

PARTS and NARRATORS		Multiple Focus
the story herepresented will be told by more than one pen, as thestory of an offence against the laws is told in Court bymore than one witness		
SETTING	Yorkshire (NorthEast England) FrizingHall (a local town) Cobb's Hole (fishermen's village)	London
Prologue (Franklin's father narrates)	Cousin to John Herncastle The storming of Seringapatam (1799) Colonial aggression	
First Period, Chapters I–XXIII (Chapters 1 2 3 in first instalment)	Gabriel Betteredge, House-Steward at Julia, Lady Verinder's Estate	
Second Period, First Narrative, Chapters I -V	Miss Clack, Sir John Verinder's niece, and Rachel's cousin.	
Second Period, First Narrative, Chapters VI–VIII	Letters between Clack and Franklin Blake	
Second Period, Second Narrative, Chapters I–III	Mr. Bruff, the Verinder family lawyer	
Second Period, Third Narrative, Chapters I–VII	Franklin Blake back from his travels in the east (1849)	
Second Period, Third Narrative, Chapters VIII–X	Ezra Jennings	
Second Period, Extracts from the Journal of Ezra Jennings		
Second Period, Fifth Narrative, Chapter I Second Period, Sixth Narrative Chapter II, Chapter III, Chapter IV, Chapter V	Franklin Blake	
Second Period, Seventh Narrative	reproduction of a letter from Dr.Candy to Franklin	
Second Period, Eighth Narrative	Gabriel Betteredge	
Epilogue Chapter I Chapter II Chapter III		
Chapter III	A letter from Mr. Murthwaite to Mr. Bruff, dated 1850. Murthwaite has been wandering in India and visited Somnauth, a Hindu shrine	

THE STORY IS TOLD

"We have certain events to relate," Mr. Franklin proceeded; "and we have certain persons concerned in those events who are capable of relating them. Starting from these plain facts, the idea is that we should all write the story of the Moonstone in turn—as far as our own personal experience extends, and no farther. We must begin by showing how the Diamond first fell into the hands of my uncle Herncastle, when he was serving in India fifty years since. This prefatory narrative I have already got by me in the form of an old family paper, which relates the necessary particulars on the authority of an eye-witness. The next thing to do is to tell how the Diamond found its way into my aunt's house in Yorkshire, two years ago, and how it came to be lost in little more than twelve hours afterwards. Nobody knows as much as you do, Betteredge, about what went on in the house at that time. So you must take the pen in hand, and start the story."

FALSE STARTS

Still, this don't look much like starting the story of the Diamond—does it? I seem to be wandering off in search of Lord knows what, Lord knows where. We will take a new sheet of paper, if you please, and begin over again, with my best respects to you.

In the meantime, here is another false start, and more waste of good writing-paper. What's to be done now? Nothing that I know of, except for you to keep your temper, and for me to begin it all over again for the third time.

PLOT SUMMARY

The Moonstone is a magnificent yellow diamond 'large as a plover's egg'. It was looted at the siege of Seringapatam in southern India in 1799 by **Colonel John Herncastle**, who seized it from the forehead of a Hindu god. On his return to England he was ostracised by his family and society, and in revenge for a slight he leaves the diamond, said to carry a curse, to his niece **Rachel Verinder**. Rachel's cousin, **Franklin Blake**, is to deliver the diamond to the Verinder house near Frizinghall on the Yorkshire coast.

The Moonstone is presented to Rachel at a dinner party for her eighteenth birthday. The guests include **Godfrey Ablewhite**, another cousin; **Mr Candy**, the family doctor; **Mr Murthwaite**, a celebrated traveller in India; and **Drusilla Clack**, an interfering evangelist. The party goes badly. Rachel and Franklin Blake have become fond of each other while decorating her sitting room door and Rachel had earlier refused a marriage proposal from Ablewhite. In addition, Blake quarrels with Mr Candy about the competence of doctors. Blake had been followed in London and Murthwaite identifies three Indians seen near the house as high caste Brahmins. Rachel places the diamond in her bedroom cabinet but the next morning it is missing.

