MR. JAMES HARTHOUSE, "going in" for his adopted party, soon began to score. "With the aid of a little more coaching for the political sages, a little more genteel listlessness for the general society, and a tolerable management of the assumed honesty in dishonesty, most effective and most patronised of the polite deadly sins, he speedily came to be considered of much promise. The not being troubled with earnestness was a grand point in his favour, enabling him to take to the hard Fact fellows with as good a grace as if he had been born one of the tribe, and to throw all other tribes overboard, as conscious impostors.

"Whom none of us believe, my dear Mrs. Bounderby, and who do not believe themselves. The only difference between us and the professors of virtue or benevolence, or philanthropy—never mind the name—is, that we know it is all meaningless, and say so; while they know it equally and will never say so."

Why should she be shocked or warned by this reiteration? It was not so unlike her father's principles, and her early training, that it need startle her. Where was the great difference between the two schools, when each chained her down to material realities, and inspired her with no faith in anything else? What was there in her soul for James Harthouse to destroy, which Thomas Gradgrind had nurtured there in its state of innocence!

It was even the worse for her at this pass, that in her mind—implanted there before her eminently practical father began to form it—a struggling disposition to believe in a wider and higher humanity than she had ever heard of, constantly strove with doubts and resentments. With doubts, because the aspiration had been so laid waste in her youth. With resentments, because of the wrong that had been done her, if it were indeed a whisper of the truth. Upon a nature long accustomed to self-suppression, thus torn and divided, the Harthouse philosophy came as a relief and justification. Everything being hollow, and worthless, she had missed nothing and sacrificed nothing. What did it matter, she had said to her father, when he proposed her husband. What did it matter, she said still. With a scornful self-reliance, she asked herself, What did anything matter—and went on.

Towards what? Step by step, onward and downward, towards some end, yet so gradually that she believed herself to remain motionless. As to Mr. Harthouse, whether he tended, he neither considered nor cared. He had no particular design or plan before him; no energetic wickedness ruffled his lassitude. He was as much amused and interested, at present, as it became so fine a gentleman to be; perhaps even more than it would have been consistent with his reputation to confess. Soon after his arrival he languidly wrote to his brother, the honorable and jocular member, that the Bounderbys were "great fun"; and further, that the female Bounderby, instead of being the Gorgon he had expected, was young and remarkably pretty. After that, he wrote no more about them, and devoted his leisure chiefly to their house. He was very often in their house, in his sittings and visitings about the Coketown district; and was much encouraged by Mr. Bounderby. It was quite in Mr. Bounderby's gusty way to boast to all his world that he didn't care about your highly connected people, but that if his wife Tom Gradgrind's daughter did, she was welcome to their company.

Mr. James Harthouse began to think it would be a new sensation, if the face which changed so beautifully for the whelp, would change for him.

He was quick enough to observe; he had a good memory, and did not forget a word of the brother's revelations. He interwove them with everything he saw of the sister, and he began to understand her. To be sure, the better and profounder part of her character was not within his scope of perception; for in natures, as in seas, depth answers unto depth; but he soon began to read the rest with a student's eye.

Mr. Bounderby had taken possession of a house and grounds, about fifteen miles from the town, and accessible within a mile or two, by a railway striding on many arches over a wild country, undermined by deserted
It afforded Mr. Bounderby supreme satisfaction to install himself in this snug little estate, and with demonstrative humility to grow cabbages in the flower-garden. He delighted to live, barrack fashion, among the elegant furniture, and he bullied the very pictures with his origin. "Why, sir," he would say to a visitor, "I am told that Nickits, the late owner, gave seven hundred pound for that Sea-beach. Now, to be plain with you, if I ever, in the whole course of my life, see seven looks at it, at a hundred pound a look, it will be as much as I shall do. No, by George! I don't forget that I am Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. For years upon years, the only pictures in my possession, or that I could have got into my possession by any means, unless I stole 'em, were the engravings of a man shaving himself in a boot, on the blacking bottles that I was overjoyed to use in cleaning boots with, and that I sold when they were empty for a farthing a-piece, and glad to get it!"

Then he would address Mr. Harthouse in the same style.

"Hathouse, you have a couple of horses down here. Bring half a dozen more if you like, and we'll find room for 'em. There's stabling in this place for a dozen horses; and unless Nickits is belied, he kept the full number. A round dozen of 'em, sir. When that man was a boy, he went to Westminster School. Went to Westminster School as a King's Scholar, when I was principally living on garbage, and sleeping in market baskets. Why, if I wanted to keep a dozen horses—which I don't, for one's enough for me—I couldn't bear to see 'em in their stalls here, and think what my own lodging used to be. I couldn't look at 'em, sir, and not order 'em out. Yet so things come round. You see this place; you know what sort of a place it is; you are aware that there's not a completer place of its size in this kingdom or elsewhere—I don't care where—and here, got into the middle of it, like a maggot into a nut, is Josiah Bounderby. While Nickits (as a man came into my office, and told me yesterday), Nickits, who used to act in Latin,
length. You have done so much for him, you are so fond of him; your whole life, Mrs. Bounderby, expresses such charming self-forgetfulness on his account——pardon me again——I am running wide of the subject. I am interested in him for his own sake."

