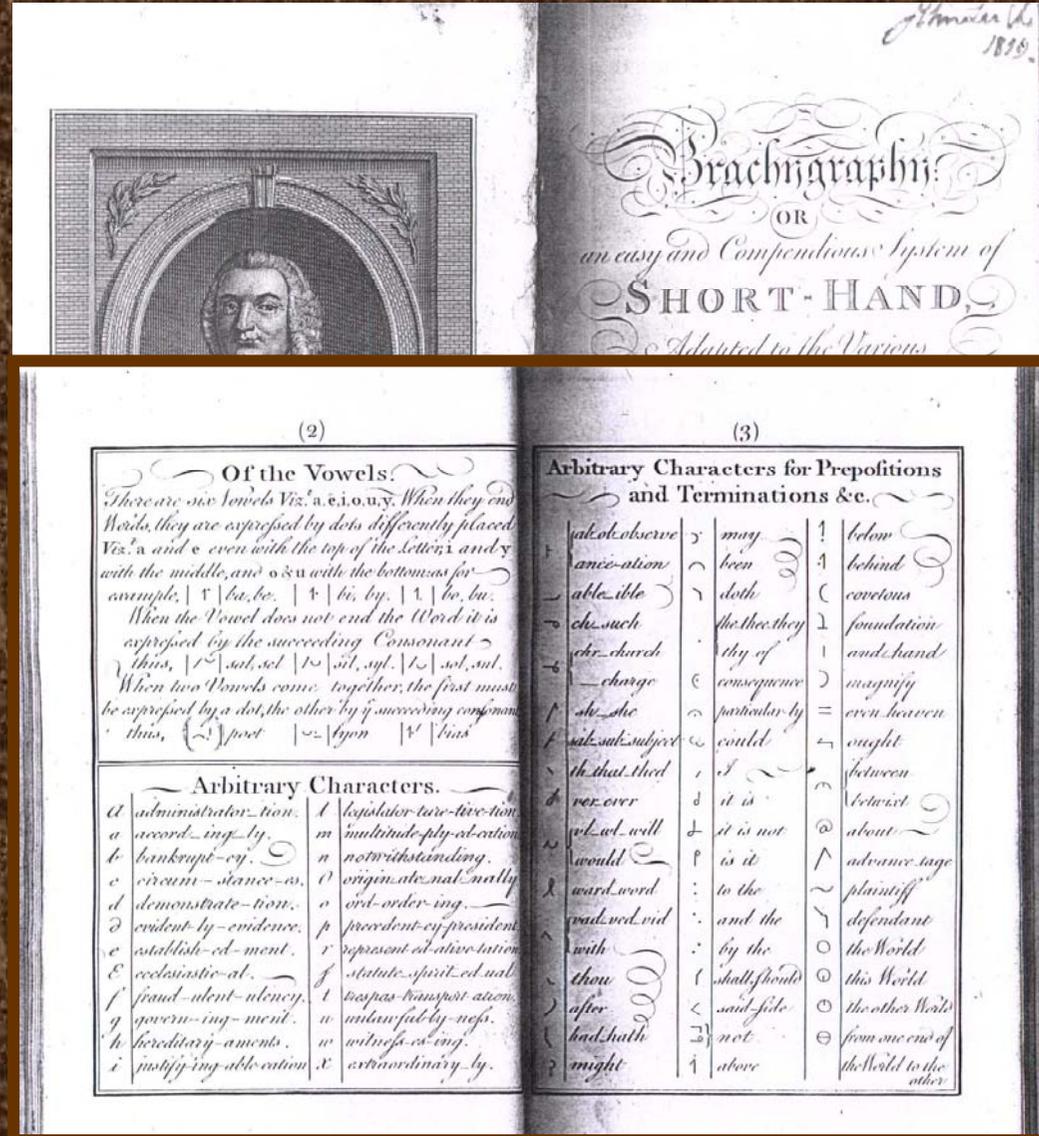
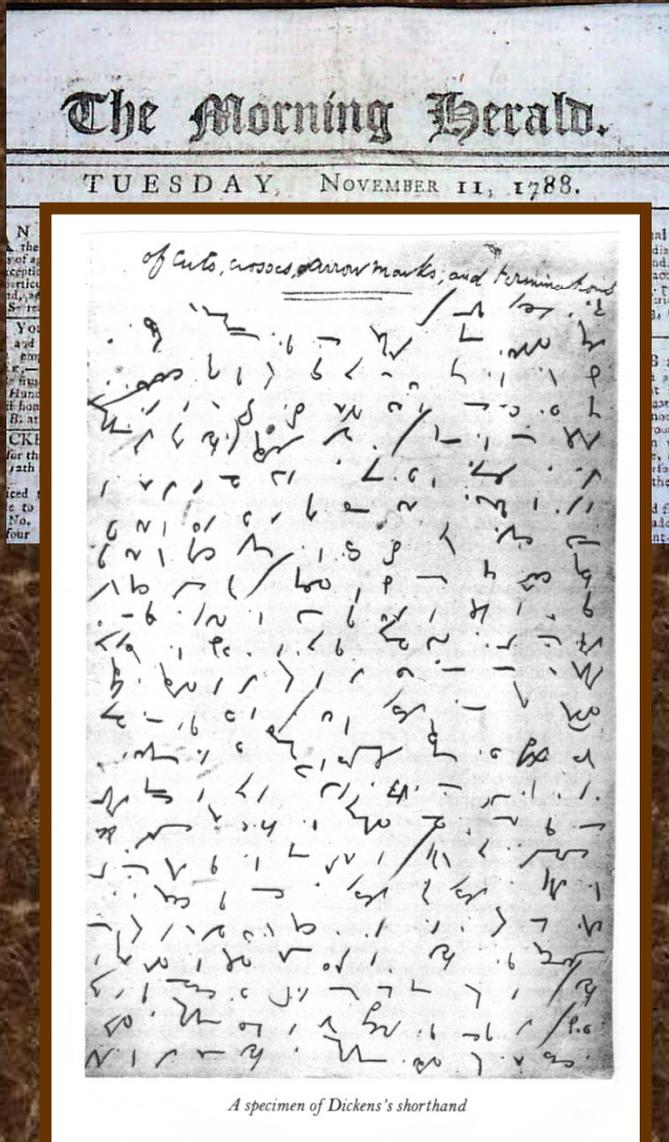
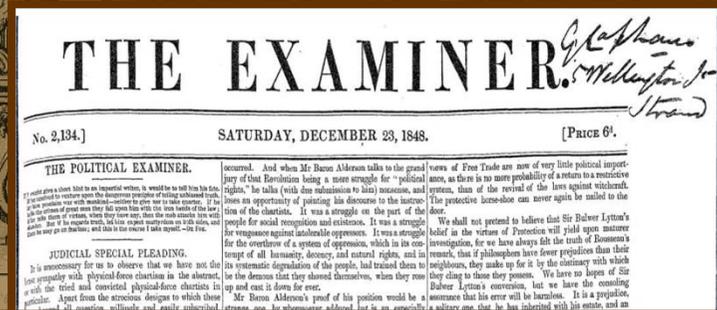
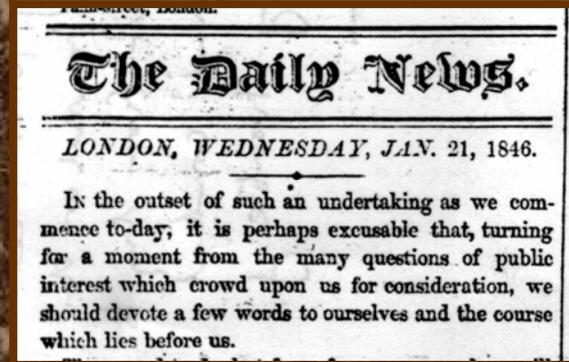
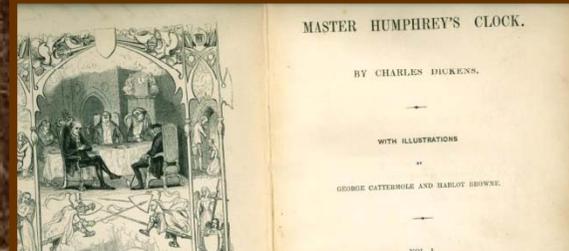
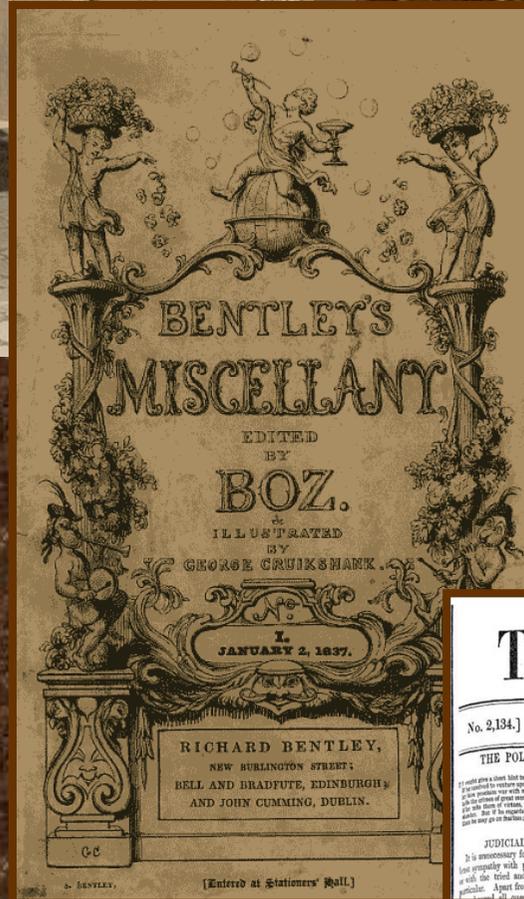


