CLiC – Workshop

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@MichaMahlberg @Outside_World

Teaching with CLARIN, TALC 2022, Limerick
Teaching English (with) literature

- English literature as subject
- Literary and cultural history
- Teaching language with literature
  - fiction and non-fiction use fundamentally the same language
  - fictional people are ‘interesting’
  - concrete and physical worlds
- Ad hoc categories
Reading concordances with CLiC

**Corpus Linguistics in Context**

clic.bham.ac.uk

154 texts
16.7 million words

Welcome to CLiC. The CLiC web app has been developed as part of the CLiC Dickens project, which demonstrates through corpus stylistics how computer-assisted methods can be used to study literary texts and lead to new insights into how readers perceive fictional characters.

The African American Writers 1892-1912 (AAW) Corpus is currently available as a beta release. We welcome any feedback on this corpus, in particular, but also on the CLiC web app as a whole. You can contact us via email.

For more information on how to use CLiC, please read the CLiC user-guide. For the latest information on the CLiC project, look at the CLiC blog or the CLiC twitter feed. Please also check the maintenance schedule for dates on which the website will be inaccessible.

Please choose a function in the control bar to the right (click the icon in the top right if it is not displayed).

Citing CLiC

Key features of CLiC

1) The texts – and subsets
2) Suspensions
3) KWIC-grouping
4) Annotation for your ad hoc categories
5) Mobile-friendly
Concordancing on the go
clic.bham.ac.uk

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>calculating at compound interest. ¶</td>
<td>Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, \textit{BH}</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>and interest. ¶ Fog everywhere.</td>
<td>Fog</td>
<td>up the river, where it flows \textit{BH}</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>among green aits and meadows;</td>
<td>fog</td>
<td>down the river, where it rolls \textit{BH}</td>
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<tr>
<td>ions of a great (and dirty) city.</td>
<td>Fog</td>
<td>on the Essex marshes, fog on \textit{BH}</td>
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<tr>
<td>city. Fog on the Essex marshes,</td>
<td>fog</td>
<td>on the Kentish heights. Fog \textit{BH}</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>yes, fog on the Kentish heights.</td>
<td>Fog</td>
<td>creeping into the cabooses of \textit{BH}</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
The texts in CLiC

**DNov - Dickens’s Novels**
- 15 books, 3,833,544 total words

**19C - 19th Century Reference Corpus**
- 29 books, 4,512,568 total words

**AAW - African American Writers 1892-1919**
- 8 books, 520,268 total words

- **Such as A Christmas Carol, The Yellow Wallpaper, The Sign of the Four**, but also some nonfiction like Dickens’s *American Notes* and *Pictures from Italy*

**ChiLit - Children's Literature**
- 71 books, 4,441,808 total words

**Such as Jekyll & Hyde, Frankenstein, Dracula, Jane Eyre and Pride and Prejudice**
Between close and distant reading

Bleak House
Charles Dickens

CHAPTER I. In Chancery

London. Michaelmas term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snowflakes--gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas in a general infection of ill temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if this day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls deified among the tiers of shipping and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and
was in some off-hand manner never meant to go right.

Thus, in the midst of the mud and at the heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

"Mr. Tangle," says the Lord High Chancellor, latterly something restless under the eloquence of that learned gentleman.

"M lud," says Mr. Tangle. Mr. Tangle knows more of Jarndyce and Jarndyce than anybody. He is famous for it—supposed never to have read anything else since he left school.

"Have you nearly concluded your argument?"

"M lud, no—variety of points—feel it my duty tsubmit—ludship," is the reply that slides out of Mr. Tangle.

"Several members of the bar are still to be heard, I believe?" says the Chancellor with a slight smile.

Eighteen of Mr. Tangle's learned friends, each armed with a little summary of eighteen hundred sheets, bob up like eighteen hammers in a pianoforte, make eighteen bows, and drop into their eighteen places of obscurity.

"We will proceed with the hearing on Wednesday fortnight," says the Chancellor. For the question at issue is only a question of costs, a mere bud on the forest tree of the parent suit, and really will come to a settlement one of these days.