She had made the slightest action possible, as if she would have risen in a hurry and gone away. He had turned the course of what he said at that instant, and she remained.

"Mrs. Bounderby," he resumed, in a lighter manner, and yet with a show of effort in assuming it, which was more expressive than the manner he dismissed; "it is no irrevocable offence in a young fellow of your brother's years, if he is heedless, inconsiderate, and expensive—a little dissipated, in the common phrase. Is he?"

"Yes."

"Allow me to be frank. Do you think he games at all?"

"I think he makes bets." Mr. Harthouse, waiting, as if that were not her whole answer, she added, "I know he does."

"Of course he loses?"

"Yes."

"Everybody who bets. May I hint at the probability of your sometimes supplying him with money for these purposes?"

She sat, looking down; but, at this question, raised her eyes searchingly and a little resentfully.

"Acquit me of impertinent curiosity, my dear Mrs. Bounderby. I think Tom may be gradually falling into trouble, and I wish to stretch out a helping hand to him from the depths of my wicked experience. Shall I say again, for his sake? Is that necessary?"

She seemed to try to answer, but nothing came of it.

"Candidly to confess everything that has occurred to me," said James Harthouse, again gliding with the same appearance of effort into his more airy manner; "I will confide to you my doubt whether he has had many advantages. Whether—forgive my plainness—whether any great amount of confidence is involved, but I have kept these secrets until now, when I trust them to your honor. I have felt uneasy for the consequences of his being so involved, but I have kept these secrets until now, when I trust them to your honor. I have held no confidence with any one, because you anticipated my reason just now." She abruptly broke off.

He was a ready man, and he saw, as if she would have risen in a hurry and gone away. He had turned the course of what he said at that instant, and she remained.

"Mrs. Bounderby," said Harthouse, after a short silence, "may there be a better confidence between yourself and me? Tom has borrowed a considerable sum of you?"

"You will understand, Mr. Harthouse," she returned, after some indication; she had been more or less uncertain, and troubled throughout the conversation, and yet had in the main preserved her self-contained manner: "you will understand that if I tell you what you press to know, it is not by way of complaint or regret. I would never complain of anything, and what I have done I do not in the least regret."

"So spirited, too!" thought James Harthouse.

"When I married, I found that my brother was even at that time heavily in debt. Heavily for him, I mean. Heavily enough to oblige me to sell some trinkets. They were no sacrifice. I sold them very willingly. I attached no value to them. They were quite worthless to me."

Either she saw in his face that he knew, or she only feared in her conscience that he knew, that she spoke of some of her husband's gifts. She stopped, and reddened again. If he had not known it before, he would have known it then, though he had been a much duller man than he was.

"Since then, I have given my brother, at various times, what money I could spare: in short, what money I have had. Confiding in you at all, on the faith of the interest you profess for him, I will not do so by halves. Since you have been in the habit of visiting here, he has wanted in one sum as much as a hundred pounds. I have not been able to give it to him. I have felt uneasy for the consequences of his being so involved, but I have kept these secrets until now, when I trust them to your honor. I have held no confidence with any one, because you anticipated my reason just now." She abruptly broke off.

He was a ready man, and he saw, and seized, an opportunity here of presenting her own image to her, slightly disguised as her brother.

"Mrs. Bounderby, though a graceless person, of the world worldly, I feel the utmost interest, I assure you, in what you tell me. I cannot possibly be hard upon your brother. I understand and share the wise consideration with which you regard his errors. With all possible respect both for Mr. Gradgrind and for Mr. Bounderby, I think I perceive that he has not been fortunate in his training. Bred at a disadvantage towards the society in which he has his part to play, he rushes into these extremes for himself, from opposite extremes that have long been forced——with the very best intentions we have no doubt——upon him. Mrs. Bounderby's fine bluff English independence, though a most charming characteristic, does not—as we have agreed—invalidate confidence. If I might venture to remark that it is the least in the world deficient in that delicacy to which a youth mistaken, a character misconceived, and abilities misdirected, would turn for relief and guidance, I should express what it presents to my own view."

As she sat looking straight before her, across the changing lights upon the grass into the
As he seems to be loitering was startled when they came upon him while i my life."

"I am hard up, and bothered out of & touched—if there are such things as con- duced scale—and Tom sat down on a

"Oh! Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, with stood over him, with a foot upon the parapet, plucking buds and picking-

"Tom, what's the matter?"

"You alarm me, Mr. Harthouse. Pray let me know it."

