his flight, powerfully written by Ainsworth in one single day, seems to have made up for all the lean years which the reading public listlessly floundered through by way of lightweight romance and respectable novels.

The enchanted readers therefore eagerly waited for his next book, *Crichton*, and pounced upon it when it was published in 1837. If they expected to derive from this historical romance the same kind of thrill provided them in *Rookwood*, they would have felt cheated, and many undoubtedly did feel cheated, although their initial expectations had made the sale of the book a booming success. Ellis terms *Crichton* "caviare" to most readers because, for a novel, "it is overloaded with scholarship and Latinity." The women might have been fascinated by his "detailed, minute description of costume, jewels, furnishings," but ceatainly few, whether men or women, would have found the display of his knowledge of archaeology entrancing.[3]

Once in speaking of *Rookwool*, Ainsworth revealed his position as writer, saying that he had "an eye rather to the reader's amusement than his edification".[4] After the experiment with *Crichton*, therefore, he bowed to the will of general public and returned to the "School of Criminal Romance." His second hit in this type of story is *Jack Sheppard*, which I propose to discuss in more detail. It was first serialized in *Bently's Miscellany*, January, 1839, to February, 1840, and issued in book form, in three volumes, in October, 1839. *Jack Sheppard* took London by storm.

On this crowded canvas about thirty persons appear with names, but there are countless nameless participants in the stirring drama. To explain the intricate relationships among them, even when restricted to the eleven characters whose movements connect the threads of the complicated plot, would require more space than is here warranted. In order to make my discussion intelligible, it is necessary perhaps to at least identify them. Jonathan Wild, the underworld king; Blueskin, his chief lieutenant; Jack Sheppard, son of Widow Sheppard, who was the stolen sister of Sir Rowland Trenchard; the other sister, Aliva Trenchard, secretly married to a French nobleman in exile, who used the assumed name Darrell; their son, Thames Darrell; Owen Wood, a furniture manufacturer and dealer, his wife, and his daughter Winifred.

It is interesting to note that Airsworth always referred to his new novel as "Thames Darrell" until a few months before it began to see print. It perhaps dawned on him that Darrell provided no association in the reader's mind so that he finally gave the book its deserved name *Jack Sheppard*, for it was to prove that this legendary housebreader was the character that appealed to the public most.

It often gives a student of literary history pause when in so many instances

the so-called respectable people find stories of crime fascinating. Psychologists no doubt have a ready explanation for this seemingly incongruous situation. It is commonplace to point out that a release of pent-up emotions such as found in the reading of sinful books, a release however indirect and vicarious, seems to provide infinite satisfaction. The Victorian emphasis on respectability has been caricatured in an anecdote of this effect, that when a person of consequence was asked to take another wife after the first one has died, he instantly replied: "No, no. I"ll not marry again, but I"ll take mistresses." Not all men, even in that prosperous century, could afford to take mistresses, or gallop as a soldier of fortune, so, as the next best thing, they went into an imaginative world of romance and adventure, and happily discovered in Ainsworth an ideal source of supply.

Reading is more or less a private occupation, just as confession in a cubicle to a Catholic priest is a private communication. Reading about characters of Newgate in a novel seems no more objectionable than reading about sadistic murders in the newspapers. *Jack Sheppard*, moreover, is not all about disreputable figures or criminal activities. There are a maiden in distress, a nobleman in disguise, jealousy of a wife, repentance of a hussy; also sword fights and gun duels, display of courage and fortitude. When, however, the enterprising theater-managers put on a dramatic version of the novel that highlighted only Jack Sheppard's jail-breaking, and when eight different versions of this act of defiance against authority began to swamp the London stage, the self-styled, self-consious, self-righteous guardians of Victorian respectability were jolted, and cried out in protest—but to no avail. The overt exhibition of daring criminal escapades alarmed a few but pleased many, in spite of Thackeray's parody in *Catherine*.[5]

One great flurry of excitement against Ainsworth concerns his choice of hero. Even among criminals, it was averred, there are more "respectable" categories than Jack Sheppard, who is a mere housebreaker. Although Dick Turpin in *Rookwood* is also a notorious sinner, his miraculous ride to York and other dramatic risks he took on the highway seem to have placed him on a level higher than that of Sheppard, whose activites in town appear to be unheroically secretive and puny. But critics who held that the author had given undue prominence to the lawless knave apparently missed an all-important observation made by Ainsworth through Widow Sheppard who, talking to her erring son, says: "Your faults were the faults of circumstances."