"I am a despot in nature, that is perfectly true; and every strong willed man is a natural despot; but a despot is not always a tyrant, nor am I one. I cannot help feeling strongly; my constitution was given to me by my Maker. I cannot help my tendency to prefer my own views to other people's. I have acquired all I know amidst suffering and privation, ... A self educated man is always strongly opinionated – for he feels he owes his mental superiority to no other man's teaching. Such a man is ever jealous of other people's control – and is never likely to seek fetters for his opinion."
(Thomas Cooper, *Leicestershire Mercury*, 1842)

Charles Dickens's Weekly Magazines (1850-70) and the 'business of leisure'



Charles Dickens's apprenticeship in journalism



‘Conducted by Charles Dickens’

“Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.”—*GRANDBRAND*

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 1101. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854. [Price 6d.]

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

“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 may 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 warden was a plain, bare, monotonous-walt of a school-keeper, and the speaker's square forehead emphasized his observations by underlining every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious enlargements 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 fire to keep the wind from his 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—may, his very neckcloth, tried to take him by the throat with an unconcommodating grasp like a straborn 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 lined plans 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 fact 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—precisely 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 conventional 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 in his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, submitting the words “boys and girls,” for “sir,” Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little platoon before him, who were to be filled as full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the rostrum before mentioned, he seemed a 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 glistening apparatus, too, charged with a grim, mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be scorched away.

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

“Sissy Jope, sir,” explained number twenty, looking, 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 call Cecilia Jope. Let me see. What is your father's name?”

“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

WORDS. [Conducted by Charles Dickens.] THE BIRTH AND

... together on paper, so we put sounds tog



“THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR.”—*GRANDBRAND*

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 1011. SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1851. [Price 6d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was not very long ago that I had been to the country on Mrs. Havisham's side of town—which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow—thinking about my progress, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to return her double love, and the sunbeam into the dark room, set the clocks a going, and she said herself a shining, one down the cobble, destroy the terms—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its several red brick walls, blacked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendrils, as if with silvery old arms, had made up such attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the incarnation of it, and the heart of it, of course. But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my loyal life and character had been all powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, yield her with any attributes save those she possessed.

“Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia.”

“One day is as like another here,” he replied, according to my expectation, the conventional notion of a lover cannot be always true. The unworldly truth is, that when I loved her—when I loved her with the love of a man, I loved her because I found her irresistible. Once for all, I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against joy, against all discouragement that could be. Once for all, I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me, than if I had devotedly loved her to hellman perfection.

I so obeyed out my walk, as to arrive at the gate at my old time. When I had rung at the

bell with an unsteady hand, I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side door open and steps come across the court-yard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more instantly than, to find myself confronted by a man in a sober grey dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

“Owick!”

