



CINDERELLA'S ESCAPE

(1)

Author/Editor: Charles Perault/Andrew Lang

Title: “Cinderella or the Little Glass Slipper” in *The Blue Fairy Book*

Illustrator: G. P. Jacomb Hood

Place of Publication: London; New York

Publisher: Longmans, Green, and Co.

Publication Date: 1914

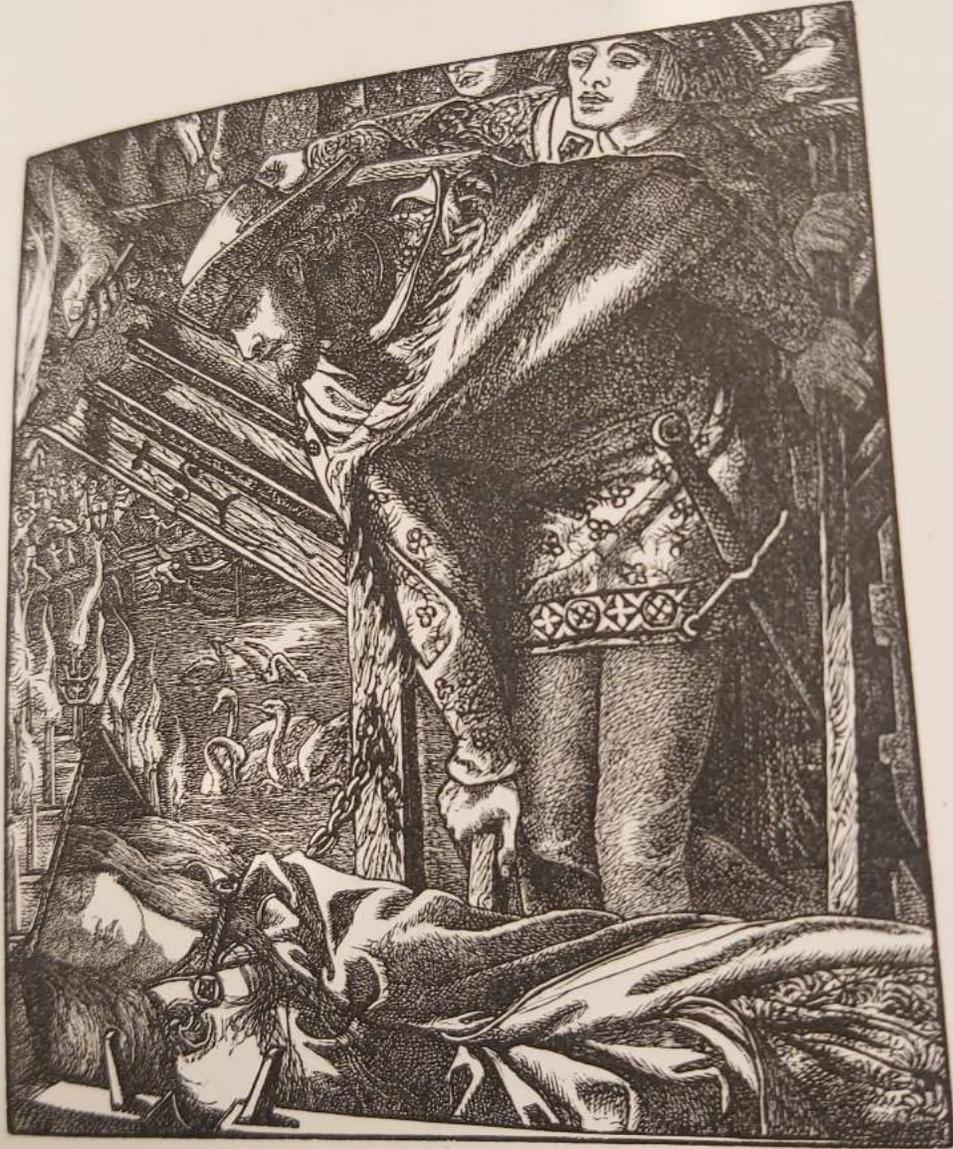
Call Number: [PZ6 1914 .L354](#)

Permalink: <http://resolve.library.ubc.ca/cgi-bin/catsearch?bid=13023>

*She thought that it was no later than eleven when she counted the clock striking twelve. She jumped up and fled, as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince picked up most carefully.*

In Hood’s illustration, Cinderella is apparently in a great emotional turmoil as she looks back expressively at the palace from which she has hastily fled. On the one hand, she fears the prince’s pursuit, and the dreadful possibility that her real identity would be exposed (for she is not a real princess, but rather a poor, ordinary girl). On the other hand, she longs wistfully to remain at the ball in her beautiful disguise and also in the company of the prince, of whom she has grown quite fond. Indeed, what is the right thing to do? To return at once to the prince she loves—or to retreat to her ordinary home, where she truly belongs? Like Lot’s wife, Hood’s Cinderella is awfully distressed; reason and impulsive desire are at war with each other. Should the mind or the heart prevail?—that is the question. In his drawing of Cinderella, Hood captures the internal conflict that plagues the protagonist as she races down the stairs. By looking back, Cinderella displays at once a sense of helplessness and romantic yearning; she is reluctant to leave the palace—to leave behind the love of her life—but at the same time, she understands that she must, for it is perhaps the wisest thing to do, at least for the time being.