Jack Sheppard's mother was the lost daughter of a titled family, as has been

indicated earlier. She would have grown to be a fine lady if some gypsy had not stolen her away from the Trenchards when she was only five years old. Given the name Joan, she was eventually thrown into the London slum where she was fortunate enough to marry Tom Sheppard, a journeyman-carpenter, instead of drifting aimlessly or falling into the gutter. But her good looks aroused the passion of Jonathan Wild. Instead of killing Tom outright in order to get his woman, the sadist devised a slow but sure means of removing him. After involving him in a capital offense, Wild informed on him and had him hanged. Widow Sheppard was able to resist the pressure and temptation of Jonathan when Wood, former employer of her spouse, offered assistance. Joan's initial misfortune and eventual salvation depended on nothing but the bad and good turns of circumstances beyond her control. Ainsworth has given us no intimation which can lead us to think that Joan would have arrested her degrading life if Wood's help had not come forth. The blood of a noble family in the veins of its disconnected member could not guarantee success in her resistence to evil environmental forces.

Her son Jack was brought up as apprentice in Wood's shop, together with Thames Darrell, the boy saved from the river. There were discriminations in the house. Mrs. Wood, a frivolous woman, was insanely jealous of Widow Sheppard, who led a quiet, blameless life in a country cottage provided by Wood. Not being able to reasonably object to such an arrangement, where indeed she knew there was no indiscretion between her husband and the lonely widow, Mrs. Wood took every opportunity to abuse her son. Jack, under the circumstances, would often leave the house in order to seek some relief. He withstood the intolerable situation at home as long and as best he could. One day, in an effort to warn his master of some suspicious men, he incurred the wrath of the mistress, who thereupon boxed his ears. Further piqued by the sight of Thames and Winifred kissing and embracing, Jack Sheppard found the entire prospect insupportable, and walked out--into the trap of Wild, who saw in him another chance to perpetrate revenge upon his father. One petty offense led to another more serious and, in a few years, Jack went beyond rescue. Ainsworth, in Jack Sheppard, has given us an example not uncommon in reality that one small provocation could lead a man to commit an irrevocable mistake and thus sow the seeds of his own destruction. Ainsworth's description of the ineffectual law machinary and of the rampant slum situation could perhaps be taken as his criticism of the whole police system, a concern probably born of his early training in law.

With respect to Sir Rowland Trenchard, inherited title and fortune give him more cause for dissatisfaction than contentment. Jealous of family honor, he placed himself in the way of his sister Aliva's happiness and, when defied, killed her husband and tried to drown their baby (Thames, saved by Owen Wood). His unlawful sympathy for the Jacobite cause, not unconnected with ambitions for his own sake, led him to plan for the death of his own sister, already an invalid since the death of her husband, whose larger fortune could supply him with more political opportunities. Aliva's tragic death scene softened him momentarily, but Jonathan's knowledge of his implications with the Jacobites threatened his life, so that he was forced to agree to liquidaing his own nephew Thames in order to entitle himself to Aliva's vast property, with part of which he would buy his own safety. Rowland Trenchard's treachery to his next kin was another example of the stifling of better instincts in an incriminating environment.

Widow Sheppard's analysis of the fate of her son, therefore, serves to explain that of the other fallen men as well. Ainsworth was no blind man. He saw and realized what other perceptive individuals had seen and realized, that environment influences on the development of a person's inner character and his overt action were not something to be laughed off, as was made obvious in scientific research and in the consequences following industrial expansion in Ainsworth's time. The Victorian Age, in spite of its painstaking efforts at insisting on orthodox conformity, was in many ways a questioning period, encouraged by the advancement of science which begot a desire to rationalize religious beliefs. The importance of individual responsibility was not exactly de-emphasized, but certainly the shaping forces outside of the individual self came to be a more weighty factor in the judgment of a person. Reform of social institutions was uppermost in the air, which is a clear-cut tendency towards recognition of the role of agents other than that of the individual himself.

