

THE INFLUENCE OF
CHARLES DICKENS
ON EDUCATION

A THESIS

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Introduction.

Charles Dickens was an earnest and powerful champion of the rights of children. His views were expressed in a readable and often in an entertaining form. Consequently they not only reached and influenced many more people than would have been the case if he had written them in the form of pedagogical treatises but a stronger appeal was made to the imagination and feelings of the readers. Although Dickens own educational opportunities were meagre, perhaps because they were meagre, he appreciated the advantages of right training and the inevitable injury of wrong training for all children. His sympathy with children rather than mere consideration for them (which many parents and teachers think is

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sufficient) was clearly shown in many of his descriptions of schools.

From the first to the last of his writings, Dickens described many schools. Among the most note-worthy of these were : Minerva House, in "Sketches by Boz"; Smeers' school (Dotheboys Hall) in "Nicholas Nickleby"; Mrs. Wackles's school, Miss Monflather's school and Mr. Marton's two schools, in "Old Curiosity Shop"; Dr. Blimber's school, in "Dombey and Son"; Mr. Creakle's school, Dr. Strong's school, Agnes's school, and the school Uriah Heep attended, in "David Copperfield"; Miss Donney's school, in "Bleak House"; Mr. M'Choakumchild's school, in "Hard Times"; Mr. Wopsles great aunt's school, in "Great Expectations"; Bradley Headstone's school, in "Our Mutual Friend"; Phoebe's school, in "Barbox Brothers"; Jenny Lirriper's school, in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings";

Mrs. Lemons school, in "Holiday Romance"; Miss Puffer's school, in "Tom Tiddler's Ground"; the school in "The Haunted House"; and Miss Twinkleton's seminary, in "Edwin Drood".

That he did not stumble upon these things by accident, but had a clear and definite idea of righting the wrongs he described was shown by the introduction to "Nicholas Nickleby" in which he advocated state control and inspection of schools. He wished to drive out of existence the Yorkshire schools and all other bad private schools.

In the preface to this book ("Nicholas Nickleby"), he wrote:

"Of the monstrous neglect of education in England, and the little regard of it by the state as a means of forming good or bad citizens, and miserable or happy men, this class of schools long afforded a notable example. Although any man who had proved

his unfitness for any other occupation in life, was free, without examination or qualification, to open a school anywhere; although preparation for the functions he undertook was required in the surgeon who assisted to bring a boy into the world, or might one day assist, perhaps, to send him out of it; in the chemist, the attorney, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker; the whole round of crafts and trades, the schoolmaster excepted; and although schoolmasters, as a race, were blockheads and impostors who might naturally be expected to spring from such a state of things, and to flourish in it, these Yorkshire schoolmasters were the lowest and most rotten round in the ladder. Traders in the avarice, indifference, or imbecility of parents, and the helplessness of children; ignorant, sordid, brutal men, to whom few considerate persons would have intrusted the board and lodging of a horse or a dog; they formed the worthy cornerstone of a

str ucture, which, for absurdity and magnificent high-handed laissez-aller neglect, has rarely been exceeded in the world.

"We hear sometimes of an action for damages against the unqualified medical practitioner, who has deformed a broken limb in pretending to heal it. But what about the hundreds of thousands of minds that have been deformed forever by the incapable pettifoggers who have pretended to form them ?

" I make mention of the race, as of the Yorkshire schoolmasters, in the past tense. Though it has not yet finally disappeared, it is dwindling daily. A long day's work remains to be done about us in the way of education. Heaven knows; but great improvements and facilities toward the attainment of a good one have been furnished of late years".

All of the schools which Dickens described may be divided into two classes: those in which the training was wrong and those in

which the training was right. He described many more of the former class than of the latter. This was an indication of good logical reasoning, for the reformer was almost sure to accomplish more by picturing brutality and lack of sympathy to be overcome and other wrongs to be righted, than by showing ideal conditions to be attained, although both were influential.

Chapter 1. Wrong Training.

probably the best known of all of the bad schools that Dickens described was Squeer's school, Dotheboy's Hall, in "Nicholas Nickleby". The conditions there were revolting. The personal appearance of Squeers was hideous. He was described thus:

"He had but one eye and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental; being of greenish gray and in shape resembling the fanlight of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which time his expression bordered closely on the villainous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner."

Some of Squeer's characteristics were shown in his treatment of the little boys whom he was taking to Dotheboy's Hall to become his pupils. One little boy was sitting on his trunk disturbing nothing and Squeers beat him merely because he (Squeers) was in a bad humor. At the breakfast table Squeers ate his own hearty breakfast with five hungry children watching and waiting for theirs, which, when it came at last, consisted of milk and water with a small quantity of bread. They were not allowed time to finish eating even that, but, when the bell rang were ordered to put what was left into a basket to take with them for their next meal. To console the boys Squeers said:

"Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human nature".

