

MARGARET OLIPHANT: AN OPEN DOOR TO THE UNKNOWN(*)

Trinidad Guzmán
José Luis Chamosa

Before beginning this paper it is necessary to point out that we are "amateurs" in the field of fantastic literature. Our research studies have not been focused on this area and are quite diverse. But horror and mystery stories have found in us the most avid readers, who never intend to read another, ...but always do. It has been a most profitable encounter: the interest results in one of the packages of English philology such as we are faced with at present, in which we are allowed to mix, as it were, business with pleasure.

What we mean to say is that pioneering results of original research must not be expected of us. But we want to offer a few opinions on a subject which interests us, one to which we dedicate ourselves as a hobby. This paper can perhaps serve as a counterpoint to more perceptive studies, which are the result of years of work in this area.

It is quite by chance that we have chosen this particular theme. Our deep-seated interest in fantastic literature was brought about by an encounter with the novel by Margaret Oliphant some time ago; its quality as we shall later see, and the relative obscurity of its author made us decide to take a closer examination of this short work.

The first thing to be noted is that Margaret Oliphant was born in 1828 in Wallyford, Midlothian, in Scotland. Pointing out her British origin would be a platitude unless we sought to link it with one of the most widespread superstitions throughout all societies, but which in Britain has a special root: the belief in ghosts. We are not going as far as to assert that the four ghost stories that Mrs. Oliphant wrote belong to this tradition. But if we remember that the author wrote in the mid-Victorian era, when fantastic literature was at its height, then her ghost stories seem to be situated in a more accurate perspective.

So what is a ghost? Whilst Spanish reference books pay little attention to the subject (Espasa, Diccionario de la Real Academia de la Lengua), the Encyclopaedia Britannica gives a very detailed explanation: "Soul or spectre of a dead person, usually believed to inhabit the netherworld and to be capable of returning in some form to the world of the living." After explaining the possible forms in which a ghost may appear and the basic ideas behind the beliefs, it goes on to say: "A place that is haunted is thought to be associated with the haunting spirit with some strong emotion of the past -remorse, fear or

the terror of a violent death." Anyway, the British landscape is abundantly populated by such inhabitants, and Scotland in particular is a land where ghosts have found a marvellous refuge. It is not necessary to live there long before you hear about Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, which belongs to the Earl of Strathmore and possibly is the place with the biggest number of spectres per square metre than anywhere in the country; or of the ghost regiment of Highlanders which march around the outskirts of Killikrankie; or the drummer of Cortachy Castle, which announces like a banshee the deaths of the clan members, in this case the Ogilvies; or the lady in green of Crathes Castle, near Aberdeen, who always crosses the same room and picks up a child from the fire.

This list could be extended with hundreds of stories, not to mention in England the royal ghosts of Edward V and Anne Boleyn in the Tower of London, Elizabeth I in Windsor Castle of George II in Kensington; or the humbler ghosts of a cyclist in Essex or those who populate the rectory in Borley, Northwest London.

It is not strange that the writers in the English language have been drawn to the subject: these literatures contain stories of numerous ghosts whose variety extends from the most illustrious of Julius Caesar or Hamlet's father to the Canterville ghost. But up until 1764 (a rough date) they were nothing more than sporadic raids on the realm of the fantastic; they took the body and face of a new literary wave with the publication of The Castle of Otranto, by Horace Walpole, the source of the Gothic novel. This is the most direct ancestor of the Victorian ghost story, and on many occasions their relationship has not been acknowledged (1). The legacy of the Gothic novel to the 19th century ghost stories consisted fundamentally of "un repertorio de motivos, de ambientes y de efectos, sobre todo crueles, macabros y pavorosos", according to Italo Calvino (2). It is a genre of literature which combines the inventiveness of the author with popular folklore and myths, but that is, however, subject to strict conventions that will mark the later narrative.

The first inherent characteristic is the sense of terror: in the Gothic novel, the terrifying material frightens us because it is only a reflection of our own imagination which projects on to the monsters the fears that have always preoccupied us: mad monks, vampires or ghosts, the form is of little importance, and will change as time goes by.

On the the other hand, the main feature of The Castle of Otranto has been successfully repeated in all subsequent fantastic literature, especially by E.A. Poe: the haunted castle that can end up being a house or simply a doorway in the present case. Anyway, the thing which matters is the identification of the place with its ghostly inhabitant which is united to it for a particular reason, unknown to the reader at first. This is linked to the idea of the ability of the landscape and weather to reflect feelings. This technique, so happily used by the romantics presupposes a separation of the everyday world from that where things that are at least unusual happen, in the midst of sinister, threatening landscapes or lashing storms...