Critics and moralists condemned Ainsworth for having popularized and exalted the criminal and criminal adventures.[6] Was Ainsworth guilty of moral offense in writing *Rookwood* and *Jack Sheppard?* His friends pointed out that other novelists were writing in the same area, notably Charles Dickens in *The Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist*. But the point of argument is neither here nor there. For however disinterested Ainsworth was in educating his audience in his conscious attempt to amuse them, he was nevertheless unconsciously guided by his ingrained moral preconceptions to condemn the wrong-doers in the end.

Rowland Trenchard, finally betrayed by his own accomplice in the murder of his nephew, was clubbed and left in a wellhole to die in agogy. Jack Sheppard, in spite of the extenuating circumstances and in spite of his continuous luck in jailbreaking, was eventually caught, tried, and hanged. Even Mrs. Wood, who was responsible for turning Jack out of her house and thus initiating his degeneration, died a horrible death by the hand of an outlaw (ironic and significant perhaps in the sense that he was a staunch champion of Jack) for no other reason than that she became hysterical at a wrong moment.

In other words, Ainsworth did not glorify Jack Sheppard or any other criminal. He was in fact being faithful to history, for the crowd of spectators around the gallows in 1724 *was* riotous against the guards, and *was* violently sympathetic toward the condemned young man. If the author was guilty in any way, he was guilty only in following the Romantic tradition in having glamorized the manner of Jack's death. In Ainsworth's version, Jack was cut off from the rope while there was still life in him and the real agency of his death was a stray bullet fired in the commotion, not the official noose.

If we take "hero" to mean the most obviously arresting character in the book, there should be no question of his being Jack Sheppard the burglar. But in the underworld, the main background scene of the story, Jack was but one of the innumerable puppets manipulated by Jonathan Wild. The stupendous magnitude of his operation anticipated the American gangster syndicates in the nineteen twenties and thirties. His intelligence network was so penetrating and effectively maintained that not only the indiscretional citizens lived in the shadow of his extortion, even the government found it necessary to ask for his cooperation in political cases, knowing full well perhaps that he would choose to cooperate only when it suited an additional purpose of his own. In Ainsworth's novel, the sinister shadow of Jonathan Wild is found on every page. Not a single incident was unconnected with him; he had a share of interest in everybody's business. His power was felt even when he was not on the scene.

Take, for instance, his knowledge of the background of Aliva's unfortunate husband. This piece of information Rowland attempted to force from her hut never succeeded. Jonathan told him enough of other things to have convinced him that the particulars he desired to know were available--at a price, which was his money and the life of his nephew. Therefore in every move Roland made Wild had a hand. In the case of Joan, Wild was directly answerable for making her a widow and a wretched mother. The death of Mrs. Wood was

brought about by one of his men. The abduction and attempt of murder of Thames Darrell, whom Wood came to look on as his own son and with whom his daughter was in love, was Jonathan's design to further Rowland's selfish advantages, which in turn would benefit himself. The burglar in Jack was moulded by Jonathan, and his slow destruction was carefully planned and timed.

Ainsworth's enthusiasm for dramatic incidents, which serve as the only thread connecting the different parts of the novel, left little room for character delineation. What the reader learns of Jonathan Wild is entirely constructed from the active part he took in every stage of the tragic life of the Sheppards and the Trenchards. His ruthlessness and dark schemes thus presented in external action almost had the power of physical impact. Ainsworth's portrayal left the reader in no doubt that Wild was an incorrigible villain through and through. The momentary stay of his bloody hand on several occasions, as events subsequently showed, was never prompted by any feeling of pity or the unexpected awakening of conscience, of which indeed he had none, but rather it was to prolong his sadistic pleasure, so sure he was of the final extinction of his chosen victims. It was this calm, unruffled certainty of his sinister stamp on every plan he put into motion that was most horrible and chilling. With potential influence to interfere with law and order in an open manner, this underground mastermind certainly overshadows a petty housebreaker in deserving public attention from the point of view of a moralistic or sociological critic. Ainsworth, in his conscious endeavor to entertain his reader, might not have realized what he had done in depicting how Wild had met his end. To all intents and purposes, the criminal king ought to die at the hands of law, but it was the mob that wrecked his headquarters and it was his former lieutenant, still an outlaw, that killed him. Unknowingly perhaps Ainsworth made the legal machinary an object of popular contempt as well as hatred, and sounded a dire warning against collution between law and crime. On the strength that Ainsworth's "immoral" book had intrinsically served a "moral" purpose, the case against the author could therefore be dismissed.