Nicholas Nickleby, the young man.

who was to be Squeers' assistant, was shocked and disgusted by the selfishness and brutality of Squeers and the suffering of the helpless children at this school. The climax came when Sike, a miserable boy who had been so abused that he ran away, was being punished by Squeers when Nicholas Nickleby interfered.

Squeers came into the schoolroom with a strong new whip in his hand --

"Is every boy here?" asked Squeers, in a tremendous voice.

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself; and every eye drooped, and every head covered down, as he did so.

"Each boy keep his place", said Squeers, administering his favorite blow to the desk, and regarding with gloomy satisfaction the universal start which it never

failed to occasion. "Nickleby ! to your desk, sir."

It was remarked by more than one small observer that there was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat, without opening his lips in reply. Squeere, casting a triumphant glance at his assistant, and a look of most comprehensive despotism on the boys, left the room, and shortly afterward returned, dragging Snake by the collar- or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been had he boasted such a decoration.

In any other place the appearance of the wretched, jaded, spiritless object would have occasioned a murmur of compassion and remonstrance. It had none effect, even there; for the lookers-on moved uneasily in their seats, and a few of the boldest ven-

tured to steal looks at each other, expressive of indignation and pity.

They were lost on Squeers, however, whose gaze was fastened on the luckless Snake, as he inquired, according to custom in such cases, whether he had anything to say for himself. "Nothing, I suppose?" said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

Snake glanced round, and his eye rested for an instant on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was riveted on his desk.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded Squeers again; giving his right arm two or three flourishes to try its power and suppleness. "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough".

"Spare me, sir!" cried Snake.

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Squeers. "Yes, I'll flog you within an inch

of your life, and spare you that".

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mrs. Squeers
"that's a good 'un!"

"I was driven to do it," said
Snake faintly, and casting another imploring
look on him .

"Driven to do it, were you?"
said Squeers. "Oh! it wasn't your fault;
it was mine, I suppose - oh?"

"A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed,
brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog", exclaimed
Mrs. Squeers, taking Snake's head under her
arm, and administering a cuff at every op-
porthet; "What does he mean by that?"

"Stand aside, my dear," replied
Squeers, "We'll try and find out".

Mrs. Squeers, being out of breath
with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught
the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut
had fallen on his body - he was wincing from
the lash, and uttering a scream of pain - it

was raised again and again about to fall - when Nicholas Kickley suddenly starting up, cried: "Stop!" in a voice that made the raft-ers ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"I", said Nicholas, stepping forward, "This must not go on!"

"Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"No!" thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Snake, and, falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

"I say must not", repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; "shall not, I will prevent it".

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head;

but astonishment had actually, for the moment, bereft him of speech.

"You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf", said Nicholas; "You have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I".

"Git down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Mike as he spoke.

"Wretch!" rejoined Nicholas fiercely, "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for, by Heaven, I will not spare you, if you drive me on!"

"Stand back!" cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas, flushed with passion; and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for, if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!"

He had scarcely spoken when Squeers in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spit upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him seized him by the throat and beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

The boys - with the exception of

Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance, harassed the enemy in the rear - moved not hand or foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat, and endeavoured to drag him from his infuriated adversary; while Miss Squeers, who had been peeping through the keyhole in expectation of a very different scene, darted in at the very beginning of the attack, and after launching a shower of inkstands at the usher's head beat Nicholas to her heart's content; animating herself at every blow with the recollection of his having refused her proffered love, and thus imparting additional strength to an arm which (as she took after her mother in this respect) was, at no time, one of the weakest.

Nicholas, in the full torrent of his violence, felt the blows no more than if they had been dealt with feathers; but be-

coming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his arm grew weak besides, he threw all his remaining strength into half a dozen finishing cuts and flung Squeers from him, with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form; and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained, to his thorough satisfaction that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas left his family to restore him and retired to consider what course he had better adopt. He looked anxiously round for Saiké, as he left the room, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Besides being fascinating to read,

this description has certainly influenced educators against the use of brutal methods of punishing children.

In "Great Expectations", Mrs. Gargery furnished another illustration of wrong method in dealing with children. She showed lack of knowledge of a child's nature and lack of sympathy in her treatment of Pip's questions.

A shot was fired from one of the prison ships near their house.

"Ah!" said Joe; there's another convict off."

"What does that mean?" said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said snappishly: "Escaped, escaped." Administering the definition-like medicine.

