Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasised his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

"In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS GRADGRIND, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words "boys and girls," for "sir," Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarage before mentioned, he seemed to kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanising apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtseying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsey.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsey.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about..."
that, here. You mustn’t tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don’t he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn’t tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier and horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general benefit of all the little pitchers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy’s definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely whitewashed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous color from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little color he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere-continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too."

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don’t dare say?"

"Why why wouldn’t you?"

"A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer. Because he wouldn’t paper a room at all, but would paint it."

"You must paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don’t tell us you wouldn’t paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I’ll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn’t paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" from one half. "No, sir!" from the other.

"Of course, no," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don’t see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don’t have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I’ll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

"There being a general conviction by this
"rush and wither if you please, sir. They of use or ornament, what would be a contra-
do with it. You are not to have, in any object
of nothing but fact. You must discard the
flowers, would you?" returned the girl.

"Why would you?" said the gentleman.

"You are not, Mary Jupe," Thomas Grad-grind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of
that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And
"Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Grad-grind.

"You are to be in all things regulated and
governed," said the gentleman, "by fact.
We hope to have, before long, a board of fact,
composed of commissioners of fact, who will
force the people to be a people of fact, and
of nothing but fact. You must discard the
word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to
do with it. You are not to have, in any object
of use or ornament, what would be a contra-
diction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers
in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon
flowers in carpets. You don't find that
foreign birds and butterflies come and perch
upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted
to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon
your crockery. You never meet with quad-
rupeds going up and down walls; you must
not have quadrupeds represented upon walls.
You must use," said the gentleman, "for
all these purposes, combinations and modifi-
cations (in primary colours) of mathematical
figures which are susceptible of proof and
demonstration. This is the new discovery.
This is fact. This is taste."

The girl curtsied, and sat down. She was
very young, and she looked as if she were
frightened by the matter of fact prospect the
world afforded.

"Now, if Mr. M'Choakumchild," said the
gentleman, "will proceed to give his first
lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy,
at your request, to observe his mode of pro-
cedure."

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged. "Mr.
M'Choakumchild, we only wait for you."

So, Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best
manner. He and some one hundred and forty
other school-masters, had been lately turned
at the same time, in the same factory, on
the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs.
He had been put through an immense variety
of paces, and had answered volumes of head-
breaking questions. Orthography, etymology,
syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy,

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Gradgrind walked homeward from
the school, in a state of considerable satis-
faction. It was his school, and he intended it
to be a model. He intended every child in it
to be a model—just as the young Gradgrinds
were all models.

There were five young Gradgrinds, and they
were models every one. They had been lect-
ured at, from their tenderest years; coursed,
like little hares. Almost as soon as they could
run alone, they had been made to run to the
lecture-room. The first object with which
they had an association, or of which they had
a remembrance, was a large black board with
a dry Ogre chalking ghastly white figures
on it.

Not that they knew, by name or nature,
anything about an Ogre. Fact forbids! I
only use the word to express a monster in a
lecturing castle, with Heaven knows how
many heads manipulated into one, taking
childhood captive, and dragging it into gloomy
statistical dens by the hair.

No little Gradgrind had ever seen a face
in the moon; it was up in the moon before
it could speak distinctly. No little Grad-
grind had ever learnt the silly jingle, Twinkle
twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are; it had never known wonder on the subject, having at five years old dissected the Great Bear like a Professor Owen, and driven Charles's Wain like a locomotive engine-driver. No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field with that famous cow with the crumpled horn who tossed the dog who worried the cat who killed the rat who ate the mait, or with that yet more famous cow who swallowed Tom Thumb; it had never heard of those celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a granimovorous ruminating quadruped with several stomachs.

To his matter of fact home, which was called Stone Lodge, Mr. Gradgrind directed his steps. He had virtually retired from the wholesale hardware trade before he built Stone Lodge, and was now looking about for a suitable opportunity of making an arithmetical figure in Parliament. Stone Lodge was situated on a moor within a mile or two of a great town—called Coketown in the present faithful guide-book.