"To relieve you from needless apprehen- sion—and as this confidence regarding your brother, which I prize I am sure above all possible things, has been established between us—I obey. I cannot forgive him for not being more sensible, in every word, look, and act of his life, of the affection of his best friend; of the devotion of his best friend; of her unself-

"You mean what girl's name?"

"Have you so proved it to be a failing of mine, Tom?" said Mr. Hart- house. "Don't believe him, Mrs. Bounderby. He knows much better. I shall disclose some of his opinions of you, privately expressed to me, unless he relents a little."

"At all events, Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, softening in his admiration of his patron, but shaking his head sullenly too, "you can't tell me, unless he relents a little!"

"All allowance," he continued, "must be made. I have one great fault to find with Tom, however, which I cannot forgive, and for which I take him heavily to account."}

Louisa turned her eyes to his face, and asked him what fault was that?

"Perhaps," he returned, "I have said enough. Perhaps it would have been better, on the whole, if no allusion to it had escaped me."

"You have a suspicious appearance of inscribing some fair creature's on the bark, Tom."

"Not much of that, Mr. Harthouse, unless some fair creature with a slashing fortune at her own disposal would take a fancy to me. Or she might be as ugly as she was rich, without any fear of losing me. I'd carve her name as often as she liked."

"I'm afraid you are mercenary, Tom."


"Have you so proved it to be a failing of mine, Tom?" said Louisa, showing no other sense of his discontent and ill-nature."

"You know whether the cap fits you, Lou," returned her brother sulkily. "If it does, you can wear it."

"Tom is misanthropical to day, as all bored people are, now and then," said Mr. Har- house. "Don't believe him, Mrs. Bounderby. He knows much better. I shall disclose some of his opinions of you, privately expressed to me, unless he relents a little."

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"My good fellow, so am I."

"You!" returned Tom. "You are the picture of independence. Mr. Harthouse, I am in a horrid mess. You have no idea what a state I have got myself into—what a state my sister might have got me out of, if she would only have done it."

He took to biting the rose-buds now, and tearing them away from his teeth with a hand that trembled like an infirm old man's. After one exceedingly observant look at him, his companion relapsed into his lightest air.

"Tom, you are inconsiderate: you expect too much of your sister. You have had money of her, you dog, you know you have."

"Well, Mr. Harthouse, I know I have. How else was I to get it? Here's Old Bounderby always boasting that at my age he lived upon two-pence a month, for something of that sort. Here's my father drawing what he calls a line, and tying me down to it from a baby, neck and heels. Here's my mother who never has anything of her own, except her complaints. What is a fellow to do for money, and where am I to look for it, if not to my sister?"

He was almost crying, and scattered the buds about by dozens. Mr. Harthouse took him persuasively by the coat.

"But, my dear Tom, if your sister has not got it—"

"Not got it, Mr. Harthouse? I don't say she has got it. I may have wanted more than she was likely to have got. But then she ought to get it. She could get it. It's of no use pretending to make a secret of matters now, after what I have told you already; you know she didn't marry old Bounderby for her own sake, or for his sake, but for my sake. Then why doesn't she get what I want, out of him, for my sake? She is not obliged to say what she is going to do. But I am very much obliged to you. Then why doesn't she get what I want, out of him, for my sake?"

There was a piece of ornamental water immediately below the parapet, on the other side, into which Mr. James Harthouse had a very strong inclination to pitch Mr. Thomas Bounderby Junior, as the injured men of Coketown threatened to pitch their property immediately below the parapet, on the other side, into which Mr. James Harthouse had a very strong inclination to pitch Mr. Thomas Bounderby Junior, as the injured men of Coketown threatened to pitch their property into the Atlantic. But he preserved his easy attitude; and nothing more solid went over the stony balustrades than the accumulated rosebuds now floating about, a little surface-lake.

"My dear Tom," said Harthouse, "let me try to be your banker."

"For God's sake," replied Tom, suddenly, "don't talk about bankers!" And very white he looked, in contrast with the roses.

Mr. Harthouse, as a thoroughly well bred man, accustomed to the best society, was not to be surprised—he could as soon have been affected—but he raised his eyelids a little more, as if they were lifted by a feeble touch of wonder. Albeit it was as much against the precepts of his school to wonder, as it was against the doctrines of the Gradgrind College.

"What is the present need, Tom? Three figures! Out with them. Say what they are."

"Mr. Harthouse," returned Tom, now actually crying; and his tears were better than his injuries, however pitiful a figure he made; "it's too late; the money is of no use to me at present. I should have had it before, to be of use to me. But I am very much obliged to you, you're a true friend."

A true friend! "Whelp, whelp!" thought Mr. Harthouse, lazily; "what an Ass you are!"

"And I take your offer as a great kindness," said Tom, grasping his hand. "As a great kindness, Mr. Harthouse."

"Well," returned the other, "it may be of more use by and by. And, my good fellow, if you will open your bedevilsments to me when they come thick upon you, I may show you better ways out of them than you can find for yourself."

