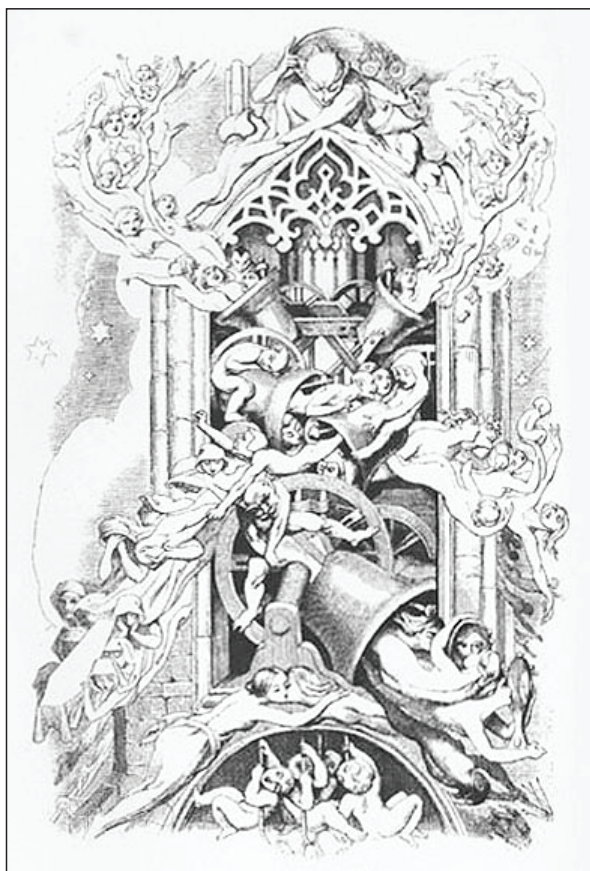


The Chimes: A Goblin Story

By Charles Dickens

A Language-Illustrated Classic
by Michael Clay Thompson

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CHAPTER ONE

First Quarter

There are not many people—and as it is desirable that a story-teller and a story-reader should establish a mutual understanding as soon as possible, I beg it to be noticed that I confine this observation neither to young people nor to little people, but extend it to all conditions of people: little and big, young and old: yet growing up, or already growing down again—there are not, I say, many people who would care to sleep in a church. I don't mean at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done, once or twice), but in the night, and alone. A great multitude of persons will be violently astonished, I know, by this position, in the broad bold Day. But it applies to Night. It must be argued by night, and I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any gusty winter's night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church-

door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning.

For the night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again: and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters: then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls, seeming to read, in whispers, the Inscriptions sacred to the Dead. At some of these, it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chaunt, in its wild way, of Wrong and Murder done, and false Gods worshipped, in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful

rend: v. tear apart

anon: adv. shortly, soon

chaunt: v. sing, chant

voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!

For the night-wind has a dismal trick of
wandering round and round a building
of that sort, and moaning as it goes....

Dickens uses a stroke of assonance to capture
the moaning of the wind, ohhhh. Page 14.

But, high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars
and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to
come and go through many an airy arch and loophole,
and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and
twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower
shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the
belfry is, and iron rails are ragged with rust, and sheets
of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather,
crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and
birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists
and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled
spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly
to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never loose

twine: v. to wind or wrap **weathercock:** n. a rooster-shaped weathervane
belfry: n. bell tower, steeple
indolent: adj. lazy

their hold upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save one life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man, and no one knew their names. They had had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being Godfather to a Bell than a Boy), and had their silver mugs no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs; and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church-tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on the

ply: v. to work steadily

score: n. twenty

incur: v. become subject to

mugs: n. plaques attached to the faces of bells identifying the bell's maker and donors

sounding: adj. having a loud, deep, clear sound

Dickens uses alliteration to make the language rich. In just a few pages, we read *broad bold, rend rafters, wild way, shake shiver, rails ragged rust, grows grey, speckled spiders, far flying, Bells baptized bishops, lost long, no one knew names*. Later in the chapter we see *loud lusty, weary work, banged buffeted, windy weather, stiff storm, and wet weather worst*. We also see touches of consonance (*gallantly against*) and assonance (*bouncing round, loud sounding*). The effect is to create an environment of sound.

pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor' Wester; aye, 'all to fits,' as Toby Veck said;—for though they chose to call him Trotty Veck, his name was Toby, and nobody could make

it anything else either (except Tobias) without a special act of parliament; he having been as lawfully christened in his day as the Bells had been in theirs, though with not quite so much of solemnity or public rejoicing.