The local police **superintendent, Seegrave**, is a bungling incompetent so Blake calls in the celebrated **Sergeant Cuff** of the detective police. He rules out the suspicious Indians but realises the importance of smeared paint on Rachel's sitting room door. The smear has been made by an article of dress, whose owner is almost certainly the thief. Rachel behaves inexplicably, obstructing the investigation and refusing to have anything more to do with Franklin Blake. Cuff concludes that she has stolen her own diamond assisted by **Rosanna Spearman**, a deformed housemaid fascinated by the local quicksand. Rosanna is a reformed thief who is acquainted with a dubious London moneylender, **Septimus Luker**. She is also in love with Franklin Blake and after acting strangely drowns herself in the Shivering Sand. Cuff is dismissed from the case by Lady Verinder but correctly predicts future developments.

In London, both Ablewhite and Luker are attacked and searched, Luker losing a receipt for a great valuable. Lady Verinder dies of a heart condition and Rachel reluctantly agrees to marry Ablewhite whose father has become her guardian. They move to Brighton where they are visited by **Mr Bruff**, the family solicitor. The engagement is broken off when he reveals that Ablewhite is in debt and is marrying Rachel for her money.

Blake returns from travels abroad but Rachel refuses to see him. Determined to restore her good opinion, he revisits Yorkshire where Rosanna Spearman's only friend, **Limping Lucy**, gives him a letter from the dead housemaid. This leads him to the Shivering Sand where Rosanna has hidden his nightgown, smeared with paint, with a confession that she concealed the nightgown and killed herself out of love. The confused Blake returns to London and contrives a meeting with Rachel at Mr Bruff's house in Hampstead. There she tells him that she knows he had financial problems and with her own eyes saw him take the diamond. Her own actions have been to protect his reputation.

Blake meets Mr Candy's assistant, **Ezra Jennings**, who saved Candy's life from a fever caught after the birthday dinner. Jennings had recorded Candy's delirium which revealed that Candy had secretly given Blake opium to prove his point in their argument. Blake therefore unknowingly 'stole' the diamond under the influence of the drug, in order to keep it safe. Jennings explains to Blake that if he takes opium again under similar conditions he may repeat his actions of the previous year and reveal where he placed the diamond. Blake agrees and the experiment is conducted with Mr Bruff as an observer. Blake takes a substitute gem but fails to reveal the Moonstone's hiding place. Rachel, really in love with him, is also present and has already forgiven him.

Bruff in the meantime has Luker's bank watched. The moneylender is observed passing the diamond to a sailor who is followed to a dockside inn. Later the same night he is murdered. Cuff, brought out of retirement by Blake, discovers that the sailor is Godfrey Ablewhite in disguise. He was the real thief and stole the gem to save himself from financial ruin. He has been killed by the Indians who have now recovered the diamond. In a religious ceremony witnessed in India by Murthwaite, the Brahmins return the diamond to the god of the moon.

http://www.wilkie-collins.info/books_moonstone.htm#Plot

CHARACTERS

Colonel John Herncastle	
Cousin to John Herncastle	
Franklin Blake Lady Verinder's nephew A many-sided man Indecisive? He is the editor of all the stories From Old English blac, pale, wan, of complexion	It was not till later that I learned—by assistance of Miss Rachel, who was the first to make the discovery—that these puzzling shifts and transformations in Mr. Franklin were due to the effect on him of his foreign training. At the age when we are all of us most apt to take our colouring, in the form of a reflection from the colouring of other people, he had been sent abroad, and had been passed on from one nation to another, before there was time for any one colouring more than another to settle itself on him firmly. As a consequence of this, he had come back with so many different sides to his character, all more or less jarring with each other, that he seemed to pass his life in a state of perpetual contradiction with himself. He could be a busy man, and a lazy man; cloudy in the head, and clear in the head; a model of determination, and a