"There was a convict off last night", said Joe, aloud, "after sunset gun.

And they fired warning of him. And now it appears they are firing warning of another".

"Who's firing?" said I.

"Drat that boy", interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work; what a questioner he is! Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies".

It was not very polite to herself, I thought, to imply that I should be told lies by her, even if I did ask questions. But she never was polite, unless there was company.

"Mrs. Joe", said I, as a last resort "I should like to know - if you wouldn't mind much - where the firing comes from?"

"Lord bless the boy!" exclaimed my sister, as if she didn't quite mean that, but rather the contrary. "From the hulks!"

"And please, what's hulks?" said I.

"That's the way with this boy!"

exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head at me. "never him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison ships, 'right 'cross th' country".

"I wonder who's put into prison ships, and why they're put there?" said I, in a general way, and with quiet desperation.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. "I tell you what, young fellow", said she, "I didn't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. It would be blame to me, and not praise, if I had. People are put in the hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions. Now, you get along to bed!"

I was never allowed a candle to light me to bed, and, as I went upstairs

in the dark, with my head tingling - from Mrs. Joe's thimble having played the tea-bourine upon it, to accompany her last words - I felt fearfully sensible of the great convenience that the hulks were handy for me. I was clearly on my way there".

In another place Pip said: "My sister's bringing up had made me sensitive. In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may be only small injustice that the child can be exposed to; but the child is small, and its world is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter. Within myself, I had sustained, from my babyhood, a perpetual conflict with injustice. I had known

from the time that I could speak, that my sister, in capricious and violent coercion, was unjust to me^s.

A child's healthy desire to know was made to appear as a criminal tendency merely because it troubled a grown-up. Such methods have not disappeared entirely even yet, but they seem to be peculiar to parents more than to school-teachers.

Methods so wrong as to be really brutal were depicted in "David Copperfield." Mr. Murdstone, David's step-father, beat him severely because he did not recite his lessons well. One day he was beating him and David bit his hand. To punish him for this offence, David was sent to Salem House. A placard was put on his back. On this placard were the words: "Take care of him. He bites." He was compelled to wear this.

The kind of school to which he was sent, Mr. Creakle's school, was indicated by Mr. Creakle's opening address. He said:

"Now, boys, this is a new half. Take care what you're about in this new half. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I once fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be of no use your rubbing yourselves; you won't rub the marks out that I shall give you. Now get to work, every boy!"

How inspiring!

Then, before the school work began he had half of the boys crying on account of blows from his cane although they had committed no misdemeanors whatever.

The treatment of Pleasant Riderhood, in "Our Mutual Friend", showed the brutality of a father to his child. Her whole view of life had been perverted, until:

"show her a christening, and she saw a little heathen personage having a quite superfluous name bestowed upon it, inasmuch as it would be commonly addressed by some abusive epithet; which little personage was not in the least wanted by anybody, and would be shoved and banged out of everybody's way until it should grow big enough to shove and bang. Show her a live father, and she saw but a duplicate of her own father, who from infancy had been taken with fits and starts of discharging his duty to her, which duty was always incorporated in the form of a fist or a leather strap, and, being discharged, hurt her."

In "Dombey and Son", the redoubtable Mrs. Pipchin's favorite way of punishing, no matter what the offence, was expressed thus: "The best thing you can do is

to take off your things and go to bed this minute." Consequently "the wild ones went home tame enough after sojourning for a few months beneath her hospitable roof."

The master of the Grinder's school in the same book is described as: "A superannuated old Grinder of savage disposition, who had been appointed schoolmaster because he didn't know anything and wasn't fit for anything and for whose cruel cane all chubby little boys had a perfect fascination."

The mistake of forcing children in their school-work beyond their physical strength was shown in the case of little Paul Dombey. When his father took him to Dr. Blimber's school. "The doctor was sitting in his portentous study, with a globe at each knee, books all around him, Homer over the door, and Minerva on the mantelshelf;

"And how do you do, sir?" he said

to Mr. Dombey; and how is my little friend ?"

"Very well, I thank you, sir," returned Paul, answering the clock quite as much as the doctor.

"Ha!" said Dr. Blimber "Shall we make a man of him ?"

"Do you hear, Paul ?" added Mr. Dombey; Paul being silent.

"Shall we make a man of him ?" repeated the doctor.

"I had rather be a child; replied Paul."

But his father told the teacher that he wished Paul to learn everything; so the doctor asked his daughter to take Paul first. The doctor said:

"Bring him on, Cornelia, bring him on."

The very first day, Paul was

given lessons in more books than he could carry. He proved an apt pupil as more and more work was required of him and, at this school, "Nothing happened so vulgar as play". Paul was a sickly child, anyway, and at last this forcing, cramming process killed him.