A very regular feature on the face of the country, Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncompromising fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes. A calculated, cast up, balanced, and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six on that side; a total of twelve in this wing, a total of twelve in the other wing; four and twenty carried over to the back. A lawn and garden and an infant avenue, all ruled straight like the principal windows, as its master's heavy guise toned down or shaded off that unlooked as though they might have been broken little conchological cabinet, and a little metal-surgical cabinet, and a little mineralogical cabinet; and the specimens were all arranged labelled, and the bits of stone and ore from the parent substances by those tremendously hard instruments their own names; and, to paraphrase the idle legend of Peter Piper, who had never found his way into their nursery, If the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at more than this, what was it for good gracious goodness sake, that the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at!

Their father walked on in a hopeful and satisfied frame of mind. He was an affectionate father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself (if he had been put, like Sissy Jupe, upon a definition) as an eminently practical father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him. Whatever the public meeting held in Coketown, and whatevery the subject of such meeting, some Coketowners was sure to seize the occasion of alluding to his eminently practical friend Gradgrind. This always pleased the eminently practical friend. He knew it to be his due, but his due was acceptable.

He had reached the neutral ground upon the outskirts of the town, which was neither town nor country, and yet was either spoiled, when his ears were invaded by the sound of music. The clashing and banging band attached to the horse-riding establishment which had there set up its rest in a wooden pavilion, was in full bray. A flag, floating from the summit of the temple, proclaimed to mankind that it was "Sleary's Horse-riding" which claimed their suffrages. Sleary himself, a stout modern statue with a money-box at its elbow, in an ecclesiastical niche of early Gothic architecture, took the money. Miss Josephine Sleary, as some very long and very narrow strips of printed bill announced, was then inaugurating the entertainments with her graceful eques-trian Tyrolean flower-act. Among the other pleasing but always strictly moral wonders which must be seen to be believed, Signor Jupe was that afternoon to "elucidate the diverting accomplishments of his highly trained performing dog Merrylegs." He was also to exhibit his astounding feat of throwing seventy five hundred weight in rapid succession backhanded over his head thus forming a fountain of solid iron in mid air, a feat never before attempted in this or any other country and which having elicited such rapturous plaudits from enthusiastic throngs it cannot be withdrawn." The same Signor Jupe was to "enliven the varied performances at frequent intervals with his chaste Shaksperean quips and retorts." Lastly, he was to wind them up by appearing in his favorite character of Mr. William Button, of Tooley Street, in "the highly novel and laughable hippocomedietta of The Tailor's Journey to Brentford."

Thomas Gradgrind took no heed of these trivialities of course, but passed on as a practical man ought to pass on, either brushing the noisy "insects from his thoughts, or consigning them to the House of Correction. But, the turning of the road took him by the back of the booth, and at the back of the booth a number of children were congregated in a number of stealthy attitudes, striving to peep in at the hidden glories of the place.

This brought him to a stop. "Now, to think of these vagabonds," said he, "attracting the young rabble from a model school!"

A space of stunted grass and dry rubbish being between him and the young rabble, he took his eyeglass out of his waistcoat to look for any child he knew by name, and might order off. Phenomenon almost incredible though distinctly seen, what did he then be-
ing with all her might through a hole in a hole, and his own mathematical Thomas aching himself on the ground to catch but a head of the graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower act!

Dumb with amazement, Mr. Gradgrind crossed to the spot where his family was thus disgraced, laid his hand upon each erring child, and said:

“Louisa!! Thomas!!”

Both rose, red and disconcerted. But, Louisa looked at her father with more boldness than Thomas did. Indeed, Thomas did not look at him, but gave himself up to be taken home like a machine.

“In the name of wonder, idleness, and folly!” said Mr. Gradgrind, leading each away by a hand; “what do you do here?”

“Wanted to see what it was like,” returned Louisa shortly.

“What was it like?”

“Yes, father.”

There was an air of jaded sullenness in them both, and particularly in the girl: yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression. Not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something fearful in them, analogous to the changes on a blind face groping its way.

She was a child now, of fifteen or sixteen; but at no distant day would seem to become a woman all at once. Her father thought so as he looked at her. She was pretty. Would have been self-willed (he thought in his mind) and searching character. He saw nothing of the prettiness natural to cheerful youth, but with the uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something fearful in them, analogous to the changes on a blind face groping its way.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL.
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1854.

HARD TIMES.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IV.

Not being Mrs. Grundy, who was Mr. Bounderby?

Why, Mr. Bounderby was, as near being Mr. Gradgrind's bosom friend, as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr. Bounderby—or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr. Bounderby looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness.