“Ah, young master, there's more change than yours. But come in, come in. It's opposed to my orders to hold the gate open.”

I started and he swung it, and looked it, and took the key out. “You!” said he, facing round, do as the cobble, destroy the terms—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its several red brick walls, blacked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendrils, as if with silvery old arms, had made up such attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the incarnation of it, and the heart of it, of course. But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my loyal life and character had been all powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, yield her with any attributes save those she possessed.

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CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE' AND 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

∞ Formats and 'hybrids' ∞

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—*the proverb.*

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 210. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854. [Price 2d.]

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER V.

"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 forehead emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line of the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square jaw of a forehead, which had the appearance of the lower part of a school-room, and the speaker's eyes found commodious lodgings 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 sides of his bald head, a plantation of fire to keep the wind from his shining ears, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp like a scold's fist, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

"In this line, we was brought out Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the three green sashes present, all looked at him, 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 facts and calculations. A

Vol. II.

ONE BI

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, AND CHIMNEY-PIECES.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS.

FENDERS, STOVES, RANGE, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, AND GENERAL IRONMONGERY.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S General Furnishing Ironmongery Catalogue

ILLUSTRATED

REAL AND SO

"JOHN P. KING."

publish on the preceding page an engraving in illustration of the new Chatteater steamship *King*, which made her trial-trip last Monday. She was lying at her wharf, Pier 4, North River, when she took fire at about 8 A.M. on 18th of the famous sea; burst through the deck, and was irretrievably. As she was endangering ob- taining she was towed into the stream and off the Battery in about water. She was being towed by the *Spotted & Tilted*; cost \$75,000, and was insured for \$75,000. Her tonnage measurement was 1300 tons. She was expressly for the passenger trade between New York and Charleston. Rumor asserts that she had carried a Palmetto flag.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Illustrated by John McLennan.

CHAPTER IX.

When I reached home my sister was very glad to know all about Miss Havisham's and a number of questions. And I soon found getting heavily bumped in the nose of the small of the back, and having indignantly shoved against the knickerbocker because I did not answer these questions to my length.

Instead of not being understood he hidden means of other young people to my liking.

"I'll give you a whole" returned Mrs. Toad. "I presented for their consideration that I escaped."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Will be concluded in the Number for Saturday, 10th of August.

On SATURDAY, 10th AUGUST, WILL BE COMMENCED (TO BE COMPLETED IN SIX MONTHS) A STRANGE STORY, THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

...and by that means getting the letter of it. "There's one thing you may be sure of, Pip," said Joe, after some reflection, "namely, that he ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same. Don't you tell me more of em, Pip. That ain't the way to get out of being common, old chap. And as to being common, I don't make it out at all clear. You are common in some things. You're uncommon small. Likewise you're an uncommon scholar."

"No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe."

"Why, see what a letter you wrote last night. Wrote in print even! I've seen letters—Ah! and from genteefolks!—that I'll swear weren't wrote in print," said Joe.

"I have learned next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

"Well, Pip," said Joe, "be it so or be it not, you must be a common scholar afore you can be an uncommon one, I should hope! The king upon his throne, with his crown upon his ed, can't sit and write his acts of Parliament in print without having begun, when he were a unpromoted France, with the alphabet—Ah!" added Joe, with a shake of the head that was full of meaning, "and begun at A, too, and worked his way to Z. And I know what that is to do, though I can't say I've done it."

There was some hope in this piece of wisdom, and it rather encouraged me.

"Whether common ones as to callings and earnings," pursued Joe, reflectively, "mightn't be the better of continuing fur to keep company with common ones, instead of going out to play with uncommon ones—which reminds me to hope that there were a flag perhaps?"

"No, Joe."

"(I'm sorry there weren't a flag, Pip.) Whether that might be or mightn't be, is a thing I can't be looked into now, without putting you sister on the Rampage; and that's a thing to be thought of as being done intentionally looker here, Pip, at what is said to you by your true friend. Which, this to you the true friend say. If you can't get to the uncommon through no other straight, you'll never do it through gen-

HOUSESCHOOL

HOUSEHOLD

40

Promise to pay to the order of J. M. Howell or Diener on demand the sum of five pounds (£5) London the 19 day of October 1859

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J. M. Howell

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∞ Fiction for the Working Man ... of Leisure ∞

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.
CHAPTER I. THE PERIOD.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the

season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual notions were conceded to England at a favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcot recently attained her five-and-twentieth birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cook-lane ghost had been laid a round dozen of years, after rapping of messages, as the spirits of this very year last (supernaturally deficient in originality) report theirs. Mere messages in the earthly of events had lately come to the English and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through the chickens of the Cook-lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole in matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness on her greasy pole, making paper money and spending it under the guidance of her Christian pastor

work with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some fillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were to be seen

Charles Dickens.]

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

[January 28, 1860.] 321

formidable Duke of Bracciano was the murderer, if not by his own hand, by that of his hired assassins. Here, then, was a rare opportunity of observing the character and tendencies of the man who was expected to be shortly pope. Would grief and natural indignation be allowed to have their natural course? Would the future pope throw down the gauntlet to the most powerful and audacious subject in Rome?

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

ALLOW me to introduce myself—first, negatively.

No landlord is my friend and brother, no chambermaid loves me, no waiter worships me, no boots admires and envies me. No round of beef or tongue or ham is expressly cooked for me, no pigeon-pie is especially made for me, no hotel-advertisement is personally addressed to me, no hotel-room tapestried with great-coats and railway-wrappers is set apart for me, no house of public entertainment in the United Kingdom greatly cares for my opinion of its

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal
CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 27. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1860. PRICE TWOPENCE.

WRECKED IN PORT.

A SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK HEART."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV. CANTASSING.