The Chancellor rises; the bar rises; the prisoner is brought forward in a hurry; the man from Shropshire cries, "My lord!" Maces, bags, and purses indignantly proclaim silence and frown at the man from Shropshire.

"In reference," proceeds the Chancellor, still on Jarndyce and Jarndyce, "to the young girl—"

"Beguldship's pardon--boy," says Mr. Tangle prematurely. "In reference," proceeds the Chancellor with extra distinctness, "to the young girl--"
Keywords – and cultural history
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
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<td>said</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>her</td>
<td>13530</td>
<td>the</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>8793</td>
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<td>6036</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>be</td>
<td>8421</td>
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<td>emma</td>
<td>865</td>
<td>old</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>elizabeth</td>
<td>733</td>
<td>mr</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>elinor</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>catherine</td>
<td>630</td>
<td>pickwick</td>
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<td>crawford</td>
<td>605</td>
<td>face</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>marianne</td>
<td>566</td>
<td>hand</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>fanny</td>
<td>977</td>
<td>head</td>
<td>4873</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>could</td>
<td>3681</td>
<td>up</td>
<td>9922</td>
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<td>13</td>
<td>weston</td>
<td>440</td>
<td>until</td>
<td>2070</td>
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<td>14</td>
<td>jane</td>
<td>591</td>
<td>out</td>
<td>10732</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>anne</td>
<td>518</td>
<td>dombey</td>
<td>1768</td>
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Further down the list

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theme</th>
<th>Austen vs Dickens</th>
<th>Dickens vs Austen</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>interpersonal relationships</td>
<td>feelings, happiness, manners, behaviour, civility, conduct, pleasing, kindness</td>
<td>gentleman, boy</td>
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<tr>
<td>romantic relationships</td>
<td>marry, marriage, marrying, invitation, dance, ball</td>
<td>eyes, hands, arms, chin</td>
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<td>door, fire, light, glass, bed, wall, water</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>streets, city, lorry, money, prison</td>
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</table>
For more on *civility*:
Speech situations:

'I believe nothing is so good for making children lively and cheerful, Sir, as seeing other children playing about 'em,' observed Polly, taking courage.

'I think I mentioned to you, Richards, when you came here,' said Mr Dombey, with a frown, 'that I wished you to see as little of your family as possible.'

'Oh dear yes, Sir, I wasn't so much as thinking of that.'

'I am glad of it,' said Mr Dombey hastily. You can continue your walk if you please.'

With that, he disappeared into his inner room; and Polly had the satisfaction of feeling that he had thoroughly misunderstood her object, and that she had fallen into disgrace without the least advancement of her purpose.

Next night, she found him walking about the conservatory when she came down. As she stopped at the door, checked by this unusual sight, and uncertain whether to advance or retreat, he called her in. His mind was too much set on Dombey and Son, it soon appeared, to admit of his having forgotten her suggestion.

'If you really think that sort of society is good for the child,' he said sharply, as if there had been no interval since she proposed it, 'where's Miss Florence?'

- Polly and Mr Dombey
- the narrator
Places and grammatical patterns

Suspensions
- narrator ‘interrupts’ character speech
- a place for comments
- suggesting interpretation, connect to readers’ knowledge

I believe nothing is so good for making children lively and cheerful, Sir, as seeing other children playing about ’em,’ observed Polly, taking courage.

‘I think I mentioned to you, Richards, when you came here,’ said Mr Dombey, with a frown, ‘that I wished you to see as little of your family as possible.’