Doubt less this was an extreme case, but the physical well-being of children was, and in some cases is still, disregarded while they learn "everything."

The futility of acquiring knowledge without associating it with previous experience was shown by the case of a boy in the same school, whose knowledge of Greek and Latin would not last through a trip from England to India, although he had studied, or rather crammed it, for years.

In "Hard Times" the children of Mr. Gradgrind were cheated out of their

childhood by the repression of their spontaneous activity. Their education consisted of nothing but memorizing facts. All fancy and poetry was left out.

One day their father was shocked and amazed to find Louisa and Thomas trying to look into a circus tent. Mr. Gradgrind told his wife: "I should as soon have expected to find Louisa and Thomas reading poetry."

(Horrible thought!)

As a result of this system of education, Thomas said that he "knew no more about life than any oyster does"; and Louisa said, "I curse the hour in which I was born to such a destiny".

At last Mr. Gradgrind's eyes were opened, and the younger children of his family were allowed more freedom.

In "Edwin Drood", Dickens' last book, Mr. Crengious, speaking to Rosa, described his childhood:

"I mean," he explained, "that young ways were never my ways. I was the only offspring of parents far advanced in life and I half believe I was born advanced in life myself. No personality is intended toward the name you will so soon change when I remark that, while the general growth of people come into existence buds, I seem to have come into existence a chip. I was a chip - and a very dry one - when I first became aware of myself."

In the case of Richard Barstone, in "Black House", a plea was made for adapting the education to the child rather than adapting the child to the education. Father, speaking of Richard, said :

"I never heard that it had been anybody's business to find out what his natural bent was or where his failings lay, or to adapt any kind of knowledge to him. He had been adapted to the ver-ses." "The system had addressed him in exactly the same manner as it had addressed hundreds of other boys, all varying in character and capacity."

Dickens described Bradley Bradstone's school in "Our Mutual Friend", thus: "School buildings, school-teachers, and school pupils are all according to pattern, and all engendered in the light of the latest Gospel according to Monotony."

Normal schools were criticized in a similar way, in "Hard Times", Mr. M'Choakumchild's Normal school training was described: "He and one hundred and

forty other schoolmasters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many *piano-forte legs*".

Some of the present Normal schools might profit by this ridicule.

Dickens then mentioned many things that this teacher had learned and added: "Ah ! Mr. M^r Chockumchild, rather over-done. If he had only learned a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more !"

Edward Chester, in "*Barnaby Rudge*" criticized the way he had been educated:

"from my childhood I have been accustomed to luxury and idleness, and have been bred as though my fortune were large and my expectations almost without a limit. The idea of wealth has been familiarized to me from my cradle. I have been taught to

look upon those means by which men raise themselves to riches and distinction as being beyond my breeding and beneath my care. I have been, as the phrase is, liberally educated, and am fit for nothing."

Another absurd, but not very ^{un}common case of wrong training was that given by Mrs. Pipchin, in "Dombey and Son", who had for her rule "to give children everything they didn't like and nothing they did like."

Again, in "Martin Chuzzlewit", Dickens showed the evil of wrong training in the case of Jonas Chuzzlewit. The ideal in his case was to make money.

"The education of Mr. Jones had been conducted from his cradle on the strictest principles of the main chance. The very

first word he learned to spell was 'gain', and the next one (when he got into two syllables) 'money'. But for two results which were not clearly foreseen, perhaps, by his watchful parents in the beginning, his training may be said to have been unexceptionable. One of these flaws was that, having been long taught by his father to overreach everybody, he had imperceptibly acquired a love of overreaching that venerable monitor himself. The other that from his early habits of considering everything as a question of property, he had gradually come to look on his parent as a certain amount of personal estate which had no right whatever to be going at large, but ought to be secured in that particular description of iron safe which is commonly called a coffin, and banked in the grave."

The motto which Jones evolved from his training was "Do other men, for they would do you."

Dickens showed that the result of such education was to obliterate all high morality. He wrote:

"All their cares, hopes, joys, affections, virtues, and associations seemed to be melted down into dollars. Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft. De-face the banner of the nation for an idle rag; pollute it star by star; and cut out stripe by stripe as from the arm of a degraded soldier. Do anything for dollars! What is a flag to them!"

Even Uriah Heep, in "David Copperfield" was shown to be the product one might expect from the school training he had had. He and his parents had all been educated at charitable institutions and had

been trained to be "able."