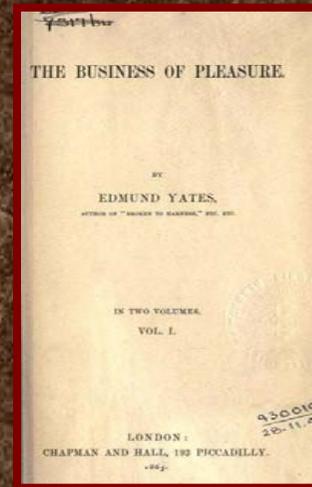
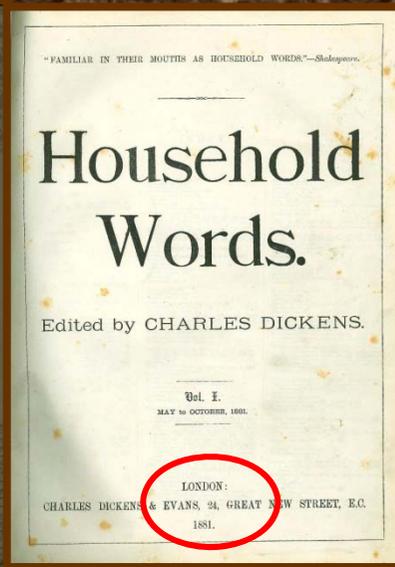
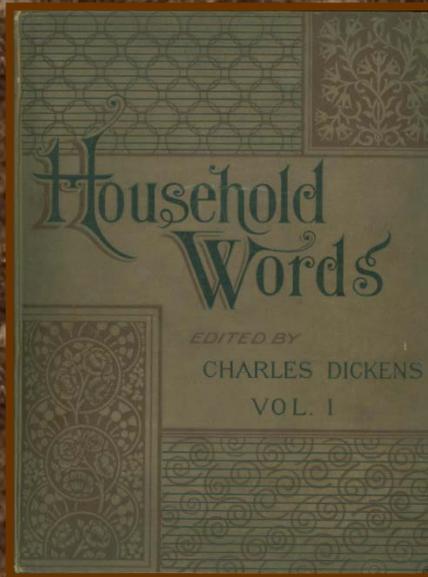
SPLendid as was the opportunity just

while he devoted the half of his time thus saved to his political duties.

But being, as has been said, thoroughly happy in his then career, Joyce would never have thought of entertaining the proposition made to him through the medium of Messrs. Potter and Pylo had it not been for the desire of revenging himself on Marian Creswell by opposing to the

and, if possible, in every honourable way, by defesting, her husband. Joyce felt fully certain that Mr. Creswell—quiet-going old gentleman as he had been some years, and more likely than ever to disinclined to leave his retirement and rattle in the world since his son's death—was a mere puppet in the hands of his wife, whose ambition had prompted her to make her husband seek the honour, and whose vanity would be deeply wounded at his failure. Walter Joyce's personal vanity was also implicated in the result, and he would not have accepted the challenge unless there had been a good chance of success; but Mr. Harrington, who, out of his business, was a remarkably sharp, bold, and far-seeing man of the world, spoke very positively on the point, and declared their numbers were so strong, and the popular excitement so great in their favour, that they could only fail of success, provided they had the right man to bring forward. To win the day against her, to show her that she was not so easily rejected and put aside as she had chosen; that the position which she so coveted for her husband, and towards the attainment of which she had brought to play all the influence of her wit and money, had been snatched from her by a poor wretch whom she had found good enough to play with in her early days, but

☞ Merging into Modern Times ☜



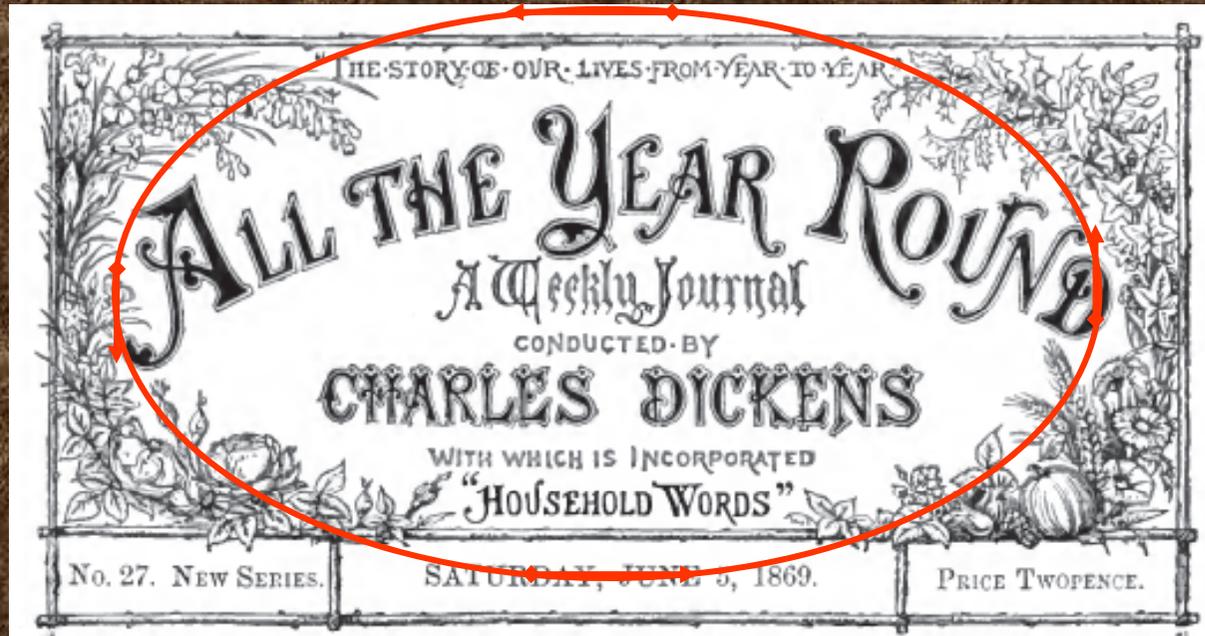
Household Words Editor's chair
Image courtesy of the Charles Dickens Museum, London

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Image courtesy of the Charles Dickens Museum, London

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DICKENS JOURNALS ONLINE

⌘ Betasite Homepage: work in progress ⌘

The screenshot shows the homepage of the Dickens Journals Online Beta Site. The page has a light green background and a navigation menu at the top. The main content area is divided into three columns: a login form on the left, a central announcement for a text correction project, and a team progress panel on the right. The central announcement features a quote from 'Great Expectations' and a banner for the Dickens 2012 Bicentenary. The team progress panel includes a bar chart showing progress for four categories and a 'Who's Online' section.