<p>1 Pale, Fair. [Middle English blake, Old English blác = Old Norse bleik-r] Seman le Blake.—Hundred Rolls 2 confused with Black, q.v.</p>	<p>spectacle of helplessness, all together. He had his French side, and his German side, and his Italian side—the original English foundation showing through, every now and then, as much as to say, "Here I am, sorely transmogrified, as you see, but there's something of me left at the bottom of him still." Miss Rachel used to remark that the Italian side of him was uppermost, on those occasions when he unexpectedly gave in, and asked you in his nice sweet-tempered way to take his own responsibilities on your shoulders. You will do him no injustice, I think, if you conclude that the Italian side of him was uppermost now</p>
<p>Julia Verinder</p> <p>A vague echo of “truth” in the name VERITABLE Trustworthy? A “true blue”, very noble name</p>	
<p>Rachel Verinder</p> <p>Strong-willed</p>	
<p>Gabriel Betteredge</p> <p>Better+edge</p> <p>Sensible and sound</p> <p>Victorian white man</p>	<p>False starts in writing the account! we shall be in the thick of the mystery soon, I promise you!</p> <p>The question of how I am to start the story properly I have tried to settle in two ways. First, by scratching my head, which led to nothing. Second, by consulting my daughter Penelope, which has resulted in an entirely new idea.</p> <p>Penelope's notion is that I should set down what happened, regularly day by day, beginning with the day when we got the news that Mr. Franklin Blake was expected on a visit to the house. When you come to fix your memory with a date in this way, it is wonderful what your memory will pick up for you upon that compulsion.</p> <p>The perturbation in my mind, in regard to thinking about it, being truly dreadful after my lady had gone away, I applied the remedy which I have never yet found to fail me in cases of doubt and emergency. I smoked a pipe and took a turn at ROBINSON CRUSOE. Before I had occupied myself with that extraordinary book five minutes, I came on a comforting bit (page one hundred and fifty-eight), as follows: "To-day we love, what to-morrow we hate." I saw my way clear directly. To-day I was all for continuing to be farm-bailiff; to-morrow, on the authority of ROBINSON CRUSOE, I should be all the other way. Take myself to-morrow while in to-morrow's humour, and the thing was done. My mind being relieved in this manner, I went to sleep that night in the character of Lady Verinder's farm bailiff, and I woke up the next morning in the character of Lady</p>

	Verinder's house-steward. All quite comfortable, and all through ROBINSON CRUSOE!
<p>Miss Drusilla Clack</p> <p>A two-faced name Drusilla -> dew-eyed/pure/attractive</p> <p>Onomatopoeic surname Meddlesome character Hypocritical delicacy</p>	<p>JVERINDER: "Drusilla," she said (if I have not already mentioned that my Christian name is Drusilla, permit me to mention it now), "you are touching quite innocently, I know—on a very distressing subject."</p>
<p>Mr. Matthew Bruff Solicitor</p> <p>A brusque and curt name A practical and utilitarian man</p>	<p>My fair friend, Miss Clack, having laid down the pen, there are two reasons for my taking it up next, in my turn.</p> <p>In the first place, I am in a position to throw the necessary light on certain points of interest which have thus far been left in the dark. Miss Verinder had her own private reason for breaking her marriage engagement—and I was at the bottom of it. Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had his own private reason for withdrawing all claim to the hand of his charming cousin—and I discovered what it was.</p> <p>In the second place, it was my good or ill fortune, I hardly know which, to find myself personally involved—at the period of which I am now writing—in the mystery of the Indian Diamond. I had the honour of an interview, at my own office, with an Oriental stranger of distinguished manners, who was no other, unquestionably, than the chief of the three Indians. Add to this, that I met with the celebrated traveller, Mr. Murthwaite, the day afterwards, and that I held a conversation with him on the subject of the Moonstone, which has a very important bearing on later events. And there you have the statement of my claims to fill the position which I occupy in these pages.</p>
<p>Mr. Ezra Jennings</p> <p>A Hebrew name Etymology ☞ helper A racial hybrid – East and West Ugly but with a heart of gold</p> <p>Male and Female – rational and intuitive/sensible and sensitive An outcast – opium addict</p>	<p>Blake's impression of Jennings</p> <p>The door opened, and there entered to us, quietly, the most remarkable-looking man that I had ever seen. Judging him by his figure and his movements, he was still young. Judging him by his face, and comparing him with Betteredge, he looked the elder of the two. His complexion was of a gipsy darkness; his fleshless cheeks had fallen into deep hollows, over which the bone projected like a pent-house. His nose presented the fine shape and modelling so often found among the ancient people of the East, so seldom visible among the newer races of the West. His forehead rose high and straight from the brow. His marks and wrinkles were innumerable. From this strange face, eyes, stranger still, of the softest brown—eyes dreamy and mournful, and deeply sunk in their orbits—looked out at you, and (in my case, at least) took your attention captive at their will. Add to this a quantity of thick closely-curling hair,</p>