‘Oh dear yes, Sir, I wasn’t so much as thinking of that.’
Suspension patterns: prep phrase

1) … said Agnes, with a smile …
   repV with prep phrase

2) 'And now good-night to my sweet, sweet, sweet, godson,' said Miss Tox, with a soft shower of kisses at each repetition of the adjective; 'and …
   repV with prep phrase plus detail

3) "Which I say, Sir," replied Joe, with an air of legal formality, as if he were making his will, "Miss
   repV with prep phrase as if clause
Suspension patterns: - ing clause

1) ⋯ said Bitzer, shaking his head ⋯
   Rep V + BP-ing – d

2) 'And that,' said Mrs Gowan, shaking her despondent head, 'that's all. ⋯
   Rep V + BP-ing – i
Suspension patterns: - ing clause

1) ⋅⋅⋅ said Bitzer, shaking his head ⋅⋅⋅
   Rep V + BP-ing – d

2) 'And that,' said Mrs Gowan, shaking her despondent head, 'that's all. That,' repeated Mrs Gowan, furling her green fan for the moment, and tapping her chin with it (it was on the way to being a double chin; might be called a chin and a half at present), 'that's all!
   Rep V + BP-ing – i
Ad hoc categories
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Left</th>
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<td>3. Like a bee, Sir,' said Mrs Blimber, with uplifted eyes, 'about to plunge into a garden of the choicest</td>
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<td>4. ming far into the deep wonder of her bright dark eyes, 'abroad.' ¶ 'Abroad, Martin!' ¶ 'Only to America</td>
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<td>10. dec Newman, throwing some intelligence into his eyes all at once, and dropping them on his master,</td>
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<td>11. om Allan, following the direction of the trooper's eyes along the entry, 'have not been much acquir</td>
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<td>12. ¶ 'I think, R.W.,' cried Mrs Wilfer, lifting up her eyes and apostrophising the air, 'that if you were p</td>
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<td>13. at may,' said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, &quot;I have no doubt it is be</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>14. ttered Louisa, haughtily, without lifting up her eyes, 'and father caught us.' ¶ 'And, Mrs. Gradgrind,</td>
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<tr>
<td>15. said he, after again drawing his sleeve over his eyes and forehead, as the click came in his throat</td>
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<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>1  riding with his back to the fire and casting his</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>over the dusty hearth-rug as if it were Mrs. J.</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Richard and Ada, who entreated me with their</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>to speak, &quot;that perhaps she was a little unmi</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 spectacles were made the less engaging by her</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>being what Ada called &quot;choking eyes,&quot; meanin</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 now,&quot; said he, folding his arms and shutting his</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>with an oath, &quot;you may do wot you like!&quot; @ M.</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 tender and the firelight shining in her</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>&quot;I don't want to talk when we come upstairs</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 riding me, as I again strangely felt, though my</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>were not directed to him, with his late intent</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 without lifting up his eyebrows and shutting his</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>&quot;--we are not what we used to be in point</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 . I suppose,&quot; said Mr. Turveydrop, shutting his</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>and lifting up his shoulders with modest con</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 &quot;As often as I can,&quot; said Charley, opening her</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>and smiling, &quot;because of earning sixpences a</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 &quot;Tenderly, &quot;But, I say,&quot; he whispers, with his</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>screwed up, after tasting it, &quot;this ain't the Lo</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 as Grandfather Smallweed with a twinkle in his</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>&quot;who would pay off this little principal or wh</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 from his lips for a moment and carrying his</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>back from following the progress of the cush</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 into my head, master,&quot; returns the woman, her</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>filling with tears, &quot;when I look down at the ch</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 &quot;hard as ever I can look,&quot; says Jo with starting</td>
<td>eyes</td>
<td>&quot;and that there's the wale, the bonnet, and t</td>
<td>BH</td>
<td></td>
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### Identifying and classifying