Die... All the  
And they...  
But Lancelot mused a little...  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott."



Author: Alfred Tennyson

Title: "The Lady of Shalott" in *Poems*

Illustrator: D. G. Rossetti

Place of Publication: London

Publisher: Edward Moxon

Publication Date: 1833

Call Number: PR10.L9 T4 1830:2

Permalink: <http://resolve.library.ubc.ca/cgi-bin/catsearch?bid=306201>

*But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott."*

Swans are often considered symbols for the divine and the beautiful, and so it is no surprise that D. G. Rossetti chose to include them in his illustration. When Rossetti's Lancelot bends down to observe the Lady's body, he does it not with distaste or disinterest but rather with a kind of genuine curiosity and generous understanding (unlike the person behind him who seems to be in shock and fear). "What's the unknown story behind that peaceful, beautiful face?" thinks Lancelot, gazing at the beauty before him with compassionate eyes. Not only does the great knight acknowledge the earthly beauty of the Lady, but he also takes pity on her. As Lancelot peers at the pretty but lifeless face of the Lady, his facial expression solemn and thoughtful, he dwells not on the mortal beauty of her appearance, but rather, silently (and of course, gallantly) mourns that life is fleeting and that nothing (not even beauty itself) is capable of transcending the inevitable. The curse of the Lady is perhaps none other than mortality. In Rossetti's illustration, through his final, somber encounter with the deceased Lady, Lancelot comes to terms with the fact that death always lurks within the divine and the beautiful, and that nothing in reality can last for eternity.



The Selfish Giant.