Dickens Journals Online *Beta Site*

Home Page ▾ Household Words ▾ Household Words Narrative ▾ Household Words Almanac ▾ All the Year Round ▾ Table of Contents ▾

Login Form

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Password

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[Forgot your password?](#)
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Please join our Text Correction project!

IT was fortunate for me that I had to take precautions to ensure (so far as I could) the safety of my dreaded visitor; for, this thought pressing on me when I awoke, held other thoughts in a confused concourse at a distance. The impossibility of keeping him concealed in the chambers was self-evident.
— *'Great Expectations' All the Year Round (18 May 1861)*

Dickens2012
B I C E N T E N A R Y

Welcome to the Dickens Journals Online betasite. If you are joining our [Online Text Correction \(OTC\) project](#) your help is thoroughly appreciated, and we hope you enjoy having access to the site during this exciting phase of its development. It will be publicly launched in March 2012, as part of the [Dickens Bicentenary](#) celebrations. **To get started, please [Create an Account](#)** (←See Left). If you are encountering the slightest difficulty with OTC, please refer in the first instance to our [OTC project page](#) or [FAQs](#) page where, with any luck, you will find a quick answer. If your query is not dealt with there, please feel free to email djo@buckingham.ac.uk. **NB** This site is still under construction, and numerous elements of its 'functionality' (e.g. the Search facility) are either switched off, or under development offline, and only partially uploaded (e.g. author indexes). In the meantime, please be patient; visitors are welcome to email queries.

[Read more...](#)

The OTC Panel

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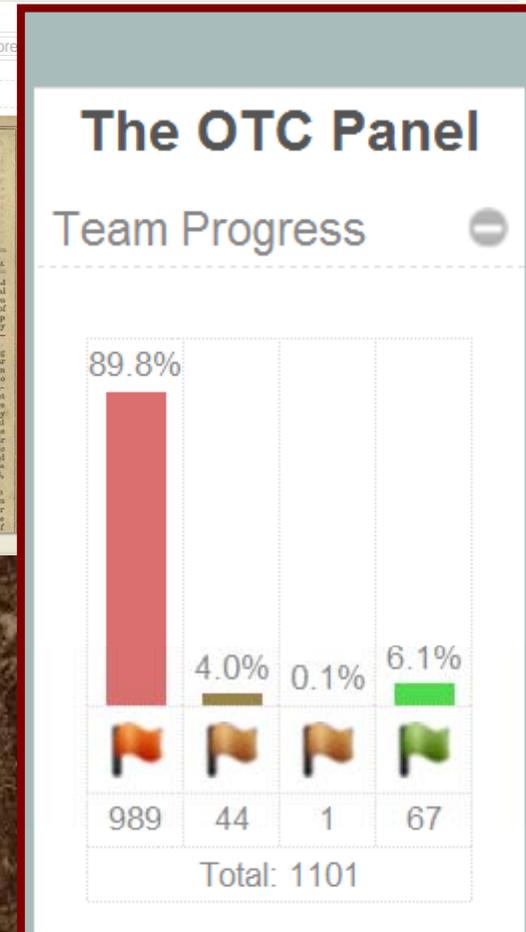
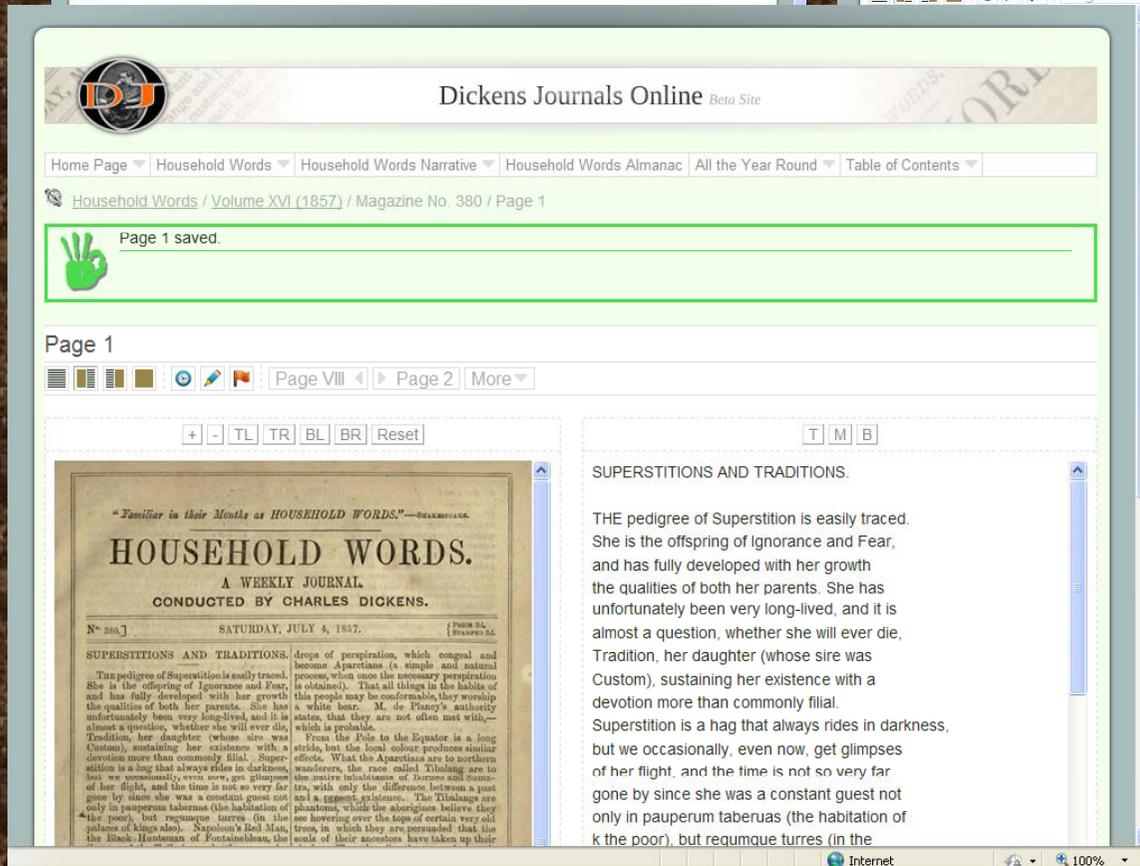
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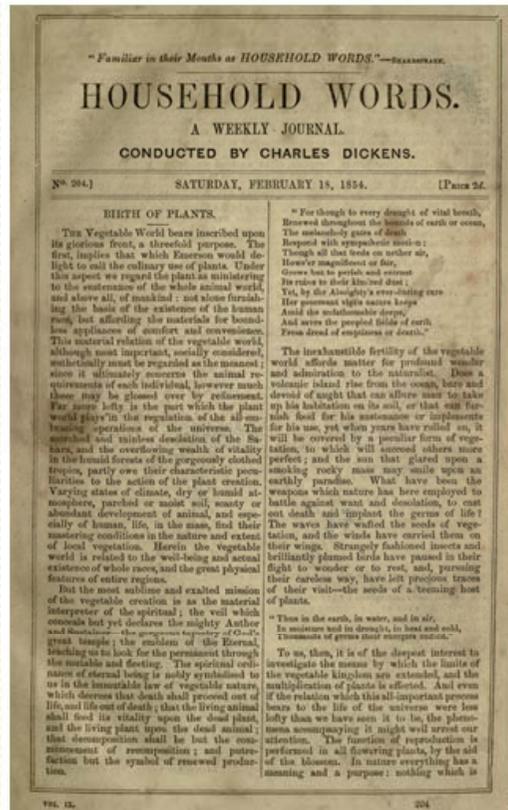
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[Contributors wanted!]