which, by some freak of Nature, had lost its colour in the most startlingly partial and capricious manner. Over the top of his head it was still of the deep black which was its natural colour. Round the sides of his head—without the slightest gradation of grey to break the force of the extraordinary contrast—it had turned completely white. The line between the two colours preserved no sort of regularity. At one place, the white hair ran up into the black; at another, the black hair ran down into the white. I looked at the man with a curiosity which, I am ashamed to say, I found it quite impossible to control. His soft brown eyes looked back at me gently; and he met my involuntary rudeness in staring at him, with an apology which I was conscious that I had not deserved.

It was impossible to dispute Betteredge's assertion that the appearance of Ezra Jennings, speaking from a popular point of view, was against him. His gipsy-complexion, his fleshless cheeks, his gaunt facial bones, his dreamy eyes, his extraordinary parti-coloured hair, the puzzling contradiction between his face and figure which made him look old and young both together—were all more or less calculated to produce an unfavourable impression of him on a stranger's mind. And yet—feeling this as I certainly did—it is not to be denied that Ezra Jennings made some inscrutable appeal to my sympathies, which I found it impossible to resist.

Jennings talking to Blake:

I laid the poor fellow's wasted hand back on the bed, and burst out crying. An hysterical relief, Mr. Blake—nothing more! Physiology says, and says truly, that some men are born with female constitutions—and I am one of them!"

Godfrey Ablewhite

White self-righteousness
Religious overtones

In the first place, Mr. Godfrey was, in point of size, the finest man by far of the two. He stood over six feet high; he had a beautiful red and white colour; a smooth round face, shaved as bare as your hand; and a head of lovely long flaxen hair, falling negligently over the poll of his neck. But why do I try to give you this personal description of him? If you ever subscribed to a Ladies' Charity in London, you know Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite as well as I do. He was a barrister by profession; a ladies' man by temperament; and a good Samaritan by choice. Female benevolence and female destitution could do nothing without him. Maternal societies for confining poor women; Magdalen societies for rescuing poor women; strong-minded societies for putting poor women into poor men's places, and leaving the men to shift for themselves;—he was vice-president, manager, referee to them all. Wherever there was a table with a committee of ladies sitting round it in council there was Mr. Godfrey at the bottom of the board, keeping the temper of the committee, and leading the dear creatures along the thorny ways of business, hat in hand. I do suppose this was the most accomplished philanthropist (on a small independence) that England ever produced.