In the formal drawing-room of Stone Lodge, standing on the hearth-rug, warming himself before the fire, Mr. Bounderby delivered some observations to Mrs. Gradgrind on the circumstance of its being his birthday. He stood before the fire, partly because it was a cool spring afternoon, though the sun shone; partly because the shade of Stone Lodge was always haunted by the ghost of damp mortar; partly because he thus took up a commanding position, from which to subdue Mrs. Gradgrind.

"I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pig sty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch."

Mrs. Gradgrind, a little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect, and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her; Mrs. Gradgrind hoped it was a dry ditch?

"No! As wet as a sop. A foot of water in it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Enough to give a baby cold," Mrs. Gradgrind considered.

"Cold! I was born with inflammation of the lungs, and of everything else, I believe, that was capable of inflammation," returned Mr. Bounderby. "For years, ma'am, I was one of the most miserable little wretches ever seen. I was so sickly, that I was always moaning and groaning. I was so ragged and dirty, that you wouldn't have touched me with a pair of tongs."

Mrs. Gradgrind faintly looked at the tongs, as the most appropriate thing her imbecility could think of doing.

"How I fought through it, I don't know," said Bounderby. "I was determined, I suppose. I have been a determined character in later life, and I suppose I was then. Here I am, Mrs. Gradgrind, anyhow, and nobody to thank for my being here but myself."

Mrs. Gradgrind meekly and weakly hoped that his mother—

"My mother? Bolted, ma'am!" said Bounderby.

Mrs. Gradgrind, stunned as usual, collapsed and gave it up.

"My mother left me to my grandmother," said Bounderby; "and, according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and the worst old woman that ever lived. If I got a little pair of shoes by any chance, she would take 'em off and sell 'em for drink. Why, I have known that grandmother of mine lie in her bed and drink her four-teen glasses of liquor before breakfast!"

Mrs. Gradgrind, weakly smiling, and giving...
nobody threw me out a rope. Vagabond, incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from the outsides of the shops, and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby, I did it. I pulled through it, though nobody minded her.

His pride in having at any time of his life achieved such a great social distinction as to be a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest, was only to be satisfied by three sonorous repetitions of the boast.

"I was to pull through it I suppose, Mrs. Gradgrind. Whether I was to do it or not, ma'am, I did it. I pulled through it, though nobody threw me out a rope. Vagabond, errand-boy, vagabond, labourer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Those are the antecedents, and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the shops, Mrs. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple clock of St. Giles's Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, of your district schools, and your model schools, and your training schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish of schools; and Josiah Bounderby of Coketown tells you plainly, all right, all correct—he hadn't such advantages—but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people—the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well—such and such his education was, however, and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life."

Being heated when he arrived at this climax, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown stopped. He stopped just as his eminently practical friend, still accompanied by the two young culprits, entered the room. His eminently practical friend, on seeing him, stopped also, and gave Louisa a reproachful look that plainly said, "Behold your Bounderby!"

"Well!" blustered Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter? What is young Thomas in the dumps about?"

He spoke of young Thomas, but he looked at Louisa. "We were peeping at the circus," muttered Louisa hangishly, without lifting up her eyes, "and father caught us."

"And Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband in a lofty manner, "I should as soon have expected to find my children reading poetry."

"Dear me," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind. "How can you, Louisa and Thomas! I wonder at you. I declare you're enough to make one regret ever having had a family at all. I have a great mind to say I wish I hadn't. Then what would you have done, I should like to know."

Mr. Gradgrind did not seem favourably impressed by these cogent remarks. He frowned impatiently. "As if, with my head in its present throbbing state, you couldn't go and look at the shells and minerals and things provided for you, instead of circuses!" said Mrs. Gradgrind. "You know, as well as I do, no young people have circuses masters, or keep circuses in cabinets, or attend lectures about circuses. What can you possibly want to know of circuses then? I am sure you have enough to do, if that's what you want. With my head in its present state, I couldn't remember the mere names of half the facts you have got to attend to."

"That's the reason!" pouted Louisa. "Don't tell me that's the reason, because it can be nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Gradgrind. "Go and be somethingological directly."

Mrs. Gradgrind was not a scientific character, and usually dismissed her children to their studies with this general injunction to choose their pursuit.