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<td>1. a little nearer--nearer yet.' 1. But the boy declined the</td>
<td>1. OCS</td>
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<td>2. no longer. ¶ 'He's a bad 'un,' said John, wiping his eyes;</td>
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<td>2. NN</td>
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<td>3. son. ¶ 'Like a bee, Sir,' said Mrs Blimber, with uplifted eyes,</td>
<td>3. 'about to plunge into a garden of the choicest flowers</td>
<td>3. DS</td>
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<td>4. looking far into the deep wonder of her bright dark eyes,</td>
<td>4. 'abroad.' ¶ 'Abroad, Martin!' ¶ 'Only to America. See no</td>
<td>4. MC</td>
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<td>5. But bless my life,' said Miss La Creevy, wiping her eyes after a short pause, and cramming her handkerchief in</td>
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<td>6. the fire again. ¶ &quot;I cannot think,&quot; said Estella, raising her eyes after a silence &quot;why you should be so unreasonable with</td>
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<td>7. ¶ 'However,' said that fascinating gentleman, wiping his eyes again, 'if we go on in this way, we shall</td>
<td>7. OME</td>
<td></td>
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<td>8. Dorrit began, sitting before the pale fire, and raising her eyes again to the face which in its harmonious look of</td>
<td>8. LD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td>9. any names.' ¶ 'What,' said Rachael, with the tears in her eyes again, 'what, young lady, in the name of Mercy, was</td>
<td>9. HT</td>
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<td>10. ¶ 'Oh!' said Newman, throwing some intelligence into his eyes all at once, and dropping them on his master, 'I</td>
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<td>11. large,&quot; says Allan, following the direction of the trooper's eyes along the entry, &quot;have not been much acquainted, as</td>
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<td>12. tears. ¶ 'I think, R.W.,' cried Mrs Wilfer, lifting up her eyes and apostrophising the air, 'that if you were present, it</td>
<td>12. OME</td>
<td></td>
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<td>13. that may be,&quot; said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, &quot;I have no doubt it is best</td>
<td>13. TTC</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td>14. circus,' muttered Louisa, haughtily, without lifting up her eyes, and father caught us.' ¶ 'And, Mrs. Gradgrind,' said he</td>
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<td>15. Pip,&quot; said he, after again drawing his sleeve over his eyes and forehead, as the click came in his throat which</td>
<td>15. GE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Create your own ‘ing’ and ‘prep’ tags

Selected rows are part of:

- ing (Selected)
- prep (Selected)

Manage tag columns...
Suspensions – Mrs Sparsit

1) Go to the CLiC Concordance tab
2) Run a concordance in the DNov corpora for the term Sparsit. (Mrs Sparsit only appears in Hard Times so it is not necessary to select a specific novel).
3) You should retrieve just under 300 concordance lines. In “Only in subsets”, select “Long suspensions” to find the narratorial description near her direct speech.
4) What kind of character information can you get from these 23 suspensions?
1. a link to light you.' ¶ 'I certainly, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a dignity serenely mournful, 'was familiar with the

2. and ladies and honourables.' ¶ 'I trust, sir,' rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, with decent resignation, 'it is not necessary that you sh

3. the lap of luxury.' ¶ 'I do not, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a shake of her head, 'deny it.' ¶ Mr. Bounderby

4. way!' ¶ 'I wish with all my heart, sir;' said Mrs. Sparsit, in a highly superior manner; somehow she seemed, in a

5.nowledgments for past favours. And I hope, sir,' said Mrs. Sparsit, concluding in an impressively compassionate manner, ', I f

6. Sparsit. ¶ 'All is shut up, ma'am.' ¶ 'And what,' said Mrs. Sparsit, pouring out her tea, 'is the news of the day

7. one another.' ¶ 'It is much to be regretted,' said Mrs. Sparsit, making her nose more Roman and her eyebrows more C

8. I do not pretend to understand these things,' said Mrs. Sparsit, with dignity, 'my lot having been signally cast in a

9. dignity and claims to reverence. ¶ 'The clerks,' said Mrs. Sparsit, carefully brushing an imperceptible crumb of bread and

10. I don't like his ways at all.' ¶ 'Bitzer,' said Mrs. Sparsit, in a very impressive manner, 'do you recollect my having

11. consider, I will not consider, I cannot consider;' said Mrs. Sparsit, with a most extensive stock on hand of honour and

12. think he married Gradgrind's daughter?' ¶ 'Yes,' said Mrs. Sparsit, suddenly compressing her mouth, 'he had that - honour:'

13. may be sometimes heard in Dutch clocks. Not,' said Mrs. Sparsit, with a lofty sense of giving strict evidence, 'that I

14. when he shocked your feelings?' ¶ 'Yes, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a meek shake of her head, 'he certainly did