"David Copperfield" gave another illustration of the bad effect of wrong training in the character of Steerforth. His mother was wealthy. She loved him, and, although she had a strong character in other respects, she was weak in training her son. She taught him to consider himself above other people and to despise work. He was sent to Mr. Creakle's school because that man was mean-spirited enough to bow down to him merely because his mother was rich. His mother said:

"My son's high spirit made it desirable that he should be placed with some man who felt its superiority, and would be content to bow himself before it; and we found such a man there". She also said:
"He (her son, Steerforth) found himself the

monarch of the place, and he haughtily determined to be worthy of his station."

What a condition for a pupil! It was hardly to be wondered at that the boy became an immoral man.

Superficial education such as was given in girls' finishing schools was ridiculed in "Little Dorrit." Amy's father criticised her for lack of culture in Mrs. General's sense of the word; Amy said:

"I think, father, I require a little time."

"Papa is a preferable mode of address," observed Mrs. General. "Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prison are all very good words for the lips; especially prunes and prison. You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanor, if you sometimes say to yourself in

company - on entering a room, for instance -
papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prison,
prunes and prison."

In the ones mentioned and many
other instances, Dickens showed the evil
effect of wrong training both in the school
and in the home. He wrote less of right
training, but some of the good teachers
and schools he described were almost perfect.

Chapter 11. Right Training.

One of the best of the good schools that Dickens described was Dr. Strong's school in "David Copperfield." Both the mind and the body were trained there. David said: "We had noble games out of doors."

Consideration for the feelings of others and courtesy were taught to the boys in this school. When David went there for the first time - "About five-and-twenty boys were studiously engaged at their books when we went in, but they rose to give the Doctor good morning and remained standing when they saw Mr. Wickfield and me.

"A new boy, young gentlemen", said the Doctor; "Trotwood Copperfield"."

"One Adams, who was the head boy, then stepped out of his place and welcomed

me. He looked like a young clergyman, in his white cravat, but he was very affable and good-humored; and he showed me my place, and presented me to the masters in a gentlemanly way that would have put me at my ease if anything could."

Dr. Strong "was as the kindest ^{of} men" and "the idol of the whole school." "He appealed in everything to the honour and good faith of the boys, and avowed his intention to rely on the possession of these qualities unless they proved themselves unworthy." They "had plenty of liberty" and "the boys all became warmly attached to the school -- and learned with a good will, desiring to do it credit."

Dickens' ideal of the result of right training was expressed in the words of David Copperfield:

"I never could have done without the habits of punctuality, order and

diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one subject at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to completely; that in great aims and in small, I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfilment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thor-

ough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find, now, to have been my golden rules."

This opinion of David Copperfield, which was really that of Charles Dickens, was re-expressed by Mr. Jarndyce when he gave advice to Richard Carstone in "Bleak House:"

"Trust in nothing but in Providence and your own efforts. Never separate the two, like the heathen wagoner. Constancy in love is a good thing; but it means nothing, and is nothing without constancy in every kind of effort. If you have the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing/^{well}without sincerely meaning it and setting about it.

If you entertain the supposition that any real success, in great things or in small, ever was or could be, ever will or can be wrested from fortune by fits and starts, leave that wrong idea here."

Mr. Marton, the successor of Squeers, in "Old Curiosity Shop", was a sharp contrast to Squeers. While Squeers was brutal and unympathetic; Mr. Marton was kind and sympathetic. The old bachelor said to the latter: "You are none the worse teacher for having learned humanity." Both the bachelor and Mr. Marton were wise and sympathetic in their dealing with boys.

"In Bleak House", Miss Donney's school, which Esther attended, was a good one. Esther was taught well and trained to be a governess. Her previous experience had made her sympathetic with children so she became a good teacher.

These were a few of the instances where Dickens described schools without unfavorable criticism. Although many more of both the good and the bad types of training were shown in his books, the ones mentioned are surely sufficient to justify the claim that Charles Dickens was one of the foremost educational reformers of his time.

In "Our School", he said: "The world had little reason to believe ^{proud} of our school and has done much better since in that way and will do far better yet."

So he expressed his optimism in regard to the bad conditions he had described.

The end.

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(1 to 19 by Charles Dickens).

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2. Pickwick Papers.
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4. Dombey and Son.
5. Bleak House.
6. Oliver Twist.
7. Pictures from Italy.
8. American Notes.
9. Martin Chuzzlewit.
10. Tale of Two Cities.
11. David Copperfield.
12. Barnaby Rudge.
13. Christmas Stories.
14. Reprinted Pieces.
15. Little Dorrit.
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17. Hard Times.

18. Our Mutual Friend.

19. Edwin Drood.

20. Life of Charles Dickens by Adolphus W.
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Works of Charles Dickens.- by
Chesteron.

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