"Thank you," said Tom, shaking his head dismayingly, and chewing rosebuds. "I wish I had known you sooner, Mr. Harthouse."

"Now, you see, Tom," said Mr. Harthouse in conclusion; himself tossing over a rose or two, as a contribution to the island, which was always drifting to the wall as if it wanted to become a part of the mainland, "every man is selfish in everything he does, and I am exactly like the rest of my fellow creatures. I am desperately intent;" the languor of his desperation being quite tropical; "on your softening towards your sister—which you ought to do; and on your being a more loving and agreeable sort of brother—which you ought to be."

"I will be, Mr. Harthouse."

"No time like the present, Tom. Begin at once."

"Certainly I will. And my sister Loo shall say so."

"Having made which bargain, Tom," said Harthouse, clapping him on the shoulder again, with an air which left him at liberty to infer—as he did, poor fool—that this condition was imposed upon him in mere careless good nature, to lessen his sense of obligation, "we will tear ourselves asunder until dinner-time."

When Tom appeared before dinner, though his mind seemed heavy enough, his body was on the alert; and he appeared before Mr. Bounderby came in. "I didn't mean to be cross, Loo," he said, giving her his hand, and kissing her. "I know you are fond of me, and you know I am fond of you."
After this, there was a smile upon Louisa's face that day, for some one else. Alas, for some one else!

"So much the less is the whelp the only creature that she cares for," thought James Harthouse, reversing the reflection of his first day's knowledge of her pretty face. "So much the less, so much the less."

**FRENCH DOMESTICITY.**

A Frenchwoman's characteristics are generally that she is unexceptionally shod; that she wears inimitable gloves; that she has a toilette of two colours only, with a distracting way of wearing a shawl; that her manners are bewitching; full of small graces and delicately-shaded coquetteries, but never wanting in the nicest appreciation of external proprieties, to which her flirtations are always subordinate; that she has a marvellous facility of walking clean through the dirty streets of Paris, and as marvellous a knack of holding up her skirts with one hand over her left hip (I have seen many Englishwomen try to imitate this, but I never saw one succeed); that she has a supernatural preservation of youth, and a bewildering habit of mistaking her friend's husband for her own. These are her popular characteristics, and few people allow her any other; but those who know her well, know that other thoughts besides dress and flirting. We follow her into a by-street, and into another by-street, a third, and a fourth—perhaps to the Quartier du Rue, perhaps to Chaillot, or just in the contrary direction, to the Marais, or to Bercy. She stops at the porter's lodge to take her key, and apeak a few words pleasantly to the porter: in all probability more than a smile. "So much the less is the whelp the only creature that she cares for," thought James Harthouse, reversing the reflection of his first day's knowledge of her pretty face. "So much the less, so much the less."

Our friend shrugs her shoulders, and into another by-street, a third, and a fourth—perhaps to the Quartier du Rue, perhaps to Chaillot, or just in the contrary direction, to the Marais, or to Bercy. She stops at the porter's lodge to take her key, and speak a few words pleasantly to the porter: in all probability more than a smile. "So much the less is the whelp the only creature that she cares for," thought James Harthouse, reversing the reflection of his first day's knowledge of her pretty face. "So much the less, so much the less."

Has the concierge a smile, or is she their neighbor? The honest one with fixed bayonets, to the house of the commissioner, opposite: or that Madame Une-telle has gone out in a petit coupé with Monsieur Un-tel; and, Mon Dieu!—but all those people are blind. Our friend shrugs her shoulders in virtuous indignation, and, mindful of a possible future, calls the concierge Monsieur or Madame with praiseworthy perseverance; for she pays respect to every one. In France the rendering, in England the exacting, of respect, marks the true blood, in rather diverse manners. She
The next morning was too bright a morning for sleep, and James Harthouse rose early, and sat in the pleasant bay window of his dressing-room, smoking the rare tobacco that had had so wholesome an influence on his young friend. Reposing in the sunlight, with the fragrance of his eastern pipe about him, and the dreamy smoke vanishing into the air, so rich and soft with summer odors, he reckoned up his advantages as an idle winner might count his gains. He was not at all bored for the time, and could give his mind to it.

He had established a confidence with her, from which her husband was excluded. He had established a confidence with her, that absolutely turned upon her indifference towards her husband, and the absence, now and at all times, of any congeniality between them. He had artfully, but plainly assured her, that he knew her heart in its last most delicate recesses; he had come so near to her through its tenderest sentiment; he had associated himself with that feeling; and the barrier behind which she lived, had melted away. All very odd, and very satisfactory! And yet he had not, even now, any earnest wickedness of purpose in him. Publicly and privately, it were much better for the age in which he lived, that he and the legion of whom he was one were designedly bad, than indifferent and purposeless. It is the drifting icebergs setting with any current anywhere, that wreck the ships.