The Miser's Daughter (1942) is chosen for a brief treatment here for several reasons. Firstly, it is a departure from the criminal romances already dealt with; secondly, it is in substance unlike *Crichton* of which mention has been made above; thirdly, the book is the first piece of Ainsworth's fiction to appear in his own newly inaugurated *Ainsworth's Magazine*; and, lastly, because, among all his novels, it alone, according to Malcolm Elwin, "presents an appearance of sym-

metry in structure." This remark of Malcolm Elwin has in itself a tone of reservation, and I have found little validity for making a stronger assertion.

The role of the miser's daughter, Hilda Scarve, does not seem to make her deserve the title of the book. As in the case of *Jack Sheppard*, the reader of *The Miser's Daughter* would have expected to see much of Hilda, whereas in fact she is presented as a rather colorless figure. There is the incredible background of what the Chinese call "point to the belly and arrange the marriage." Hilda's father, John Scarve, promised her to Randulph Crew, Sr., as daughter-in-law, when both the girl and the boy were extremely young. Crew's generosity and extravagance alienated him from Scarve (nicknamed "Miser Starve" by his enemies) and neither made any attempt to keep in touch with the other. The death of Crew, however, brought his son Randulph to Scarve, bearing a packet in which was contained an earlier written agreement that Hilda was promised to Randulph as wife. The unbelievable part of the transaction is that the parties directly concerned were kept in the dark. Scarve perhaps had every reason not to divulge the secret, not wishing to see her married to a somewhat impoverished young man who might take advantage of his hoarded wealth, but one cannot fathom any motive on the part of Randulph's father to withhold this information from him.

The romance between Hilda and Randulph was, therefore, love at first sight when both had become adults and seeing each other for the first time since perhaps early childhood. The miser would have objected to their union had there been no promise made. The early secret contract, therefore, serves no purpose in the romantic episode, although at first the reader is led to imagine that Scarve's pledge would have a paramount effect on the plot. The whole contrivance of the *deus ex machina* has probably been misplaced, or has missed its point.

At any rate, it is rather the miser himself that leaves a lasting impression. Notwithstanding the fact that John Scarve is an unsightly figure with a despicable character (he would rather disinherit his only child than run the risk of losing his amssed fortune in the hands of an easy-going son-in-law), the care with which Ainsworth depicts his death scene has helped to immortalize Miser Scarve as Shylock has been immortalized by Shakespeare. Delirious in illness, the miser was assailed with images of his gold being stolen. Forgetting that his treasure had been dug up from the cellar the previous night and safely placed in the bedroom, he struggled downstairs and then into the cellar to ascertain his

possessions.

> In his present state of debility and exhaustion, it cost him infinite labour to get up the bricks, and he was frequently obliged to desist from the toil, and rest himself; but though he shook in every limb--thoughthick damps burst from every pore, he still persevered.
>
> Having got out the bricks, he carefully scraped off the surface of the loose sandy toil. Surprised that the spade met with no resistance, his alarm was instantly excited, and he plunged it deeply into the ground. But no chest was there!
>
> For a few minutes he stood transfixed with despair. It never occurred to him that he had himself removed his treasure, but he concluded he had been robbed of it. At length, his anguish found vent in a piercing cry....
>
> Other imperfect ideas thronged upon his bewildered brain. A glimmering recollection of digging up the chest crossed him, but he fancied he must have taken out its contents and buried them deeper in the ground. Somewhat calmed by the idea, he commenced digging anew with frightful ardour, and soon cleared out the soil to nearly the depth of three feet. ... Throwing aside the spade, he groped about in the sandy soil with his hands, in the hope of finding a few pieces of gold. A single piece would have satisfied him; but there was none--nothing but little pebbles mixed with the sand. His moans, while thus employed, were truly piteous.
>
> At length, by a convulsive effort, he did contrive to lift his head from the ground; but that was all he could do. His hands clutched ineffectually at the sandy soil; his frame was powerless; and a stifled groan broke from his lips.
>
> But this condition was too horrible for long endurance. The muscles of the neck relaxed; his head fell heavily backwards; and after a gasp or two, respiration ceased.[8]