In truth, Mrs. Gradgrind's stock of facts in general was woefully defective, but Mr. Gradgrind in raising her to her high matrimonial position had been influenced by two reasons. Firstly, she was most satisfactory as a question of figures; and, secondly, she had "no nonsense" about her. By nonsense he meant fancy; and truly it is probable she was as free from any alloy of that nature, as any human being not arrived at the perfection of an absolute idiot, ever was.

The simple circumstance of being left alone with her husband and Mr. Bounderby, was sufficient to stun this admirable lady again, without collision between herself and any other fact. So, she once more died away, and nobody minded her.

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, drawing a chair to the fireside, "you are always so interested in my young people—particularly in Louisa—. I make no apology for saying to you, I am very much vexed by this discovery. I have systematically devoted myself (as you know) to the education of the reason of my family. The reason is (as you know) the only faculty to which education should be addressed. And yet, Bounderby, it would appear from this unexpected circumstance of to-day, though in itself a trifling one, as if something had crept into Thomas's and Louisa's minds which is—or rather, which is not—I don't know that I can express myself better than by saying—which has never been intended to be developed, and in which their reason has no part."

"There certainly is no reason in looking
with interest at a parcel of vagabonds," returned Bounderby. "When I was a vagabond myself, nobody looked with any interest at me; I knew that."

"Then comes the question," said the eminently practical father, with his eyes on the fire, "in what has this vulgar curiosity its rise?"

"I'll tell you in what. In idle imagination."

"I hope not," said the eminently practical; "I confess, however, that the misgiving has crossed me on my way home."

"In idle imagination, Gradgrind," repeated Bounderby, "A very bad thing for anybody, but a cursed bad thing for a girl like Louisa. I should ask Mrs. Gradgrind's pardon for strong expressions, but that she knows very well I am not a refined character. Whoever expects refinement in me will be disappointed. I hadn't a refined bringing up."

"Whether," said Mr. Gradgrind, pondering with his hands in his pockets, and his cavernous eyes on the fire, "whether any instructor or servant can have suggested anything? Whether Louisa or Thomas can have been reading anything? Whether, in spite of all precautions, any idle story-book can have got into the house? Because, in minds that have been practically formed by rule and line, from the cradle upwards, this is so curious, so incomprehensible."

"Stop a bit!" cried Bounderby, who all this time had been standing, as before, on the hearth, bursting at the very furniture of the room with explosive humility. "You have one of those strollers' children in the school."

"Cecilia, Jupe, by name," said Mr. Gradgrind, with something of a stricken look at his friend.

"Now, stop a bit!" cried Bounderby again.

"How did she come there?" asked Mr. Gradgrind.

"Why, the fact is, I saw the girl myself for the first time, only just now. She specially applied here at the house to be admitted, as not regularly belonging to our town, and - yes, you are right, Bounderby, you are right."

"Now, stop a bit!" cried Bounderby, once more. "Louisa saw her when she came?"

"Louisa certainly did see her, for she mentioned the application to me. But Louisa saw her, I have no doubt, in Mrs. Gradgrind's presence."

"Fray, Mrs. Gradgrind," said Bounderby, "what passed?"

"Oh, my poor health!" returned Mrs. Gradgrind. The girl wanted to come to the school, and Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come to the school, and Louisa and Thomas both said that the girl wanted to come, and, that Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come, and how was it possible to contradict them when such was the fact?"

"Now I tell you what, Gradgrind!" said Mr. Bounderby. "Turn this girl to the right-about, and there's an end of it."

"I am much of your opinion," said Bounderby, "Do it at once," said Bounderby, "has always been my motto from a child. When I thought I would run away from my egg-box and my grandmother, I did it at once. Do you the same. Do this at once!"

"Mike you walking?" asked his friend. "I have the father's address. Perhaps you would not mind walking to town with me?"

"Not the least in the world," said Mr. Bounderby, "as long as you do it at once!"

So, Mr. Bounderby threw on his hat - he always threw it on, as expressing a man who had been far too busily employed in making himself, to acquire any fashion of wearing his hat — and with his hands in his pockets sauntered out into the hall. "I never wear gloves," it was his custom to say. "I didn't climb up the ladder in them. Shouldn't be so high up, if I had."