All this has been frequently referred to as "the sublime" by several literary critics (3). When "the sublime", generally separated from the reader's surroundings, inspires a certain sense of danger, the terror which it produces is pleasant because the reader feels safe. As time went on Victorian writers began to make changes though the feeling of an unatoned wrong often accompanies supernatural beings inhabiting such places.

Yet we have to make ours the words of Adolfo Bioy Casares, when he wrote: "Ateniéndonos a Europa y América, podemos decir: como género más o menos definido, la literatura fantástica aparece en el siglo XIX y en el idioma inglés."(4) Italo Calvino offers a wider definition; for him the ghost story is one of the most characteristic products of the Western world in the 19th century: it began in Germany, where Romanticism was as much an influential precedent as the Gothic novel was in England. Among the most famous authors of the time were Chamisso and E.T.A. Hoffmann. The influence of the latter is evident in Russian ghost stories, especially in those by Gogol and in the French, above all those by Nodier, Balzac, Gautier, and Gerard de Nerval. In Spain and Italy, however, the supernatural is a less significant genre, despite such famous authors as Becquer (5).

This notwithstanding, the extensive reference to Victorian English literature is inevitable since it is widely considered that "the Victorian age is the era of the well-told tale, the mystery story, the detective novel" (6). Queen Victoria reigned from 1837 until 1901. It was a long epoch which has been so thoroughly studied that it would be a waste of time to attempt to describe it in full detail. So, a brief outline will have to suffice.

On the one hand, the Victorian era is typified by a long period of political stability which allowed the sciences, the economy and the arts to develop and also was the best period for the bourgeoisie. But on the other hand, as it can be expected being a time of transition there were many contradictions. The utilitarian art based on the neoclassic ideas of the 18th century and the stories of the supernatural became of age at the same time. The ghost story, a typically Victorian product, is a particular kind of those stories, and we shall now discuss it.

The success of fantastic stories in such a specific time as the 19th century is similarly explained by all the critics: their theme is in certain aspects similar to that of philosophical speculation, that is to say, according to Italo Calvino: "La relación entre la realidad del mundo que habitamos y conocemos a través de la percepción y la realidad del pensamiento que habita en nosotros y nos dirige"(7). In this way, Victorian writers benefited greatly from the conventions of the Gothic novel to continue in the exploration of human nature and evil, which grew in importance at a time when there was such a widespread interest in understanding them.

The Gothic novel had become very unfashionable, not so much because the public were tired of terror but more because of the techniques which had been around for a long time. The Victorian horror story needed a change -namely to relate more to everyday life.

The key to this was to be found in something rather simple. From our point of view it was found in the contrast between the characters: characters, credible for the reader because they are like ordinary people, were confronted either with incredible monsters (Dr. Van Helsing in Dracula) or with the supernatural or inexplicable (Col. Mortimer in The Open Door). Victorian ghost stories are more frightening since by placing fantastic events in everyday surroundings, make the reader feel the need to take a look over his shoulder now and again.

The supernatural has usually been taken from figures from folklore and from popular myths. These possess a symbolic nature which arises from the fact that they belong to the ancestral substratum of the different cultures. The belief in ghosts was a more than reliable ground for the development of such a typical product of Victorian fantastic literature as the ghost story. The best authors used to place the reader in surroundings similar to his own. The haunted place ceases to be a castle but instead, it is a library, an archive, an antique shop or a rural property such as Brentwood, where the plot of The Open Door is placed. From here on, several mechanisms were used. These were accurately described by M.R. James: the ability to create an atmosphere "in crescendo" where, although at first everything was quiet and peaceful, "el elemento siniestro asome primero una oreja, al principio de modo discreto, luego con mayor insistencia, hasta que por fin se haga dueño de la escena. A veces no es inoportuno dejar una rendija por la que se pueda filtrar una explicación natural" (8).