⌘ Data mining with DJO ⌘

Advanced searching / Text-to-Speech



BIRTH OF PLANTS

THE Vegetable World bears inscribed upon its glorious front, a threefold purpose. The first, implies that which Emerson would delight to call the culinary use of plants. Under this aspect we regard the plant as ministering to the sustenance of the whole animal world and above all, of mankind: not alone furnishing the basis of the existence of the human race, but affording the materials for boundless appliances of comfort and convenience. This material relation of the vegetable world although most important, socially considered aesthetically must be regarded as the meanest since it ultimately concerns the animal requirements of each individual, however much these may be glossed over by refinement. Far more lofty is the part which the plant world plays in the regulation of the all-embracing operations of the universe. The scorched and rainless desolation of the Sahara, and the overflowing wealth of vitality in the humid forests of the gorgeously clothed tropics, partly owe their characteristic peculiarities to the action of the plant creation. Varying states of climate, dry or humid atmosphere, parched or moist soil, scanty or abundant development of animal, and especially of human, life, in the mass, find their mastering conditions in the nature and extent of local vegetation. Herein the vegetable world is related to the well-being and actual features of entire regions.

But the most sublime and exalted mission of the vegetable creation is as the material interpreter of the spiritual; the veil which conceals but yet declares the mighty Author and Sustainer—the gorgeous tapestry of GOD'S grand temple; the emblem of the Eternal, reaching us in look for the permanent through the mutable and fleeting. The spiritual ordainment of eternal being is nobly symbolized to us in the boundless law of vegetable nature, which declares that death shall precede out of life, and life out of death; that the living animal shall feed its vitality upon the dead plant, and the living plant upon the dead animal. Most decomposition shall be but the commencement of re-impregnation; and putrefaction but the symbol of renewed production.

"For though to every draught of wind hoarse, Bornest throughout the bosom of earth or ocean, The melancholy gates of death Respond with apoplectic sound— Though all that teels on order we, How'er magnificence or fair, Howe'er but to perish and return Its ruins to their kindred dust; Yet, by the Almighty's ever-dating care Her moment signs scarce keep, And save the scathable sleep, And save the perished folds of earth, From steel of emptions of death."

The inexhaustible fertility of the vegetable world affords matter for profound wonder and admiration to the naturalist. Does a volcanic island rise from the ocean, bare and devoid of sight that can afford man to take up his habitation on its soil, or that can furnish food for his sustenance or implements for his use, yet when years have rolled on, it will be covered by a peculiar form of vegetation, to which will succeed others more perfect; and the sun that glared upon a smoking rocky mass may smile upon an earthy paradise. What have been the weapons which nature has here employed to battle against want and desolation, to cast out death and implant the germs of life! The waves have wafted the seeds of vegetation, and the winds have carried them on their wings. Strangely fashioned insects and brilliantly plumed birds have paused in their flight to wonder or to rest, and, pursuing their careless way, have left precious traces of their visit—the seeds of a teeming host of plants.

"Thus in the earth, in water, and in air, In measure and in drought, in heat and cold, Thousands of germs their vigour rear."

To us, then, it is of the deepest interest to investigate the means by which the limits of the vegetable kingdom are extended, and the multiplication of plants effected. And even if the relation which this all-important process bears to the life of the universe were less lofty than we have seen it to be, the phenomenon accompanying it might well arrest our attention. The function of reproduction is performed in all flowering plants, by the aid of the blossom. In nature everything has a meaning and a purpose; nothing which is



MAIN MENU

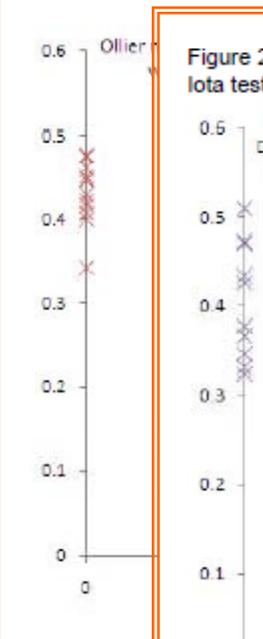
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Figure 2.1
Iota test: Dickens versus Ollier



The training segments appear to be more like Ollier's style than Dickens's.