So, James Harthouse reclined in the window, indolently smoking, and reckoning up the steps he had taken on the road by which he happened to be travelling. The end to which it led was before him, pretty plainly; but he troubled himself with no calculations about it. What will be, will be.

As he had rather a long ride to take that day—for there was a public occasion “to do” at some distance, which afforded a tolerable opportunity of going in for the Gradgrind men—he dressed early, and went down to breakfast. He was anxious to see if she had relapsed since the previous evening. No. He resumed where he had left off. There was a look of interest for him again.

He got through the day as much (or as little) to his own satisfaction, as was to be expected under the fatiguing circumstances; and came riding back at six o’clock. There was a sweep of some half mile between the lodge and the house, and he was riding along at a foot pace over the smooth gravel, once Nickits’s, when Mr. Bounderby burst out of the shrubbery with such violence as to make his horse shy across the road.

"Horthouse!" cried Mr. Bounderby.
"Have you heard?"
"Heard what?" said Harthouse, soothing his horse, and inwardly favoring Mr. Bounderby with no good wishes.
"Then you haven’t heard!"
"I have heard you, and so has this brute. I have heard nothing else."

Mr. Bounderby, red and hot, planted himself in the centre of the path before the horse’s head, to explode his bombshell with more effect.
"The Bank’s robbed!"
"You don’t mean it!"
"Hobbed last night, sir. Robbed in an extraordinary manner. Robbed with a false key."
"Of much?"

Mr. Bounderby, in his desire to make the most of it, really seemed mortified by being obliged to reply, "Why, no; not of very much. But it might have been.”
"Of how much?"
"Oh! as a sum—if you stick to a sum—of not more than a hundred and fifty pound,” said Bounderby, with impatience. "But it’s not the sum; it’s the fact. It’s the fact of the Bank being robbed, that’s the important circumstance. I am surprised you don’t see it."
"My dear Bounderby,” said James, dis-
mounting, and giving his bridle to his servant,
"I do see it; and am us overcome as you can
possibly desire me to be, by the spectacle
afforded to my mental view. Nevertheless,
I may be allowed, I hope, to congratulate you
—which I do with all my soul, I assure you
—on your not having sustained a greater
loss."

"Thank'ee," replied Bounderby, in a short,
ungracious manner. "But I tell you what. It
might have been twenty thousand
pound."

"I suppose it might."

"Suppose it might? By the Lord, you
may suppose so. By George!" said Mr.
Bounderby, with sundry menacing nods and
shakes of his head, "It might have been
twice twenty. There's no knowing what it
would have been, or wouldn't have been, as
it was, but for the fellows' being disturbed."

Louisa had come up now, and Mrs. Sparsit,
and Bitzer.

"Here's Tom Gradgrind's daughter knows
pretty well what it might have been, if you
don't;" blustered Bounderby. "Dropped, sir,
as if she was shot, when I told her! Never
knew her do such a thing before. Does her
credit, under the circumstances, in my
opinion?"

She still looked faint and pale. James
Harthouse begged her to take his arm; and
as they moved on very slowly, asked how the
robbery had been committed.

"Why, I am going to tell you," said
Bounderby, irritably giving his arm to Mrs.
Sparsit. "If you hadn't been so mighty
particular about the sum, I should have
told you before. You know this lady (for she
begun to tell you before. You know this
instance last given of Mr. Bounderby's
moral abstinence.

"A hundred and fifty odd pound," resumed
Mr. Bounderby. "That sum of money, young
Tom locked in his safe; not a very strong
safe, but that's no matter now. Everything
was left, all right. Some time in the night,
while this young fellow snored—Mrs. Sparsit,
ma'am, you say you have heard him snore?"

"Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I cannot
say that I have heard him precisely snore, and
therefore must not make that statement.
But on winter evenings, when he has fallen
asleep at his table, I have heard him, what I
should prefer to describe as partially choke.
I have heard him on such occasions produce
sounds of a nature similar to what may be
sometimes heard in Dutch clocks. Not,"
said Mrs. Sparsit, with a lofty sense of giving
strict evidence, "that I would convey any
imputation on his moral character. Far from
it. I have always considered Bitzer a young
man of the most upright principle; and to
that I beg to bear my testimony."

"Well!" said the exasperated Bounderby,
"while he was snoring, or choking, or Dutch-
clocking, or something or other—being asleep
—some fellows, somehow, whether previously
concealed in the house or not remains to be
seen, got to young Tom's safe, forced it, and
abstracted the contents. Being then dis-
turbed, they made off; letting themselves out
(at the main door, and double-locking it again
(it was double-locked, and the key under
Mrs. Sparsit's pillow) with a false key, which
was picked up in the street near the Bank,
about twelve o'clock to-day. No alarm takes
place, till this chap, Bitzer, turns out this
morning and begins to open and prepare the
offices for business. Then, looking at Tom's
safe, he sees the door ajar, and finds the lock
forced, and the money gone."