Another typical element which can be isolated is what could be called THE PURPOSE. Ghosts are animated by unconcluded business in the living world, which may involve revenge, penitence or the desire to see justice done. The idea of justice implied here is not necessarily connected with divine justice and even less with human justice. Another almost indispensable factor in a good ghost story is the character Italo Calvino called "incrédulo positivista". Perhaps is the ghost, among all the characters in the chamber of horrors, the best symbol of all that whose existence is doubted. The world of ghosts preserves a residue of those ancient fears which are not easy to shake off; but something certain is that nobody appears very disposed to accepting that ghosts exist. Without this point of departure, the writer can hardly make us frightened: the most terrifying moment is the confirmation of a foreboding that we had not wanted to accept previously. The role of the "incrédulo positivista" is to give us the rational explanation we are longing to hear, though later on, he must bow with us to the evidence we are not able to explain. Nevertheless, as Louis Vax pointed out with such perception: "Un fantasma está tan hecho del miedo que inspira como de la silueta que expone a la mirada" (9). Its existence must not have been very independent from the mind of the terrified witnesses of its presence, when another of the conventions of this genre is that apparitions always show themselves at certain hours, places and, sometimes, even certain periods of the year.

All these elements can be identified to a greater or a lesser extent in the major works of the genre. This is another aspect which

must be given due prominence: the popular success of fantastic literature in general and of ghost stories in particular has brought about the rise of a group of writers dedicated exclusively to it (10).

The first of them is Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, born of an Irish Protestant family, a man who was sickly and tortured, and the first professional writer of horror stories, as he wrote practically nothing else. His work is a mixture of popular Irish imagination with a gift for poetry which gave rise to ghost stories (besides other themes such as vampires), like The Ghost and the Bonesetter. Let us also mention Edgar Allan Poe, the master and most famous of all; we have already mentioned M.R. James, a Dean of King's College, Cambridge, who has the rightful fame, not only as an erudite man but also as the author of excellent ghost stories; finally, we have Arthur Machen, who continued the tradition wonderfully into the 20th century.

Other famous writers in the English language had their flirtations with fantastic literature. We must turn again to Italo Calvino, who observed that Britain produced a kind of refined narrator who enjoyed disguising himself as a popular story writer by using this disguise with ease and professional determination (11). He names H.G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling and Walter Scott as examples of this type of writer, but the best are, no doubt, Robert Louis Stevenson and Henry James, his closest friend. This latter in particular wrote numerous stories about ghosts, of whose existence he was as convinced as his brother William was. A few of these stories, like The Turn of the Screw are considered to be paradigmatic, and Sir Edmund Orme, The Ghostly Rental or Maud-Evelyn are very well known. Similarly The Canterville Ghost by Oscar Wilde and the brilliant The Signal-Man by Dickens are two examples of authors whose work is not focused chiefly on the fantastic theme and put an end to this brief but at all exhaustive list.

Margaret Oliphant belongs to this last category. Her incursions into the realm of the supernatural do not comprise the bulk of her works, which are set in very different courses. We have already mentioned that she was born in Scotland in 1828 into a Presbyterian family. Her mother was responsible for her education, in an atmosphere rarified by the resulting problems of an alcoholic brother who as time went on, she was obliged to support. At the age of ten, Margaret and her parents moved to Liverpool and there she tried to develop her aptitude for painting. She was not over-successful. However, at the age of twenty-one she published her first novel: Passages in the Life of Miss Margaret Maitland, whose success decided her career as a writer.

In 1852 she married her cousin, Frank Oliphant, an artist and stained-glass designer. Their brief marriage (seven years) left her much sadness and six children, of whom only two survived her. Her pitiful economic situation deteriorated further when her brother Frank lost his job and moved in with Margaret with his three children. Mrs. Oliphant supported them all. Throughout her life she journeyed across Europe and reached as far as Jerusalem, though she was based in Edinburgh where she worked assiduously on Blackwood's Magazine and became a sympathiser of the suffragettes. She suffered

frequent bouts of depression in a life filled with such painful incidents; she died in Windsor in June 1897, when she was sixty-nine years old.

Mrs. Oliphant was obliged to write very quickly to meet the costs of her family, who relied on her as their only source of income. This made her a prolific writer, and although some of her works were very good, many were of a lower standard. According to her critics, this is the result of the speed with which she wrote; this undoubtedly caused detriment not only to the quality of her works but also to her reputation as a writer. Histories of English literature for the most part class her among the minor authors. So Esteban Pujals mentions her in a section headed Otras Escritoras (12), and Hazel Mews in her work Frail Vessels: Woman's Role in Women's Novels from Fanny Burney to George Eliot (13) under the heading of The Lesser Women Novelists. By the way, one of the reasons put forward by Mews for Victorian women beginning to write filled Mrs. Oliphant's case very neatly: "Some of them of course wrote from economic necessity, to provide for fatherless children or ailing parents or a sick husband" (14).