Author: Oscar Wilde

Title: “The Selfish Giant” in *The Happy Prince and Other Tales*

Illustrator: Walter Crane

Place of Publication: London

Publisher: D. Nutt

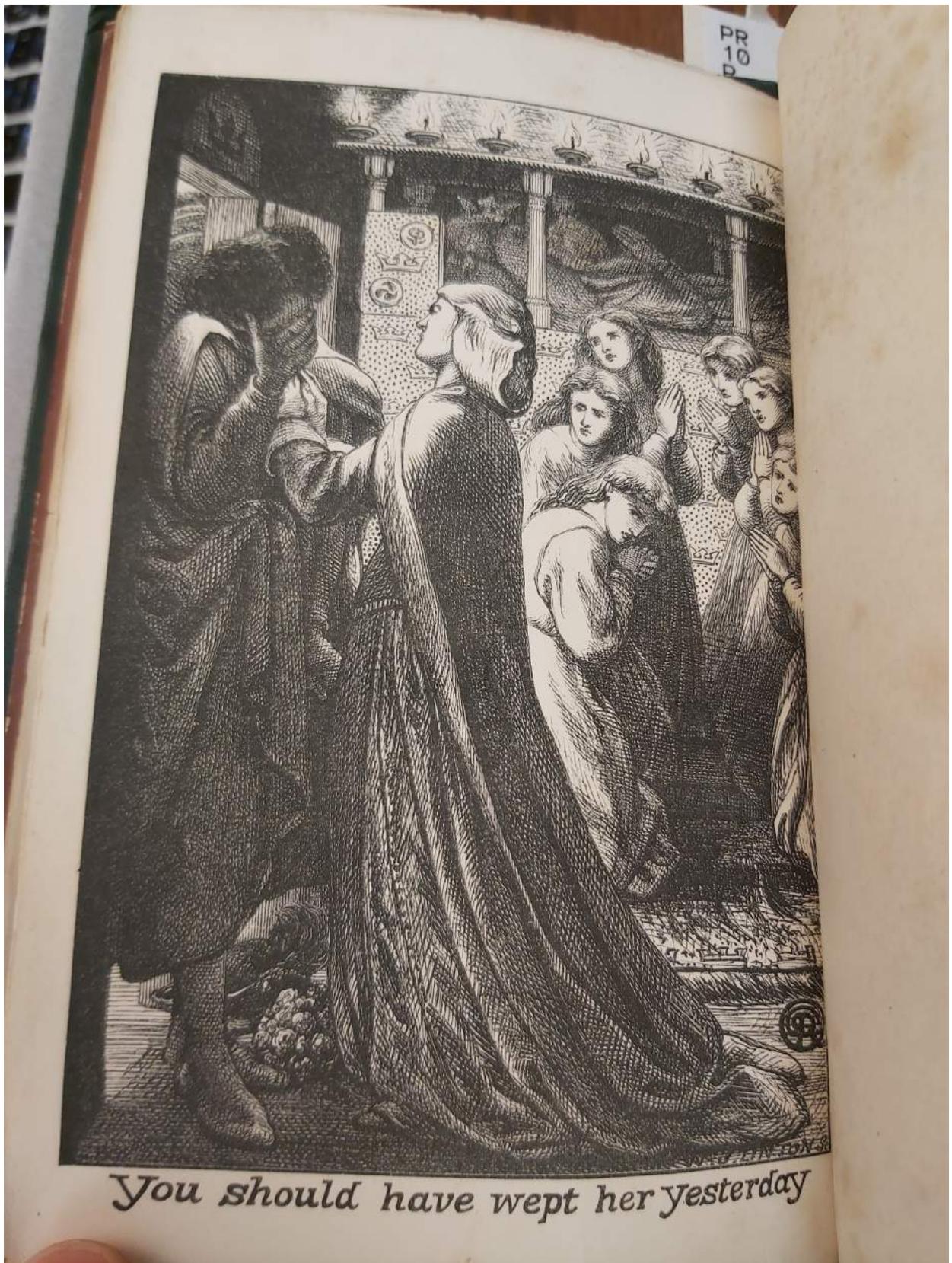
Publication Date: 1888

Call Number: [PR10.R4 W5 1888 H3](#)

Permalink: <http://resolve.library.ubc.ca/cgi-bin/catsearch?bid=2077196>

*And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant’s neck, and kissed him.*

In Crane’s illustration, the Giant has learned to be unselfish and sympathize with those who are in need of his help. When the little boy (the Christ Child) has trouble getting up into the tree, the Giant volunteers to put him there, instead of blatantly refusing to lend the poor a hand, as he used to do. This act of kindness, in fact, melts the stern and severe expression on his face; the Giant now appears gentle and caring, and the coldness and indifference in his eyes seem to have vanished as well. He is no longer the Selfish Giant who is only able to see himself and consider his own interests; in his heart (as well as in his surroundings), the biting coldness of Winter has been expelled and the radiant warmth of Spring has arrived to take its place. A spiritual bond—sympathy—is established between the little boy and the Giant as they look each other directly in the eyes. As Crane illustrates, snow melts and flowers blossom when an act of love like this takes place. In short, (ahem, the moral of the story is,) the world is certainly made a better place when there is love and sympathy between us.



(4)