Being left to saunter in the hall a minute or two while Mr. Gradgrind went upstairs for the address, he opened the door of the children's study and looked into that serene floor-clothed apartment, which, notwithstanding its bookcases and its cabinets and its variety of learned and philosophical appliances, had much of the genial aspect of a room devoted to hair-cutting. Louisa languidly leaned upon the window looking out, without looking at anything, while young Thomas stood snuffling revengefully at the fire. Adam Smith and Malthus, two younger Gradgrinds, were out at lecture in custody; and little Jane, after manufacturing a good deal of moist pipe-clay on her face with slate-pencil and tears, had fallen asleep over vulgar fractions.

"It's all right now, Louisa; it's all right, young Thomas," said Mr. Bounderby; "you won't do so any more. I'll answer for it being all over with father. Well, Louisa, that's worth a kiss, isn't it?"

"You're a bit too young, Mr. Bounderby," returned Louisa, when she had coldly paused, and slowly walked across the room, and ungraciously raised her cheek towards him, with her face turned away.

"Always my pet; ain't you, Louisa?" said Mr. Bounderby. "Good-bye, Louisa!"

He went his way, but she stood on the same spot, rubbing the cheek he had kissed, with her handkerchief, until it was burning red. She was still doing this, five minutes afterwards.

"What are you about, Lou?" her brother sulkily remonstrated. "You'll get a hole in your face."

"You may cut the piece out with your penknife if you like, Tom. I won't cry!"

CHAPTER V.

COKESTONE, to which Messrs. Bounderby and Gradgrind now walked, was a triumph of fact; it had no greater taint of fancy in it than Mrs. Gradgrind herself. Let us strike
the key-note, Coketown, before pursuing our tune.

It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but, as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed th them-

selfs for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and to-morrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

These attributes of Coketown were in the main inseparable from the work by which it was sustained; against them were to be set off, comforts of life which found their way all over the world, and elegancies of life which made we will not ask how much of the fine relations between master and man were all part of this, because there was a native organization in Coketown itself, whose members were to be heard in the House of Commons very session, indignantly petitioning for acts of parliament that should make these people religious by main force. Then, came the Teetotal Society, who complained that these same people would get drunk, and showed in tabular statements that they did get drunk, and proved at tea parties that no inducement, human or Divine (except a medal), would induce them to forego their custom of getting drunk. Then, came the chemist and druggist, with other tabular statements, showing that when they didn't get drunk, they took opium. Then, came the experienced chaplain of the jail, with more tabular statements, outdoing all the previous tabular statements, and showing that the same people would resort to low haunts, hidden from the public eye, where they heard low singing and saw low dancing, and mayhap joined in it; and where A. B., aged twenty-four next birthday, and committed for eighteen months' solitary, had himself said (not that he had ever shown himself particularly worthy of belief) his ruin began, as he was perfectly sure and confident that otherwise he would have been a tip-top moral specimen. Then, came Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby, the two gentlemen at this present moment walking through Coketown, and both eminently practical, who could, on occasion, furnish more tabular statements derived from their own personal experience, and illustrated by cases they had known and seen, from which it clearly appeared—in short it was the only clear thing in the case—that these same people were a bad lot altogether, gentlemen; that do what you would for them they were never thankful for it, gentlemen; that they were restless, gentlemen; that they never knew what they wanted; that they lived upon the best, and bought fresh butter, and insisted on Mocha coffee, and rejected all but prime parts
The question was unexpectedly and suddenly answered for her, by the colourless boy, Bitzer, who came round the corner with such blind speed and so little anticipating a stoppage, that he brought himself up against Mr. Gradgrind's waistcoat, and rebounded into the road.

"What do you mean, boy?" said Mr. Gradgrind.

"What are you doing? How dare you dash against—everybody—in this manner?"

Bitzer picked up his cap, which the concussion had knocked off, and backing, and knuckling his forehead, pleaded that it was an accident.

"Was this boy running after you, Jupe?"

asked Mr. Gradgrind.

"Yes, sir," said the girl reluctantly.

"No, I wasn't, sir!" cried Bitzer. "Not till she ran away from me. But the horse-riders never mind what they say, sir; they're famous for it. You know the horse-riders are famous for never minding what they say," addressing Sissy. "'Tis as well known in the town as—please, sir, as the multiplication table isn't known to the horse-riders." Bitzer tried Mr. Bounderby with this.

"He frightened me so," said the girl, "with his cruel faces!"