The list of minor women writers is usually the same, consisting of Mrs. Hall, Charlotte Mary Yonge, Mrs. Craik, Ellen Wood, Mary Elizabeth Braddon and Rhoda Broughton. These are what Hazel Mews calls average writers, who made a very solid contribution to the novel by picturing family and neighbourhood life in Victorian England. It is with Margaret Oliphant however that the similarity to George Eliot stands out most. Her descriptions of small towns in Scotland are her most famous novels: Chronicles of Callington published anonymously between 1863-66 in sketches in Blackwood's Magazine; Miss Marjoriebanks (1866) and The Perpetual Curate. These descriptions include a penetrating story about religious dissent and how a young minister faces his narrow-minded congregation in Salem's Chapel (1863). In both cases Mrs. Oliphant sought to use literary fiction to achieve serious objectives, in this case religious. This is perhaps why David Daiches called her "a George Eliot with talent instead of genius, a blunt observation instead of subtle insight" (15); and why Sir James Barrie viewed her in a favourable light (16).

The popularity that Mrs. Oliphant achieved during her lifetime resulted from both the variety of themes which she called upon on the one hand and her extensive contributions to Blackwood's Magazine on the other. Her connection with the magazine was fruitful to the tune of some two hundred articles and reviews and the Annals of a Publishing House: William Blackwood and his sons (1897), which still provides material most useful for the studios. And, by the way, she was not at all a completely anonymous contributor: her diatribes on Jude the Obscure, accusing Hardy of having denigrated the institution of matrimony, and on the happy fate of the wicked Magdalen, the protagonist of No Name by Wilkie Collins, are very well known (17).

Among her works there are biographies, books for children, historical studies such as The Makers of Florence (1876)..., and four ghost stories: A Beleaguered City (1880), A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen (1882), The Library Window (1896) and The Open Door (1882). M.R. James himself considered this latter story to be one of the best

ghost stories ever written.

On returning from India, Colonel Mortimer and his family take out a lease on the property of Brentwood, situated between the Pentland Hills and the Firth of the Forth near Edinburgh. The colonel and his wife have three children, two girls and a sickly and very impressionable boy, who everyday on his way to school has to pass by the ruins of what once was the original mansion house. Next to it lie the remains of a wall which contains a doorway leading now to nowhere. When November comes around, the boy falls ill for no apparent reason. On the other hand, he tells his father a very unusual story, the latter having quickly returned home from a visit to London. When the boy was passing by the ruins he had heard an anxious-sounding voice, calling out over and over again: "Oh, mother, let me in!", all the time moving from one side to the other and finally throwing itself on the ground. The boy pleads with his father to help the ghost. It is not fear, but a sense of pity which has brought about the boy's illness. Enquiries made by the Colonel among the household staff reveal that the events take place in exactly the same way each year throughout November and December. They have kept it a secret from all the potential inhabitants for fear that they would refuse to rent the property.

During two visits to the ruins, on the one occasion accompanied by the butler and on the other by the doctor who was attending the sick boy, Mortimer is able to witness the phenomenon, which is truly pathetic. The Colonel's last resort is to go for help to the Reverend Moncrieff, the old vicar of the parish. He agrees to accompany the Colonel and the doctor the same night to the remains of the door. When the cries begin, the Reverend realizes instantly that it is Will, a young boy of the parish who had led a dissolute life. He had returned to the house a few days after the death of his mother, who used to be the housekeeper of the old mansion, and driven mad by the sad event, he had thrown himself to the ground in front of the door begging to be let back into the house. But all this is known much later, when finally the vicar tells the whole story to Mortimer. Until then we are left to witness a moving and terrible scene: the old clergyman speaks to the ghost and even asks God to allow the mother, who is doubtless with him, to allow her son to come in. At that moment, something comes through the doorway right before the eyes of the astonished Colonel and Doctor Simson. Since then the apparitions cease and young Roland's health begins to improve.

The story contains all the elements of a typical ghost story mentioned above, along with certain variations which give it even a more disturbing feel and, in our opinion, a higher literary standard. The most obvious of these elements is "the haunted place", a doorway in this case, which once used to lead to the servants' quarters but which now leads to nowhere. The author sets it apart from the rest of the novel's geographical setting (which is given in great detail) and presents it in an unnerving and sinister light:

"...but there stood the doorway open and vacant, free to all the winds, to the rabbits, and every wild creature. It struck my

eye, the first time I went to Brentwood, like a melancholy comment upon a life that was over. A door that led to nothing - closed once perhaps with anxious care, bolted and guarded, now void of any meaning. It impressed me, I remember, from the first, so perhaps it may be said that my mind was prepared to attach to it an importance which nothing justified" (18).