15. to splendour, 'but it is my duty to remember,' Mrs. Sparsit, was fond of observing with a lofty grace: particularly wh

16. essed.' ¶ 'A singular world, I would say, sir,' pursued Mrs. Sparsit; after acknowledging the compliment with a drooping of

17. he trouble, I believe.' ¶ 'Don't say that, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, almost with severity, 'because that is very unkind to Mrs

For more see: Mahlberg, M. & Smith, C. (2012). Dickens, the suspended quotation and the corpus, *Language and Literature, 21*(1), 51-65
KWICgrouping

1) Stay with the concordance of *Sparsit* in suspensions
2) Use the KWICgrouper to focus on specific words in the context
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>I don't like his ways at all.' ¶ 'Bitzer,' said Mrs. Sparsit, in a very impressive manner, 'do you recollect my having</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>the trouble, I believe.' ¶ 'Don't say that, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, almost with severity, 'because that is very unkind to Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>acknowledgments for past favours. And I hope, sir,' said Mrs. Sparsit, concluding in an impressively compassionate manner, 'I fl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>way!' ¶ 'I wish with all my heart, sir,' said Mrs. Sparsit, in a highly superior manner; somehow she seemed, in a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>one another.' ¶ 'It is much to be regretted,' said Mrs. Sparsit, making her nose more Roman and her eyebrows more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>a link to light you.' ¶ 'I certainly, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a dignity serenely mournful, 'was familiar with the It</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>may be sometimes heard in Dutch clocks. Not,' said Mrs. Sparsit, with a lofty sense of giving strict evidence, 'that I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>when he shocked your feelings?' ¶ 'Yes, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a meek shake of her head, 'he certainly did</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>the lap of luxury.' ¶ 'I do not, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a shake of her head, 'deny it.' ¶ Mr. Bounderby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>I do not pretend to understand these things,' said Mrs. Sparsit, with dignity, 'my lot having been signally cast in a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>pressed.' ¶ 'A singular world, I would say, sir,' pursued Mrs. Sparsit, after acknowledging the compliment with a drooping of h</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Your foot on the last step, my lady,' said Mrs. Sparsit, apostrophizing the descending figure, with the aid of her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>dignity and claims to reverence. ¶ 'The clerks,' said Mrs. Sparsit, carefully brushing an imperceptible crumb of bread and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>it appears to my poor judgment - ' ¶ 'Oh! Pray, sir,' Mrs. Sparsit, interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, 'don't disparage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sparsit. ¶ 'All is shut up, ma'am.' ¶ 'And what,' said Mrs. Sparsit, pouring out her tea, 'is the news of the day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>was not hurried. ¶ 'My dear child,' said Harthouse; Mrs. Sparsit, saw with delight that his arm embraced her; 'will you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>think he married Gradgrind's daughter?' ¶ 'Yes,' said Mrs. Sparsit, suddenly compressing her mouth, 'he had that - honour.'</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Tags**

Selected rows are part of:

Manage tag columns...
The CLiC Activity Book (Version 1, November 2017)

This book has been written for teachers and the exploration of literature in the classroom. Language and literature can be taught as separate subjects, but recent developments of language and literature specifications illustrate how both can and need to be integrated. The CLiC Activity Book makes suggestions for this integration. It provides examples of activities that teachers can adapt to or incorporate into their classes. It also includes activities that can inspire ideas for student projects for the NEA.

The CLiC Activity Book (Version 1, November 2017) is available in two formats:

- CLiC Activity Book PDF document (for easy photocopying, 4470kb)
- CLiC Activity Book Word document (for easy editing, 8280kb)

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Good Neighbours, Good Friends? Navigating Neighbourhoods, Communities and Connection in Dickens

Dickens makes the impossible possible: Charle Reporter?

Liminality in D

Dickens, Wooden Legs an Dickensian Cyberspace

“Mew says the cat...Bow-wow-wow says the dog”: Which animal did Dickens prefer?