<p>Sergeant Cuff</p> <p>A metonymic name A lover of roses</p>	<p>While we were waiting, Sergeant Cuff looked through the evergreen arch on our left, spied out our rosery, and walked straight in, with the first appearance of anything like interest that he had shown yet. To the gardener's astonishment, and to my disgust, this celebrated policeman proved to be quite a mine of learning on the trumpery subject of rose-gardens.</p> <p>You seem to be fond of roses, Sergeant?" I remarked.</p> <p>"I haven't much time to be fond of anything," says Sergeant Cuff. "But when I <i>have</i> a moment's fondness to bestow, most times, Mr. Betteredge, the roses get it. I began my life among them in my father's nursery garden, and I shall end my life among them, if I can. Yes. One of these days (please God) I shall retire from catching thieves, and try my hand at growing roses. There will be grass walks, Mr. Gardener, between my beds," says the Sergeant, on whose mind the gravel paths of our rosery seemed to dwell unpleasantly.</p> <p>"It seems an odd taste, sir," I ventured to say, "for a man in your line of life."</p>
<p>Mr. Candy</p>	
<p>Superintendent Seegrave</p> <p>Whose seeing is not in fact quite dull and limited</p> <p>Also he appears “grave” and serious but, in Franklin’s words “he is an ass”</p>	<p>For a family in our situation, the Superintendent of the Frizinghall police was the most comforting officer you could wish to see. Mr. Seegrave was tall and portly, and military in his manners. He had a fine commanding voice, and a mighty resolute eye, and a grand frock-coat which buttoned beautifully up to his leather stock. "I'm the man you want!" was written all over his face; and he ordered his two inferior police men about with a severity which convinced us all that there was no trifling with HIM.</p> <p>Why Superintendent Seegrave should have appeared to be several sizes smaller than life, on being presented to Sergeant Cuff, I can't undertake to explain.</p>
<p>Mr. Murthwaite</p> <p>the celebrated Indian traveller, Mr. Murthwaite, who, at risk of his life, had penetrated in disguise where no European had ever set foot before.</p>	<p>This was a long, lean, wiry, brown, silent man. He had a weary look, and a very steady, attentive eye. It was rumoured that he was tired of the humdrum life among the people in our parts, and longing to go back and wander off on the tramp again in the wild places of the East. Except what he said to Miss Rachel about her jewel, I doubt if he spoke six words or drank so much as a single glass of wine, all through the dinner. The Moonstone was the only object that interested him in the smallest degree. The fame of it seemed to have reached him, in some of those perilous Indian places where his wanderings had lain. After looking at it silently for so long a time that Miss Rachel began to get confused, he said to her in his cool immovable way, "If you ever go to India, Miss Verinder, don't take your uncle's birthday gift with you. A Hindoo diamond is sometimes part of a Hindoo religion. I know a certain city, and a certain temple in that city, where, dressed as you are now, your life would not be</p>

	<p>worth five minutes' purchase." Miss Rachel, safe in England, was quite delighted to hear of her danger in India. The Bouncers were more delighted still; they dropped their knives and forks with a crash, and burst out together vehemently, "O! how interesting!" My lady fidgeted in her chair, and changed the subject.</p>
<p>Penelope Betteredge</p>	
<p>Rosanna Spearman Second-housemaid A forlorn woman, a former thief An outcast, with a deformed shoulder</p>	<p>Rosanna (to put the Person before the Thing, which is but common politeness) was the only new servant in our house. About four months before the time I am writing of, my lady had been in London, and had gone over a Reformatory, intended to save forlorn women from drifting back into bad ways, after they had got released from prison. The matron, seeing my lady took an interest in the place, pointed out a girl to her, named Rosanna Spearman, and told her a most miserable story, which I haven't the heart to repeat here; for I don't like to be made wretched without any use, and no more do you. The upshot of it was, that Rosanna Spearman had been a thief, and not being of the sort that get up Companies in the City, and rob from thousands, instead of only robbing from one, the law laid hold of her, and the prison and the reformatory followed the lead of the law.</p> <p>There was certainly no beauty about her to make the others envious; she was the plainest woman in the house, with the additional misfortune of having one shoulder bigger than the other. What the servants chiefly resented, I think, was her silent tongue and her solitary ways. She read or worked in leisure hours when the rest gossiped.</p> <p>I beg to remain, sir, your true lover and humble servant</p>
<p>Limping Lucy Yolland "A lame girl with a crutch" always weak and weary deformed like Rosanna THE POOR WILL RISE</p>	<p>Where's this gentleman that I mustn't speak of, except with respect? Ha, Mr. Betteredge, the day is not far off when the poor will rise against the rich. I pray Heaven they may begin with HIM. I pray Heaven they may begin with HIM."</p> <p>The girl's temper flamed out directly. She poised herself on her sound foot, and she took her crutch, and beat it furiously three times on the ground. "He's a murderer! he's a murderer! he's a murderer! He has been the death of Rosanna Spearman!" She screamed that answer out at the top of her voice. One or two of the people at work in the grounds near us looked up—saw it was Limping Lucy—knew what to expect from that quarter—and looked away again.</p> <p>Bating her lame foot and her leanness (this last a horrid draw-back to a woman, in my opinion), the girl had some pleasing qualities in the eye of a man. A dark, keen, clever face, and a nice clear voice, and a beautiful brown head of hair counted among her merits. A crutch appeared in the list of her misfortunes. And a temper reckoned high in the sum total of her defects.</p>