One of the finds of the story is the fact that the doorway is devoid of meaning to everyone but the ghost and the Reverend Montcrieff, the only person able to understand the facts in their true light. Thus the haunted place is something almost schematic, and is able by itself to represent the border between the real and the supernatural.

But at the same time, Mrs. Oliphant is also a Victorian writer of literature of manners, and this may be seen in the narrative. In this way it takes on an aspect of verisimilitude which is typical of the other ghost stories of the time; not only in her detailed descriptions but also in the comments she makes on the education of children ("that never-ending education which the young people seem to require nowadays. Their mother married me when she was younger than Agatha, and I should like to see them improve upon her mother!" (19); on facts of everyday life such as industrial development ("The river, like so many in that district, had, however, in its earlier life been sacrificed to trade and was grimy with paper-making" (20)), and the failings of mail services ("I noticed the 'immediate', 'urgent', which old-fashioned people and anxious people still believe will influence the post-office and quicken the speed of the mails" (21)).

The narrator, Colonel Mortimer, also contributes to the presentation of a credible atmosphere. He is a man at all inclined to hallucinating, though he says: "I am a sober man myself, and not superstitious - at least any more than everybody is superstitious. Of course I do not believe in ghosts; but I don't deny, any more than other people, that there are stories which I cannot pretend to understand" (22). Through these lucid eyes we are given hints which contribute to the atmosphere of gradually increasing rarification from the very first pages, as M.R. James suggested: The impressionable character of young Roland and the behaviour of the animals, even before Mortimer hears about the voice, when he observes that as they pass close by the ruins, "the horses were unwilling to turn round, though their stables lay that way" (23). The lad's pony is also frightened. To counter these facts, the Colonel keeps putting forward reasons in search of a rational explanation: "Why had the fool of the woman at the gate allowed anyone to come in to disturb the quiet of the place?" (24); "There might be some devilry of practical joking, for anything I knew; or they might have some interest in getting up a bad reputation for the Brentwood avenue" (25). But when he visits the ruins alone for the first time, "Nevertheless there came a strong impression upon me that somebody was there" (26).

The character of the "incredulo positivista" is represented by Doctor Simson, whom the author treats with a mixture of contempt and compassion. The doctor is stupefied on witnessing some of the events

at which he has previously laughed, although later he refuses again and again to admit that it might have anything to do with the supernatural, causing irritation amongst the others.

It is easy to see that those who accept the existence of the ghost are those who cannot reason (animals) or those in whom the powers of reasoning are not fully developed yet (children), or those who have had little education (servants); whilst the doctor and the colonel do not accept it at first, for they are educated men accustomed to make assessments from what they see. In other words: the former feel this presence whilst the latter only try to understand it. Finally, there is the Reverend Montcrieff, "strong in philosophy, not so strong in Greek, strongest of all in experience", as Mortimer says.

So it appears that the author is laying down a theme that is explicit in other works of fantastic literature in the 19th century (27): science and modern thought are of no use in certain cases, but are obstacles in a many-sided world containing far more things than those which we are able to see. At various points in the story, the pleading voice appears not so much as a ghost but as a suffering creature in need of help, no matter whether it is alive or not. It is more a question of what the human being is capable of perceiving than of what does or does not exist. Mrs. Oliphant states this clearly in a passage from the story: "Heaven help us, how little do we know about anything".

It is possible that such a speculation as this justifies a modification of the elements of the ghost story: in this case there is no visual illusion, or more precisely this is secondary, reduced to a juniper bush which is only in front of the doorway at night-time and "something ... that flung itself wildly within the door" after Rev. Montcrieff's prayer. What is truly terrifying is that the sound begins to take shape so to speak and it changes from an anguished groan of suffering into a cry whose utterances become increasingly clear until its plea is made whilst it paces from one side to the other and throws itself to the ground in front of the doorway. And this happens, night after night, every winter, with no variation in the events, until someone, the Reverend Montcrieff himself, hears it for certain, recognizes it and is able to let it in. He does this from what one assumes to be the other side of the doorway, from where the ghostly juniper bush is seen on the right. Yet Dr. Simson, from the outside, sees it on the left... as the reflection through a mirror. Are these two faces of the same reality? Could we justifiably deduce that the author is telling us that if the ghost is trapped within one side, we are trapped within the other?