"Where is Tom, by the by?" asked Hart-
house, glancing round.

"He has been helping the police," said
Bounderby, "and stays behind at the Bank. I
wish these fellows had tried to rob me
when I was at his time of life. They would
have been out of pocket, if they had invested
eighteenpence in the job; I can tell 'em
that."

"Is anybody suspected?"

"Suspected? I should think there was
somebody suspected. Egad!" said Bounderby,
relinquishing Mrs. Sparsit's arm to wipe his
heated head, "Josiah Bounderby of Coke-
town is not to be plundered and nobody
suspected. No, thank you!"

Might Mr. Harthouse inquire Who was
suspected?"

"Well," said Bounderby, stopping and
facing about to confront them all, "I'll tell
you. It's not to be mentioned everywhere;
it's not to be mentioned anywhere; in order
that the scoundrels concerned (there's a gang
of 'em) may be thrown off their guard. So
independence a man of the most upright
principle; and to
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Mr. Bounderby wiped his head again. "What should you say to?" here he violently exploded; "to a Hand being in it?"

"I hope," said Harthouse, lazily, "not our friend Blackpot!"

"Say Pool instead of Pot, sir," returned Bounderby, "and that's the man."

Louisa faintly uttered some word of incredulity and surprise.

"Yes, I know!" said Bounderby, immediately catching at the sound. "I know! I am used to that. I know all about it. They are the finest people in the world, these fellows are. They have got the gift of the gab, they have. They only want to have their rights explained to them, they do. But I tell you what, Show me a dissatisfied Hand and I'll show you a man that's fit for anything bad, I don't care what it is."

Another of the popular fictions of Coketown, which some pains had been taken to disseminate—and which some people really believed.

"But I am acquainted with these chaps," said Bounderby. "I can read 'em off, like books. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I appeal to you. What warning did I give that fellow, the first time he set foot in the house, when the express object of his visit was to know how he could knock Religion over, and floor the Established Church? Mrs. Sparsit, in point of high connexions, you are on a level with the aristocracy,—did I say, or did I not say, to that fellow, 'you can't hide the truth from me; you are not the kind of fellow I like; you'll come to no good.'"

"Assuredly, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "you did, in a highly impressive manner, give him such an admonition."

"When he shocked you, ma'am," said Bounderby; "when he shocked your feelings?"

"Yes, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a meek shake of her head, "he certainly did so. Though I do not mean to say but that my feelings may be weaker on such points—more foolish, if the term is preferred—than they might have been, if I had always occupied my present position."

Mr. Bounderby stared with a bursting pride at Mr. Harthouse, as much as to say, "I am the proprietor of this female, and she's worth your attention, I think?" Then, resumed his discourse.

"You can recall for yourself, Harthouse, what I said to him when you saw him. I didn't mince the matter with him. I am never mealy with 'em. I know 'em. Very well, sir. Three days after that, he bolted. Went off, nobody knows where: as my mother did in my infancy—only with this difference, that he is a worse subject than my mother, if possible. What did he do before he went? What do you say?" Mr. Bounderby, with his hat in his hand, gave a beat upon the crown at every little division of his sentences, as if it were a tambourine; "to his being seen—night after night—watching the Bank?—To his lurking about there—after dark?—To its striking Mrs. Sparsit—that he could be lurking for no good—To her calling Bitzer's attention to him, and their both taking notice of him—and to its appearing on inquiry to-day—that he was also noticed by the neighbours?" Having come to the climax, Mr. Bounderby like an oriental dancer, put his tambourine on his head.

"Suspicious," said James Harthouse, "certainly."

"I think so, sir," said Bounderby, with a defiant nod. "I think so. But there are more of 'em in it. There's an old woman. One never hears of these things till the mischiefs done; all sorts of defects are found out in the stable door after the horse is stolen; there's an old woman turns up now. An old woman who seems to have been flying into town on a broomstick, every now and then. She watches the place a whole day before this fellow begins, and, on the night when you saw him, she steals away with him and holds a council with him—I suppose, to make her report on going off duty, and be damned to her."

"There was such a person in the room that night, and she shrank from observation, thought Louisa."

"This is not all of 'em, even as we already know 'em," said Bounderby, with many nods of hidden meaning. "But I have said enough for the present. You'll have the goodness to keep it quiet, and mention it to no one. It may take time, but we shall have 'em. It's policy to give 'em line enough, and there's no objection to that."

"Of course, they will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law, as notice-boards observe," replied James Harthouse, "and serve them right. Fellows who go in for Banks must take the consequences. If there were no consequences, we should all go in for Banks. He had gently taken Louisa's parasol from her hand, and had put it up for her; and she walked under its shade, though the sun did not shine there."

"For the present, Loo Bounderby," said her husband, "here's Mrs. Sparsit to look after. Mrs. Sparsit's nerves have been acted upon by this business, and she'll stay here a day or two. So, make her comfortable."