Author: Christina Rossetti

Title: “The Prince’s Progress” in *The Prince’s Progress and Other Poems*

Illustrator: D. G. Rossetti

Place of Publication: London

Publisher: Macmillan

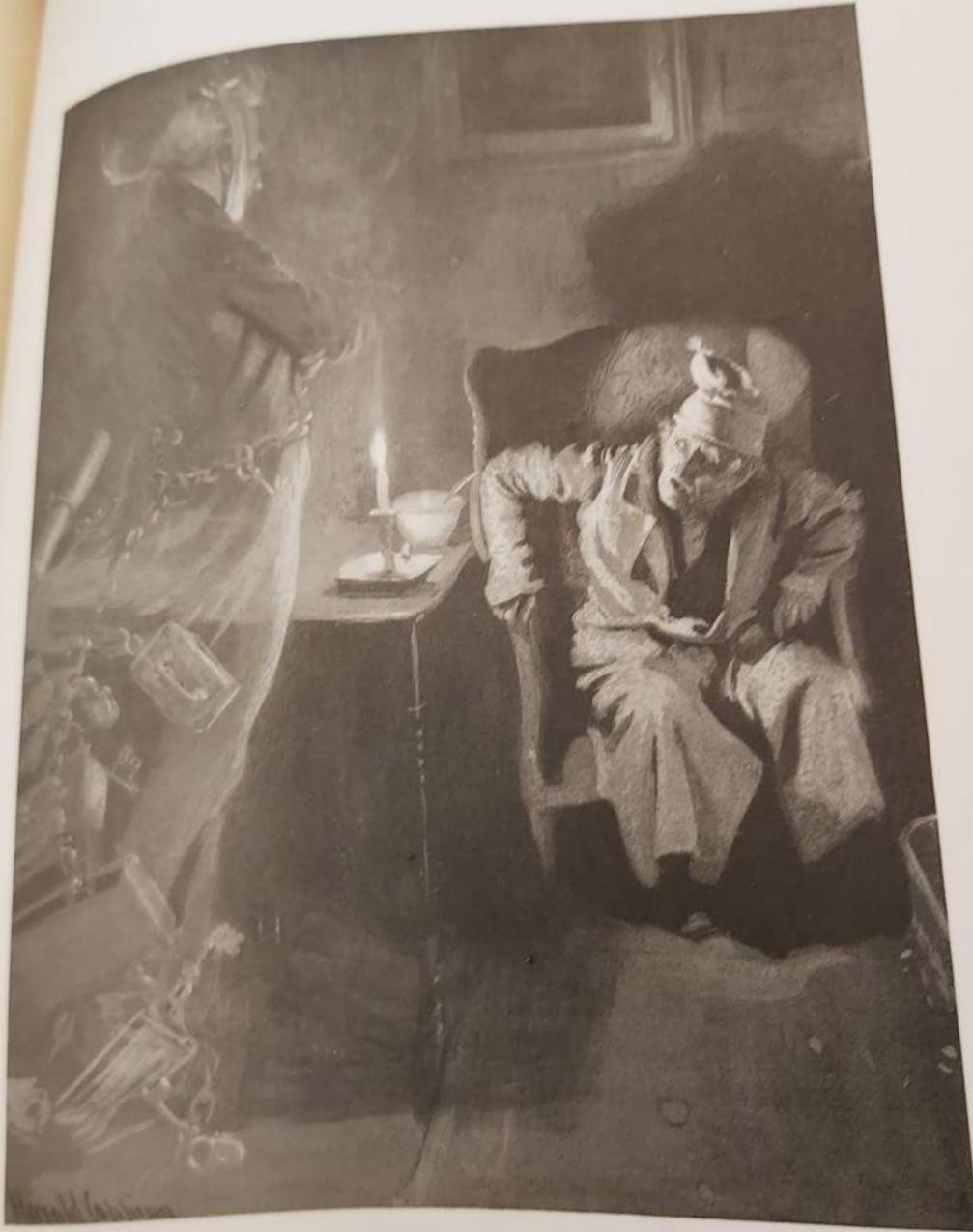
Publication Date: 1866

Call Number: [PR10.P R6 1866](#)

Permalink: <http://resolve.library.ubc.ca/cgi-bin/catsearch?bid=103290>

*“You should have wept her yesterday,  
Wasting upon her bed:  
But wherefore should you weep to-day  
That she is dead?”*

In this illustration by D. G. Rossetti, the prince is overcome by mounting regret and sorrow as he finds out that his bride has died before his belated arrival. Roses fall to the ground, his royal heart silently breaks; the prince can only cover his face and weep for his lost love. Indeed, what else can he do? The elixir of life is of no use now. Behind those fair maidens in prayer, there lies the lifeless body of the bride, who even in her fatal decline still awaited her long-expected bridegroom who never made it in time. It is no longer possible for the prince to reach her—his lovely, promised bride—for now it is death, not geographical distance, that separates them. Time is fleeting, and so is life; it is only through missing out on his bride that the prince realizes how much precious time he has let go and wasted meaninglessly. In this powerful image, he weeps not only for the dead but also the living: in fact, he weeps mostly for himself.



(6)

Author: Charles Dickens

Title: *A Christmas Carol*

Illustrator: Harold Copping

Place of Publication: London

Publisher: R. Tuck

Publication Date: 1920

Call Number: PZ6 1920 .D534

Permalink: <http://resolve.library.ubc.ca/cgi-bin/catsearch?bid=44232>

*His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him; Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.*

Marley's Ghost is here; Scrooge looks so shocked that he is nearly falling out of his armchair. In this illustration, Copping adds a touch of hyperrealism to Dickens's famous urban ghost story (or fairy tale, for that matter), and merges the supernatural with the everyday. The candlelight leaps and dances, revealing the otherworldly spectre that is the wandering spirit of Marley. Like Hamlet's ghost, Marley comes to Scrooge with an important message to deliver: Look at this long, burdensome chain on me, Ebenezer Scrooge! In this wonderful image, through depicting the symbolic objects that are being attached to the chain (e.g. cash-boxes, keys, padlocks), Copping demonstrates how the chain is symbolically representational of Marley's long-lasting guilt. Because of his greed and selfishness, Marley, much like Scrooge himself, refused to help and do good for others during his lifetime; as a result, he got turned into a ghost in his afterlife and is now forced to suffer the terrible pain of regret. In his horror, Copping's Scrooge perhaps sees a (speaking) likeness of himself in the gothic apparition of Marley; after his death, will he turn out just like his old partner? Indeed, this very thought itself is no less unsettling and appalling than the strange appearance of Marley's ghost.