Figure 2.2
Iota test: Dickens versus Morley

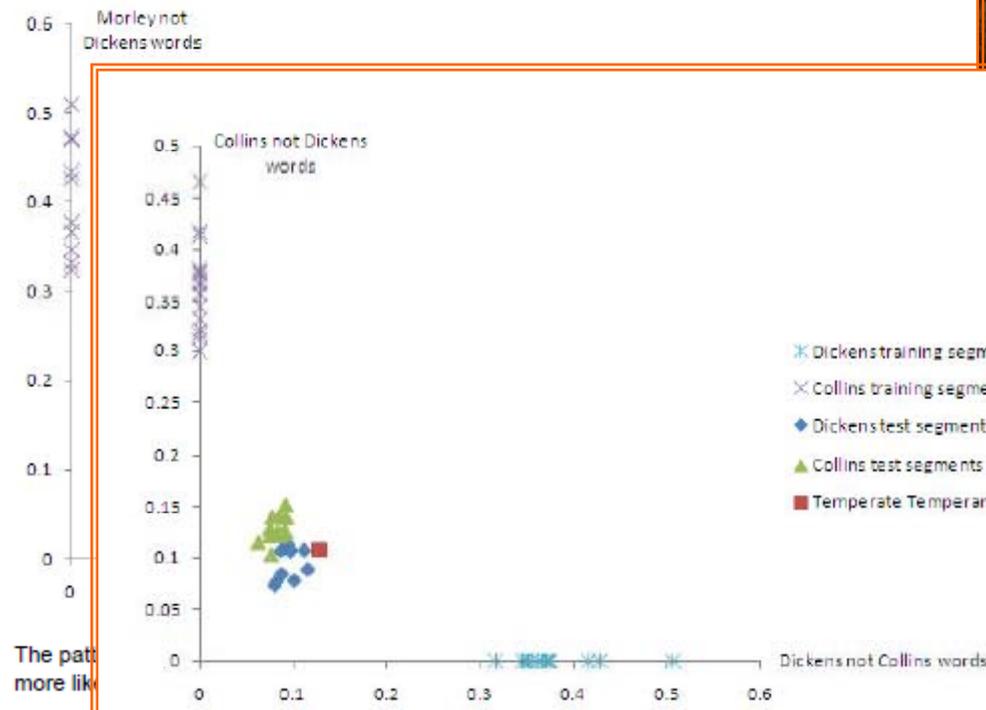


Figure 2.3
TT resembles Dickens's vocabulary patterns rather than Collins's ones.

∞ Data Mining ∞
Testing attributions through computational stylistics

Uses in Education and the Classroom

Video and Film clips



ALL THE YEAR ROUND
BY CHARLES DICKENS

DICKENS

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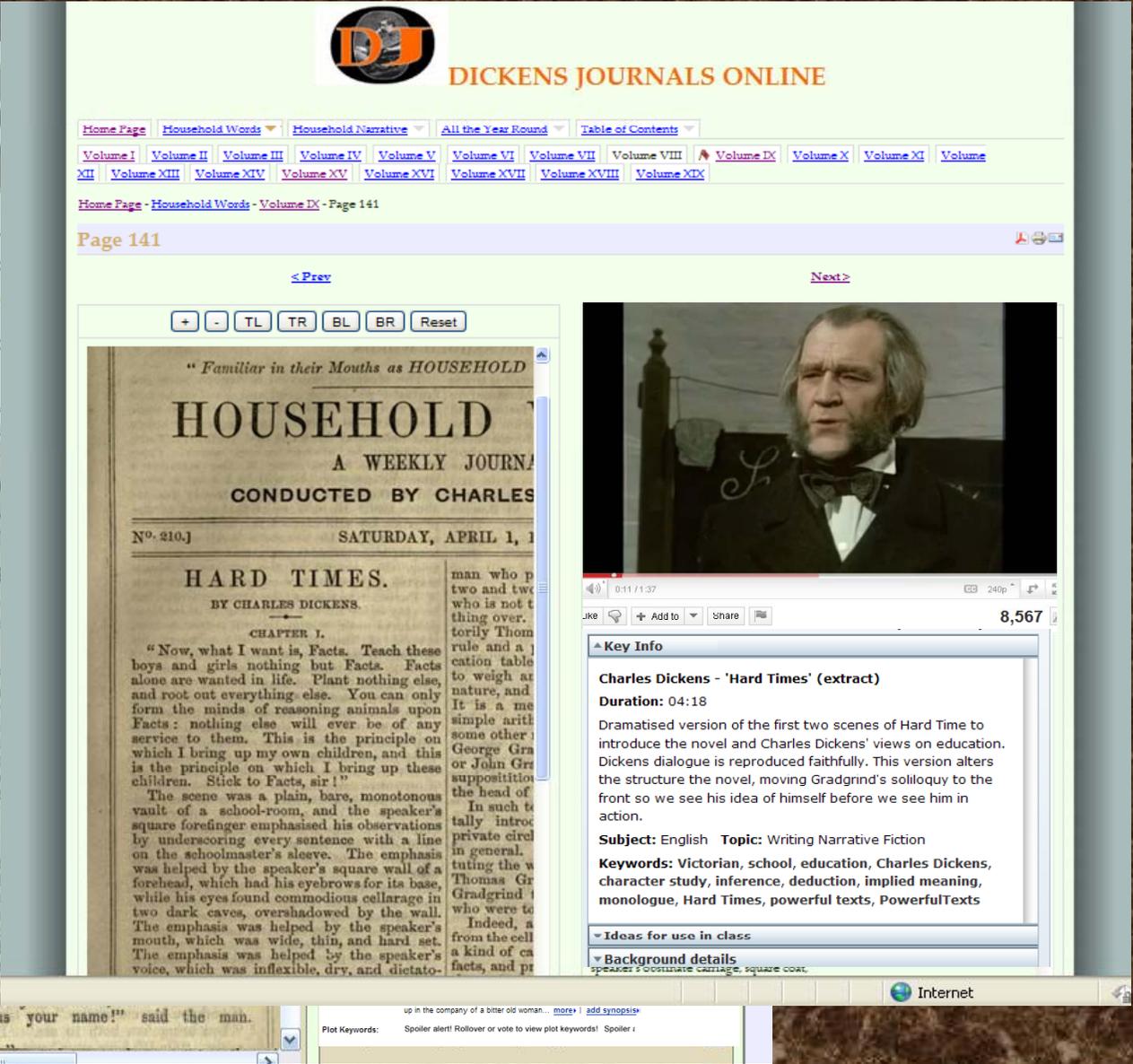
FACSIMILE DISPLAY OPTIONS

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EARLY JOURNAL
CHARLES DICKENS
RATED H
CEMBER 1,

and that the wind was r...
small bundl...
and beginni...
"Hold yo...
a man start...
side of the...
little devil...
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and smothe...
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briars; wh...
and growled...
head as he...
"O! Do...
terror. "I...
"Tell us your name!" said the man.
"Quick!"