For my part, I confess myself of Toby Veck's belief, for I am sure he had opportunities enough of forming a correct one. And whatever Toby Veck said, I say. And I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he did stand all day long (and weary work it was) just outside the church-door. In fact he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in, in the winter-time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried 'Why, here he is!' Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would

ticket-porter: n. one who is hired to carry packages, licensed to do so in London

sallied: v. charged

incontinently: adv. uncontrollably

In fact he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck,
and waited there for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-
nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-
chattering place it was, to wait in....

With a few deft strokes, Dickens weaves the
thread clearly from one paragraph to another.

Page 18.

be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and touzled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle, that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other very portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

unavailingly: adv. without effect

agitation: n. brisk movement

But, windy weather, in spite of its using him so roughly, was, after all, a sort of holiday for Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind, as at other times; the having to fight with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was getting hungry and low-spirited. A hard frost too, or a fall of snow, was an Event; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been hard to say in what respect though, Toby! So wind and frost and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm of hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst; the cold, damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great-coat—the only kind of great-coat Toby owned, or could have added to his comfort by dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down; when the street's throat, like his own, was choked with mist; when smoking umbrellas passed and re-passed, spinning round and round like so many teetotums, as they knocked against each other on the crowded footway, throwing off a little whirlpool of uncomfortable sprinklings; when gutters brawled and waterspouts were full and noisy; when the wet from the

boisterous: adj. noisy and energetic

teetotums: n. small spinning tops

Wet weather was the worst; the cold,
damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up
like a moist great-coat....

Burrr...the alliteration captures the shiver,
but notice the harsh *cold-clammy*, and the
assonance of *damp-clammy-that-wrapped*. We
also see a subtle touch in *great-coat*, keeping in
mind that *g* and *k* are variations of the same
hard sound, with *g* being more vocalized.
Finally, notice the clicking of *wet*, *worst*,
wrapped, *moist*, *great*, *coat*. Page 20.

projecting stones and ledges of the church fell drip, drip,
drip, on Toby, making the wisp of straw on which he
stood mere mud in no time; those were the days that
tried him. Then, indeed, you might see Toby looking
anxiously out from his shelter in an angle of the church
wall—such a meagre shelter that in summer time it never
cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking stick
upon the sunny pavement—with a disconsolate and
lengthened face. But coming out, a minute afterwards,

meagre: adj. thin, shabby

disconsolate: adj. unhappy, low-spirited

to warm himself by exercise, and trotting up and down some dozen times, he would brighten even then, and go back more brightly to his niche.

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast Postmen ahead of him, to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm

niche: n. a shallow recess in a wall
tenaciously: adv. tightly, persistently

...he	was	a	very	Hercules...
pron.	v.	adj.	adj.	n.
subj. LVP				S.C.
no phrases				
independent clause				
<p>In this standard subject complement equation, we find <i>very</i>, which is often an adverb but is here an adjective modifying a noun. Words do different things in different sentences, so we must think in terms of functions. Page 22.</p>				

himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the Chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

mufflers: n. mittens
worsted: n. a smooth wool yarn
resounded: v. echoed

...Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire....

Dickens uses a trochee-like rhythm on page 23 to capture Toby's trotting:

ma king / with his / lea ky / shoes a
crook ed / line of / slush y / foot prints

He made this last excursion several times a day, for they were company to him; and when he heard their voices, he had an interest in glancing at their lodging-place, and thinking how they were moved, and what hammers beat upon them. Perhaps he was the more curious about these Bells, because there were points of resemblance between themselves and him. They hung there, in all weathers, with the wind and rain driving in upon them; facing only the outsides of all those houses; never getting any nearer to the blazing fires that gleamed and shone upon the windows, or came puffing out of the chimney tops; and incapable of participation in any of the good

things that were constantly being handed through the street doors and the area railings, to prodigious cooks. Faces came and went at many windows: sometimes pretty faces, youthful faces, pleasant faces: sometimes the reverse: but Toby knew no more (though he often speculated on these trifles, standing idle in the streets) whence they came, or where they went, or whether, when the lips moved, one kind word was said of him in all the year, than did the Chimes themselves.



prodigious: adj. huge
trifles: n. small matters
whence: adv. from where