"Oh!" cried Bitzer. "Oh! An't you one of the rest? An't you a horse-rider! I never looked at her, sir. I asked her if she would know how to define a horse to-morrow, and offered to tell her again, and she ran away, and I ran after her, sir, that she might know how to answer when she was asked. You wouldn't have thought of saying such mischief if you hadn't been a horse-rider!"

"Her calling seems to be pretty well known among 'em," observed Mr. Bounderby. "You'd have had the whole school peeping in a row, in a week."

"Truly, I think so," returned his friend. "Bitzer, turn you about and take yourself home. Jupe, stay here a moment. Let me hear of your running in this manner any more, boy, and you will hear of me through the master of the school. You understand what I mean. Go along."

The boy stopped in his rapid blinking, knocked his forehead again, glanced at Sissy, and made him a curtsey.

"Why are you tearing about the streets," said Mr. Gradgrind, "in this improper manner?"

"I was—"I was run after, sir," the girl panted, "and I wanted to get away."

"Run after!" repeated Mr. Gradgrind.

"Who would run after you?"

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things considered; it might have been a very kind one indeed if he had only made some round mistake in the arithmetic that balanced it, years ago. He said, in what he meant for a re-assuring tone, as they turned down a narrow road, "And this is Pod's End; is it, Jupe?"

"This is it, sir, and—if you wouldn't mind, sir—this is the house."

She stopped, at twilight, at the door of a mean little public house, with dim red lights in it. As haggard and as shabby, as if, for want of custom, it had itself taken to drinking, and had gone the way all drunkards go, and was very near the end of it.

"It's only crossing the bar, sir, and up the stairs, if you wouldn't mind, and waiting there for a moment till I get a candle. If you should hear a dog, sir, it's only Merry-legs, and he only barks."

"Merry-legs and nine ois, eh!" said Mr. Bounderby, entering last with his metallic laugh. "Pretty well this, for a self-made man!"

GOBLIN LIFE.

A FEW more pages may be devoted to recalling some of the many shapes taken by those superstitions which occupied so prominent a place among the household words of our forefathers. It is well for us to think sometimes of household words now past and gone.

The other day we discussed, only the spirits of the elements, and found how the belief in them beset the daily life of men with gloom and terror. But there existed other goblin fancies.

Even at this day, can we say fairly that the belief in death omens has gone the way of all error? The death-watch still sets many a heart beating, and there are even people who would resent the imputation of ignorance unable to hear unmoved at night the howling of a dog. The dog always was considered a beast sensitive to impressions from the spirit world. Etruscan dogs, says Homer, could see the apparition of Pallas when Telemaehus saw nothing. In the sixteenth century, Jerome Cardan, the Milanese physician, relates that a dog howled before his marriage, and explains that his guardian angel came in grief to his threshold, and that the dog felt the presence of the spirit. In the same century—in the year fifteen hundred and fifty-six, related this belief of his neighbours in a letter published by Richard Baxter. A fire, it was whitened, and to hasten the drying, a brasier of charcoal was put into it. The servants went to bed, and five of them were dead next morning.

Philip Camerarius wrote thus of signs of death: "Some princes are warned by a roaring of lions, or a strange howling of dogs, a nightly thumping or stamping about their castles, or the untimely striking of their clocks. In monasteries, it happens not unfrequently that the seats of monks or nuns, who are about to die, are occupied by shadows without heads. I know a noble family that has the surest token of death when a certain fountain, usually clear, is clouded by a worm otherwise quite unknown. Another family of great note is warned of death by the occurrence of a landslip in their neighbourhood."

Whoever may be disposed to shudder at the reading of such things may judge of the dread excited by the commonest occurrences, when rich and poor alike were taught thus to interpret them in solemn earnest.

Lavater wrote, near the end of the sixteenth century, that when a town councillor or other public person was about to die, a loud report, or other token of death, proceeded from the seat in hall or church habitually occupied by him. In monasteries he wrote that monks had heard—well, these signs—ordered for them exactly as they were really ordered not many days after, and he said, when any one is about to die in the villages, the people hear, in the dusk of evening or at night, a sound of spades in the churchyard, and it is precisely the same sound, stroke for stroke, that will be made next day by the sextons. After citing other tokens of the same kind, he added: "Executioners are
Lectors do spoil nearly everything: their token frightened to death if any one had put, would no doubt have been half or quite to them, because their swords move of their own accord upon the wall; some even say that they can foretell by such signs the exact manner in which a condemned man will be put to death.