"There, in a grave--evidently digged by his own hands," lay dead Miser Scarve, as someone found him the next morning. One cannot perhaps find the scene powerfully drawn and one certainly would find this sentence-- "His moans, while thus employed, were truly piteous"--superfluous and intrusive upon an otherwise straightforward delineation. The language is unadorned and there is no conscious effort to solicit emotional response-- a fairly representative technique throughout the two novels under discussion. Ainsworth seems concerned only with giving out facts. He indulges in little speculation. He wants simply to tell a story, although the story may not be simple.

As a matter of fact, the story is never simple. Few things seems extraneous to Ainsworth. In his preface to *The Tower of London* (1840), he informs the reader of his design:

> Desirous of exhibiting the Tower in its triple light of a Palace, a Prison, and a Fortress, the Author has shaped his story with reference to that end; and he has endeavoured to contrive such a series of incidents as should naturally introduce every relic of the whole pile--towers, chapels, halls, chambers, gateways, arches, and drawbridges--so that no part of it should remain un-illustrated.

In the same light was *The Miser's Daughter* fashioned, for it is a veritable Comedy of Manners. Ainsworth specified the time of the story as 1744 with metropolitan London as the chief setting. Besides involving a number of characters in the Jacobite intrigue which provided several lively scenes of sword-play and dramatic pursuit, Ainsworth found ample space in his novel for several fashionable fops in the upper stratum of urban society, an obsequious French tailor, two domineering servants, an ambitious valet, a dangerous shyster, a timid but talkative barber, a near-bankcrupt socialite putting up a brave front, a secret polygamist, a bewitching stage actress, gamblers, race-horse owners, a jockey, a salesman of women's toilet articles, a courageous Jacobite instigater, a fencing-master, and a score of other intriguing characters who appear but once or twice. Along with these men and women from high and low society, the reader goes with one or the other, oftener with a host of them, to the Folly on the Thames, to dance, to drink, to flirt, to gamble, to watch cock-fights; to Buckingham Palace, Saint James Square, the Mall, Lambeth Stairs, Marylebone Gardens, Vauxhall, Chelsea, the back-room of a tavern where the Jacobites met, and a grand masquerade ball. It was a dazzing group of interesting people and their antics were ridiculed, or described in good humor. It seems that, with the exception of Miser Scarve, his scheming cousin, and their corrupt lawyer, everybody was a lovable person and the atmosphere in which they moved fresh and optimistic. Even the attempted abduction and rape of Hilda by one of the lordly dandies were handled with good grace. Of especial interest is the frequent reference to "Chinese." One of the women was described as having "Chinese eyes." A "Chinese mandarin" appeared in the masquerade, and at the place where the dance was held were found a Chinese pavilion, a Chinese temple, a Chinese-fashioned boat, Chinese fountains, and a piazza of Chinese architecture.

Malcolm Elwin's comment that *The Miser's Daughter* appears to be the best-

constructed novel among Ainsworth's productions is not well founded. Compared to *Jack Sheppard, The Miser's Daughter* strikes one as even more like a string of incidents. It does not have such a dominant figure as Jack Sheppard to hold the reader's attention, and neither does it have a Jonathan Wild to make him aware of a certain inevitability in the progress of the tale. As mentioned earier, Miser Scarye alone leaves a deeper impression, but then his static tenor fails to really raise him above any of the characters who appears as he does; he, like all the others, has no claim to a central place in the book. *The Miser's Daughter* is definitely a pageant. It can best be compared to a modern second-rate musical comedy--no all-star cast, generally amusing and clever, but probably no talent scout would be interested in it, and the critic would probably forget its director's name.