DICKENS JOURNALS ONLINE

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+ - TL TR BL BR Reset

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD

HOUSEHOLD

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS

Nº. 210.] SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

"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 cellars 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 dictato-

man who p...
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who is not t...
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Gradgrind...
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facts, and pr

011 / 1:37 240p 8,567

Key Info

Charles Dickens - 'Hard Times' (extract)
Duration: 04:18

Dramatised version of the first two scenes of Hard Time to introduce the novel and Charles Dickens' views on education. Dickens dialogue is reproduced faithfully. This version alters the structure the novel, moving Gradgrind's soliloquy to the front so we see his idea of himself before we see him in action.

Subject: English **Topic:** Writing Narrative Fiction

Keywords: Victorian, school, education, Charles Dickens, character study, inference, deduction, implied meaning, monologue, Hard Times, powerful texts, PowerfulTexts

Ideas for use in class

Background details
speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat.

Internet

Plot Keywords: Spoiler alert! Rollover or vote to view plot keywords! Spoiler!

Leisurely business
 The 'Uncommercial Traveller'
 at Chatham Dockyard
All the Year Round X (29th August 1863)



Image courtesy of the National Maritime Museum

“...for that, as it seems, they come home
 to men’s business and bosoms.”
 (Francis Bacon, Preface, *Essays*, 1625)

this is but note of preparation—the day when the scuppers that are now fitting like great dry thirsting conduit-pipes, shall run red. All these busy figures between decks, dimly seen bending at their work in smoke and fire, are as nothing to the figures that shall do work here of another kind in smoke and fire, that day. These steam-worked engines alongside, helping the ship by travelling to and fro, and wafting tons of iron plates about, as though they were so many leaves of trees, would be rent limb from limb if they stood by her for a minute then. To think that this Achilles, monstrous compound of iron tank and oaken chest, can ever swim or roll! To think that any force of wind and wave could ever break her! To think that wherever I see a glowing red-hot iron point thrust out of her side from within—as I do now, there, and there, and there!—and two watching men on a stage without, with bared arms and sledge-hammers, strike at it fiercely, and repeat their blows until it is black and flat, I see a rivet being driven home, of which there are many in every iron plate, and thousands upon thousands in the ship! To think that the difficulty I experience in appreciating the ship’s size when I am on board, arises from her being a series of iron tanks and oaken chests, so that internally she is ever finishing and ever beginning, and half of her might be smashed, and yet the remaining half suffice and be sound. Then, to go over the side again and down among the ooze and wet to the bottom of the dock, in the depths of the subterranean forest of dog-shores and stays that hold her up, and to see the immense mass bulging out against the upper light, and tapering down towards me, is, with great pains and much clambering, to arrive at an impossibility of realising that this is a ship at all, and to become possessed by the fancy that it is an enormous immovable edifice set up in an ancient amphitheatre (say, that at Verona), and almost filling it! Yet what would even these things be, without the tributary workshops and their mechanical powers for piercing the iron plates—four inches and a half thick—for rivets, shaping them under hydraulic pressure to the finest tapering turns of the ship’s lines, and paring them away, with knives shaped like the beaks of strong and cruel birds, to the nicest requirements of the design! These machines of tremendous force, so easily directed by one attentive face and presiding hand, seem to me to have in them something of the retiring character of the Yard. “Obedient monster, please to bite this mass of iron through and through, at equal distances, where these regular chalk-marks are, all round.” Monster looks at its work, and lifting its ponderous head, replies, “I don’t particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!” The solid metal wriggles out, hot from the monster’s crumpling tooth, and it is done. “Dutiful monster, observe this other mass of iron. It is required to be pared away, according to this delicately lessening and arbitrary line, which please to look at.” Monster (who

has been in a reverie) brings down its blunt head, and, much in the manner of Doctor Johnson, closely looks along the line—very closely, being somewhat near-sighted. “I don’t particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!” Monster takes another near-sighted look, takes aim, and the tortured piece writhes off, and falls, a hot tight-twisted snake, among the ashes. The making of the rivets is merely a pretty round game, played by a man and a boy, who put red hot barley-sugar in a Pope Joan board, and immediately rivets fall out of window; but the tone of the great machines is the tone of the great Yard and the great country: “We don’t particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!”

How such a prodigious mass as the Achilles can ever be held by such comparatively little anchors as those intended for her and lying near her here, is a mystery of seamanship which I will refer to the wise boy. For my own part, I should as soon have thought of tethering an elephant to a tent-peg, or the larger hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens to my shirt-pin. Yonder in the river, alongside a bulk, lie two of this ship’s hollow iron masts. They are large enough for the eye, I find, and so are all her other appliances. I wonder why only her anchors look small.

I have no present time to think about it, for I am going to see the workshops where they make all the oars used in the British Navy. A pretty large pile of building, I opine, and a pretty long job! As to the building, I am soon disappointed, because the work is all done in one loft. And as to a long job—what is this? Two rather large mangles with a swarm of butterflies hovering over them? What can there be in the mangles that attracts butterflies?

Drawing nearer, I discern that these are not mangles, but intricate machines, set with knives and saws and planes, which cut smooth and straight here, and slantwise there, and now cut such a depth, and now miss cutting altogether, according to the predestined requirements of the pieces of wood that are pushed on below them: each of which pieces is to be an oar, and is roughly adapted to that purpose before it takes its final leave of far-off forests, and sails for England. Likewise I discern that the butterflies are not true butterflies, but wooden shavings, which, being spirited up from the wood by the violence of the machinery, and kept in rapid and not equal movement by the impulse of its rotation on the air, flutter and play, and rise and fall, and conduct themselves as like butterflies as heart could wish. Suddenly the noise and motion cease, and the butterflies drop dead. An oar has been made since I came in, wanting the shaped handle. As quickly as I can follow it with my eye and thought, the same oar is carried to a turning lathe. A whirl and a Nick! Handle made. Oar finished.

The exquisite beauty and efficiency of this machinery need no illustration, but happen to have a pointed illustration to-day. A pair of oars



THE UNIVERSITY OF
 BUCKINGHAM

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
 CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS

A TALK BY TWO CITIZENS

DICKENS JOURNALS ONLINE