The spontaneous clashing of the headsmen’s implements is an idea kindred to the belief that when an absent knight is killed, blood breaks out upon the sword that he has left at home, and many a warrior’s wife may by this superstition have been made to tremble at the apparition of a few streaks of red rust.

It was a prettier fancy that prevailed among the monks of Corbei; the angel of death laid a lily on the seat of the brother who was to be next be taken. Such a monk would no doubt have been half or quite frightened to death if any one had put, secretly through malice, a lily in his chair. The magnates of the high church of Breslau translated this fancy—and spoilt it, as translators do spoil nearly everything: their token of death was not a lily, but a rose.

Sir Walter Scott has made us all familiar with White Ladies. The White Lady superstition was extremely prevalent, but not before the fifteenth century. It began, perhaps, with the story of the appearance of Melusina to the princes of the House of Lusignan. White Ladies appeared before the death of lords or princes only, or of members of their family; and often only before those deaths which were to cause the transfer of their lands to a new line of heirs. There was a famous White Lady attached to the House of Brandenburg. An Italian writer upon Judas Iscariot told of three great Italian houses, those of Torelli, Pio, and Gkaaga, in which a White Lady always appeared before the death, and occupied the room in which the body would afterwards be laid out. It was believed that this was the apparition of a former mistress of the house who had been falsely accused of infidelity, and had therefore been wrapped up in white linen and thrown out of an upper window.

As I find that my own flesh begins to creep, I shall be glad to change the topic. First, however, let me add a rational explanation that has been offered of the origin of the White Lady superstition. White used to be the colour in which noble ladies mourned. To say “the White Lady will soon be seen,” was to say that soon the lord of the house or one of the family would die. Thence by an easy corruption, the whole superstition might in time have come.

Farmers of old time did not grumble at the weather, but at the neighbour who had raised the weather. In the early times of the Romans that was so, and there is a pretty story on the subject, very familiar to all readers of Roman history. It will be more to our purpose to illustrate the strong working of such a superstitious fancy in much later times. Here is a story (how suggestive!) told by Bodinus, in his “Demonomania,” nearly at the end of the sixteenth century. He had it from the Admiral Coligny, who was a victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew: “A young man, in Poiton, was accused of the murder of two gentlemen. He confessed that he had been their servant, and seen how they strewed powder over the sown fields, with the words, ‘Curse light upon this fruit, upon this house, upon this neighbourhood.’ He then took the same powder, of which he had got possession, and threw it into the bedroom of these nobles, and so it followed that each of them was found dead in his bed. The judges thereupon pronounced the young man guiltless.

There were men who were supposed able to raise storms, and men able to defend against them. People who assumed the latter power were paid by the farmers, just as payment would now be made to a hail-insurance office; and “There are many,” said Archbishop Agobard, of Lyons, very bitterly, “many who never pay their tithes with a good will to the priest, and never give aims to the widow, the orphan, or to any other of the poor, however much they may be exorted so to do; yet these men will pay their fees to the storm-preventer with the utmost punctuality, and without any need of a reminder.”

“Again,” said Agobard, “most people are so foolish and thoughtless as to believe and declare that there is a land called Magonia, from which ships come sailing over the clouds to draw up cargoes of the fruit broken to the ground by storms or hail, and so take them home into that land, and they say that the people of these ships in the air are in alliance with storm-raisers who, for certain gifts, lift the fruit up to them.” Three men and a woman, Agobard said, he had himself saved from being stoned to death in a village to which they had come as strangers, because it was believed they had tumbled down in a storm out of the air ships. Very faint, in comparison with the idea of society thus given, is even a humorous exaggeration of our own dark side of life presented lately to the world by Mr. Leech. A happy Londoner enjoys the air in one of our politest mining districts.

Two of the natives eye him, and thus talk together: “Who’s him, Bill?” “A stranger.” “Eave ‘arf a brick at ‘im.”

In the sixteenth century, Godelmann wrote thus:—“In the year fifteen eighty, two witches were taken in Berlin, who had agreed together to make a storm and spoil the fine season. And these women had stolen a child from another woman who was their neighbour, and cut it in pieces to cook it. It happened, by the will of Heaven, that the mother seeking her child, came upon them and saw the little limbs of her lost infant in the kettle. Then when the women were both