At the end of the relevant chapter in *Victorian Wallflowers,* Elwin predicts a revival of interest in Ainsworth. Probably readers who love a crowded canvas, taking *The Miser's Daughter* as example, would find its author too slow-going in this age of supersonic jets. But it seems that those who care for a "Western" motion picture, or "Gun Smoke" on television, may still find in *Jack Sheppard* a congenial atmosphere. Nineteen years ago, there was a "revival" of Jack Sheppard, if not William Harrison Ainsworth.[10] Mr. Peter Quennell wrote a review on *The Road to Tyburn* by Christopher Hibbert. The book has this subtitle; *The Story of Jack Sheppard and Eighteenth-Century London Underworld.* The reviewer recalls that Jack Sheppard's "biography was written by Harrison Ainsworth," and, he continues, "a more scholarly and systematic study has now been provided by Christopher Hibbert." Ainsworth did not seem to have intended to have his book read as a biography, but it would be interesting to find out how faithful he was in following the career of the famous, or infamous, outlaw in whom the interest is still kept alive in our world of rockets. Mr. Quennell's article in the *New York Times Book Review* of November 3, 1957, has beside it five reproductions of illustrations from *The Road to Tyburn,* with this caption: "Jack Sheppard escapes from Newgate, drawn by George Cruikshank, 1839." These are evidently taken from Ainsworth's novel. In studying Mr. Hibbert's work, one would also be tempted to find out whether in certain aspects or details he found help from his predecessor.

Both Malcolm Elwin and S. M. Ellis have given us a clear indication of Ainsworth's significance in the study of the history of Victorian literature. In his untiring and dedicated efforts to entertain his audience, Ainsworth has recreated for posterity a great number of the characteristic phenomena of

eighteenth-century society, and the manners and morals of those days. Quite unconsciously, in his historical projections, he brought forward problems still facing his own contemporaries, and some of the problems even we have to deal with today. On this score, Ainsworth perhaps deserves a more dynamic label than "wallflower."

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NOTES

1. Raymond Chapman, *The Victorian Debate: Engligh Literature and Society, 1852-1901* (New York, 1968), p.96. For Scott's influence, see John D. Cooke and Linoel Stevenson, *English Literature of the Victorian Period* (New York, 1949), p.227, and Walter Allen, *The English Novel* (New York, 1957), p.127.
2. Biographical details are taken from Laman Blanchard, "Memoir of William Harrison Ainsworth," written in 1842, reprinted in the 1882 edition of *Rookwood*, and S. M. Ellis, *William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends.* 2 vols. (London and New York, 1910).
3. Quotations are found in Ellis, I, 319.
4. *Ibid.*, p.286.
5. "In order to strip aff the glamour that Bulwer and Ainsworth had conferred upon robbers and murderers, Thackeray set out to depict crime with disgusting frankness, and so he chose the career of a brutal murderess who had been contemporary with Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard. Like Fielding with *Joseph Andrews*, however, the author found that the characters began to win his sympathy as he developed them, so that he could not sustain his intention of making them totally vile. Caught in this dilemma, he ended the undertaking after six installments, and never reprinted it." Quoted from Lionel Stevenson, *The English Novel: A Panorama* (Boston, 1906), p.261. The installments of *Catharine* appeared during 1839.
6. See Cooke and Stevenson, p.228, and Seymour Betsky, "Society in Thackeray and Trollope," *Dickens to Hardy*, ed. Boris Ford (Penguin Books, 1958), p.146.
7. Malcolm Elwin, *Victorian Wallflowers* (London, 1934), p.172.
8. William Harrison Ainsworth, *The Miser's Daughter* (printed by George Routledge and Sons, Limited, London, n.d.), pp.267-268.
9. Quoted in Elwin, p.175.
10. Raymond Chapman in 1968 (*The Victorian Debate*, p.97) asserts still that Ainsworth "is still not quite forgettable," See also Allen (*The English Novel*, p.163).