Septimus Luker	the well-known dealer in ancient gems, carvings, intagli, &c., &c
A pun on lucre	
Mrs. Merridew	
Mr. Ablewhite/Mrs. Ablewhite the Miss Ablewhites (2 sisters)	
Samuel, The footman Second in command	<p>Footman to Lady Verinder</p> <p>Miss Clack on Samuel:</p> <p>I looked into the passage to see which of Lady Verinder's servants had asked for me. It was the young footman, Samuel—a civil fresh-coloured person, with a teachable look and a very obliging manner. I had always felt a spiritual interest in Samuel, and a wish to try him with a few serious words. On this occasion, I invited him into my sitting-room.</p> <p>He came in, with a large parcel under his arm. When he put the parcel down, it appeared to frighten him. "My lady's love, Miss; and I was to say that you would find a letter inside." Having given that message, the fresh-coloured young footman surprised me by looking as if he would have liked to run away.</p>
Goosberry (Octavius Guy)	<p>Provoked by the horrors he saw every day, Charles Dickens wrote novels that were originally intended as instruments for social change — to save his country's children.</p> <p>Charles Dickens is best known for his contributions to the world of literature, but during his young life, Dickens witnessed terrible things that stayed with him: families starving in doorways, babies being “dropped” on streets by mothers too poor to care for them, and a stunning lack of compassion from the upper class. After his family went into debt and he found himself working at a shoe-polish factory,</p>
THEMES/MOTIFS	
Subjective vs Objective EPISTEMOLOGY	
Self-sacrifice as noble	
Conflicting Value Systems	

The Orient/upper class/provincial and urban	
Addiction Opium	
Return of the Repressed/Past	
The narrator as editor	
The outcast /the Other Representation of the Abnormal	
Superstition and Mysticism/Skepticism	
Upstarts and Parvenus The issue of class and the nouveaux riches	<p>My lady's second sister (don't be alarmed; we are not going very deep into family matters this time)—my lady's second sister, I say, had a disappointment in love; and taking a husband afterwards, on the neck or nothing principle, made what they call a misalliance. There was terrible work in the family when the Honourable Caroline insisted on marrying plain Mr. Ablewhite, the banker at Frizinghall. He was very rich and very respectable, and he begot a prodigious large family—all in his favour, so far. But he had presumed to raise himself from a low station in the world—and that was against him. However, Time and the progress of modern enlightenment put things right; and the mis-alliance passed muster very well. We are all getting liberal now; and (provided you can scratch me, if I scratch you) what do I care, in or out of Parliament, whether you are a Dustman or a Duke? That's the modern way of looking at it—and I keep up with the modern way. The Ablewhites lived in a fine house and grounds, a little out of Frizinghall. Very worthy people, and greatly respected in the neighbourhood. We shall not be much troubled with them in these pages—excepting Mr. Godfrey, who was Mr. Ablewhite's second son, and who must take his proper place here, if you please, for Miss Rachel's sake.</p>
SYMBOLS	
Moonstone	<p>Masonic symbolism?</p> <p>William M. Burgan, “Masonic Symbolism in ‘The Moonstone’ and ‘The Mystery of Edwin Drood’” <i>Dickens Studies Annual</i>, Vol. 16 (1987), pp. 257-303</p>
Robinson Crusoe	

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