"Thank you very much, sir," that discreet lady observed, "but pray do not let My comfort be a consideration. Anything will do for Me."

It soon appeared that if Mrs. Sparsit had a failing in her association with that domestic establishment, it was that she was so excessively regardless of herself and regardful of others, as to be a nuisance. On being shown her chamber, she was so dreadfully sensible of its comforts as to suggest the inference that she would have preferred to pass the night on the mangle in the laundry. True, the Powlers and the Scadgerses were accus-
tomed to splendor, "but it is my duty to remember." Mrs. Sparsit was fond of observing with a lofty grace: particularly when any of the domestics were present, "that what I was, I am no longer. Indeed," she said, "if I could altogether cancel the remembrance that Mr. Sparsit was a Powler, or that I myself am related to the Scadgers family; or if I could even revoke the fact, and make myself a person of common descent and ordinary connexions; I would gladly do so. I should think it, under existing circumstances, right to do so." The same Hermitical state of mind led to her renunciation of made dishes and wines at dinner, until fairly commanded by Mr. Bounderby to take them; when she said, "Indeed you are very good, sir;" and departed from a resolution of which she had made rather formal and public announcement, to "wait for the simple mutton." She was likewise deeply apologetic for wanting the salt; and, feeling amably bound to bear out Mr. Bounderby to the fullest extent in the testimony he had betrayed into these evidences of emotion, she "poor Yorick!" After allowing herself to shake her head, as who should say, "Alas periods a tear of large dimensions, like a crystal ear-ring, might be observed (or rather, must be, for it insisted on public notice) sliding down her Roman nose.

But Mrs. Sparsit's greatest point, first and last, was her determination to pity Mr. Bounderby. There were occasions when in looking at him she was involuntarily moved to shake her head, as who should say, "Alas poor Yorick!" After allowing herself to be betrayed into these evidences of emotion, she would force a lambent brightness, and would appear to hail it as a blessed dispensation that Mr. Bounderby bore up as thing tender, though he could not, for his life, have still good spirits, sir, I am thankful to have mentioned what it was. "If I could altogether cancel the remembrance that I myself am related to the Scadgers descent and ordinary connexions; I would am aware that you am no longer. Indeed," said she, "I am no longer. Indeed," said she, "I am no longer.

When the time drew near for retiring, Mr. Bounderby took a glass of water. "Oh, sir!" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Not your sherry warm, with lemon-peel and nutmeg?" "Why, I have got out of the habit of taking it now, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby. "It's not myself, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I am fearful of Miss Gradgrind's taking cold." "She never takes cold," said Mr. Bounderby. "Really, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit. And was affected with a cough in her throat.

When the time drew near for retiring, Mr. Bounderby took a glass of water. "Oh, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Not your sherry warm, with lemon-peel and nutmeg?" "Why, I have got out of the habit of taking it now, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby. "The more's the pity, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "you are losing all your good old habits. Cheer up, sir! If Miss Gradgrind will permit me, I will offer to make it for you, as I have often done."

Miss Gradgrind readily permitting Mrs. Sparsit to do anything she pleased, that considerate lady made the beverage, and handed it to Mr. Bounderby. "It will do you good, sir. It will warm your heart. It is the sort of thing you want, and ought to take, sir." And when Mr. Bounderby said, "Your health, ma'am!" she answered with great feeling, "Thank you, sir. The same to you, and happiness also." Finally, she wished him good night, with great pathos; and Mr. Bounderby went to bed, with a maudlin persuasion that he had been crossed in something tender, though he could not, for his life have mentioned what it was.

Long after Louisa had undressed and lain down, she watched and waited for her
brother's coming home. That could hardly be, she knew, until an hour past midnight; but in the country silence, which did anything but calm the trouble of her thoughts, time lagged wearily. At last, when the darkness and stillness had seemed for hours to thicken one another, she heard the bell at the gate. She felt as though she would have been glad that it rang on until daylight; but it ceased, and the circles of its last sound spread out fainter and wider in the air, and all was dead again.

She waited yet some quarter of an hour, as she judged. Then she arose, put on a loose robe, and went out of her room in the dark, and up the staircase to her brother's room. His door being shut, she softly opened it and spoke to him, approaching his bed with a noiseless step.

She kneeled down beside it, passed her arm over his neck, and drew his face to hers. She knew that he only feigned to be asleep, but she said nothing to him.

He started by and by as if he were just then awakened, and asked who that was, and what was the matter?

"Tom, have you anything to tell me? If ever you loved me in your life, and have anything concealed from every one besides, tell it to me."

"I don't know what you mean, Loo. You have been dreaming."

"My dear brother:" she laid her head down on his pillow, and her hair flowed over him as if she would hide him from every one but herself: "is there nothing that you have to tell me? Is there nothing you can tell me, if you will. You can tell me nothing that will change me. O Tom, tell me the truth!"

"I don't know what you mean, Loo."