We would also like to draw attention to the mother figure and how through that of Roland's mother and the ghost's herself one thing above all others is emphasized: their protective nature and, in Mortimer's words, "the complete dependence" of their children on them. Roland's compassion and his terror that the same thing could happen to him is easy to understand. Oliphant, possibly through her own experience (this cannot be known for certain) has chosen the most instinctive of human relationships in consonance with a story in which

rationality is put into question.

Unfortunately we have not had access to the other ghost stories by this Scottish writer. One story alone has allowed us an insight into this peculiar, original and powerful voice. There remains to be made a comparison which allows us to corroborate the features which make her a special case among writers of fantastic literature. It is a task which we would not like to leave unfinished, but it would be necessary to make it the object of another work. Let us conclude this with a quotation from an authoress who was one of her contemporaries, perhaps as luckless as she was in her private life, but with a happier literary fortune. We are referring to Emily Brontë. The words of Heathcliff in a passage from Wuthering Heights appear to us to be the most appropriate to end such a study as this: "I believe -I know that ghosts have wandered on earth."

NOTAS

(*) This paper is based upon a shorter one which will be presented in the I Semana Cultural Anglogermánica y Francesa, held at the University of Oviedo in March, 1988.

(1) Cf. Elizabeth McAndrews (1979). The Gothic Tradition in Fiction. New York: Columbia Univ. Press, p. 51.

(2) Italo Calvino (Ed.) (1987). Cuentos Fantásticos del XIX. Vol. I: Introducción. Madrid: Ediciones Siruela, pp. 9-10.

(3) Elizabeth McAndrews, op. cit., p. 40.

(4) A. Bioy Casares, S. Ocampo y J.L. Borges (Eds.) (1971) Antología de la literatura fantástica. Prólogo del primero. Buenos Aires: Ed. Sudamericana, pp. 7-15.

(5) There have not been many writers of ghost stories in our country, although nowadays some authors like Andreu Martín have dealt with the subject in their novels.

(6) Elizabeth McAndrews, op. cit., pág. 151.

(7) Italo Calvino: op. cit., p. 9.

(8) Rafael Llopis (1973) "M.R. James o el apogeo del fantasma". Introduction to The Collected Stories of M.R. James. Madrid: Alianza Ed., p.25.

(9) Louis Vax (1980). Las obras maestras de la literatura fantástica. Madrid: Taurus, p. 27.

- (10) We feel that we should mention here the mistake which Rafael Llopis makes, from our point of view, by including Mrs. Oliphant in a list of writers exclusively dedicated to ghost stories, when the best adjective for her is "miscellaneous".
- (11) Italo Calvino, op. cit., pp. 9-20.
- (12) Cf. Esteban Pujals (1984) Historia de la Literatura Inglesa. Madrid: Gredos, p. 497.
- (13) Hazel Mews (1969). Frail Vessels. Woman's Role in Women's Novels from Fanny Burney to George Eliot. London: Univ. of London. The Athlone Press, pp. 24.
- (14) Ibid., p. 24.
- (15) D. Daiches (Ed.) (1971) The Penguin Companion to Literature. Vol.I: British & Commonwealth Literature. London: Penguin, p. 401.
- (16) Samuel C. Chew & Richard Altick, The Nineteenth Century and After in Albert C. Baugh (Ed.) (1967). Literary History of England. London & Henley: Routledge and Kegan Paul, p. 1361.
- (17) Cf. Pilar Hidalgo & Enrique Alcaraz (1981) La Literatura Inglesa en los textos. Madrid: Alhambra Universidad, p. 171 and R. Barickman, S. Mc.Donald & M. Stark (1982). Corrupt Realltions: Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Collins and the Victorian Sexual System. New York: Columbia University Press, pp. 129-130.
- (18) Margaret Oliphant, The Open Door in S. Dowrick (ed.) (1978) Great Tales of the Supernatural. London: Dent, pp. 36-37.
- (19) Ibid., p. 35.
- (20) Ibid., p. 35.
- (21) Ibid., pp. 37-38.
- (22) Margaret Oliphant, op. cit., p. 44.
- (23) Ibid., p. 39.
- (24) Ibid., p. 39.
- (25) Ibid., p. 45.
- (26) Ibid., p. 45.
- (27) For example Dracula by Bram Stoker and Frankenstein by Mary Shelley.