In this post for the "BMI lockdown life" series, Lydia Craig (@lydiaecraig on Twitter) of the Loyola University Chicago delights us with more insights about Charles Dickens, the 16th president of the BMI. Lydia is co-organizer of the upcoming #Dickens150 virtual conference on 9 June. If you want to join this day of virtual talks ... Continue reading

Distance-reading the feminine landscapes of The Awakening

"Hello darkness my old friend...". Enacting silence through punctuation in Heart of Darkness

As suggested by the famous song by Simon and Garfunkel, darkness and silence often go together in our imagination. Conrad's novel Heart of Darkness seems to be no exception. The to-and-fro movement from linguistic description to literary appreciation and interpretation is what traditional stylistics and modern computer stylistics have in common, along with the assumption ... Continue reading

https://blog.bham.ac.uk/clic-dickens
The CLiC Tagger
Michaela Mahlberg, Viola Wiegand, Jamie Lentin
clic.bham.ac.uk

https://mahlberg-lab.github.io/clictagger/
Upload texts for tagging

https://notebooks.gesis.org/binder/jupyter/user/mahlberg-lab-clictagger-9n73vl7d/notebooks/file-upload.ipynb

Tagged CSVs from file upload(s)

To launch the tagger, run the cell below by selecting "Run all" in the Cell menu.

Click on the upload box below, and select all the files you would like to be tagged in the upload box.

If you are reading the CSV output into Excel, see Importing CLICTagger CSVs into Excel in the documentation.

```python
In [1]: from clictagger.taggedtext import TaggedText
   ...: import ipywidgets as widgets
   ...:
   ...: def to_csv(upload):
   ...:     tts = [TaggedText(upload[f]['content'].decode('utf8'), name=f) for f in upload]
   ...:     for tt in tts:
   ...:         display(tt.table(display='csv-download'))
   ...:     for tt in tts:
   ...:         display(tt.markup())
   ...: widgets.interactive(to_csv, upload=widgets.FileUpload(accept='.txt', multiple=True))
```
Upload texts for tagging

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```python
from clictagger.taggedtext import TaggedText
import ipywidgets as widgets

def to_csv(upload):
    tts = [TaggedText(upload[f]['content'].decode('utf8'), name=f) for f in upload]
    for tt in tts:
        display(tt.table(display='csv-download'))
    for tt in tts:
        display(tt.markup())
w=widgets.interactive(to_csv, upload=widgets.FileUpload(accept='.txt', multiple=True))
```

Download 1 Carol.txt.csv

A Christmas Carol: A Ghost Story of Christmas
Charles Dickens

PREFACE.

I HAVE endeavoured in this Ghostly little book, to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other,
Sort the CSV for quotes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Region</th>
<th>Start</th>
<th>End</th>
<th>Content</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>3787</td>
<td>3848</td>
<td>&quot;My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>4218</td>
<td>4274</td>
<td>&quot;No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>5985</td>
<td>6026</td>
<td>&quot;A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6178</td>
<td>6184</td>
<td>&quot;Bah!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6199</td>
<td>6208</td>
<td>&quot;Humbug!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6411</td>
<td>6439</td>
<td>&quot;Christmas a humbug, uncle!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6463</td>
<td>6496</td>
<td>&quot;You don't mean that, I am sure?&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6498</td>
<td>6505</td>
<td>&quot;I do,&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6520</td>
<td>6625</td>
<td>&quot;Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6627</td>
<td>6640</td>
<td>&quot;Come, then,&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6668</td>
<td>6758</td>
<td>&quot;What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6831</td>
<td>6837</td>
<td>&quot;Bah!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6869</td>
<td>6878</td>
<td>&quot;Humbug.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quote.quote</td>
<td>6880</td>
<td>6904</td>
<td>&quot;Don't be cross, uncle!&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Use with a tool of your choice
Bringing it all together

- Similarities with other tools
- Literature specific features
- Learning grammar, too!
- Focus on engagement with text: between close and distant reading
- Why are ad hoc categories important?
- Combining the use of different tools (e.g. for BNC spoken comparison as in Mahlberg et al. 2019)
Further references / materials


And ...

https://anchor.fm/michaela-mahlberg