"As you lie here alone, my dear, in the melancholy night, so you must lie somewhere one night, when even I, if I am living then, shall have left you. As I am here beside you, barefoot, unclothed, undistinguishable in darkness, so must I lie through all the night of melancholy night, so you must lie somewhere.

"Tom, have you anything to tell me? Whisper very softly. Say only 'yes,' and I shall understand you!"

She turned her ear to his lips, but he remained doggedly silent.

"Not a word, Tom?"

"How can I say Yes, or how can I say No, when I don't know what you mean? Loo, you are a brave, kind girl, worthy I begin to think of a better brother than I am. But I have nothing more to say. Go to bed, go to bed."
Kissing her again, he turned round, drew the coverlet over his head, and lay as still as if that time had come by which she had adjured him. She stood for some time at the bedside before she slowly moved away. She stopped at the door, looked back when she had opened it, and asked him if he had called her? But he lay still, and she softly closed the door and returned to her room.

Then the wretched boy looked cautiously up and found her gone, crept out of bed, fastened his door, and threw himself upon his pillow again; tearing his hair, morosely fastened his door, and threw himself upon his pillow again; tearing his hair, morosely.

But before she slowly moved away. She stopped at the door, looked back when she had opened it, and asked him if he had called her. She stood for some time at the bedside if that time had come by which she had adjured him. She stood for some time at the bedside before she slowly moved away. She stopped at the door, looked back when she had opened it, and asked him if he had called her? But he lay still, and she softly closed the door and returned to her room.

THE LEARNED SAILOR.

Once upon a time it was the ne'er-do-well of any family who went to sea, and he went out under the impression that he would not do very well, even if he should rise among Frenchmen, Spanish among Spaniards, that will produce merchant officers looking into the decaying race of skippers to the age of a cab-driver able to guide his horse from Peckham to the Bank. Now, however, times, if they are not much changed, are changing, and the advance from barber-surgery to an age producing Jenners and John Hunters, was not greater than the advance will be from the decaying race of skippers to the age that will produce merchant officers looking upon their profession as a learned one, and ranking with the best class in the aristocracy of intellect.

That the youngest who goes to sea shall ever be considered by his friends really to have embraced one of the learned professions may seem a remarkably foolish expectation. Time will show. Medicine was once a calling exercised only by slaves, who had no reason to anticipate its present dignity. But a boy, it will be said, goes to his ship while very young, and afterwards has little time for study. For book-study, perhaps. Yet, inasmuch as book-learning consists largely of intelligence received by hearsay from all quarters of the world, he may be no bad scholar whose work carries him about the world, and who is qualified to observe those things for himself in nature which are by others only seen in print. As one may learn French among Frenchmen, Spanish among Spaniards, almost without opening a dictionary, so may a sailor, who is always seeing that about which shore-going philosophers can only read and write, become, with a right use of his time and opportunities, ten times more truly learned than a landsman,—and that, too, perhaps, by help of but a tenth part of the landsman's literary toil. A certain quantity of book-work is of course essential, as the means by which a sailor becomes qualified to understand what he sees, knows what to look for, and how to observe. The learned sailor will not be in a condition to dispense with books; we only contend that he can become learned without more reading than his mode of life will readily permit.

And there will hereafter be great need that the merchant officer should be, in the broad and true sense of the word,—by which we steadily abide,—a learned man. The same change is coming over the profession of the sailor that has come over other professions long ago. Its means and appliances are enlarging. Knowledge has increased enough to make it evident that an investigation of many secrets, and an application of many known principles of nature, are more and more becoming necessary for its perfect practice. The sailor in a hurricane now uses, or ought to use, his knowledge of the theory of storms, and saves his vessel from distress or loss easily enough by help of a little of his learning. The sailor on a voyage—observes winds and currents; and, thanks to a subtle comprehension of what we may call the internal anatomy of the seas traversed by his vessel,—such, for example, as may be found broadly displayed in Lieutenant Marry's Wind and Current Charts, and his Sailing Directions—he makes clipping voyages, that bless the man of trade with quick returns, and bless the world through the increased vitality of commerce. Nearly a thousand merchant captains now leave the American ports freighted with results of the latest investigations, and at the same time instructed how to investigate, so that fresh information may be stored. Their voyages to California are, through such knowledge, shortened by a third; and the seamen who are competent to take notes, sailing abroad in all directions, have determined accurately the limits within which sperm-whales and other whales are found, to the great help of the whale-fishery; have discovered a system of southwardly monsoons in the equatorial regions of the Atlantic, and on the west coast of America; have determined a vibratory motion of the trade-wind zones, with their belts of calms and their limits for every month of the year; have added greatly to the distinctness of our knowledge on the subject of the Gulf Stream; have discovered the existence of currents nearly as remarkable in the Indian Ocean, on the coast of China, and on the north-western coast of America, besides storing up other knowledge, all in the most direct way conducive to the